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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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One Dollar a Year in Advance.
NO. 7.

BILL AB'S LETTER.

He Recalls a Speech Made by
Rufus Choate Forty-eight Years
Ago.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Constitution says there is a growing sense of justice in the north that will hereafter be heard from in putting negro officials over southern communities, that the New York Herald has opened a rift in the cloud by rebuking the president etc. We hope so, but now that Roosevelt has appointed a Boston coon to high office, the Herald may change front and say he is consistent. That growing sense of justice is a chameleon of many colors. It was quite visible a little while after Grady made his great speeches in New York and Boston, but the preachers withered it and McKinley made more appointments and kept making them as long as he lived. This growing sense does not seem to flourish in many places. The fact is, we have almost despaired of ever seeing justice grow at the north. Lately I have received three letters from up there that indicate the growing sense, and I have read and reread them with comfort. One of these is from an old Mexican veteran who says that of the 2,700,000 soldiers who fought against us, one million were from the east, fighting to free the negroes, Grant included one million from the west fighting for the union and the other 700,000 were the riff-raff and scum, the flotsam and jetsam of all nations who joined the army for bounty and booty and beauty, and they were the element that Sherman employed to make war hell. He speaks of the war as unholy, unrighteous, and unjust. Another letter is from Portland, Oregon, and says the writer recently got hold of one of my letters which said that General Grant was a slave holder and bled out his negroes up to the close of the war and lived off their hire. He says: "I didn't believe it, but was induced to examine his biography and I found it was so." He says nobody in that country ever heard of it and it is amazing and astonishing that Lincoln would appoint a slave-holder to be the head of the army. The writer of this letter was brought up to believe that the south brought all of the negroes from Africa. Another letter is from a New Hampshire veteran, who says that he and seven other of his town joined a company in 1862, and only one besides himself got back. Ever since then he had been reviewing his folly and the folly of the war and is ashamed of his people and says that I do not score them in my letter as hard as they deserve. He has Hinton Rowan Hesters' famous campaign book, in which he says:

"We are going to free your slaves and arm them with pikes and torches and butcher your families and burn up your homes."

This book is endorsed by sixty-seven members of congress, including John Sherman. Appleton says that 167,000 copies were sold in three months and it precipitated the raid of John Brown, at whose execution all the church bells of New England tolled a requiem.

And so I have found three Northerners who have this growing sense and I have heard of one more who is a growing suspect. I am keeping a tally sheet and as soon as I hear of any one growing more sense I will record it. My Oregon friend's generation came up since the war and never had time to bother themselves about the history of the war or slavery. The South was outside of their concern and Jeff Davis was the arch traitor told about in history. That is all he cared to know. But he says your late letters have excited our curiosity and if when your book is out you will let me advertise and sell it my own way, I will sell 100,000 copies north of the line. This man is a big advertiser with headquarters in Chicago and sent me a big lot of his cards and literature.

Well, Mr. Byrd will see, about that, but to my opinion his Northern customers don't care a bauble about me or Grant or his niggers. They remind me of two fellows who went off to camp meeting, and as they were standing by a tree one of the brethren came up and invited them to go up to the altar and give 'em in gettin' religion. The man seemed somewhat indignant and replied: "You must excuse us, sir, we don't live in the county."

But I did find a rift in the clouds that gave much comfort. In the twelfth chapter of John

Lord's "Beacon Lights of History" I find a sketch of Robert E. Lee by Benjamin Andrews that is a loving tribute to that great soldier. Such a glowing tribute was hardly to be expected from a Northern source. Especially from one born in New Hampshire, educated at Brown University and who joined the army when 18 years old and who lost an eye at Petersburg. As an educator he rose rapidly in his profession and became president of his alma mater. Next he was called to Chicago to take charge of her public schools and later on was chosen as chancellor of the University of Nebraska, where he is now. Since the war he has frequently championed the cause of the South and became unpopular with our malignant enemies. Of course as he joined the army so young and lost an eye, we must let him keep his convictions, but he is a big hearted, brainy man or he would not have dared to have written that tribute. I wonder how it happened that such men as Andrews, and away back, such men as Webster and Hawthorne and Emerson and Story and Choate, could grow up and mature among the noxious weeds of New England. I still recall with much pleasure a good speech I heard in 1844, at Amherst College—a commencement oration by Rufus Choate, who was regarded as the most brilliant, eloquent, and impassioned orator of America. I had a schoolmate there, and my Boston uncle said he would go with me, for he would have to look after Mr. Choate, for he was an intimate friend. I didn't know exactly what that meant, but found out later.

The great hall was crowded with the best people of New England. My uncle was with others seated upon the platform. Mr. Choate's face was all nerves and muscles, his large eyes and mouth conspicuous. For half an hour his voice was almost a monotone with every word carefully and distinctly uttered, but this was but the breathing of a gentle wind before the storm. Soon he seemed to lose control of his own emotions and soared away among the stars and his features took on an unearthly glow, his arms responded to every sentence, his frail body swayed to and fro and his audience unconsciously swayed with him and held their breath for fear they would lose a word or a motion.

No, I will never forget that speech. He stopped because he had to stop, for with the last eloquent sentence he became exhausted and was bodily lifted by my uncle and others to the ante room where he was stripped and rubbed down like an exhausted race horse. In an hour or so he was renewed and revived. This was Rufus Choate—a bundle of quivering, passionate nerves—whose eloquence no audience could calmly listen to and no jury withstand.

Dr. Linney Didn't Want The Job.

Washington Special to Charlotte Observer.

As the omnivorous appetite of the average politician for Federal patronage has long since become traditional the credulity of the lay mind may be taxed somewhat when it is stated that frequently good governmental positions go a begging. Such an instance developed here during the week, which came especially under the observations of North Carolinians. A number of Senators, Mr. Pritchard among the number, were advised that there were several vacancies in the Navy Department, and it was stated that recommendations would be gladly received. Senator Pritchard sent in the name of Romulus Linney, son of ex-Congressman Linney, and the young man in question came here promptly to file his application in a formal way. "What are you the son of my old friend, Romulus Z. Linney? Well, you can rest assured of a fixed place in my good graces," were the words with which Secretary of the Navy Moody supplemented the glad hand of welcome to the young North Carolina physician. Dr. Linney was then proffered a position as assistant surgeon in the Navy at a salary of \$1,600 annually, with a prospect of a much better position at the end of three years of satisfactory service but he declined. Dr. Linney was told that he would be assigned in all probability, to sea duty, and that he might be separated from his home for two or three years. In the light of this prospective contingency the position lost its attractiveness, and at this time there are thirteen such places, and no one can be found who cares to fill them.

MONETARY VALUE OF NIAGARA

Natural Beauty of Great Falls Marred by Utilization of its Power.

Washington Post.

This is a practical age. It is no longer a question whether Niagara Falls is a thing of beauty or a marvel of nature or a wonderful cataract which attracts visitors from all parts of the world. Niagara has passed that stage. The time has come when Niagara is looked upon as a great machine, capable of producing so much power, which, in turn, can be sold for cash.

Some interesting facts as to the monetary value of Niagara have just been made public in a report submitted by Harlan W. Brush, the United States consul at the Canadian town of Niagara Falls. This report shows that the company which inaugurated the production of electric power at the Falls soon found its original development of 50,000 horse power utilized, and is now constructing a tunnel providing for a discharge of water that will develop 100,000 horse power. But even this will not meet the demands of the manufacturing industries, and so a new plant is being constructed on the Canadian side which will develop 110,000 horse power. The dynamo are to be the greatest machines of their kind in the world, and will have a capacity of 10,000 horse power each. In addition to all this, a third company has been formed which proposes to do business on a gigantic scale.

It is interesting to note that while millions of dollars are being expended in developing these various power plants, the revenue will be enormous. When the 350,000 horse power, now in process of development, is placed on the market, the gross income of the power companies will be in the neighborhood of \$7,000,000 a year. It is easy to understand how this may be the case. There is no necessity for expensive equipment for generating steam, nor for the purchase of fuel, nor for the employment of engineers and firemen. One man simply turns a lever, the torrent of water flows forcefully and continually over the turbine wheels and then the power generated by the dynamo is dispensed in every direction. It is no wonder that the industrial growth of the Niagara frontier has been marvelous, nor that it is expected that before long the dynamo will be grinding out one million horse power.

