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VOL. XXIII.

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1902.

NO. 90.

CONDENSED STORIES.

Kelly Surprised to Learn That England Might Whip Us "Again."

W. W. ("Hustler") Kelly was, if not the first, the most strenuous of American theatrical men to invade London in the eighties, when his brazen, pagan methods of "booming" his entertainment created something of a sensation. He was the quintessence of Yankee gall, but really made himself liked by his breezy manners and hearty ways. One evening when he was away for a brief period half a dozen friends were lounging in his office. There were five Englishmen to a solitary American, and the quintet speedily convinced the Yankee that the entente cordiale was a matter of individual taste. They simply wiped up the office with him and rendered him helpless by their boastful threats of the things England would do to the United States should there come another war between the two countries. And they had figures—stacks of 'em—to prove their argument. Finally Kelly, blowing hard on a big and black cigar, arrived. The victim greeted him joyously. "Say, Kelly, these fellows have had me on the rack the last hour telling me that unless the United States lays very low England will simply wipe us off the earth!" Kelly's cigar rolled to one side of his mouth, his eyebrows lifted and in a tone of profound surprise he asked: "What! Again?"

Sam Got the Tip.
Secretary Shaw tells this on himself:

"Sam, the darky who brushes my clothes in a barber shop down in Washington, is particularly clever



"Let me brush your coat again," is delicately reminding customers that he expects a tip. One morning after I had been shaved I was thinking of other things and was walking away without dropping a coin into his hands.

"Let me brush your coat again, Mr. Secretary," said Sam, running after me.

"Why do you want to brush it again?" I asked.

"Cause, Mr. Secretary," said Sam, without cracking a smile—"cause I might brush out some gold dust, sir."

"Sam got his tip."—New York Herald.

Didn't She Lay Doornob?

Dr. Henry Van Dyke tells a story of an old Irishman who was engaged in the business of chicken raising near Princeton. One day a traveling man expressed surprise at the use of so much cornmeal at feeding time and suggested that the meal be mixed with sawdust, insisting that the hens "would not know the difference." A few months later the traveling man was again in the community, and he asked if the new diet had been tried and what the result had been. "It works beautifully," was the reply. "See that old yellow hen? Well, I tried her on half and half, and she liked it so well I changed to all sawdust, and the last time she hatched three of the chicks had wooden legs and a fourth was a woodpecker."

Got Into the Front Row.

That was a novel expedient by which one young woman was enabled to see King Edward during the coronation crush in London. Her story shows the value of diplomacy. "I was right behind, ma'am," she said, relating her experience to her mistress. "Oh, I said, 'I shan't see anything in this crowd.' And then a young man that I hadn't noticed said, 'Why don't you faint?' 'Faint?' I said. 'Who's going to faint?' And then he up and calls, 'Here's a young woman fainting.' And a policeman come through, and they carried me right to the front. I see splendid. Yes'm, the young man helped the policeman."

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A HARD WORKER.

"Private" John Allen, who represented a Mississippi district in congress for several years, but who was left at home two years ago by constituents who thought he was not serious enough to be a successful legislator, was in Washington recently on business connected with the St. Louis exposition. While in congress John Allen was known as "the wit of the house." During his last visit to Washington he was dining with some friends at a downtown hotel. The hour was late, and the conversation dragged. "Private" Allen began yawning. Finally he stretched out both arms and with a long drawn yawn said, "Well, gentlemen, I must go to my hotel and go to bed, for I have some hard work to do in the morning."

Knowing Mr. Allen's aversion to work of any kind, one of the party said:

"Why, John, what work have you to do in the morning?"

"Oh," drawled the Mississippian, "I have to get up."

Prize Money Going A-begging.

