

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

VOL. XXIV.

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1908.

NO. 30.

BAD MEN—BY JACK CRAWFORD And Brave Men, Too, Who Died With Their Boots on.

New York Sun.

Col. Jack Crawford has been writing for the Chicago Inter-Ocean his recollection of some of the brave men and "bad" men of the plains a generation ago. He's a rich man now out in Oregon and a good story teller, as his narrative proves:

The notorious "bad man" of the western frontier is becoming a rarity. Along with the scout, the cowboy, the stage driver and the pony express rider, the old-time brigands and desperadoes have almost disappeared. Scores were killed in bloody battles with frontiersmen, many died in terrible feuds, others have been captured and tamed by the stern lessons of stone walls and iron bars.

The passing of the "bad men" meant much to those of us who blazed the trails from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean, and all the early farmers in the wild west had their hardships, and hair raising experiences. All the men of those days of necessity were rugged, keen, fearless men, for it took a steadfast heart to push forward in the face of the dangers and a fearless one to meet and put down the the relentless foe, both red and white, that the trail-breakers met.

One of the bravest and coolest men I ever knew was the famous "Wild Bill" whose name in the family Bible is written William Haycock. It is not Hickock as often seen spelled. I knew "Wild-Bill" as well as I ever knew any one. We were together a great deal. He was a powerfully built man, his eye was like an eagle's and he was absolutely fearless of danger while performing his duties as United States marshal in the days of the Kansas Jayhawkers, and later in dealing with the Indians and bad men on the frontier.

"Wild Bill" was daring to an extreme. He thought only of his duty and he fulfilled it always. He was honest and tender hearted and I have seen him give up his last five-dollar bill to aid some poor immigrant who was starving. By this action he often changed places with the sufferers.

One time "Wild Bill" and myself were riding along the trail from Sidney to Deadwood through the buffalo swales. It was infested by a motley gang of cut throats and all round bad men. We rode on until we came to a little dugout where a man named Reddy Kelly kept a saloon. It wasn't a pretentious place. The roof was supported by a simple rough plank served as a bar.

A bucket of water and one demijohn of whisky composed the entire stock in hand. Kelly himself was a picturesque character, a man of brawn. He wore a fiery beard and a sleeveless red flannel shirt. We all knew him very well and when "Wild Bill" and I rode up we tied our horses to a small fir tree outside and went in to get a drink.

I stepped in first and walked to the opposite side of the post supporting the roof. "Wild Bill" stepped up to the bar, leaned on his elbow, and began talking to Reddy Kelly.

All of a sudden, as if he had leaped through the floor a man jumped before "Wild Bill" without any warning. In each hand he held a revolver. He got Bill and myself in line and neither of us dared move.

"Hold up your hands," the fellow shouted to Bill with a string of oaths, which formed the dialect of the bad men of those days. "I am going to kill you Bill."

Bill without a move, quietly looked at the intruder, and then said to him: "Why, my man, you do not want to kill me in cold blood. Have you thought about this matter? If don't know you nor your reasons for wanting to get me out of the way."

"Well," said the stranger. "I'm going to kill you because you've strung up too many of our fellows, and now it's your time Bill."

The threat didn't faze the cool-headed marshal. He gazed steadfastly into the other man's face and then said: "That is too bad. I never thought of that before, but I suppose it is a necessary thing. And now you want to put me out of the way."

Bill gazed into the man's eyes for a minute and then gave a terrible war-whoop, throwing the man's attention from his aim for an instant. He ducked his head a foot and like a flash of lightning whipped out two great revolvers. As they came up the bullets were flying, and every one of the twelve leaden pellets pierced the man's body, literally cutting him in two. When Bill gave his unearthly yell the intruder fired one shot, but it went far above the mark. In a minute the smoke blew away and the man lay dead on the floor. Bill turned to Reddy Kelly and said: "Remove this carrion, Red, and give us another drink."

We took another drink walked to our horses and struck out along the trail to Deadwood. I never heard Bill say a word about the affair and I said nothing. We were not in the habit of remembering such things.

"Next to 'Wild Bill' the bravest man and one of the most desperate I ever saw was an out-and-out brigand. His name was Jack Burke, and he was the boldest man in the notorious "Billy the Kid's" gang of desperadoes.

I first ran across Burke in El Paso, Tex., after I had been for some time in Mexico. I knew the habits of the banditti, I had fought and rode among bad men throughout the frontier states, but I had never found a braver man than Burke. My meeting with him was extraordinary, and not accompanied by the most comforting circumstances.

In El Paso I ran across an old friend, Red Hart. He told me that he was going to open a new building that night and wanted me to help him by seeing that no desperadoes entered the place. I told him I would aid him and I remained in the building until late.

