

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

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

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1903.

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

NO. 66

## 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.

### The Poor are Sick and Beg For Bread.

Thy physicians tell us that a number of sick persons in and near Lenoir are in need of the absolute necessities of life and are appealing to the public for aid.

### What the Complaint is About.

All people know that the courts give the criminal every chance that is due him and for this reason some people think that when one has finally been landed in the penitentiary the Governor should let him stay there.

### An Opportunity That Mecklenburg Didn't Seize.

Gaston has just declined to vote a bond issue for good roads. Gaston's failure is Mecklenburg's opportunity. By getting the trade turned this way now before these adjoining counties wake up to the importance of good roads we may be able to keep that trade for years to come. To every one that hath shall be given.

### The Conservative Man Considers Both Sides.

The purpose of this government is to see that no class in any community is unduly favored or allowed to tyrannize over any other class. The cool-headed and conservative citizen of every class refuses to be a fanatic and trains himself to consider both sides of every proposition. His duty is to see that this balance as among the classes, parties and factions is maintained.

### The South Has Some Horror Spots.

When we of the South go forth to brag and vaunt ourselves it is well for us to recollect that we have some horror spots and that it does not become us to be too complacent in our self-satisfaction and self-glorification. The convict lease system of Georgia and South Carolina, and probably of some other Southern States has been simply a long series of frightful outrages and horrors. One railroad in South Carolina runs to-day, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, through a hundred miles of graveyard, where the convicts who built it were packed away underground like so many dogs, as they succumbed to fearful and relentless driving, cruelty, starvation and deprivation in January snow and the scorching heat of August.

### Retribution.

Thirty years ago to-morrow two men were walking side by side on the ramparts of Fortress Monroe. One of them was Jefferson Davis, 57 years old, the defeated, crushed and captive leader of a government overthrown, a country desolate and beaten, the representative of a people's bright dreams vanished and hopes blotted out in their best blood. He was feeble, wasted, stooping and helpless, barely able to walk, compelled to pause now and then for rest, gasping at the free air which he was permitted to breathe as a special favor and after long denial. The other of the two men was Nelson Appleton Miles, stalwart and sturdy, 26 years old, in the very flush and prime of vigorous young manhood, having risen from the ranks to brevet major-general, commander of an army corps, one of the favorite heroes of a triumphant country and a conquering army. At the order of General Miles, about three months before, on May 23, 1865, Mr. Davis had been shackled. The former president of the Confederate States of America was physically a weak, worn and sick man. He was confined in a fort with great thicknesses of stone wall, with many locked iron doors, trebled lines of armed sentinels and a deep moat with high walls between him and the possibilities of escape or rescue. Yet he was thrown to the stone floor of his cell by four strong young soldiers, while guards, stood by with cocked and loaded muskets, and shackles were fastened on his emaciated ankles. Thus degraded and tortured, he was kept day after day in a hot, slimy and fetid cell, denied a moment of solitude or peace, with a light blazing in his eyes all night and an armed soldier standing guard over him every moment of every hour. He was denied the commonest comforts and necessities allowed to the vilest convicts in our penitentiary. Private soldiers were given the right to insult him and it was part of their duty to offend his natural human instincts and tastes in small and large details of life. All this was done by the order of General Nelson A. Miles.

Now after these thirty-eight years, Mr. Davis sleeps peacefully in Hollywood, with the rushing waters of the James river singing endless requiem near by, with the love and reverence of his own people for his memory expressed daily in a thousand ways, with the growing respect of the world for his character and principles demonstrated daily. General Miles, after a career of apparently brilliant success, after years in which, to do him right, he did good and valiant service for his country, is dismissed from the command of the army of the Union, with scant courtesy, with curt words from his commanding office, which must sting and rankle in his soul and which will stand to belittle his record all through history. He is wounded deeply in his vanity, a sensitive part for every man, but in him abnormally developed and peculiarly sensitive. There is for the moment some outburst of sympathy for him—or rather of simulated sympathy from those anxious to find cause for quarrel with the president. But he is doomed to obscurity, to inoffensiveness, to humiliation. We wonder if the memory of those days at Fortress Monroe comes to him in these times of his own disaster and suffering in his old age, and if he thinks now and then that perhaps it may be retribution. But it is remembered, as he knows well, that the torture of the prisoner was Miles' own act and will. He and his friends attempted to throw the blame on the secretary of war, but the documents stand to show that the commander at Fort Monroe was left free to follow his own judgment and feeling in the treatment of his prisoner.