But what of the esthetic side of the great cataract? Is it to be sacrificed on the altar of Mammon? Up to the present time, according to the experts, the diversion of the water above the falls has not perceptibly diminished the flow, and it is doubtful whether the greatest amount of withdrawal which is anticipated will materially affect the scenic beauty of the falls themselves. At the same time it is quite evident that the surroundings of the cataract are to undergo a great change. Enormous manufacturing structures will arise, inclosing the falls and detracting from the natural beauty of the picture. This, however, cannot be helped, for in this material age, if Niagara can be turned into cash, the transferring process will proceed vigorously, no matter how completely the artistic and picturesque may be sacrificed. Let us be thankful that both on the Canadian and American sides there is a large park which can never be encroached upon and which will save Niagara Falls from being entirely transformed.

An Unique Philanthropist.

New York Press.

Several years ago I mentioned by name in this column what I called a real philanthropist. He was a man who took mortgages on the bodies of the indigent poor, and instead of plastering them upon the remote generations burnt them in the fire. He is doing the same good work to-day and finds intense enjoyment in it. He goes to the undertakers about once a month and asks for the unpaid funeral bills. If he can buy for 50 cents on the dollar he does so, if for 75 cents he does so, if for 90 cents, he does so. If he is asked to pay in full he does so. The undertaker is required to send a receipt in full to the doctors, but without mentioning the name of the one who paid the bill. The philanthropist understands well the hard strain it is for the poor to bury their dead decently and knows the rapacity of the undertaker.

OFFERS TO TRADE PARDONS.

Governor of North Carolina's Unusual Proposition to Governor of Georgia.

Washington Post.

Chattanooga Tenn., Jan. 18.— Seeking the release of a young man from North Carolina, a member of one of the oldest families in the South, Gov. Aycock, of North Carolina, made the proposition to Gov. Terrell, of Georgia, that he will pardon any man under sentence in his own State. The man in question is Fred Chestnut, and Gov. Aycock wrote in his letter: "If you will pardon this man Chestnut, I will gladly write a pardon for any Georgian now doing time in the prisons of this State you may designate."

It is understood that Governor Terrell will investigate the matter and that he will probably pardon Chestnut. Two years ago Chestnut and an associate boarded an express car at Macon, and before the train had gone many miles the express messenger looked into the barrel of a pair of pistols. The men got the money and left the train, Chestnut being captured and convicted.

Lee's Birthday.

Richmond News, 10th.

The legislatures of the Southern States acted wisely when they made the birthday of Robert E. Lee a holiday. In his life he won all the honor a people can bestow and all the gratitude it can express by perpetual remembrance and dedication of one day in each year to his memory. Aside from that, we can do nothing better for our people than to keep his character before them always. His deeds in war make our hearts grow warm with admiration and burn with pride that he was ours and of us. His life in war and in peace, his bearing in triumph and disaster, illustrate the very best and highest qualities of manhood and prove how beautiful and how near the Divine humanity may be.

He was a gentleman born. That is, he inherited from a long ancestry and acquired from the environment of gentle people certain instincts of refinement, certain codes of ethics and honor, the pride of blood and race and the sense of the responsibilities and obligations of position. Yet many a man equally well born has lacked all the qualities which made him great and his whole life beautiful and many a man without his advantages of birth has possessed and manifested those qualities. Character is not a thing born. It is a thing built and developed by early training and by self-training, by strength and purity of purpose. The man who will saturate his thought and his soul with the spirit of Lee, who will make Lee his human model, may never be known beyond his own neighborhood, but he will be an added glory to humanity, a splendid power for good and will express the teachings of the Divine Teacher, of whom the great chieftain was a humble and faithful follower. If Virginia was a commonwealth of people who not only honored Lee and loved his memory, but who emulated his life and absorbed the lessons of it, we would be such a people as the world has never known and none but the most enthusiastic has dreamed of. No better service can be done for humanity at large or for our own country than to keep in the minds and always before the thoughts of maturity and youth alike the nobility, the magnanimity, the generosity, the fearlessness and the gentleness of this greatest of all generals, highest of all gentlemen, purest and humblest of all Christians, most Virginian of all Virginians. It is not only justice to the dead man, the cause he represented, and the men he led that monuments of him stand in our streets and pictures of him hang everywhere, and that the day of his birth shall be especially honored and commemorated as long as our country lives and we continue to be a people. It is wise for us to do these things for the sake of ourselves, our children, and the generations coming after us that all may feel and know the standard for those who hope to illustrate the highest of which human life is capable.

