Socoocococo

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W. P. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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One Dellay a Year in A

## VOL. XXV.

#### BUTTE, A HELL ON EARTH. Unrivalled Mining City, Where No Vegetable Will Grow.

There is a hell on earth; it is Butte, Montana.

Since four prospectors from Nevada struck this little town more than forty years ago miners have dug from the mountain side on which Butte stands nearly one-half a billion dollars worth of gold, silver and copper-more than has come from any other camp in the world.

It is not strange then, that John D. Rockefeller and Henry H. Rogers have their names linked with this city of riches. In Butte three mining magnates have made their fortunes-Marcus Daly, Senator W. A. Clark

and August Heinze.

But why do they call Butte the earth realm of Satan? Chiefly because roasting ores gives off fumes of sulphur. This smoke—the color of watered nilk—sometimes gets as thick as a London fog. It kills all vegetation. Not one green leaf flutters in Butte; nor does a sprig of grass grow there. Bleak indeed are the telling masses of indeed, are the solling masses of sand and rock over which Mary McLane trod while waiting for

the coming of the devil.

To this place, so barren of verdure yet so fruitful in rich materials, the winds of fortune have blown people from every clime. Stand any hour of the day or night on a street corner in Butte and there will brush against you Bagpipers, Sham-rocks, Cousin Jacks, I-tauk-sos, Windmillers, Parlez-vous, Wacht-amRheins, Rag-old-Iron-Rags, Vodkas, Bohemians, Rou-manians, Wallachians, Turks, some from the Pirseus, banana peddlers, bull fighters, Arabs, Armenians, Persians, Indiansboth East and American-Cingalese, Portugese, Chinese, Jap-

PEOPLE ARE ALL PLUNGERS. Not one of the 13,000 miners of Butte earns less than \$3.50 a day, and they all spend their money like prodigal sons. In the old open gambling days, not long gone by, drill-drivers wear-ing flannel shirts have bet stacks of silver and gold slugs with the recklessness of royal rakes at Monte Carlo.

The people are all plungers. Two men came up to a cigar case. "Let's shake the box," said one.

As they lit their cigars the other asked: "How much do you want for that mine any-

Thirty-five thousand," was the answer. "Give you twenty-five," said the other.

Won't take twenty-five," re-

"First flop," came back the answer.

They each rolled the dire out only once. The man who lost wrote out his check for \$50,000 with a lead pencil.

The mayor of Butte is Patrick Mullins. Years ago "Pat" as everybody calls him, ran a boarding house in the camp. Once the mines shut down. Some of Pat's boarders got out of money. He rose up in the dining room one morning at breakfast time and made a

THE WINNING OF A MAYORALTY. "B'ys." said he," "they've shut down the mines and some sant down the mines and some of yez is out of dough. But, I'll tell yez, ye've sthuck to Pat whin ye've had the stuff and now Pat will sthick to yez. Oive got two cair loads of pertates and wan cair load of hams in the cillar. As long as they's a spur and a pace of mait lift ye ate wid me. Pay whiu ye get

the coin." So when Pat's party were afraid of losing the election they put him up for mayor. As one

won hands down."

Soon after taking the oath of office it was the duty of the mayor to welcome President Roosevelt, who visited Butte. The mayor put on his first dress suit. At a banquet, as soon as the guests sat down, the mayor arose, rapped on the table and said: "Gintlemin, Oi will intrhodoce to yex a mon who maids and to the stuff and freighted it in and sold it to the boys. Flour got scarce, and he sold it for a dollar and a half a pound. Then he got a little log store, then a bank; then he got a lot of copper claims, and now, if it hadn't been for Marcus Daly, he'd have the whole damned country."

"But didn't you have just as good and the stuff and freighted it in and sold it to the boys. Flour got scarce, and he sold it for a dollar and a half a pound. Then he got a little log store, then a bank; then he got a lot of copper claims, and now, if it hadn't been for Marcus Daly, he'd have the whole damned country."