There was a varied throng, men of all classes and descriptions, most of them rough-and-ready fellows. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when all the early comers were gone, I walked down the back stairs, which terminated in an alley. At the bottom of the stairway was a hooded door, behind which burned a flickering smoky oil lamp. The shadows wavered and rather blinded one.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs and opened the door into the alley I was confronted by four men. Each man held a gun at my head, ordered me to throw up my hands, and deliver what cash I had.

To me this was rather astonishing, for I have always been a peaceful man. I did not see my way clear to accede to the demand. I quietly pulled out my revolver—a beautiful barker that shot a ball as big as a walnut—and simply stated that I did not intend to be robbed. The largest of the four men—a handsome broad-shouldered, but desperate looking fellow, again ordered me to give up my money.

"You are four to one," I said. "Four cowards to one man, and I am a brave man, understand that. You can kill me, I know, but I can shoot quicker than you and before I go down I will send two of you to the happy hunting grounds. Turn loose, if you want to, and I'll give you more than a fair show, but I'll get two of you."

The tall man lowered his revolver and stepped forward. You don't kill a brave man like this fellow, boys," he said, "and I'm on his side. I fight with him." I told him to get back with his gang, that I wasn't afraid of the four. The big fellow ordered the men to put up their weapons, saying: "It ain't a square deal to get a live one cooped up this way. The treats are on us stranger, if you'll come around the corner."

I went, but told them they must pay for the treat, and that nothing less than a five-dollar gold piece would square matters. They opened a bottle of champagne. We drank up and then the four left. I never said a word to any one about the experience, but I found thereafter that every man in "Billy the Kid's" gang was my friend. I met them time and again in the Seven Rivers district, along the Rio Grande, and all through No Man's Land, and they never once stopped or offered to harm me.

Several months after the little episode at El Paso I had to go to the Apache reservation as a government engineer to run some lines bearing on the local coal lands along the Seven Rivers. I know I was in the bad territory, but the men never mistreated me. I met a time or

two the big fellow who held me up, and I came to know him as Jack Burke.

One day I came near to Burke's cabin, a four-room building with an L and a log porch or primitive style. I saw Burke sitting on the porch cleaning his Winchester rifle. I spoke to him and went through to the rear to speak to an old woman who kept the cabin. While talking to her I heard a rifle shot and, hurrying around to the porch, I found Burke had been shot by a number of his own gang. The wound was a frightful one. The ball had ripped open his abdomen. I got a sheet and tied it around his waist and he crawled into the house.

"Get me to the window, Jack," he said "and tell the old woman to keep out of the way. There's going to be hell to pay here for a little while. Give me my gun and put a mattress up under the window. There I will die, but I'll take a few along with me when I go. This is not your fight, Jack Crawford. I have not long to live. Keep out of the way until I call you."

Burke raised his rifle, stuck it out of the window and waited. I did not think he could live five minutes, so I took the old woman and got her out of harm's way. In another minute the Winchester began spitting fire. For twenty minutes the battle kept up furiously. A great many shots were fired from places of hiding outside, and Jack watched the little puffs of smoke and then sent a bullet straight to the mark.

At last his firing ceased for a moment, and I thought it was all over with him. Then I saw him slowly lay his cheek against his rifle stock, as slowly close one eye, and as slowly pull the trigger. His aim was directed at a small knot hole in a saw-mill 200 yards away. The bullet went straight to the point, as I learned afterward. When Jack fired his last shot—it was what we call the dead man's shot, and is always true—he called me.

I ran to him and he said: "Stretch me out, old man, and pull off my boots. I am going to die. My real name is not Jack Burke. No one ever shall know who I am. My father is a wealthy New York state man and my family knows nothing of me. I do not want them to know."

The fellow then let his hands fall, his head dropped to one side and he was dead. He had been game to the finish.

When all was quiet I walked about the region to take a look at the battle ground. Jack had killed five men. The last one fell at the "dead man's shot." The first shot fired at Jack came from the knot hole in the saw-mill and from there came all the time the fiercest fire. Jack missed aim at the place several times, but that last shot went to the target, and there, inside the mill, I found a desperado with his whole head blown off.

I saw Jack Burke decently buried. I have never said a word about the battle and the only message that ever went out was a small dispatch to the newspapers, which read, "Jack Burke, the greatest desperado with 'Billy the Kid,' has been killed in a brawl with other members of the brigand gang."

I was a witness also of the passing of two other members of "Billy the Kid's" gang. One evening in the spring of 1881 I rode into El Paso from Los Tancos and Paso del Norte. It was 9 o'clock when I reached El Paso and I was travel worn and started at once for my living place. On the way I met Dallas Studemire, the marshal of El Paso. He was born a Texan, was a man of rare ability, full of resolution, and faithful to his duty.

