

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1903.

TILL SATURDAY NIGHT!

20 to 50 Per Cent Off—Big Sale in Full Blast this Week.

Our annual stock-taking begins next Monday morning. For the rest of this week, therefore, our big sale goes whirling on in full blast. Prices cut no figure—we are reducing stock. Twenty to fifty per cent off is what we give you. When plums like we now offer are falling fast from the tree it is the worst time in the world to be holding to your money. Come at once and see what big buying power a dollar has at this sale. + + + + +

THOMSON COMPANY,

The People's Store.

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.

Something Very Much the Matter With It.

Durham Herald.

There is something the matter with the jury system when any shrewd lawyer can pick out a jury that will save a criminal's neck.

Time to Get Together.

Richmond News-Leader.

It's about time the two wings of the Democratic party had established diplomatic relations with each other, and started on a serious hunt for a candidate.

Uncle Sam Will Back the Fight for Reform.

Charlotte News.

The party that makes an earnest fight for real and genuine Civil Service Reform in the next campaign will have Uncle Sam with it. Uncle Sam is an honest old fellow and he is sick with the dishonesty of his present servants.

A Rule that Would Depopulate the Amen Corner.

Statesville Landmark.

If a man's Christianity is to be called into account because he has neglected a small duty like paying a debt, many of those who sit in the amen corner and for a pretence make long prayers would have to stand aside, and this would never do at all. In fact, such a rule would so deplete the church rolls that it would be nothing short of a calamity.

About Jury Duty.

Scotland Neck Commonwealth.

Say what you may, if every citizen of the country were as willing to sit on the jury as he is to vote, there would be less criticism of the verdicts rendered and court proceedings. And as we see it, one is as much a duty to the State as the other. It is the privilege and duty of every good and capable citizen to exercise the right of suffrage by casting his ballot in every election by the people; and so, too, it is the duty of every good citizen to serve the State as a juror whenever called upon to do so unless some real providential hindrance comes in his way.

Get the Medicine he Needed.

Monroe Enquirer.

Some years ago a holiness preacher down in the eastern part of the State tried to entice a wife away from her husband by telling her a revelation that she should leave her husband and go with him. The lady told her husband what the so-called holiness fellow had proposed, and when the enraged husband saw the preacher he said: "Look here, you blankety blanked jungle-jawed limb of Satan, when did the Lord make that revelation you were telling my wife about?" "Last Monday," replied the preacher. "Well now," said the husband, "I've seen the Lord about that matter and I've got a later revelation, and that is to beat the very devil out of you." And then and there the more holy than thou preacher got the medicine he needed.

Enforcement of the Law.

National Recorder.

Our State has laws sufficient, but the Commonwealth is suffering fearfully this day because her laws have not been enforced. A negro was lynched in Union County last week. We protest against that crime against the Commonwealth, that lynching of the Law and the Courts. We shall not condone it. The provocation was fearful in the extreme. But the parties to that lynching have done themselves, their State and their children much harm. They have sowed dragon's teeth, from which a crop of terrible giants shall be reaped. We charge the wrong, however, at bottom to failure to enforce the law. Too many criminals go unpunished, or unsufficiently punished. Justice is neither sure enough nor terrible enough. Too many lynching parties have been taken into the bosom of their communities and made heroes of. There is a awful want of feeling—not to mention reverence—for the Law and the Court and the State.

BILL ARP ON LOVE.

He Writes on the Sunshine and Shadows of the Tender Passion.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

It is now many weeks since the good St. Valentine told the birds to mate and the girls and boys to go wooing. St. Patrick has been out and shook his shielab at the snakes, but still gentle spring keeps on flirting and fooling with old man winter and makes him believe she is in love with him. But she isn't. May and December never mate, nor March and November. It is against the order of nature. We old people can look and linger and admire, but that is all. We have sailed down the river and encountered its perils, its reefs and rocks and shoals and quicksands, but strange to say, we give no warning. Maybe it is because we know that warning will do no good; maybe, because misery loves company; maybe because it is the order of nature, the fiat of the Almighty. Verily the young people would mate and marry and launch their boat and sail down that river if they knew there was a Scylla and Charybdis at every bend and leviathans and maelstroms and cataracts all the way down. Poor, trusting, suffering woman! What perils, what trials, what afflictions does the maternal instinct bring upon you! Close up by us, while I write, is a beautiful young mother lingering in the grasp of death—dying that her first born child may live. There is nothing more touching, more pitiful, more heroic in nature. There is nothing that a man is called upon to endure that compares with that of a mother in childbirth.