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The mayor put on his first dress of copper claims, and now, if it hadn't been for Marcus Daly, he'd have the whole damned country." intrhodoce to yez a mon who naids no inthrodocetion. He's

The bistory of Butte is the history of its three great mining men — Daly, Clark, Heinze, Take the characters of these men. Daly was playing poker one night in a Butte clab, An-

other in the game was a man of small means. Daly held four camp in the world. As can be done in many places—even in the done in many places—even in Butte—for small amounts he got other drew one card also, and made a king full. "Bet \$500," said the man with

the full. I'll see the \$500 and raise ye

I've got ye bait." The other man, who had lost \$1,500 put his checks on the ta-ble for \$3,000. Had he lost he

would have been a rained man. Daly knew this. "And what have ye got?" said

Daly, seeing the raise.
"A king full," replied the other player, raking in the money.
"It's good, Jerry," said Daly,
throwing down his winning
hand, think no one had seen it.

"That man Heinze," said one gentleman, "is the greatest plunger that ever struck Butte. Why, do you know, I saw him playing poker the other night and he would always flip a \$20 gold piece to see whether or not he should call a raise."

Born in Ireland, Marcus Daly, when 15, came to America, working first at Brooklyn as a dock hand. Later he went to California, where he did placer mining. Hagin and Texis, min-ing men of 'Prisco, sent him to Utah. Here he met the Walker brothers, who had him go to Butte in 1876 to inspect the old Alice mine. Daly went into Butte carrying a blanket on his back; he died worth \$15,000,000. THE VICTORY OF THE ANACONDA

They tell that after selling his share in the Alice, Daly went in with Haggin and Texis and bought the Anaconds. The Californian sent an expert to look at the mine. This man said it was worthless and started back to San Francisco to make his report. Daly was out of money, but he himself and a few faithful men kept digging. They struck rich ore. Daly borrowed money and got a horse. He sent a messenger to 'Frisco with new ore samples. "Ride this horse until he drops; then get another," said Daly. "Bait that d—d expert to California." Daly's man got there first. Haggin and Texis put in more money. Thus, they say, was started the Anaconda mine which the Daly company sold in 1899 to the Amalgated company, in which Rockefeller and Rogers hold large interests, for \$33,000,000.

Daly's money came to him easy; it went the same way. He was broad-gauged. Anaconda, where he built his smelter, needed a hotel. Daly built a fine one and lost on it \$50,000 a year. He wanted a good newspaper in the town; he started the Standard, which went \$300,000 in the plied the friend, "but I'll just shake dice whether you give me took to horses; on the Bitter twenty-five thousand or fifty."

Root Stock Farm, in Montana, he spent \$1,000,000 a year. On this ranch—one of the most beautiful in the world-he raised the famous racers Ogden, Har-burg and Tammany, Giving away fine horses was one of his fads. Should a friend take a fancy to a horse Daly would say: "Take him: he is yours." say:

CLARKE MET HIS FORTUNE. "Clarke must be a bright man to have come out here with nothing and cleaned up a hundred millions," was a remark made to an old Montana miner.

"Nothing so very bright about it," answered the miner, "He was here; it was here; they got together. Somebody had to do

"Do you know the Senator?" was asked.

"Know him? Well, I guess yes. I panned in the same placer diggin's with him down here in Jeff Davis's Gulch, close here in Jen Davis's Guich, close to Dillon. He was born in Pennsylvany, and teached school in Missouri. This made him close-fisted, I guess. He comes out to Colorady, and then up here to Montany, in '63. He held on to the first thousand he got and went down to Salt Lake and bought stuff and freighted it

intrhodoce to yez a mon who naids no inthrodoction. He's the hayrow of Santiago. B'ys (to the waiters,) bring on the bring."

THERE GREAT CHARACTERS.

Still sint's real table you are and chips.

Still sint's real table you are and chips.

Still sint's real table you are and chips. Still, aint't got no kick comin'.
Montany's been pretty square
with me. I've had a good time
—better'n Clark, I expect."

MADE USE OF HIS CHANCE. Clark made use of his chance.

interests in claims. He went to Columbia university and studied metallurgy. He ex-amined mines for himself. He

but Clark did it. Clarke is one rich man who knows what he is worth. He pays strict attention to every detail of his business. He is one of the busiest men in America. He owns many mines outside of Butte. Of the United Verde at Jerome, Ariz., the rich-est of copper mines he is the sole owner. He has sugar beet farms in California, coffee plantations in Mexico, lumber camps, coal mines, stock ranches, business property, and inst recently has built a failroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. Aside from this he has found time to study French and German and to collect fine paintings.

