

MORRIS BROTHERS

DEPARTMENT STORE.

Let 'Em Go, Gallagher!

It won't do for a merchant to think too much of his goods; better let them go at low prices and let his customers have something to appreciate and talk about. That's our plan—we're just now letting go some of the best values that have been seen in Gastonia in

UNDERWEAR

for men, women, and children. Shoes for all classes and conditions of mankind.

Clothing, Dress Goods

and a line of Shirts and Gent's Furnishings and Notions that's strictly up-to-date, comprising the latest fads in Ladies' Woolen Golf Gloves, the little midget String Tie for Gents, and many other new things that appeal to one's fancy and pride as an up-to-dater. All these we are letting go under our slogan "high grade goods at low grade prices."

Morris Brothers.

Lost Watch Recovered.

The gold watch that was advertised in the Enquirer recently, has been recovered. The credit for its recovery belongs to Mr. T. W. Speck, the jeweler. On last Saturday, a Negro man presented a gold watch on which he desired the fitting of a new crystal. Mr. Speck was aware of the loss of this special watch and knew the owner of it. He remembered also to have worked on the watch some years ago. The Negro was hardly willing to allow the watch to go out of his hand, and Mr. Speck was suspicious. He asked the Negro where he had gotten the watch, and he replied that he had had it eleven years.

In the meantime, Mr. Speck had taken a mental impression of the case number, and the Negro being unwilling to leave it, he handed it back. As soon as possible, Mr. Speck referred to his books. He keeps a record of every watch that passes through his hands for repairs. After a lengthy search he found the number he was looking for, and his suspicions were fully verified. The watch had been repaired in 1897 and it belongs to a young lady of Yorkville.

The previous conversation had developed the fact that the Negro was working for the town at the rock crusher, and Mr. Speck called the attention of the police to the fact. Policeman Mendenhall asked the Negro about the watch later and he produced it. At first he claimed that he had had it for eleven years, but as soon as he realized that the policeman would take no such story, he claimed that he had found it. He gave the watch up without further protest and it was promptly returned to its rightful owner.

Whipped Women.

The statement that 14,000 men and jackdaws were killed last summer in Currituck county, N. C., to supply the demand for feathered ornaments on women's hats, is not encouraging to those who would prevent the wholesale slaughter of birds. But the evil work did not stop here. We are even told that the very buzzards were secured so that their wing feathers might be used to embellish fashion's headgear. That it is time to call a halt on this business there is no denying, but the reform—if successful—can come from one source—the women themselves. And when you touch a woman's hat you get very close to the person in it.

"Twentieth Century New York."

During the nineteenth century London grew at a nearly constant pace from 80,000 people to 6,500,000—eightfold; New York, more rapidly, but less regularly, in general doubling in about twenty years, developed from a town of 80,000 people to a great city of 3,500,000—fifty-eightfold. London is now growing 17 per cent. in a decade, New York 35 per cent. While the rate of increase in both cities is slightly lower than it has averaged for a century, New York is still growing twice as fast as London. If the present rate remains constant fifty years New York will have 15,510,000 people, Greater London 14,274,000.

Of course, the rate will not remain the same. It may become lower, it may even be accelerated by modern rapid transit inventions. What is certain is that New York, chief port of the wonderful republic, home of flourishing arts, Mecca alike of ambitious youth, wealth socially inclined, and fortune-hunting immigrants, must inevitably outstrip London as the world capital. Few business men can afford to look ahead for fifty years, but every one should look ahead for ten at least; and in that time a population as large as all Philadelphia will be added to New York. These considerations, whether one considers the ten years or the fifty, explain why the price of land on Manhattan Island constantly rises and why even the remotest suburb to its predestined growth.

They Finished Each Other.