## LEAVES HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

### Mrs. Carrie Workman Runs Away With a Printer by the Name of Fred Barnes—Woman Deserted Her Four Little Children.

Charlotte News, 14th. Mr. J. C. Workman, a carpenter who resides at No. 104 East Thirteenth street, reported to Chief Irwin this morning that his wife, Carrie Workman, had left her home and had deserted him and her four children. According to the story as told by Mr. Workman, his wife left Charlotte in company with Fred Barnes and a woman named Nannie Cato. For some time past Mr. Workman states that he has seen the Cato woman and Barnes about his home. At first he did not think anything was wrong. Last Monday afternoon he returned from his work at the Highland Park Company's new mill earlier than usual and found Barnes and the woman Cato at his house. His suspicions were aroused and he informed his wife that neither Barnes nor the woman were fit associates for her.

Mrs. Workman resented this statement and informed her husband that either in her estimation, were as good as he was. This so incensed Mr. Workman that he told his wife that unless Barnes and the woman kept away from his house, some one would be hurt. Mrs. Workman replied that if Barnes was refused admission to her house, she, too, would go.

This statement, Mr. Workman says, made cold chills come all over him. He then realized that Barnes and his wife were too friendly and, for the safety of his children and himself, he felt that something should be done.

Tuesday afternoon when he returned from work Barnes was again at his house. Mr. Workman never said anything to him but called his wife in the bedroom and told her very plainly that her relations with Barnes had to cease or she had to get out of his home. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Workman went up town presumably to do some trading. This is the last Mr. Workman has ever seen of her.

Feeling the embarrassing position that she had placed him and the children in, he left Wednesday night for Rock Hill to report the matter to his wife's father, Mr. J. F. Isom. He was told by his father-in-law to keep cool and not do anything rash and he (Mr. Isom) would strive to right matters. Mr. Workman returned home Wednesday night and waited all of yesterday and last night for some tidings from his wife. This morning, he learned that she was seen yesterday evening at the home of a disreputable woman in this city. The news came as a severe shock to the husband who had hoped that out of regard for their four little ones, the mother would refrain from crime. But the report of her being seen at the home of a woman of bad reputation came in such a way that he was forced to believe that she had forgotten him and their children.

In view of what had transpired, Mr. Workman came to Chief Irwin this morning and unburdened himself to the officer. He brought along with him a picture of his truant wife, the man he suspected of causing all the trouble and some letters his wife had written to Barnes while he was living in Gastonia. He placed all of these in the hands of the police and asked to be informed as to the best course to pursue. He says he does not want the blood of any man on his hands but that Barnes had better make himself scarce around Charlotte.

Fred Barnes is a printer by trade and came to Charlotte from Gastonia. For the past few days he has been assisting Mr. Faysoux in his hypnotic performances at the Park Auditorium.

Mr. Workman's four children are 2, 6, 9, and 11 years old. The three youngest are boys and the oldest is a girl.

The police have the case in hand and will endeavor to locate both Mrs. Workman and Barnes.

In the wreck at Maxton Thursday night of the excursion train from Rutherfordton to Wilmington, were the following killed and injured: Killed: Flagman L. F. Jones, white, of Lamber-ton; Tom Gardner, colored, of Stanley; Will Friday, colored, of Dallas. Injured: Henry Friday, colored, of Iron Station and Newman Probst, of Catawba.

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## BATTLESHIP STRUCK ROCK.

### Massachusetts Punched a Slit in Her Side at Egg Rock—One Hundred and Forty Tons of Water Rashed Through Hole.

New York Times. Her Harbor, Me., Aug. 12.—The first class battleship Massachusetts, which has been participating in the naval search problem as one of the ships of the "enemy," met with an accident three miles southeast of here at 12:28 this afternoon in a dense fog. The ship was the most easterly in the formation of the North Atlantic fleet as it was leaving Her Harbor for Oyster Bay, where the fleet will be reviewed on Monday by President Roosevelt.

In passing Egg Rock, which is one of the many dangerous places along the Maine Coast, the battleship struck a pinnacle projecting from a dry ledge, the most south-westerly point of the rock. The collision put a slit in the side of the vessel big enough to push a hand through. Twenty-four feet below the water line of the boat, on the port side of the bow, the ship draws twenty-six feet of water, and just before the accident her sounding showed 16 fathoms, while just after they showed 10 fathoms. The water rushed through the hole into two of the compartments of the hull of the ship. The amount of water which entered the ship was estimated at 140 tons.

When the collision was felt an officer was sent below, and on his report the danger signal was at once sounded. Every man on the ship jumped to his place, but there was no sign of undue excitement. The Indiana, a sister ship to the Massachusetts; the Scorpion, and three destroyers came alongside to aid the ship if she was in danger. Admiral Barker detailed these ships to accompany the injured vessel back to the harbor. The destroyers were at once sent to rejoin the fleet, but the two larger ships remained in the harbor all night.

Capt. Eaton of the Massachusetts to-night said that his ship was not in the slightest danger, and that he was ready to sail as soon as he received orders from the Navy Department.

"If the accident had happened out at sea," he said "we should never have stopped, but since we were so close in it was thought advisable to anchor and have the divers make a thorough examination. The only thing we have to do now is to balance the 140 tons of water which we have taken into the forward two compartments, and to do this we are transferring the ammunition aft. With the boat on an even keel we will be all right for sea, except that we will have that extra weight to carry. The fog was so thick that we could not see half a ship's length ahead of us. We took extra precautions, but none of the five officers we had on watch was able to see anything."

The fog was so thick here that many were surprised that Admiral Barker put out in it. If he had postponed his departure several hours the accident would not have happened, as the fog lifted several hours after he steamed out.

A number of ships have run against the ledge which injured the Massachusetts, and several attempts have been made to get a buoy put near it, but nothing has ever been done.

### A Tribute to Red Headed Folks.

Charlotte Observer. "I'll tell you one thing you never saw," said the observant resident. "You never saw a red headed beggar and nobody else ever saw one. In all my life I never saw a thriftless red headed man or woman, and all red headed people are the soul of energy and all of 'em have nerves. And temper! Say, a fully inhabited hornets' nest hasn't a keener sense of resentment than a red-headed temperament. And you never saw a red-headed woman with a lazy husband, or a red-headed man with a lazy wife. No, sir; red heads charge all the surrounding atmosphere with activity. I have the greatest respect and admiration for red-headed people, and the only reason I never tried to marry a red-headed woman is that I don't like husbands who are afraid of their wives."

Governor Aycock has offered \$200 reward for the capture of Will Harris the Mecklenburg desperado, who escaped from the penitentiary last week. The proclamation of outlawry allows the criminal to be taken "dead or alive"

## THE SHIPPING OF THE WORLD.

### Great Britain and her Dependencies Have the Most Important Part of It.

New York Press. Some curious facts regarding the shipping of the world are presented by the figures in Lloyd's Register for the current year. The merchant marine is something concerning which theories are many and theorists multitudinous. But Lloyds deal only in figures. Many Americans have come to believe that we speak of the nations of the world in that respect, being exceeded only by Great Britain and her dependencies.

The red flag of Britain floats over nearly one-half the merchant tonnage of the world, but we come next, and after us Germany, Norway, France, and Italy, in the order named. That Norway, with her small trade and only about 2,000,000 of population, should surpass in the amount of her merchant tonnage France, with her great trade and 40,000,000 of inhabitants, or even Italy, with her aggregate of imports and exports vast as compared with the Scandinavian country, and with thirty-odd millions of inhabitants, is a truly remarkable fact, and shows the influence of heredity in this branch of the hardy Norse race. Ole Olsson finds his home as naturally today in the forecabin of the peaceful Farn as his viking ancestor, Olaf, of the Red Hand, found his beneath the rocking bulwarks of Long Dragon a thousand years ago. A comparison of the shipping of Norway with that of France and of Italy shows that after all it is the maritime spirit of a nation and not government subsidies which most successfully creates a great merchant marine.

Of our own tonnage, 3,611,530 tons, only 873,000 tons are registered for foreign commerce. But this will be remedied when Americans return to the element which they forsook for a time to people a continent and build a nation. How steam still goes on crowding out sail as a motive power is shown by the fact that three-fifths of the vessels of the world to-day are steamers and while in the last year the total tonnage of the world increased 204,368 tons, the sailing fleet decreased by 118,000 tons, not enough wind-blown ships being built to compensate for the loss by wreckage and decay. The figures also show that while Great Britain and her dependencies have less than half the total tonnage of the world, they fly the red flag over 1,000,000 more tons propelled by steam than all the other nations of the world put together.


### A Trial For Duelling—It Was a Flat Fight.

In McDowell Superior Court at Marion Monday an unusual case was heard before Judge Long. A correspondent thus describes it:


The most interesting case which came up to-day was that of James Fritz and Erastus Holderfield, of Buck Creek, both of whom were indicted for duelling. This is the first case of the kind ever tried in this county and one of the few in the State. When the case was called Fritz was present, but Holderfield failed to respond. It was claimed by his counsel that he was sick, but at any rate the judge ordered a capias issued for him. As the trial of Fritz progressed it developed that the two men met by previous agreement several months ago and engaged in a fist and skull fight. Bad blood had existed between them for some time and they chose this honorable and effectual method of settling their differences. Witnesses testified that the combatants were relieved of all weapons and fought it out in true Corbett-Fitzsimmons style. They were both badly punished, but each of the two went away satisfied. At the trial to-day the defendant Fritz admitted the facts as alleged, but a question of law was raised as to whether or not he was guilty of duelling as contemplated by the statute.

Kentucky distillers are making preparations for the exportation of 20,000 barrels of whiskey to Hamburg and Bremen for storage purposes. It is principally of the crop of 1903. This will be the first exportation in the history of Kentucky of any great amount of young whiskey to be matured in Europe.

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