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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XXIV.

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.
DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION OF HOME AND THE INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.
GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1903.

NO. 5.

BIG CUT SALE

BY

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This Big Cut Sale Will Last Ten Days Only, Commencing January 19th at 8 O'clock, A. M.

IN ORDER to unload a great many goods before taking inventory we have put on this big Cut Sale for ten days.

We have just received several shipments of early spring goods which will be included in this sale, such as Gingham, in all the new shades and patterns, White Lawns, Piques, Dimities, Embroideries, Insertions, and numerous other goods.

All small lots, odd lots and remnants have been put on job counter and they go at "almost nothing" prices.

Everybody is invited to come, you will be well paid for your visit. Come during the first days of the sale and get some of the best plums.

Remember that a Cut Sale by this house means something.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

THOMSON COMPANY. Gastonia, North Carolina.

BILLY ARP REMINISCENT.

Marriage of His Grand Daughter Reminds Him of His Start in Life.

Atlanta Constitution.
The record is broken. Out of twenty-one grand children the first marriage was celebrated yesterday. A grand daughter has found a mate and gone off with him. That is all right. It is according to nature and there is nothing to cry about when the young folks have chosen wisely and well. There is no goodlier sight in all nature than to see a good looking, healthy young man, who is making an honest living standing up at the altar, with a sweet, good-tempered, affectionate, industrious girl and the parents on both sides approving the match. Marriage is a very serious business, and my observation has been that those made among the well-to-do common people are generally happier than those made in cities among the families of the rich. Children raised to work and wait on themselves make better husbands and better wives than those raised in luxury. It is mighty hard for a man to please his wife and keep her in a good humor if she has been petted by her parents and never knew a want and had no useful work to do. She soon takes the ennuis or conniptions or the "don't know what I want" and goes "back to ma." A young girl who never cleaned up her room or made any of her clothes or helped to nurse her mother's baby and did nothing but dress and visit and go to the theatre will never make a good wife. The wife and mother business is hard work. The mother of six, eight or ten children has seen sights. She knows what care is and anxiety and sleepless nights and one of these butterfly women can't stand it. One child will cry her up and two will about finish her and if it were not for condensed milk the children would perish to death like the calves in Florida, where the cows don't give enough milk to color the coffee and they have to raise the calves on the bottle.
But our grand children are all

of good healthy working stock. We have raised ten of our own and the Lord has blessed them in form and feature and old Agur's prayer has saved them from poverty and riches. I have worked and so has my wife and our children worked and have held their own and are now helping us in their old age. I won't say what I have done all these fifty-three years of married life, but my wife has made over a thousand little garments with her own hands before ever a sewing machine was brought to our town and she found time to keep me in plaited bosom shirts besides. I bought the first machine that came—a Grover & Baker, for \$125. The next, a Wheeler & Wilson, for \$100, and so on down and now we have a Home & Farm for \$20, which is the best we ever had. It is worth mentioning that Howe, the first inventor, could not get his machine introduced in this country for ten years and had it patented in England. All the use they had for it there was to stitch the soles on to boots and shoes.
Yes, our pretty grand daughter has mated and married and gone. Julia Smith is now Mrs. Julian Smith—not much change in her name was there?—only added the little letter "s." We gave him a cordial welcome into our family, for we have heard nothing but good concerning him and commend our grand child to the good people of Alabama and the good State of Georgia, which is our own Georgia's daughter. There may they rest and live long and prosper.
I am still sick. As the lawyers say, "I living do languish, and languishing do live," but I am on the upgrade and my swollen extremities are reducing their compass and wife says it will soon be time to plant sweet peas and trim up her rose bushes. Two months from yesterday will be the fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding and the children and grand children have promised to gather at the paternal mansion and rejoice together over the Lord's goodness unto us.
But I must stop now, for it tires me to write. My daughter who helps me in teaching school and I get tired from bending

