

EAST GASTON GOSSIP.

Send School Opened Yesterday—Good Crops—People Who Come and Go.

East Gaston, Aug. 1.—Prof. W. B. Rutledge, of Mount Holly, the much admired teacher that taught the last winter at the Bend school house, has been the rounds soliciting subscribers, and will begin teaching at the same place to-day.

More rain fell last week, and crops are looking better and better. Everybody is in good spirits except the fellows that are too lazy to work.

Miss Perry Rossell, one of the handsomest looking young ladies of Mount Holly, and Miss Ossie Linberger, one of the belles of Lincolnton and daughter of Mr. Renie Linberger, once a citizen of East Gaston, have gone to Huntersville to spend several weeks with Miss Maybell Alexander, daughter of Mr. Richard Alexander.

Mrs. Abernethy who has returned from a visit to her people in Catawba county, reports crops up there as being very good, but not quite up to East Gaston.

Col. Abernethy has not been successful in getting the kind of attractions he wanted to run at a big rally in East Gaston this year, hence he gives out the news that he will not have one, much to the regret of thousands of people that would have attended.

Mrs. N. A. McIntosh has returned home from Alabama where she had gone to the bedside of her sick mother, who was considered seriously ill. She has improved so that there is no uneasiness now.

Col. Pinkney Kincaid, one of the handsomest widowers that ever lived in Mount Holly, went up to Open View a few days ago, to see the fine male Jersey that he had heard so much talk about, and reports that he is the finest specimen of the cow kind that he has ever seen.

Capt. Eddleman and his force of men are doing some fine work on the streets of Mount Holly. We understand that there has been some kicking there by the land owners, but this they might have expected as there is some one to always kick about anything that comes along.

Uncle Davie Underwood, a much admired citizen of his section, has been very sick for several weeks, but we are glad to say has improved very much for the last two weeks.

John Bradshaw says he has never seen as fine crops as Col. John A. Kelly has on the E. O. Davis farm. The Colonel is a man who knows how to make 'em, and if the seasons always come he will get there every time. By the way the Colonel went over the river not long since, but we have not heard what success he had. Him and Uncle Jimmie Connell are neighbors, and we sympathize with them very much in their loneliness.

An Indian Relic.

Hickory Memory.

Mr. John W. Campbell showed an Indian relic Tuesday which a boy plowed up the other day on the Waits Holler farm, four miles North of Hickory. It was an Indian pot or kettle which was cut out of a stone, and which weighs 29 pounds and holds about three gallons. On opposite sides, there was a stub handle for lifting it. It showed it had been worn by use, and must be hundreds of years old. The field in which it was found has been in cultivation at least 75 years. The pot shows scars where plows have scraped it. In plowing it up the bottom of it was broken, but Mr. Campbell will cement it back and put it on exhibition. It is indeed an interesting relic. It took time and some skill to cut such a vessel out of stone. There is no telling how long they had used it. Mr. Campbell says Indians—three or four of them—cut out of one pot or vessel. They do it by means of sticks which they use so as to have soap in one constant blubber shape which rises up above the pot, of which they each sup at and talk to each other as they enjoy their meal until all has thus been eaten.

PISOAH PENCILINGS.

Correspondence of the Gazette. Pisgah, N. C. July 30.—Our farmers are through laying by crops.

Mr. R. Parks Huffstetler and a force of hands have been out in this section repairing the public roads.

Miss Lenoir Morrow, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Carson, returned home yesterday.

Miss Annie M. and Folley Weir visited their father, Mr. E. Boyce Weir, in Dallas the first of the week.

Watermelon thieves are in evidence; they "yanked" a forty pounder from the field of Mr. John Blackwood the other night. [Later, they stole another one.]

Miss Lenoir Morrow is attending the singing school at Union Grove.

Spencer school in charge of Miss Ella Bradley has opened with 40 pupils. Miss Bradley is a thorough teacher and instructor.

We want to know if there is any other tree in Gaston that can beat the one described in last Tuesday's issue of THE GASTONIA GAZETTE—the big tree in the Point.

Some of our readers have asked us about there being no Pisgah news for the past two weeks. To all we answer:—We were off on a trip for the Government week before last; we had no "special news" last week; and this week we've been sick.

Miss Pauline Pearson visited Miss Stella Bradley last week.

Mr. Will Bitter went to Chester last week on business.

Miss Janie Pearson is recovering from an attack of fever.

Mr. J. Frank Spencer has succeeded in getting up a singing school at Union Grove. It will be taught by Prof. Robert Moss, of Smyrna, S. C., York County.

The Young People's Christian Union of Pisgah will have an ice cream supper on the lawn at Rev. A. T. Lindsay's Friday night, August 5; proceeds go toward building a wire fence around the grave yard.

Miss Emma Netton from near Davidson, who has been the guest of Miss Zoe Spencer, has returned home.

We are informed that our young people had a big singing at Mr. John B. Carson's Monday night.

Mr. R. D. Martin expects to go to River Bend in a few days in the interest of the Government on crop reporting work.

COLORADO'S MINING TROUBLE.

How the Great Civic Disturbance Began and Its Causes.

Chambers Thomas, in August Success.

I have worked with a shovel in a Denver smelter and know the conditions there—they are inhuman. They turn stone into gold, and men into stone. Three shifts of eight hours each can be worked just as well as two shifts of twelve hours each—but the twelve-hour shift is cheaper—cheaper in money—but not in men. The smeltermen asked for shorter hours. Capital refused—or dodged, gave excuses, delayed, and acted in bad faith. The smeltermen did not strike. Labor and capital and the people in general—all three dreaded a strike; so labor, through the ballot, requesting the public to give it human hours before the furnaces, and, when the ballots were counted, it was found that the people had said "Yes."

But capital said "No," and capital fought its determined fight, fought it as slowly as ever paid lawyers could drag it, through one court to another, and at length up to the Supreme Court of Colorado. There capital won. The law that the people of the whole State had said should be a law, the Supreme Court held to be unconstitutional, although five neighboring States—Utah, in particular—had almost exactly the same law, which the Supreme Courts of those States all had held to be valid in itself and good for the people of their respective States. Capital paid its lawyers and smiled. The smeltermen still sweated twelve hours, seven days a week, in the coal furnace glow. They did not strike.

Once more they asked the people for help, that they might be men and not brutes, and once more the public, through the ballot box, by the overwhelming vote of 42,000 majority—irrespective of political parties—in a voting population of about 120,000—two to one—said "Yes; the State Constitution shall be so amended." Capital again said "No"—but in a whisper.

When the legislature met, bribery defeated the twice-ballot expressed wish of the people. The legislature adjourned without making operative the amendment to the constitution—or even try to.

Then the smelter men struck. Six long years had they toiled twelve hours a day, Sundays included, before those scorching furnace doors while waiting for justice, but for humanity—and the second time had answered. "There is no law—there is only bribery." Then the smelter men struck. The gold miners seeing that, if the smelter men were sent back to their blazing toil for twelve hours every day in the year, and made into slaves as were the coal miners, their own turn would come next from the same masters, struck in unison.

County Crop Conditions, July 30.

Seasonable temperatures; general rains first of week; beneficial and fairly well distributed showers; excessive in some localities; but more needed in other portions; in townships along the Catawba, heavy rains fell.

Cotton growing nicely and doing well; fruiting nicely; many half grown bolls, crop promising.

Corn all laid by; good condition; fine color.

Wheat, oats, and rye thrashing begun; yield satisfactory; quantity tolerably good.

Late corn promising.

Peas and sweet potatoes growing rapidly.

Truck gardens continue to yield well.

Tomatoes, melons and cucumbers doing well.

Hay crop turns out good.

Grapes highly promising.

Apples nearly all off trees.

R. D. MARTIN, Crop Reporter.

Offering Inducements to People to go to Church.

New York Cor, Raleigh Post.

Fifty thousand people in New York go to church on Sunday, and a quarter of a million go to Coney Island. Are they giving up Christianity and going back to the worship of Sun and Moon and Nature and Fire? Measured by numbers, the hosts of the Church are far behind the other host.

Here comes a Jersey minister into the thick of the fight. He announces:

"Gentlemen of my neighborhood, come to church. I'll give you a good, cool, comfortable chair. I'll even let you smoke. Bring your pipe or cigar, and while I preach, smoke and take your ease—only listen."

The outcome of this has not appeared. But this preacher would evidently prefer for his neighbors to smoke in this world rather than in the next.

Mainly for Getting Rich.

Success.

The mania for getting rich—the mad, false idea that we must have money—has played worse havoc among ambitious people than war or pestilence. A member of the Chicago board of trade says that the men and women of this country contribute \$100,000,000 a year to the sharpers who promise to make them rich quick. They work the same old scheme of a confidential letter and shrewd baiting, until the victim parts with his money. Thousands are plodding along in poverty and deprivation, begrimed and humiliated because they have succumbed to the scheme of some smooth promoter, who hypnotized them into the belief that they could make a great deal very quickly out of a very little.

The great fever of trying to make \$1 earn \$3 is growing more and more contagious. We see ever women secretly going into brokers' offices and "bucket shops," investing everything they have in all sorts of schemes, drawing their deposits out of the banks, sometimes pawning their jewelry—even their engagement rings—and borrowing, hoping to make a lot of money before their husbands or families find it out and then to surprise them with the results; but in most cases, what they invest is hopelessly lost.

Thousands of young Americans are so tied up by financial or other entanglements, even before they get fairly in their life-work, that they can only transmute a tithe to their real ability or their splendid energies into that which will count in their lives. A large part of it is lost on the way up, as the energy of the coal is nearly all lost before it reaches the electric bulb.

Subscribe for THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

AUTHORSHIP OF "DIXIE."

Has Always Been Disputed, and McCarthy is Given the Credit.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Men who attended either of the big national political conventions recently could not have failed to be impressed by the enthusiasm displayed whenever the bands played "Dixie," no matter whether at the Republican or the Democratic convention. "Dixie" is not dead. The air is more popular now than ever before, and it is as popular apparently in one section of the country as in another. The which reminds me of the fact that the question as to the authorship of "Dixie" has been raised again. A recent writer in the Baltimore Sun discusses the question. Writing from Birmingham, Ala., he says:

"Was Emmett, who died recently, or Harry McCarthy, who died in Arkansas in the year 1874, the real author of the South's war song, 'Dixie?' The death of Emmett recently, with the assertion that he was the author, has given rise to some doubt on the question of authorship, and John W. Callahan, of Selma, Ala., in a recent letter to the Ledger, gives his views on the subject of authority, and says that McCarthy was the real author of 'Dixie.'" He says that the claims of the recently deceased Minstrel Emmett to the authorship of 'Dixie' is utterly without foundation.

"Old Southerners who remember the days of 1860-65 know well enough that Harry McCarthy, the Arkansas comedian, was the author of 'Dixie.'" McCarthy was a native of a country town in Arkansas, and was reputed to be an idler and loafer, but had a talent for vocal music which made him famous. He married a lady who had as sweet a voice as ever a bird poured out, and the two made a "show" which drew a crowd wherever they appeared. They formed a combination with a party who had trained birds in 1862, and I saw their performance in Selma. They had a cockatoo, which came out and waltzed on a platform, and at the command of his keeper reared up to his full height, raised his feathers like the quills of a porcupine, and shouted "Three cheers for Jeff Davis!"

"McCarthy had printed on his bills the words of 'Dixie,' and the whole story of his early life, and the circumstances surrounding him, suggest the composition. I met him and his wife in 1874 at Navasota, Tex., and he died soon afterward. No one ever thought of robbing Harry McCarthy of the authorship of 'Dixie' in those days. It was a shrewd advertising dodge of a minstrel company after poor Harry had shuffled off this mortal coil. Emmett was no more the author of 'Dixie' than I am, and I am quite sure my talent never ran in that channel. The authorship should not be left in doubt, as it appears to be now. There will be no more opportune time to settle it than now, and this may call the attention of some who can throw light on the question of authorship."

CUT BAR AND WALL.

Six White Prisoners Escape From Hendersonville Jail.

Raleigh Post.

Asheville, N. C., July 28.—A telephone message received here from Hendersonville says that a jail delivery occurred at that place some time this morning when six prisoners all white men made their escape. It is said that the sheriff of Henderson county and his deputy were at the jail as late as 11 o'clock last night and at that time all was well.

The prisoners succeeded in cutting one bar of the cage and through the small hole thus made the men crawled out. A key in the possession of one of the prisoners was used in unlocking another door and after cutting a hole through the brick wall all six prisoners were free.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

SUCCESS REWARDS FLUCK.

Tom Taggart's Rise from Immigrant Boy to Party Leader.

Baltimore Sun.

Hon. Thomas Taggart, of Indianapolis, who was elected yesterday chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is a politician with a very interesting history. In the first place, he is a self-made man in every sense of the term. His parents came to the United States from Ireland when he was a mere child of a boy. He was scarcely old enough to wear long breeches when he went to work for himself. He had a stout heart and cheery way, and in the course of time he had advanced from the position of waiter in a restaurant to the proprietorship of a modest little establishment where he played the part of Boniface to his patrons' satisfaction. He entered politics in Indianapolis as the code of a forlorn hope and was elected to the best-paying office in that city. Now he is a prosperous man, the owner of valuable property, and a force in Indiana politics. Those who know him well say he has not been spoiled by prosperity, but is the same genial and likable man that he was in the days when he was hustling for a living.

Our Irish friends have a genius for politics. They have for many years played a conspicuous part in political contests in this country. It is the ambition of Mr. Taggart, so his friends say, to have his name associated with the making of a President of this republic. Hence his desire to be chairman of the national committee of one of the two great political parties in the United States. The fact that this position has been conferred upon him shows anew that America is the land of opportunity for the man who has the will to do big things and devotes his energies and ability to the accomplishment of his purpose. Mr. Taggart has a very difficult task before him in the undertaking upon which he has entered. If he fails, he will find that it was a thankless task; if he succeeds, he may discover that success may not bring him all that he expected. But, win or lose, the fact that he has been entrusted with the management of the Presidential campaign is a singularly interesting one. "Who would have thought that the little Irish immigrant boy of less than a half a century ago would one day be exalted to the position of chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and as such entrusted with the responsibility of directing a contest for the Presidency in behalf of millions of American voters? Mr. Taggart, to use an expression current in the West, has "done himself proud." When opportunity knocked at his door it found him watchful and ready. From restaurant waiter to national chairman—it is almost like a page from romance. And former waiter's executive ability as a politician is enlisted in behalf of the candidacy of a former railroad brakeman for Vice President. Who says this is not still a democratic country?"

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TRY

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ITEMS OF VALUE

- Here are a few items of value to buyers of summer goods: COLORED LAWNS—Stock of 10 cent kind now on hand at Yeager's will go for only 5 cents. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SAILORS—Half price. BABY CAPS—Half price. CORSETS—All except W. B. and Royal Worcester gain at one-third off. Dollar kind for 67c. STORK PANTS for infants, guaranteed waterproof, each 50c. CURTAIN SWISS—New line just arrived, yard, 10c and 15c. BROWN LINENS—Full stock, yard, 15c, 20c, and 25c. BLUE AND BLACK DRESS LINENS—Yard, 50c.

JAS. F. YEAGER

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