The hills not far away were infested at that time with a part of notorious gang of desperadoes, every man of them a desperate highwayman. When I met Studemire he stopped me and asked:

"What are you going to do to-night, John?"

"I've just ridden in from Del Norte," I said, "and I am tired and am going home."

"Got your gun with you?" asked Dal.

I told him I had it. "Come quickly with me, then," said the marshal, "I'm going to capture Campbell and Stern, two of the Kid's gang. They're desperate lads, and I hear they are in the upper end of the town now. I wish you would guard my rear so that I am not attacked, I'll do the shooting. It's not your job, but I don't

want to be shot in the back. Will you go?"

I went, and we sailed up the middle of the street, Dal with his pair of 41s and I with my revolver, "Old Betsy." We walked rapidly, and I had to admire the cool courage, not to say dare-devilry, of the young marshal. He seemed perfectly confident of getting his man, and he went along the street in full view of the crowd, both hands at his revolver belt.

We had walked scarcely a distance of two blocks when the ball opened. The two desperadoes jumped from behind the old Grand Central hotel, then an adobe house, and brought their Winchester down upon Dal. Both weapons spoke, but the balls went above the target. Without flinching or batting an eye or showing the least fear on earth, Dal whipped out both revolvers. They spoke almost simultaneously. Campbell lurched forward with a great ugly hole directly between his eyes. Before he had struck the ground Stern was sinking into a heap, shot through the head. Dal rushed up to the men and found them both dead.

It was the quickest work I ever saw. But how it was the men fired high I never could understand. Both were dead shots.

GASTONIA IS THE PLACE.

Another Reason of Advantage to Witnesses and Jurors.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

There are many reasons I could give why the court house should be moved to Gastonia. But I will now mention only one.

If I should be a witness or a jurymen and should have to sit a week on the jury or stand up a week off of it, I would be entitled to prove my ticket and draw pay.

Now suppose, as often happens, I should not be able to get any money from the Treasurer, or should have to leave town and go home before drawing my pay. I would then have to make another special trip to Dallas to get my money or wait until business called me there again or sell my ticket at a discount. As I seldom have any business at Dallas, I would be put to considerable inconvenience in getting my money.

If the court house were in Gastonia, I could get my money any time. I could also take a load of wood or chickens, eggs, and butter every day in the week during court and attend court too. Isn't that so?

So I say, vote for the new court house to be built in Gastonia.

S. N. N.

24,000 Chickens.

Statesville Landmark.

Six cars loaded with chickens came down the Western road Monday and were taken to the Northern markets. Each car contained 4,000 chickens, a total of about 24,000 aboard.

A Rebuke to Boosters and Blusters.

Baltimore Sun.

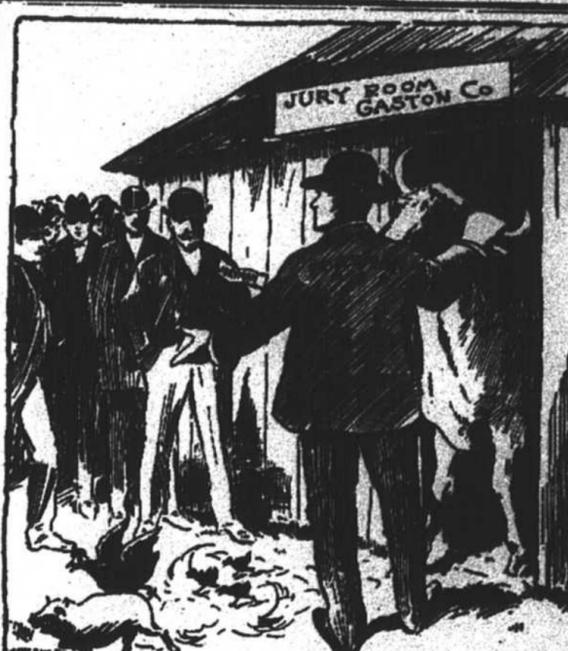
"Boasting and blustering," said President Roosevelt is one of his speeches in the West last week, "are as objectionable among nations as among individuals, and the public men of a great nation owe it to their sense of national self respect to speak courteously of foreign powers, just as a brave and self-respecting man treats all around him courteously." That is an excellent sentiment. For many years it has been the habit of some of our statesmen to boast publicly that Uncle Sam "can hok anything in creation." Such boastfulness is impolitic and in bad taste. A nation which is eagerly seeking a trade in all parts of the world will not gain trade by adopting an attitude of "bounce and bluster."

In some quarters it is intimated that President Roosevelt's observation was intended as an informal rebuke of a distinguished naval officer. The cap fits the heads of many men who are not in the navy. There are jingoes in Congress who were blustering long before army and navy officers began to speak their minds too freely.

The Sheep Divided.

Statesville Landmark.