In Anderson county, last Thursday, two Negroes were caught in the act of robbing a farmer, and rather than go to jail they offered to accept any punishment the farmer might inflict. The men were taken into a field and stripped to the waist. There is no whipping post law in South Carolina, but this did not interfere with the plans for the lashing. To each man was given a lumpy trace, and they fought each other until the blood began to flow. A big crowd gathered to watch the duel of whipping. A neighbor of the man who had been robbed acted as referee and he made the Negroes break clean when they clinched. Under the rules the contest had to continue until one Negro had given the other 100 lashes. Four tips were not counted. The Negroes were in bad shape when the fight ceased and they got out of bed. No arrests.

THE LION VERSUS THE GRIZZLY

The King of Beasts is no Match For Bear.

Washington Post.

"The relative fighting qualities of the African lion and the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains has always been a topic of much interest and discussion," said a westerner now in Washington. "This not only applies in their native haunts, but also to the general public. As irrefragable to each other in nature as their respective haunts, desert and mountain, differing so widely in their methods of attack and defence, the comparison is not easy. It has been generally conceded, however, that the lion would come out victorious in an encounter, and to the superficial observer this is an almost inevitable conclusion.

"Owing to the geographical location and modern civilization probably no one ever pictured an actual contest as taking place. Yet for the first time in recorded history such a one did take place in recent years on the very border of the United States and I had the good fortune to be a spectator. I was in Galveston, Tex., at the time when I first learned through the newspapers that a combat between a grizzly bear and a Numidian lion would come off in the bull ring at Monterey, Mexico, on the Cinco de Mayo (5th of May.) This is the commencement of the Mexican national holiday. It lasts a week and commemorates the birth of the republic. It is a time of great festivities and much like our Fourth of July.

"I have killed a number of bears and I know how formidable they are. It has always been my contention that the grizzly was the superior animal from the standpoint of force and an opportunity to vindicate my ideas was not to be missed. So overcoming a natural repugnance against such a spectacle, I immediately pulled out to witness the outcome. On my arrival in the city I learned the full particulars. Flaming posters everywhere announcing that Colonel F. Daniel Boone, 'America's greatest showman and animal trainer,' would give an exhibition on the following day, in which old Parnell, the African lion, weighing 550 pounds, would be pitted against a 650 pound grizzly bear. The lion, it was stated, had killed two of his trainers during a performance on the Midway at San Francisco's midwinter palace. It was further placarded that a Spanish bull would enter the lists against the victorious animal.

"I met the Colonel that day, who furnished me with an admirable seat. In the course of the conversation that ensued he stated that he had no further use for the animals, as he was going out of the business, and had taken this method to get rid of them at a profit. I also learned the history of both contestants. The lion, besides having disposed of two trainers, as was bulletined had also killed three two-year-old steers for practice. The bear on the other hand, had never killed anything and didn't know his own strength. So, although having the advantage in weight, he was comparatively inoffensive. This inequality was a great handicap to bruin.

"The coming fray was the topic of conversation to the exclusion of everything else. The great interest aroused was due more to the spectacular possibilities of such a programme than to the unusualness of the event. That it did appeal to the Mexican's love of bloodshed was evidenced by the large influx of people from all parts of the country to be spectators of the occasion.

"Three o'clock the next afternoon found me at the bull ring looking down upon a large circular iron cage in which bruin was already confined. The boisterous Mexican audience—a restless kaleidoscopic mass of mostly red, white, and green, which are the national colors—disturbed him greatly. This was seen by his constant nervous tramp around the cage and an occasional sniff and growl.

"Old Parnell occupied a smaller and separate cage. He would now and then give a long-drawn but suppressed roar, which plainly indicated that he better understood what was about to take place.

"The details of the scene I shall never forget. The day was hot and oppressive. High mountains surrounded the open wooden enclosure. The sun beat hot upon the less fortunate of an eager, excited audience not protected by the shade. Everything was in striking contrast; it seemed to me, but brute and humanity.

"The impatient stamping and noise at the delay of proceedings was suddenly interrupted by the sounding of a bugle, which always precedes a programme of this sort. At a signal from Colonel Boone the trapdoor leading from the lion's compartment to the larger cage, was sprung. The king of beasts seemed reluctant to commence the attack. But finally, after being prodded and goaded for that purpose, he sprang with a mighty leap and a

terrific roar at bruin's throat. The latter stood erect and received him in his arms, evidently with surprise rather than anger at the onslaught, as he made no immediate effort at attack or defence.

"Simultaneously with the impact, the lion locked his huge jaws on the fleshy side of the grizzly's head. They stood erect swaying to and fro in a mighty struggle for nineteen minutes by actual count. The lion during this time was using his claws with terrible effect. He ripped and tore great gashes in the hide of his enemy and seemed bent on carpeting the cage with fur. Old Bruin finally caught the idea that he was being dealt too much grief and something must be done in self defence, at least. Evidently acting on this thought he reached out with his powerful arms and enfolded his antagonist with a herculean hug. I could almost hear the bones cracking. Old Parnell let go his hold with a roar that seemed to shake the bull ring, and bruin hurled him to the ground with a beautiful half Nelson that would have done credit to a professional wrestler.

"This put a quietus on his beligerent majesty. Frod, hot iron and other devices were used to no purpose. He could not be aroused to further display of fury and ferociousness any more than he could be gotten to his feet.

"In the meantime Ephraim had resumed his restless walk around the cage as though nothing of any moment had happened. He did not even deign to notice so contemptible a foe, but accentuated his contempt by repeatedly walking over the fallen monarch as though he were non-existent.

"This state of affairs was suddenly broken into by a second call from the bugle which under Mexico's extraordinary law was notice to Boone to bring his lion to the scratch. Every known means was unsuccessfully applied to that end. The lion would not show fight.

"The audience by this time was in an uproar of excitement and rage. Jeers, epithets and threats were howled from all sides and Boone was in imminent danger of being mobbed. When it is advertised that a thing will be done in Mexico it must be accomplished, or serious consequences almost always result, both from the law and the people. On account of this lamentable display of gameness on the part of the king of beasts poor Boone was placed under arrest. Repeated demands were then made by the audience for the return of the admission fee. Not until after this was complied with by the management did the rage subside. The lion was plainly vanquished, not from the effect of bodily injury, but from cowardice. He had met with resistance, and utterly cowed, no doubt lay down, expecting death at the hands of his foe. Had the bear the same experience in combat and bloodshed the set-to would have been even shorter and more decisive."

Has Held His Job For 66 Years.

Washington Dispatch, 20th.

The oldest clerk in the employ of the government at Washington is Richard White of Kentucky, with the single exception of a postmaster in New York State, who has held his position for 74 years. Mr. White is believed to be the oldest man in years in the Federal employ.

He was appointed in 1839, and has therefore spent 66 years in the government service. He was a personal friend of Henry Clay and the letter of that statesman to Andrew Jackson recommending the appointment of "my dear friend, Richard White," is on file in the Treasury Department. Mr. White was born in 1814, and is therefore 88 years of age.

In addition to his remarkable record of continuous service Mr. White holds another that is decidedly unique. Nearly every government clerk takes the 30 days' annual leave allowed, and in many cases exhausts his 30 days sick leave. In all his experience Mr. White never has exceeded 10 days in his yearly absence from work. He has employed throughout his government service in the office where the accounts of the Postoffice Department are audited. He was appointed at a salary of \$640 a year. For a brief period he received \$1,000 annually, but in 1897, on account of his increasing feebleness, was reduced to \$640. Auditor Henry A. Castle, his superior officer, says Mr. White does his work to the satisfaction of his chiefs.

New and Original.

Stevensville Lumber.

