

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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## POINTS AND PARAGRAPHS ON TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Under this head will be printed from time to time noteworthy utterances on themes of current interest. They will be taken from public addresses, books, magazines, newspapers, in fact wherever we may find them. Sometimes these selections will accord with our views and the views of our readers, sometimes the opposite will be true. But by reason of the subject matter, the style, the authorship, or the views expressed, each will have an element of timely interest to make it a conspicuous utterance.

### Population Outstripping Ideas.

Chester Laster.

People grow up faster than they can all learn that communications to papers are not published unless the names of the writers are sent to the editors.

### Man's Duty to Himself.

Richard Whiteing, in No. 5 John Street.

Man's work in life is to turn himself from the raw product into a piece of fine art. The Nike of Samothrace in the natural state is but a lump of clay.

### Good Roads Make The Country More Inviting.

President Roosevelt, at St. Louis.

No one thing can do as much to offset the tendency toward an unhealthy trend from the country into the city as the making and keeping of good roads.

### The Philosophy of Health.

Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in Last Days of Pompeii.

With returning health, returns also that energy without which the soul were given us in vain, and which enables us calmly to face the evils of our being, and resolutely to fulfill its objects. For there is but one philosophy (though there are a thousand schools) and its name is fortitude.

### There is But One Sex, Men are its Playthings.

Henry Harland, in The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.

By the unanimous consent of rhetoricians, there is but one sex; the sex, the fair sex, the unfair sex, the gentle sex, the barbaric sex. We men do not form a sex, we do not even form a sect. We are your mere hangers-on, camp-followers, satellites—your things, your playthings—we are the mere shuttle-cocks which you toss hither and thither with your battledores, as the wanton mood impels you. We are born of woman, we are swaddled and nursed by woman, we are governessed by woman; subsequently, we are beguiled by woman, fooled by woman, led on, put off, tantalized by woman, fretted and bullied by her; finally, last scene of all, we are wrapped in our ceremonies by woman. Man's life, birth, death, turn upon woman, as upon a hinge.

### Men, Women, and Marriage—a Glimpse View.

Henry Harland, in The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.

The tongue is woman's weapon, even as the fist is man's. And it is a far deadlier weapon. Words break no bones—they break hearts, instead. Yet were men one-tenth part as ready with their fists, as women are with their barbed and venomous tongues, what savage brutes you would think us—wouldn't you?—and what a rushing trade the police courts would drive, to be sure. \* \* \* \* All women are alike—there's no choice among animated fashion plates. \* \* \* \* A woman is the creature of her temper; her husband, her children, and her servants are its victims. Woman is a bundle of pins; man is her pin-cushion. When woman loves, 'tis not the man she loves, but the man's flattery; woman's love is reflex self-love. The man who marries puts himself in irons. Marriage is a bird-cage in a garden. The birds without hanker to get in; but the birds within know there is no condition so enviable as that of the birds without.

### Side Whiskers and Greatness.

Washington Post.

Side whiskers were unknown in the time of Phidias and Praxitiles. They first made their appearance on the jowls of British waiters, a very few centuries ago, but since then have found a wider and more aristocratic vogue. Hence in Washington, where the great men of this and other countries resort in large and captivated numbers, we see side whiskers of the spinaker cut in the very highest walks and occupations. Illustrious men in official as well as private life make cultures of this particular style of hirsute foliage, and frequently to the speechless admiration of mankind. We have seen side whiskers that were poems in themselves, veritable harps for Aeolus to make music with. Again, we see them drooping like the melancholy Spanish moss, or taking fierce flamboyant shapes, or curling like ambrosial ferns. Generals, admirals, statesmen, millionaires, financiers, clergymen, all sorts and conditions of men wear them—except the German and Swiss waiters. They have been, in this country at least, stricken from the roll of beauty. Delmonico issued the edict some years ago, and lo! the pendulous willow fell from the garçons in heaps that enriched a thousand mattress factories. It is now possible to distinguish the guest from the waiter, though chefs and caterers may still be factors of confusion.

### The Antique Coquetry of Charles and Ellen Kean.

Clara Morris, in her Life on the Stage.