There is about \$15,000 in the United States treasury as prize and bounty money for sailors who took part in the Manila and Santiago battles. Every penny of prize and bounty money that the courts decide was due to officers of the fleets of Dewey and Sampson has been distributed. In speaking of this matter Auditor Brown of the navy said it is undoubtedly due to the fact that the sailors do not know that the money is ready for them. Many of the tars in the two naval engagements were of foreign birth and knew nothing of the system of dividing prize money and bounties. They have since been transferred to other ships. Some have died and others have gone out of the service and into other trades.

Tariff Freaks.

A German gentleman returning from southwest Africa brought with him a tiny monkey, weighing about two pounds. From Tanga to Genoa the animal was conveyed gratis. Thence to the Swiss frontier is 3d. was charged on it as "a bird." The St. Gothard railway officials, however, viewed it as "a dog" and charged 7 shillings, while on the Eastern Swiss railway it became a mere "package" liable to eightpence. Through Baden and Wurtemberg the animal was passed free, but at Stuttgart it again became "a dog" and cost another 1s. 6d.

A Remarkable Blind Man.

Dennis A. Reardon is Boston's most remarkable blind man. He has been sightless for thirty years, but he is a successful architect and buys all the goods for the Perkins institute. Mr. Reardon is the architect of fifteen completed buildings designed for the Perkins institute. By passing his fingers over the tracing paper he is able to feel the lines, so sensitive is his touch, and he can tell whether the idea has been carried out as he intended. Mr. Reardon carries a watch without a crystal and is never at a loss to know the time.

Cosmopolitan Patti.

In order to give her a legal status Mme. Patti, we are told, has taken out letters of naturalization as a British subject. This helps to augment the great diva's cosmopolitanism. She was born in Madrid, her father was a native of Sicily, and her mother a native of Rome. She was brought up by an "American" stepfather in the United States, married a Frenchman and also an Italian husband before she settled down in Wales, is the wife of a Swedish nobleman, Baron Cedarstrom, and is now a daughter of John Bull.

Too Much For the Locusts.

Geryville, in south Algeria, was infested recently with a cloud of locusts. Gardens and plantations were covered with a fluttering gray brown pall of the destructive insects. The major in command of the garrison was seized with a heroic idea. He called out the band and directed them to play up fortissimo and march against the foe! The locusts espitulated at once. The music was too much for them, and with one accord they cleared away to a less musical neighborhood.

How to Do It.

A man named Humphries in Cleveland began business with a pushcart loaded with popcorn, and now he is rich. His recipe is, "If you want to get ahead, get acquainted with your job." Volumes could say no more and can, therefore, be omitted.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Mistake.

Stella—I came near missing a proposal last night.
Bella—You did?
Stella—Yes. He got down on his knees, and I thought he was merely looking for a pingpong ball.—Harper's Bazar.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The Philosopher Talks of Yankees and Negroes—His Wife is Nursing Him.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Lord Bacon said, "Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age and old men's nurses." There is truth in that and my wife is nursing me now. Our girls have gone off, one to a wedding and the other to Atlanta on a visit. I told them to go for they had been penned up here with me for four long months and their mother said she would take care of me until they returned. I get along pretty well during the day, but at night my cough is distressing and my wife has to dose me with various remedies until I go to sleep. The rain has come at last and purified the air and I feel better. Yes, we two are alone in a great big house. She sits in her accustomed corner and sews most all day long, while I sit opposite in mine and write or read aloud to her and when meal time comes she sits at one end of the table and I at the other, and that's all.