Over at Winston the other day Elijah Garner, a young white man, drank an overdose of laudanum with suicidal intent. The doctor managed to pull him through and when asked why he wanted to depart hence, Garner answered that he had a "wart on his finger." Many and various reasons are assigned by those who try to end this earthly existence, but it strikes us that Garner's reason is entirely new and original.

FROM INDIAN TERRITORY.

Mrs. W. E. McIlwain Writes her Impressions of her New Home.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

So many of my friends requested me to write and let them know how I made the trip to the far west, that I decided to inform them through THE GAZETTE.

I left Wednesday morning, arriving here after some delay Friday about 2 p. m. I do not think you could travel 1,300 miles in any direction and see less than you see on this trip. Most of you know what is to be seen on the way to Atlanta. From there to Birmingham, Ala., almost nothing is seen except Anniston, Ala., and it is not any larger than it was ten years ago when I boarded there. Birmingham is quite a city. From there I traveled on a beautiful train to Memphis, and saw almost nothing on the way. Arriving in Memphis at 9 p. m., I leaned my head out of the window and saw the big Mississippi and the million dollar bridge. I was sorry it was night when I passed through Memphis, as I had never been there. Will have an opportunity to see it again. Dr. William Neel, whom some of you know so well, has invited us to make his congregation a visit. Dr. Neel's congregation pays Mr. McIlwain's salary.

At Memphis I went to my berth to sleep. When I looked out next morning I was in the red man's country.

Very few towns on the railroad, and almost no houses in the country. One great big pasture tended with wire.

Mr. McIlwain met me at the station at Durant. I think this might be called the windy, dusty, city. I have never seen so much dust any where. The wind blows here all the time. The great storms of dust almost put your eyes out. Mr. McIlwain's eyes are quite sore.

Mr. McIlwain engaged us a private boarding place. Next morning they informed us we must get another place, as they had decided to move to Kansas City. So we had to pack bag and baggage and hunt another place. We found a place at a so-called hotel, about the best they have. The cooking is poor, has almost made me sick. The only thing that is up-to-date is the price. Oh, if I could only board with Miss Emily Adams! I have never seen so many cows in my life, and so little milk. These people seem to thrive on dirt. I suppose the town will be cleaner later on.

There has been a small town here since 1873. It was only a small village until about five years ago, when it began to grow like magic. More cotton seen here in one day than you would see in weeks in Gastonia. I think I saw a thousand bales lying in one yard. Most of the houses are small, as they are put up to hold the lot. You see on a nice big lot a house about the size of a country smoke house. Town lots are laid off by a commission appointed by the United States government. Parties desiring these lots can secure temporary title from the Indian owners of the land. Afterwards the lots are publicly sold by the United States authority, and persons who have made improvements will receive titles from the government at one half the price they bring at public sale. Durant has five thousand people and will be a big town some day. The greatest drawback I see is the dust. The soil is a dirty sand. The water is tolerably good. One thing they did wisely, they have laid off wide streets, almost as wide again as Gastonia. Not a tree of any size in the town. The business part is good. Nice brick buildings. I think they have as many more as Gastonia. Two beautiful bank buildings as good as any city has. Wide paved side walks in the business part. Electric lights but no water works yet—going to have soon. But with all the nice business houses, the town looks rag-tag.

We drove out into the country. The lands are fine, level as a floor for miles and miles, but no beautiful homes in the country. A little old shack to every mile or two. No need of fertilizers here, don't use it. Mr. McIlwain says he saw them filling up washes with stable manure. The Presbyterian church has a beautiful college building here. It is of brick and is beautifully finished up in hard wood. It speaks well for the few Presbyterians here—they only have 85 members. The General Assembly of our church put two thousand dollars into this college building. I suppose it would cost eight thousand. Nothing at Davidson nicer. It was the one clean place I have seen. Quite a number of Indian girls and boys attend this college. The Indian from whom the town took its name lives near the college in a nice home. He is 75 years old or more. His father was French, his mother Choctaw. We thought we might get some information from him, but found him not very intelligent. He said he was eleven years old when he left

EASY TO RECOLLECT

WE DO PRINTING—job printing. If we have any specialty it is office stationery. We know how important it is that your business, whatever it is, be handsomely represented by the stationery which goes from your office. And we know how to produce the correct kind. If you send us your order for

NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, ENVELOPES,

we believe that agreeable recollections of the satisfying quality of our products will stay with you long after you have forgotten the price. That's the way it is with others, why shouldn't it be same way with you? So often our customers come in and say, "I want this very thing again."

Gazette Printing House.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

THE GREAT HIGHWAY OF TRADE AND TRAVEL

Uniting the Principal Commercial Centers and Health and Pleasure Resorts of the South with the

NORTH, EAST and WEST.

High-Class Vestibule Trains, Through Sleeping-Cars between New York and New Orleans, via Atlanta, Cincinnati and Florida Points via Atlanta and via Asheville.

New York and Florida, either via Lynchburg, Danville and Savannah, or via Richmond, Danville and Savannah.

Superior Dining-Car Service on all Through Trains.

Excellent Service and Low Rates to Charleston account South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

Winter Tourist Tickets to all Resorts now on sale at reduced rates.

For detailed information, itinerary, time tables, rates, etc., apply to nearest Agent or to address:

G. B. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.

W. E. TAYLOR, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

J. C. BEAN, District Pass. Agent, Dallas, Ga.

D. W. HUNT, Asst. Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.

Southern Railway Professional Cards.

GEO. W. WILSON,
Attorney at Law.
GASTONIA, N. C.
Craig & Wilson Building. Phone 131.
At Dallas every Monday.

P. H. COOKE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
GASTONIA, N. C.
Office in Craig & Wilson Building.
At Dallas in Clerk's office every first Monday.

R. B. WILSON,
Attorney at Law.
GASTONIA, N. C.

P. R. FALLS,
DENTIST.
GASTONIA, N. C.
Office over Robinson Bros. Store
Phone 66.

DR. D. E. McCONNELL,
DENTIST.
Office first floor Y. M. C. A. Bld'g.
GASTONIA, N. C.
Phone 69.

NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Clerk of the Court administrator of the estate of Mrs. Mary Tamm, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to present the same to me on or before the 7th day of October, 1902, or this notice will be deemed in bar of their recovery.

Adm'r. of the estate of Mrs. Mary Tamm, deceased.

Dated this 6th day of October, 1902.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

As administrator of Jacob A. Carpenter, deceased, I will sell at 10 o'clock a. m. on

Saturday, November 23, 1902, the following property, viz.: One buggy, some carpenter's tools, household and kitchen furniture, wheat, and other articles unnecessary to mention.

Terms made known at sale. Sale to be at late residence of deceased near Avon Cotton Mill in East Gastonia.

A. M. CARPENTER, Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of the late Mrs. Mary B. Johnston, deceased, is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present them to me, duly authenticated, on or before the 24th day of October, 1902, or this notice will be deemed in bar of recovery.

Adm'r. of Mrs. B. Johnston, deceased.

G. W.

ISSUE PAPERS.—The new tissue papers, plain, crinkled, and decorated at Marshall's Gastonia Book Store.

his ancient home in Mississippi, was fifteen years old when he first heard the gospel. He now has his fifth wife, a white woman.

I have been a little home-sick since I came; hope I will like it better later on. Mr. McIlwain is working with all his might. He has been well and likes his work, though he has lost some of his flesh. He seems so anxious that I like the country. I must try hard for his sake. He left me to-day to be gone two or three weeks.

I do not think it will be necessary for us to remain here long. I hope not. Then we will take a church in some of the states if we can get it; if not, we will build us a house and spend our last days with friends. This is the first time I ever attempted to write for a paper. We go later on to Oklahoma City.

Yours,
Mrs. W. E. McILWAIN:
Durant, I. T., Nov. 1, 1902.