Julian Ralph, the author and war correspondent, died at his residence in New York City Tuesday night.

THE PICTURE MEN WIN.

Chicago Portrait Company Wins Against the City of Greensboro.

Washington Dispatch, 12th.

In the United States Supreme Court to-day an opinion was delivered by Justice Shiras, in the case of E. L. Caldwell against the State of North Carolina and the City of Greensboro. The case involved the validity of an ordinance of the city requiring the taking out of a license for the sale of pictures and picture frames. Caldwell, who represented the Chicago Portrait Company, resisted the payment of the license on the ground that the ordinance is in conflict with the provisions of the Federal constitution relating to inter-State commerce. The North Carolina trial courts sustained the validity of the ordinance and the Supreme Court of the State sustained them. The opinion handed down to-day reversed this verdict and the case was remanded to the State Supreme Court. Commenting upon the case, Justice Shiras said:

"Transactions between manufacturing companies in one State, through agents with citizens in another, constitute a large part of inter-State commerce and for us to hold with the court below, that the same articles, if sent by rail directly to the purchaser, are free from State taxation, but if sent to an agent to deliver are taxable through a license tax upon the agent, would evidently take a considerable portion of such traffic out of the salutary protection of the inter-State commerce clause of the constitution."

"Don't Kick."

Winnetbown (Ky.) News.

If your neighbor is prosperous let him prosper. Don't growl, grunt, or grumble. Say a good word for him and let him go at that. Don't be a kicker. Your turn will come. No one is a whole show. If you see the town is moving along rapidly feel good about it. Help things along. Show a little push. Try to get some of the benefit yourself. Don't stand around like a chilly cadaver and waste your time feeling sore because some fellow has more sense and success than you have. Do a little hustling yourself, and if you can say a good word for your town or its people say it like a prince. If you are full of bile and disposed to say something mean put a padlock on your mouth and keep it there till you can get a hypodermic injection of the milk of human kindness. Don't be a kicker. No man ever made a dollar kicking but a professional football player. No man ever got rich minding everybody's business but his own. No man ever helped himself up permanently by kicking his neighbor down. Give others a kindly word and give it liberally and gracefully. It won't cost you a penny, and remember, you may want a good word yourself some day. You may have thousands to-day and to-morrow be without the price of a shave. Don't be a kicker. It doesn't pay. You can't afford it. There is nothing in it. If you want to throw something at somebody throw cologne and don't throw mud or brickbats. If you must kick go out behind the house and kick yourself, for if you feel that way you are the man that needs kicking. Whatever you do don't allow yourself to become a chronic kicker. Don't even have an acute attack. Let everybody push together and we'll all be better and happier and live longer. Don't be a kicker.

Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, corrects the statement recently made that he is the only surviving member of the Confederate Senate. Augustus B. Maxwell, of Florida, who represented that State at the Capital in Richmond, is still alive at the age of 83 years.

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We have a few more dollar hats left. They are going. Come and get one.

HALF-PRICE ON COATS.
Only 3 of those \$10 Coats left to go at \$5.00 each.

FURS.
Have a few Furs on hand yet. Have cut the price to half.
\$10 Furs go at \$5. \$20 Furs go at \$10.
\$25 Furs go at \$12.50. \$35 Furs go at \$17.50.

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Though we are disappointed in not having been able to move into our new quarters by this time, still we are not disappointing our customers in bargains. The large stocks of extraordinary bargains in Clothing and Men's Furnishings which we laid in for our new quarters are on sale at the old stand. These goods must move and they are moving every day. We have bargains for all and invite you to come at once and see what matchless attractions we are offering. We thank our customers one and all, for their generous patronage during the year 1902, and wish them a happy New Year.

WE HOPE TO MOVE INTO OUR NEW STAND BY THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY.

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