over to my work. I feel like saying with Byron—
"What is writ is writ,
Would it were wrother—but my visions fit
Less helpfully before me and the glow
That in my spirit dwells
Is fluttering faint and low."
Well, the little pamphlet of General H. R. Jackson's great speech and part of Daniel Webster's Capon Springs is now ready. Send to my friend, Ed Holland, Atlanta, Ga., and get it. It will be post paid for 25 cents. My last book is about ready. Send to Mr. C. P. Byrd, printer and publisher, Atlanta, Ga., and get that post-paid for \$1.25. My wife says the first two chapters would be worth the money if I hadn't told some stories on her.
THE WOMAN WITH A SMILE.
And the How and When and Why She Uses It.
Memphis Commercial-Appeal.
Nothing is more beautiful than a woman, and the most beautiful woman is the cheery, perpetually pleased woman who smiles constantly and who looks at you inquiringly when she meets you on the street.
There is, perhaps, nothing more exquisitely painful and cordially humiliating to a man than to be told by a member of the fairer sex: "I bowed to you on the street two or three times, lately, and you would not speak to me." Young men do not mind this much and they are seldom chided, for such churlish delinquency, but men who rush to the barbershop frequently to be shaved—not because the stubble is more irritating than formerly, but because it is gray, and a gray stubble is a tattletale—feel that their native gallantry has been impeached by the infirmities of advancing years. One in ten of these men can recognize a woman on the street, or could recognize his wife, did she of his heart and home change the manner of dressing her hair, wear a bit of unusual color or exploit a ribbon or a rose in some unwonted fashion. The result is that he is continually in misery, bowing and scraping to women whom he does not know and who do not know him, and ignoring the salutations of women whom he knows and who are his friends.

It would be a great blessing if the woman who smiles would refrain from doing so at long range and adopt the old revolutionary method of reserving her fire until she "can see the white of the enemy's eyes." Men are not as highly sensitized and delicately adjusted as a Marconi instrument and when a smile is sent scurrying through space every son of man reaches for it and tries to get a strangle of half-Nelson on it.
PREVENT SNORING.
Chicago Man Invents a Mouth-piece for Public Comfort.
Chicago Chronicle.
Persons who snore have no longer any excuse to offer for disturbing the slumbers of those who occupy berths above them in sleeping cars or rooms next to theirs in hotels.
John J. Geraghty, who has supplied campaign buttons for nearly every candidate who has been elected to office in Chicago, has discovered a preventive for snoring. His invention is a simple one. The device consists of a tortoise shell mouthpiece, which can be adjusted to fit the mouth of any person. When the mouthpiece is placed between the teeth and the lips, Mr. Geraghty declares, it is impossible for anyone who wears it to snore. He says there is no danger that the person who wears the mouthpiece will swallow it and that it does not discommode the person in whose mouth it is placed.
In addition to its ability to prevent snoring the mouthpiece has other uses. It compels persons who have been making speeches or have been in warm rooms to breathe through their noses when going into the cold air.
"Doctors have told me," Mr. Geraghty said, "that my invention is an almost sure preventive for bronchial diseases. They say it is so simple they wonder no one thought of it before now. If they had, hundreds of lives would have been saved."
Mr. Geraghty has been offered \$3,000 for his rights in the invention, but he prefers to manufacture the mouthpiece himself.

WHAT IS LIFE.
Lines That Strangely Came to the Author in His Sleep Many Years Ago.
To the Editor of the Gazette:
The following lines have a curious interest to me, as they came to me in my sleep nearly fifty years ago. Waking from my dream I at once arose and wrote them. Possibly two or three copies were made for friends, but I kept none and they were never before offered for publication. I have not thought of them for many years till a few nights ago, when, being sleepless (as I often am) they came to mind. They may not have thought in them, but seem to me to suggest an idea.
WHAT IS LIFE?
'Tis a phantom pale that trampeth
With an heavy measured tread:
Nought of substance, only shadow,
Marcheth it with troops of dead.
Pursuing once to know its mystery,
Loudly cried I, "Ghost of Life,
Stop! whether thou'rt great or small—
Why thy seeming fruitless strife?
Why with troops of shades thou
marchest
And to whom these shades pertain:
Answer me, that I no longer
Call thy tramp unvaried, vain."
"Lo, a mighty king he doomed me
To this dull, unvaried road;
Slowly verging toward a center,
Whence of waves I hear the sound.
Thence there well unshowered waters,
And when time my circuit ends
I shall merge within their deepness
With these troops of shades, my
friends.
These, my troops of shade's companions
Are the ghosts of hopes denied—
Ghosts of lofty aspirations
That in breathing 'e'en have died.
Once, to cheer me on my journey,
Sent my king his well loved son,
Bringing me a brilliant lantern
Which should shine my road upon.
Every day the same march making,
Nought there comes of changing cheer:
But I hear the waves plash plainer;
This declares the centre near.
There, I said, a water welletth;
'Tis eternity's deep sea;
And (this word the king's son brought
me)
'Tis the life—the real of me.
When I reach the soundless waters
Doubt and gloom shall have an end;
And (this word the king's son brought
me)
He will greet me as a friend.
There these hosts of fruitless longings
Shall their full fruition find
In the grand and full completeness
Of the Great Eternal Mind.
Oh, I long to reach thy waters,
Joyous, bright and living sea;
Beside of my Great King Master—
Life eternal—Eternity!"
DAVID S. L. JOHNSON.

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