But it was off the stage that the ancient couple were most delightful. Ellen and Charles were like a pair of old, old love-birds—a little dull of eye, nor quite perfect in the preening of their somewhat ruffled plumage, but billing and cooing with all the persistency and satisfaction of their first caging. Their appearance upon the street provoked amusement—sometimes even excitement. I often saw drivers of drays and wagons pull up their horses and stop in the crowded street to stare at them as they made their way toward the theatre. Mrs. Kean lived inside the most astounding hoop woman ever carried. Its size, its weight, its tilting power were awful. Entrances had to be cleared of all chairs or tables to accommodate Mrs. Kean's hoop. People scrambled or slid sideways about her on the stage, swearing mentally all the time, while a sudden gasp from the front row or a groan from Mr. Cathcart announced a tilt and a revelation of heelless slippers and dead white stockings. And in spite of his dignity Charles was not above a joke on Ellen's hoop, for one rainy day, as she strove to enter a carriage door she stuck fast, and the hoop—mercy! It was well Mr. Kean was there to hold it down; but as a troubled voice from within said: "I'm caught somehow don't you see, Charles?" with a twinkling eye Charles replied: "Yes, Ellen, my dear, I do see—an I—and I'm trying to keep every one else from seeing, too!" a speech verging so closely upon impropriety that, with antique coquetry, Mrs. Kean punished him by tweaking his ear when he squeezed in beside her.

## INSANE LAWYER'S BEAUTIFUL WILL.

Exquisite Production From Pen of an Attorney Who Died in a Lunatic Asylum—Sound Advice to Parents—His Legacy to Children, Boys, Lovers and Old People.

Richmond News-Leader.

The human mind is a peculiar instrument. The mind of a man justly adjudged insane by his fellows will sometimes turn out veritable masterpieces of poetry and literature. The ways and means by which the unbalanced mental machinery accomplishes such real wonders constitute one of the most perplexing mysteries known to the scientific student—a mystery second only in intensity, strangeness and interest to the mystery of life, says the New York Herald.

The following document—a will framed with such perfection of form and detail that no law could be found in its legal phraseology or matters, yet "devising" only those beauties and blessings which the great Father long ago devised to all human creatures—was recently rescued from a large collection of other legal but less interesting papers.

It was written by Charles Lounsbury, a Chicago lawyer of much skill at one period of his existence, but who died in an insane patient in the Cook county asylum at Dunning. This strange will has only just reached its resting place in the vaults of a Chicago trust company. Being composed so perfectly it was duly sent, after the writer's demise, to the probate court. There being nothing to probate, however, since the poetic deviator died absolutely destitute and penniless. It was merely placed on file.

The document is now given for the sake of its intrinsic beauty and peculiar interest. Friends or relatives of the writer could scarcely fail to be pleased with the inevitable admiration and appreciation of the document that must unflinchingly follow publication.

The document follows: "I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheepbound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and the thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein,

and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights herein after given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills, where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood; and all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butter-flies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distance places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fire-side at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

"Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendship and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeares, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully without tinge or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones, with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

## Elections That Mean Something When Carried.

Chatham Record.

Although there is no political campaign being waged this year in North Carolina and no political elections to be held, yet there have already been several, and there will be many more, elections which are of great importance. We refer to the local elections in behalf of schools, good roads and the prohibition or restriction of the liquor traffic.

Elections for these three objects will be held in many towns and counties this year, and if carried, will be of great benefit to the communities in which they are held. All three objects are most desirable and any community voting in favor of them is to be congratulated. How much better off would every community be with increased school terms, better roads and less liquor!

The State Treasurer's books show that seventy one counties have paid up all they owe for 1902 taxes. Only one county, Hertford, has paid nothing. The others still owe only small balances.

## THE OLD RELIABLE



## AGAINST C. B. ROUSS ESTATE.

Illegitimate Son of Blind Millionaire Wins Suit for \$105,766.

Washington Post.

New York, May 21.—After ten minutes' deliberation a jury in the Supreme Court to-day returned a verdict for \$105,766 against the estate of Charles Broadway Rouss and in favor of C. B. Rousseau, eleven years old, who sued to recover \$100,000, with interest, as the son of the late Mr. Rouss, says the Evening Sun.

The boy sued, by his guardian and item, to recover \$100,000, asserting that Mr. Rouss promised to pay that amount to him for his support and maintenance when he attained the age of ten years. Mr. Rouss died before the boy became ten years old. The boy's suit was brought against the executors of the Rouss estate to enforce the alleged verbal agreement of Mr. Rouss to pay the \$100,000.

Eva Sue Figgitt Rousseau, the mother of the boy, testified that Mr. Rouss was the father of the youthful plaintiff. She testified that Mr. Rouss promised that he would give \$100,000 to her son, and said that he would make the boy a partner in his business. The trial disclosed the fact that after Mr. Rouss' death the executors of his estate paid to her \$23,000 in cash on her signing a release of her claim to dower and of any other alleged claim against the estate. The executors contended that this release signed by Mrs. Figgitt included any alleged claim of her son. She denied this.

In his summing up for the executors W. J. Townsend said in part:

"We deny absolutely that the boy is a natural son of Charles Broadway Rouss, and we shall always deny it. Unfortunately we cannot prove it. We have a very good idea as to whose son the boy really is, but we cannot prove that, either."

In his charge to the jury Justice Blanchard told that before it could arrive at a verdict it must decide three questions of fact, namely: First, was Charles Broadway Rouss the father of the plaintiff; second, was an agreement as set up by the complaint entered into between Rouss and Mrs. Rousseau, the mother of the boy; third, was the contract on the part of Mrs. Rousseau duly performed. By its verdict the jury in effect answered the three questions in the affirmative.

The contract on the part of Mrs. Rousseau referred to by Justice Blanchard was an agreement that she would bring up her boy as Rouss directed until he attained the age of ten years, when he was to pay \$100,000 to the boy and make him a partner in his business.

When the verdict was announced the mother of the boy expressed great satisfaction, and said she would never have brought the suit if she had not been firm in the conviction that she was carrying out Mr. Rouss' own wishes in protecting his son.

## Peacock Surgery.

LaGrange Sentinel.

Mr. Ransom Garris showed us a bunch of peacock feathers this morning that were curiosities. Several of the feathers had been broken and mended by the peacock. Mr. Garris explained that when one of the bird's feathers become bent or broken it would take a large scale from its leg and bind it around the broken part to act as a splint and support. It was a good imitation of the work of a physician in binding up a broken human arm. The bunch of feathers mentioned can be seen at the store of Williams & Hardy.

## Fancy Fans and Other Fancies.

As a thing of beauty and a perpetual joy in warm weather, a pretty fan from our stock is hard to beat. A new line of new fans, all very attractive, has just arrived here at fan headquarters. We have them in linen and silk, white, black and colors. PRICES 25c to \$2.50.

## THE NEW PEARL WAIST SETS

will please you with their stylishness and wear.

## NEW HAIR ORNAMENTS.

We have the new ones—the newest out, and they will please the stylish dresser on sight. Be sure to see them before you buy elsewhere.

## JAS. F. YEAGER, LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

## Craig and Wilson

Come in, one and all. Our doors are always open to our customers and friends. We now have on hand several car-loads of nice new Vehicles just out of the factory. We have on our floor several nice rubber-tire Buggies that we are going to sell. We have a lot of Old Hickory Wagons on hand yet, though we have sold a great many this season. The best Cultivator on the market to-day is the Steel King. We have a few left, come and get one or two and save labor. We think it is one of the best labor saving farm implements that can be had on the farm. We still have several fine Horses on hand. They are all nice drivers, quiet and gentle, all well broke. Call and see them before you buy from anyone else.

## Craig and Wilson

## SUMMER DAYS SHORTENED

The days and months of summer will not seem so long and hot if you own one of our delightful

## HAMMOCKS

What a blessing to wife, or mother, or house-keeper, or tired workers everywhere! So often in summer you are oppressed by the heat and want to lie down to rest. But on a bed or lounge—there's the heat still, you can't escape from it. Again, the day's worries make tired nerves, and tired nerves make a little composure and comfort so welcome.

A hammock's the thing. In a hammock there's nothing under you, between you and the breezes of the wide, wide world, except the cool, strong, open netting. The whole world full of fresh air is free to flow over you and under you and around you, and you have nothing to do but swing and swim and float in soft streams of comforting coolness. It's reviving. It's refreshing. It will make you feel better. That "tired feeling"—you can feel it oozing out and getting away from you when you're in one of our hammocks.

For your summer hammock, come to hammock headquarters. We sell the hammock, you do the rest.

MARSHALL'S BOOK STORE,  
ON THE CORNER.

Jim Dumps had scarcely slept a wink. All night he'd toss about and think. But that's all past—he'll no'er endure insomnia. He's found a cure! 'Tis "Force." At night, when lights are dim, it soothes the nerves of "Sunny Jim."

# Force

The Ready-to-Serve Remedy makes one chummy with good sleep.

Wouldn't it be better to sleep? I wouldn't believe it till I tried it, but 'Force' is a cure for insomnia. I used to get up every night, but now I sleep like a baby. I'm sure you'll find it a good remedy for your insomnia. It's a sure cure for all nervousness and is a good remedy for all ailments. It's a sure cure for all ailments. It's a sure cure for all ailments.