Old Father Gibbons came 9 miles yesterday to see me and to invite me and my wife to his birthday dinner. Next week he will be 89 years old and still he gets about lively and takes a comfort in meeting his friends and abusing the yankees. It is hard to reconstruct these old veterans, especially when they come from Virginia. He and his brother moved to Georgia just after the close of the war. He settled in this county on a good farm and his brother located in Rome. I never was at the old gentleman's house but once and that was in 1888. His brother was a game man and had been a colonel in the Confederate army. When the carpet-baggers and mean niggers overran their section and plundered every rebel's home the colonel organized a band of avengers and played kunklux among them and whipped them and ran them off and later they came back with federal officers and the colonel and his band had to leave to save their lives. Not long after the colonel had settled in Rome the Virginia carpet-baggers got a military order for his arrest and transportation to Virginia for trial. A deputy marshal and another fellow came secretly to Rome, but the colonel had already been advised of their coming and so one dark night about 10 o'clock he came to my house and told me his peril and said he could go to his brother's place in this county and hide out until the pursuit had blown over. So I hitched my horse to our rockaway and we left in haste. I knew the road to Kingston and he knew the rest of the way. It was about 3 o'clock when we reached the place and saw the gin house out in the field. There we stopped and he took refuge in it and told me to tie my horse out in the bushes and then go down and rouse up his brother. This is the old man who asked us to come and dine with him. When I knocked at the door he came in his night clothes and said, "Who is that and what do you want?" I whispered my business and told him to talk low, for we didn't want the family or negroes to know anything. He put on his clothes and went to his brother and I got in my conveyance and made for Rome, where I arrived about sunrise. The colonel kept hid in the gin house under the cotton for nearly a month and then dared to return for the officers had departed. I never see this fine old Virginia gentleman but what I think of that ride and the narrow escape his brother made. Verily reconstruction was worse than war. But it is all over now thank the good Lord, and we can hold our reunions and carry our battle-form banners and build our monuments and lay the corner stone for Winnie Davis and lynch the brutes that assault our wives and daughters and as Governor Oates said to our defamers in congress, "What are you going to do about it?" And as for lynching, I repeat what I have said before, "Let the good work go on. Lynch 'em! hang 'em! Shoot 'em! Burn 'em." Israel Putnam went into a cave with a torch to shoot the wolf that had devoured the lambs of his flock, and just so I would lynch the brutes who outrage our women. He is not a human. He is a brute, a beast and all these demonstrations by governors and judges and sheriffs are hypocritical and perfunctory. In their breasts they rejoice in the lynching.

And there is another set of hypocrites who infect our south-

ern land. I mean those for the sake of filthy lucre and nothing else invite Roosevelt to visit their city and they promise him an ovation. He comes nearer being a figure-head of the president than any we have had. He is a confirmed slanderer of a great and good man and he slandered him and will not retract or apologize. Our women have just laid a corner stone for a monument to his lamented daughter and our veterans and members of the legislature approved it by their presence, and yet some of the same creatures would invite Roosevelt to Savannah and Macon and Augusta. I wouldn't invite any man to my town whom I wouldn't invite to my house and no man who fought for the lost cause or respects Mr. Davis would do that. There is more patriotism to-day among our women than among our men. A friend wrote me from Atlanta that he was going to have 5,000 copies of General Jackson's great speech on the "Wanderer" printed in pamphlet form for distribution at a small cost among our people. I have promised to help him advertise it, but I had no idea that he could sell or hardly give away a thousand copies, for our old men and cultured men and patriots were nearly all dead and this generation does not care whether General Jackson made a speech or not. I asked a college man if he had ever read it and he seemed surprised and asked who was General Jackson. Our people who have grown up since the war have fallen into northern lines and are for money. Money is their ambition, their idol. Morgan and Rockefeller have done more to corrupt the young men of this country than all other causes combined. Those who are smart are looking for some short cut to fortune—some scheme, some tricky way to shear the lambs and get somebody's money for nothing. This is sad, but it is the truth.

Well, the election is over and we are just where we were. We didn't expect anything else. Senator Morgan can take comfort, for he said long ago that it was best to let the republicans have the house as long as they had the senate. Give them rope, all the rope, and let the country see where they will run to and by the next presidential election the people will be alarmed and turn the rascals out. So mote it be.

It Was a Mad Dog.

Yorkville Requirer, 15th.

Mr. Geo. W. Williams, of Yorkville, has received a report from the Pasture authorities of Baltimore, that the dog by which he was bitten sometime ago was really afflicted with hydrophobia. It will be remembered that immediately after being bitten, Mr. Williams left for Baltimore, carrying with him the head of the dog. He placed himself under the Pasteur treatment and gave the dog's head over for bacteriological examination. He thought no more of the result of the examination until last week, when a pig that had also been bitten by the same dog, began to show signs of disorder and he wrote to Baltimore for a report of the bacteriologists on the dog's brain. The report was to the effect that the rabbits that had been inoculated developed hydrophobia, during the latter part of October. The pig, of course, was killed at once.

Girl Dies at the Pest House.

Charlotte Observer, 15th.

Miss Minnie Schenck, who has been ill with small-pox for about 10 days, died at the pest house yesterday. As has been stated in the Observer, Miss Schenck had a very malignant attack of the disease, and her condition was critical after the first day of her illness.

Miss Schenck was the daughter of Mr. George Schenck, who lives at 718 South Church street. She was a hard-working girl, whose wages contributed much to the support of her family.

The occurrence is too pitiable to dwell upon. The horror was not emphasized by any lack of attention, medical or otherwise; yet it is doubtful if words can be used to more ghastly purpose than in the saying that it was a young girl who died and that at the last she was in a pest house.

FRENCH AIRSHIP THAT FLIES.

Made Successful Ascents and Descents, Returning to Starting Point.

Washington Post.

Nantes, France, Nov. 13.—The airship built for the brothers Pierre and Paul Lebaudy made a very successful trial to-day in this neighborhood. Several free ascents and descents were effected, accompanied by evolutions in all directions over the fields and woods bordering the Seine between La Roche Guyon and the town of Bonnières.

The flying machine returned each time to its point of departure at the rate of 25 miles an hour. There were four persons in the car.

York County Items.

Yorkville Requirer, 15th.

Chief of Police Love caught three dogs during Wednesday. They were put up at auction Thursday afternoon. Two were redeemed, and the third was bid in by the town and killed.

A heavy piece of machinery that was being transported by the Catawba Power Company from Old Point to their works at the river, smashed through the bridge over the creek last Monday. Fortunately nobody was hurt and even the mules escaped without injury. The piece of machinery weighed about 30,000 pounds.

Matt Byers, the well-known colored malefactor who has figured so extensively in the court of general sessions of this county and in the chancery and in the penitentiary during the past dozen years, was committed to jail again on Thursday. The charge against him this time is disturbing a religious meeting. He was arrested at King's Mountain, N. C.

Pursuant to previously advertised notice, the board of trustees of the Yorkville Graded school, on Wednesday, let the contract for furnishing the new graded school building. There were present five representatives of different houses dealing in school furniture and the competition was quite lively. A. T. Woods, of the American School Furniture Company, Piqua, O., was the lowest bidder, and secured the contract to furnish 180 desks, 100 opera chairs, 200 feet of recitation seats, 500 square feet of slate blackboard, one desk for superintendent and four desks for teachers. The bill for the entire purchase amounts to about \$300.

Irish potatoes have been doing well this year where they received proper attention. Mrs. C. H. Smith sent The Enquirer some fine specimens the other day of the Bliss Triumph variety that averaged nearly three-quarters of a pound each. She has 100 bushels and they are worth \$1 a bushel. Mr. W. A. Youngblood, of Concord, says that one of his neighbors, Mr. Faris, has a bountiful second crop from the first planting. He used potatoes from his patch as he wanted them in the early summer and left the patch alone without digging the potatoes. The second crop got the start of the grass and weeds, and is now heavier than the first crop.

Sweet Potatoes.

Yorkville Requirer.

Referring to the harvest of Mr. D. A. Matthews, of Clover, of fifty-five bushels of potatoes from one-eighth of an acre of land, the News and Courier says: "More than 800 bushels of sweet potatoes have been gathered from one acre in the coast country of the state. Among the refugees from the low-country to the upper part of the state during the war, was Mr. John Wilson, who established himself at Donaldville, in Abbeville county. Our recollection is that he raised on an acre of land on his farm at that place, more than 800 bushels of potatoes."

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