But there is a brighter side—a more charming, comforting picture of life—married life, domestic life—when the good mother is a matron and looks with pride upon her children and grandchildren as they come and go lovingly before her. What sweet content, what grateful rest—rest from her labors, her pains, her care and anxiety. Well may she exclaim with Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

To every lad and lassie there is a period of life not always thrilling or tragical, but highly emotional and sensational. Of course, I mean the period of love—young love—or love's young dream, which sometimes runs smooth and sometimes don't. What a luxury it would be to look behind the curtain and see just what love has felt and suffered and enjoyed. Such a kaleidoscope would have a world of eager lookers, for the old are as fascinated with stories of love and courtship as the middle-aged and young. In looking over the daily or weekly paper we may skip the displayed headings of war in Serbia or riots in London or cyclones in Oregon, but any little paragraph that has love in it arrests the eye and demands attention. Children go to school to study

books, but by the time they are in their teens they begin to mix a little timid, cautious love with their other studies.

A sweetheart is a blessed thing for a boy. It straightens him up and washes his face and greases his hair and brushes his teeth and stimulates his ambition to excel and be somebody. Jerusalem! How I did luxuriate and palpitate and concentrate toward the first little school girl I ever loved. She was as pretty as a pink and as sweet as a daisy, and one day at recess, when nobody was looking I caught her on the stairs and kissed her. She was dreadfully frightened, but not mad. Oh, no; not mad. She ran away with blushes on her cheek, and more than once that evening I saw her glance at me from behind her book and wondering if I would ever be so rash again. And now, Mr. Editor, if a thousand of your patrons peruse these random memories, nine hundred of them can finish up the chapter from their own unwritten book. Who has not loved, who has not stolen a kiss, who has not caught its palpitating thrill and felt like Jacob when he lifted up his voice and wept? Oh, Rachel, beautiful and well favored, no wonder that Jacob watered thy sheep and then kissed thee, for there was no one to molest or make thee afraid. That memorable kiss is now four thousand years old, and has passed into history as classic and pure, but I have had them, and so have you, dear reader, just as sweet and soul-inspiring, and never said anything about it to anybody. Ours was a mixed school, and every Friday the larger boys and girls had to stand up in line and define. My sweetheart stood head most generally, and so I was stimulated to get next to her and I did, and my right hand slyly found her left, and we both were happy. But time and circumstances separated us, and we both found new loves—she married another feller and was content, and so did I, but neither of us have forgotten the stolen kiss or that tender childish love that made our school days happy. But love becomes more earnest after awhile—more intense, more frantic—the young man means business and so does the maiden. Like the turtle-doves in the spring of the year, they are looking around for a mate. This is nature, and it is right. God said, "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make a helpmeet for him." And so he made Eve to help meet the expenses, and that is what a wife ought to do now, but a good many of them don't. They help make them, but they don't help meet them, and that is why the young men have almost quit marrying. The rich girls won't have them, and the poor girls are trying to keep up with the rich, and so the turtle-doves mate more slowly nowadays. Folks used to love and court and marry with more alacrity than they do now. It is not vanity to say that I could have married a half dozen nice girls, and my wife could have had choice of a dozen clever, pre-

perous youths as likely as myself. Cupid just roosted around those woods and shot his arrows right and left. Sometimes he shoots a young man and then waits days and weeks before he shoots the girl he is after. This keeps the poor fellow on the warpath, and frantic and rampant, and Cupid laughs. But he was clever to me, for as near as I can judge he let fly both arrows at once and plunged my girl and me simultaneously, and with a center shot. My wife denies this, but I have told it so often I believe it. There was no skirmishing on my part. I never did shoot with a scattering gun. Marrying was cheap in those days. My recollection is that it cost me only about \$45—twenty-five for clothes, ten for a ring, and ten more for the preacher. It didn't cost anybody else anything to speak of, for there were no wedding presents. That tom foolery wasn't invented. We didn't go to Niagara, or anywhere right away, but we went to work. A month or so later we did take a little trip to Tallulah Falls and look at the water tumble over the rocks, but that didn't cost but a few dollars and made no sensation outside the family. My thoughtful wife had enough nice clothes to last her two years when I married her, and they were long afterwards cut up and cut down for the children and there are some precious fragments hid away in the old trunk now. The old trunk, and of common size was sufficient then for a traveling wardrobe for a lady of the land. My father and mother and two children made a journey by sea to Boston with one trunk and a valise, and came back to Georgia by land, in a carriage; but not long since I saw a delicate female traveling with two trunks four times as large, and ribbed with iron, and fastened with three massive locks and still she was not happy. Oh my country! That girl was too much in love with her clothes to love a man, and nobody but a fortune hunter would dare to marry her. Young men beware of trunks!

Old Man Clay Adjudged Insane.

Lexington Post.

Lexington, Ky., July 9.—A jury in County Judge Turpin's court has at Richmond adjudged General Cassius M. Clay of unusual mind, on the testimony of several of his children and a physician from Richmond, none of whom had seen General Clay for several months.

When General Clay was told by his body guard, Jim Bowlin, that he had been adjudged insane, he half rose from his sick bed and, seizing his revolver, declared that he would never be taken from White Hall alive. He would have nothing more to say except that he wanted his former child wife, Dora Clay Brock, to come back to White Hall to remain with him the rest of his days. He fully expected her to return to-day, but she did not appear. General Clay will not be taken from White Hall to a private asylum as at first thought, but he will have no say in the management of his financial affairs.

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