Messrs. Samuel Archer, W. H. Adderholdt and W. B. Gibson, who went into the sheep business in this county more than a year ago and are encouraged with their prospects of success, have divided their flock. The sheep have been kept alternately on the farms of Messrs. Adderholdt, in Bethany township, and Gibson, at Fancy Hill, in charge of Mr. Archer. The latter has recently married and he will take his part of the sheep to his new home near Mt. Ulla, in Rowan county. Mr. Archer will pass through town today with his flock en route to Rowan. He is thoroughly familiar with the sheep business and is an enthusiast on the subject.



FOREMAN—"Gentlemen, we will proceed to consider the case as soon as I can get this cow out. Don't you think Gaston county needs a new court house?"

JURYMEN (in chorus)—"We do! We do! And let's build it in Gastonia."

OLD MEN—"Yes, move it. I can pay the tax."

TILLMAN TAKES CHARLESTONIANS.

They Gave Him a Banquet in His Honor and He Took Occasion to Tell Them What He Thought of Them.

Charleston, S. C. Dispatch, 4th.

"Ovations are too cheap in Charleston to be valuable," was the sneering comment of Senator Tillman when tremendous applause greeted him as he rose to deliver an address at a banquet in this city last night at which he was the guest of honor. The occasion was meant to be a public expression of the appreciation of this community far work he had done in the Senate to promote enterprises affecting the commercial welfare of Charleston. This city has always been hostile to Tillman and Tillmanism. But when he rendered valuable assistance to Charleston in the effort to secure a navy yard here and labored so hard to prevent the appointment of Dr. W. D. Crum as collector of customs it was deemed proper to show him some evidence of appreciation. A banquet was decided upon and 150 of the representative business men of Charleston cordially greeted him at the festive board last night.

"I have not forgotten some things," said the Senator, "and I intend to cut your hide with a few reminiscences." He then recalled the treatment he had received from Charleston throughout his political career and said:

"I accept at their face value your present protestations of friendship." He ridiculed the city and declared it was afflicted with "dry rot." He declared that its citizens were so crazy over their ancestors and the history they made that they had dropped out of the procession of progress. When he became a candidate for the Senate, he said, Charleston scowled on him and dubbed him an "uncouth farmer," but he showed the people he had some "gray matter behind his one eye."

The speech was one of the most extraordinary of the sensational addresses the Senator has delivered in the course of his career. The banqueters were so astonished at having their hospitality spurned in this remarkable manner that they almost forgot to be indignant. It is safe to predict that the Senator will never be wined and dined in Charleston again.

It is Not Right.

Winston Sentinel.

There are murmurs over rail-roading the Rockingham negro murderer to the gallows and permitting postponements in the trial of men of prominence who have stained their hands with blood. It does not look right and it is not right.

"Labor disturbances are agitating the old world as well as the new. Rome is guarded by troops to prevent outrages by striking workmen. There is a general strike in Holland and labor riots in Russia have resulted in the death of many persons and the injury of many others."

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

MILLINERY.

LATEST & A CREATIONS.

Our millinery department in charge of Miss Parks is surpassing itself this season in style, beauty, artistic products, and in business done. It has delighted others, it will delight you. Come to see us.

DRESS GOODS.

These we have in the newest weaves—Voils, Mohair, and Crepe effects.

GRENADES.

Don't fail to see our line. Lina's Grenades—black, white, and colors, at 50c. Silk Grenades—black, white, and black and white, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

SILKS.

36-inch Taffetas from 75c. to \$1.50 per yard. Wash silks, black, white, and colors 30c. to 75c.

HOSIERY.

Complete line. Ladies' and Misses' lace stripes, 25c. to \$1 per pair.

NOVELTIES.

Our line of Belts, Belt Pins, Shirt-waist Sets, Wrist Bags, Brooches, Combs, etc., cannot be surpassed.

LACES, APPLIQUES, ETC.

Our line surpasses any ever shown on this market. Grape designs very popular. We have just received a lot of wash Appliques. They are beauties and trim wash fabrics to perfection.

J. F. Yeager. LADIES' FURNISHINGS

A. D. CLARK. GROCER.

This is the place to get your groceries cheap. Let us quote you some prices:

Best Patented Capitala Flour	25.00 per sack
1/2 Patent Flour at	22.50 per sack
Pure Leaf Lard at	12 1/2c per lb.
Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for	\$2.00
Roasted Coffee	10c per lb.
3-lb. cans Tomatoes	10c
Corn	80c per bu.

Come and see my line before placing your order.

Respectfully,
A. D. Clark.

THE SPRING SEASON

is nearly here. You need new shoes for Easter. We have the best stock, the largest variety and the newest ideas in Easter Foot-wear for Men, Women and Children.



Some of our styles are in the window but we have many more inside. You are invited to call on and see them.

Robinson Bros.

Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishings