

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT PUBLIC

put it in THE GAZETTE. That's all.

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE

at The Gazette Printing Works...

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. XXV.

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1904.

NO. 5

HIS WONDERFUL RIFLE.

Traded it Off Because It Strained Itsself.

Harper's Weekly. "That's a good team you've got there Si," the store clerk ventured.

"Well, rather," Silas looked with fond admiration at the pair of old pelters he was driving. "Buy 'em or swap for 'em?" the calico measurer inquired.

"Traded for 'em—traded a gun for 'em." "A gun? Must have been pretty good gun to bring in a team like that, Si."

"Was it a good gun? Well, rather," Silas assented. "It was a good gun when I first got it, but got strained in shootin' once and I had to get rid of it. It was the prettiest silver-mounted gold-lined 'Old Kentucky' you ever saw."

Regular intellectual gun; cud shoot anything with it. Jest tell it what you wanted to hit, 'tint it up and blaze away, and down ud come your game. Used to shoot wild cats and catamounts in the dark with it. My old woman cud shoot it as good as any one."

Whenever she wanted ter kill a chicken for Sunday dinner she'd pint out the one she wanted, lay the gun on th' door step, and then drive the chickens around that side of the house, and the old gun ud pick him up every time."

"But I should think you could have made more money by keepin' such a gun instead of tradin' it off for horses, Si?" the clerk suggested.

"That's jest the p'int that I'm a-comin' to; it warn't such a good gun when I made th' trade. It was like this: I'd been out haulin' some wood one day, and when I drove up to the house 'long toward sundown my old woman come a-runnin' out to the wagon and says:

"Si, there was a drove of deer went by here half an hour ago, and they ain't more'n three miles away now."

and deeper every minit. They was real pullin'." Silas picked up the lines and slapped the horses on the back. "I think it's time fer me to be movin'," he said, glaring at Obadiah. "When it comes ter a pass where lies is bein' told I don't care to remain. Git up."

And Don't You Drop Us. Mooreville Enterprise. In revising his mailing list we sincerely trust that Editor Marshall, of THE GASTONIA GAZETTE, will not drop us out from the list.

Some of the Curious Bills Introduced in Congress. Washington Dispatch. Some of the Senators have this week made what may be termed a departure from the beaten paths of legislation in the introduction of bills. For instance, Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, has introduced a bill which contemplates the establishment of a laboratory for the study of criminal, pauper and defective classes.

The bill provides that there shall be established in the Department of Justice a laboratory for the study of the abnormal classes, the work not only to include laboratory investigations, but also the collection of sociological and pathological data, especially such as may be found in the institutions for the criminal, pauper and defective classes, and generally in the hospitals and schools.

Mr. Penrose, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to provide for the improvement in breeding of horses for general uses, and to enable the United States to procure better remounts for the cavalry and artillery service. The bill directs the Secretary of War to designate three officers of the regular army, and the Secretary of Agriculture to designate 12 practical horse breeders, who shall compose a commission to inspect such stallions and mares as shall be submitted by their owners for inspection to the commission for the purpose contemplated in the act, so as to determine whether such animals be of proper types, and likely to produce horses of suitable kinds.

The Wily Red Man. New York Times. Numerous instances of the red man's quickness of wit are related by those who have had dealings with him. A Canadian chief was looking idly on while some Englishmen were hard at work improving property newly acquired from the dusky tribe.

"Why don't you work?" asked the supervisor of the chief. "Why you no work yourself?" was the rejoinder. "I work headwork," replied the white man, touching his forehead. "But come here and kill this calf for me and I'll give you a quarter."

The Indian stood still for a moment apparently deep in thought, and then he went off to kill the calf. "Why don't you finish your job?" presently asked the supervisor, seeing the man stand with folded arms over the unskinned, undressed carcass.

"You say you give me quarter to kill calf," was the reply. "Calf dead. Me want quarter." The white man smiled and handed the Indian an extra coin to go on with the work. "How is it," asked the Englishman one day after a series of such one-sided dealings, "that you so often get the better of me?"

"I work headwork," solemnly replied the man of the woods. A white trader once succeeded in selling a large quantity of gunpowder to one of this tribe on the assurance that it was a new kind that the white man used for seed and if sown in especially prepared loam would yield an amazing crop. Away went the Indian to sow his powder and in his hope of making money from his fellows he was careful not to mention his enterprise. When at last, however, he realized how he had been duped he held his tongue for a year or more until the trickster had completely forgotten the occurrence. Then he went to his boxer's store and bought goods on credit amounting to a little more than the price of the planted gunpowder. He had the reputation of a good payer, and his scheme worked easily. When settling day came, the creditor called promptly. "Right," said the Indian slowly, "right," but my powder has not yet sprouted. Me pay you when me reap him."

MOONSHINERS IN CONVENTION.

Fact Disclosed by a Shooting in Which Two Men Were Killed. Charlotte Chronicle. Whitesburg, Ky., Jan. 12.—That the moonshiners of this region hold conventions and have an understanding regarding their attitude toward United States revenue officers and regarding the prices asked for the product from their traffic was discovered yesterday by the report of a fight which occurred on Bald Knob, in the Cumberland Mountains. Henry Vanover and James Howell, leaders of factions of moonshiner feudists, were killed and John Vanover, Jr., wounded.

The fight occurred at a meeting of some fifty moonshiners, at which speeches were being made and moonshine whiskey served free of charge. Howell and Vanover each had a large following and some fifteen men were engaged in the shooting, but they were hidden behind fences and trees, and only three men were hit. Officers went from here to arrest the participants but have not returned. The country is filled with desperate characters, and if there are no tidings to-day from the party, Sheriff Webb will go with a strong posse, including John W. Wright, the famous mountain detective and fighter.

Marie Corelli's Victory. Satisfied With Verdict For Farthing in her Suit for Libel. London Cor. New York Sun. Marie Corelli, the novelist, infuriated by the articles in a Stratford-on-Avon newspaper in reference to her campaign against the destruction of two old cottages at Stratford to make place for a Carnegie library, sued the editor for libel. The jury awarded her a farthing damages.

Miss Corelli has now instructed her solicitors to apply for her "mighty atom," with which she declares she is amply satisfied, even writing a letter of thanks to the jury for "a moral victory instead of financial." She adds that the farthing is historic and emblematic of two things, first, the value set on an honest fight for the preservation of Shakespearean associations, and, second, the infinitesimal damage that can be done to a reputation by a mere biting below the belt.

When Davy Crockett Was in Raleigh. Emerson Hawk in Outlook. As an example of Crockett's early electioneering methods one might mention his first canvass for the legislature. Regarding this, he says, "I didn't know what the government was; I didn't know but that General Jackson was the government."

Meeting Colonel Polk, later to be President Polk, the latter remarked, "I think it possible we may have some changes in the judiciary." "Very likely," replied Davy, "very likely," and discreetly withdrew. "Well, he comments, 'if ever I knowed what he meant by 'judiciary' I wish I may be shot. I never heard there was such a thing in all nature."

Again, Crockett, in what is called his "autobiography," a work which he no doubt in part dictated or at least authorized, gives the following account of one of his speeches to a stranger at Raleigh, while Crockett was on route to Washington to take his seat in Congress. "Said he, 'Who are you?' Said I, 'I'm that same Davy Crockett, fresh from the backwoods, half man, half alligator, a little touched with snapping turtle, can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride a streak of lightning, slide down on a honey locust and not get scratched. I can whip my weight in wildcats, bug a bear too close for comfort and eat any man opposed to Jackson!'"

Added a Half-Inch to his Stature. Boston Herald. A physician of experience in examining candidates for civil service places tells of one man who came up year after year and was always found one-half inch below the required height. One day the doctor, who had come to know the fellow by sight, found him measuring up to the full standard. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Don't I know you?" he inquired. "Have you not been here repeatedly before?" "Yes, sir." "And been rejected?" "Yes, sir." "What for?" "Too short, sir."

"Well, how does it happen that you are tall enough now?" The candidate with creditable candor, explained that he had learned that a man's stature was longest after he had lain abed a good while and got stretched out, as it were. So, when this examination was approaching, he had gone to bed and stayed there for four days in succession, then risen and hurried, in fifteen minutes to the examination room, where, by shrewd timing, he got in ahead of a lot of other candidates, and was measured before his frame had settled down again of its own weight.

As restrictions are not made for trifling fractions, and this candidate had not only shown resourceful ingenuity, but had told the truth about it, he was passed.

SOUTHERN TERMINAL.

Remembered That It Will Be Moved From Greenville to Spartanburg. Charlotte Chronicle. Spartanburg, S. C., Jan. 12.—There is a rumor that the terminal of the Southern, now located at Greenville, may be removed to Spartanburg Junction. The cause of the proposed removal is the fact that the runs from Spencer, N. C. to Greenville, S. C., and Greenville to Atlanta, are too long. The plan is to remove the terminal here, and establish another at Toccoa, Ga., thus making three divisions where there are now only two.

COLLECTS JOKES ON MOTHERS-IN-LAW. Milwaukee Man Has 2,000 Clippings Concerning Supposed Obnoxious Relatives. The New York Herald prints the following from Milwaukee, Wis. It has remained for Walter H. Wright, of 543 Murray avenue, this city, to compile a book of clippings of mothers-in-law.

For thirty-one years, ever since his married life began, Mr. Wright has kept a scrapbook, in which he has placed all the heartfelt and heartless, thoughtful and thoughtless, soulful and soulless newspaper jibes about the touchy subject. His friends and his friends' friends have helped the work along, until now the clippings number two thousand, for which Mr. Wright says he would not take its weight in gold, and yet he is on the best of terms with his mother-in-law, who is reciprocally proud of the perpetrator.

Perhaps the original mother-in-law joke is one of the best to be found in the collection. The classics have it that young Agonistes and his spouse, walking one evening under the blue sky of Athens, upon the hill of the Acropolis, stumbled over a small fragment of broken marble from a fallen column. Provoked by the occurrence, he picked it up and threw it at a she wolf that was near at hand, but missed his object and hit his mother-in-law, and immediately exclaimed:—"Not so bad!"

The brightest minds, the greatest fun makers of the day, as well as the keenest analysts of men and motives, seem not to have thought it beneath them to try a joke on this matter. Bob Burdette has changed the usual order of things in an adroit fashion, in a poem captioned "My Sop-in-Law," which runs:

Who is it that woos my daughter long, And breaks my rest with midnight song, And as the seasons slowly roll Burns yards of gas and tons of coal? My son-in-law.

Mr. Burdette, not unmindful that there is another side, in another effusion, says: "After a man has been married about eight or ten years and has learned to send his wife and the children to stay through the hot months with her mother every summer, he learns, among other things that:

"She knoweth how to distinguish the real spring chicken of this age from the car spring chicken manufactured by the American Rubber Company. "She findeth the sand in the sugar; yea, also, she sayeth unto the grocer that when she wants chicory she knoweth what to ask for."

"She looketh the milkman in the eye and telleth him that he ought to run his sprinkling cart and milk wagon on different days. "There never was but one home established without a mother-in-law, and that seems to have been a mistake."

Max O'Rell dared to wax facetious in a squib on "How to Deal with Your Mother-in-Law." He suspected, too, that in America, as well as in France, men are in leading strings and the women leaders. "Was it not in America," he asked, "that I heard the story of a man who enjoyed the possession of a beautiful and loving young wife and a very uncongenial mother-in-law? The latter fell ill and her daughter went to nurse her. One day the husband received the following telegram:

"Mother dead. Shall we have her embalmed, cremated or buried?" "The husband wired back: "Do the three: take no chances." O'Rell quoted Sardbu, who says in "Seraphine": "If ever you have a chance to choose between living with your mother-in-law or shooting yourself, do not hesitate a single moment—shoot her."

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

supportable creature. Perpetually assailed by little caustic jibes and sneers, grim resentment grows with her a second nature. She is probably the most mercilessly assailed member of our complex and so-called Christian society."

Among the bright sayings in Mr. Wright's book is this: Client (who had been indicted for murder)—How would the insanity defence go? Criminal Lawyer (astonished)—What! For killing a mother-in-law? Never.

The comic valentine artist has also found opportunity in the same prolific field. That there is real ground, however, for more or less of railery at the expense of the mother-in-law is plain from the number of instances from real life gathered from the newspapers chronicling domestic infelicities. Some of them have interesting headings. This one, for instance: "Spanked His Wife and Hidden in Jail; Driven to Desperation by His Mother-in-Law." Another is: "Married his Mother-in-Law; Cincinnati Wanted a Good Stepmother for his Children." And this: "Headed Off his Mother-in-Law; Young Englishman in Philadelphia Refuses to support the Obnoxious Mother of his Wife and she is Not Allowed to Land from the Steamer."

Not all the world, though, Mr. Wright would have you know, has set its face against the mother-in-law. There are touches of pathos which show the mother-in-law in the light of a ministering angel, perhaps her most characteristic function, though, unhappily, little touched on by writers.

Hope to be Bigger and Better at 100. Greenville Daily Reflector. THE GASTONIA GAZETTE is twenty-four years old. It is good enough to be a hundred. We are not hunting a New.

We want to give THE GAZETTE notice right now to the effect that it had better not "prune" us if it doesn't care to have a row.

Will be 25 Next Time. Newton News. THE GASTONIA GAZETTE is a quarter of a century old, having passed its twenty-fifth mile post last week. THE GAZETTE is indispensable at this office and is looked for eagerly on Tuesday and Friday of each week. May you have many happy returns, Brother Marshall.

DEATH OF A QUAINY CHAD-ACER.

An Odd Old Woman of Catawba County Found Lifeless in The Road. Catawba News. Last Friday morning Mrs. M. E. Edwards, usually known as "Miss Angelina," went up to Mr. Dan Watt's on a visit. Before she arrived there, however, she stopped at Mr. Calvin Druam's and asked him for some soda, saying she had the colic. He gave it to her and she went up with Mr. John Setzer and procured some soda there also, and drank some of it in a glass. Still feeling no better, she could not eat when asked in to dinner at Mr. Watt's but left in the afternoon for home. She passed Marion Caldwell, who was plowing, and told him she was afraid she would not be able to get home. She was found soon afterwards by Mr. W. A. Lee, near Calvin Druam's house in the public road. An inquest was held by County Coroner George E. Coulter and after the jury heard the evidence of County Physician George H. West and others, they came to the conclusion that she died of heart disease from which she suffered before. Mrs. Edwards was one of the quaint characters of Catawba county. She lived all alone in a house separated by quite a distance from her neighbors, and made her living by selling dried fruit, cherries in season and honey. She always carried a pistol, or said that she did, and she was always able to look after herself.

When her clothing was examined a good note for \$100 and \$12 in money was found. Her house was plentifully supplied with provisions and clothing. It was thought she lived from hand to mouth, but besides the money and note she had 50 acres of good land. She tried to make people think she was a witch and when she was found dead the forefoot of a rabbit was found on her person, and her walls were decorated with the pictures of several different parties and nails driven into their hearts.

The eastern and western districts of the Southern Railway have been consolidated. C. S. McManus, the present general superintendent of the western district, with office at Birmingham, Ala., becomes superintendent. The general offices will be in Greensboro. S. J. Collins, general superintendent of the eastern district, with office at Greensboro, retires.

RETROSPECT and PROSPECT

Our customers made our volume of business for 1903 very satisfactory. We appreciate the favor of their trade and their kindly courtesies, and thank them every one. For 1904 we are able to promise them yet greater and better things; our customers, we believe, will find our stock better, prettier, better selected, and better adapted to their wants in every way, and we solicit a continuance of their assistance in our efforts to make and keep the neatest, prettiest, most inviting, most up-to-date, and most satisfying indices' furnishing store to be found anywhere.

JAS. F. YEAGER

Ladies Furnishings a Specialty

The SAVING HALF

of the family is generally the feminine members. Mother and the girls can usually put by a few dollars out of their allowance. The most secure and convenient place for women's accounts is the GASTONIA SAVINGS BANK. It only requires one dollar to open the account. After that, saving is easy if you but try.



GASTONIA SAVINGS BANK

L. L. JENKINS, Pres. L. L. HARDIN, Cashier.