HEINZE, THE WIZARD. Heinze is a wizard. ' He is the

brightest man Butte has produced. In the last few years he has made millious. He struck Butte at the age of 20 in '89. He was first engineer in the Boston and Moutana mine, controlled by Lewissohn Brothers of New York. It is said that they turned Heinze off. He organized a company to smell ores for independent mines. He made money out of this. Then he filed claims right in the midst of the big working mines. A law of Montana allows the one who owns the apex of a vein to have the ore wherever it may drift. Heinze knew the ground. He got a valuable apex, and brought suit for a property worked by others. He won. This brought on between Heinze and Rockefeller the great fight which is not yet finished.

THE FEUD OF DALY AND CLARK. But Butte without rivals in it would not be Butte. The great-est feud which existed there was that between Daly and Clark. Although they were brothers-in-law, it lasted until Daly's death.

This feud, ou account of which Daly and Clark squandered millions, began, they say, over a horse race. In one race Daly's horse beat Clark's. Clark ran caped death. Fortunately, the in a racer and skinned Daiy.
Then war was on. When Daly had spent a great deal on his Anaconda smelter, Clark corn-Anaconda smelter, Clark cornered the right on the only water nearby. Daly had to pay him a bonus of over \$100,000.

This was the dearest \$100,000 that Clark ever made. In '87 Clark ran for congress against Cla election Daly went to his foremen and to his men in the mines and to the boys in Dublin Gulch and said: "By's, your old frind Marcus wants ye to bait Clark. Air ye with me?"

Tom Carter won. MORE THAN \$40 A VOTE.

Clark came back at Daly. In '89 Daly wanted the state capital moved from flelena to Anaconda. Clark was for Helena because Daly was for Anaconda. The fight was the bitterest political battle ever fought in the United States. There were about 50,-000 voters in the state, and the campaign cost Clark and Daly over \$2,000,000-more than \$40 vote. Concert troupes toured the state singing the praises of Anaconda. Nothing was too good for those who favored Helena. "Vy," said a German, "talk about a champague! Ref a man vanted vine he would make him take a bat' in it." Clark won.

Clark wanted to be senator in '98 Daly said he should not

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



"ripresint Montana in the sanate," The legislature met at Helena. In the Hotel Helena \$10,000 bills flitted through the halls like green bats. One morning three of them flew over the transom of a legislator's room and lit upon the floor. a white chip," said Daly, "but did his own assaying. Others The representative said they my friend, don't raise me, for could have done what Clark did; came from Daly. No one came from Daly. No one claiming the \$30,000, it became a part of the state's school fund.

WON WHEN DALY WAS DRAD. Clark got a majority of the votes, but Daly contested the election. Clark resigned and the same day got a mysterious appointment. Clark was finally elected to the senate without protest, but not until his old rival, Daly, was dead. They dug from the mines of

Butte more mineral wealth than from any other place of earth. The total output of one year was nearly \$55,000,000—almost three times as much as the whole state of California produced. Just one of the mining companies, the Anaconda, got for one year's products \$23,000,000; its profit was over \$5,000,000. The company worked more than 6,000 men and paid them in wages over \$7,000,000 — \$600,000 a month. The cost of coal for the Anaconda was \$1,400,000 the Anaconda was \$1,400,000 and its bill for candies for 12 months amounted to over \$50,-

#### 100 DIE IN A WRECK.

Two Crowded Passenger Core and a Baggage Car Enguited in the Torrent That Tore out a Trestle Spanning a Prairie Creek Near Pueblo, Col., the Loss of Life Probably Reaching 100. .

Charlotte Observer, 9th. Pueblo, Col., Aug. 8.—The wreck of the World's Fair Flyer on the Denver & Rio Grande, near Eden, seven miles north of Pueblo, last evening, proves to have been one of the greatest railroad disasters in the history of the country. Two crowded passenger cars and a baggage car were engulied in the torrent that tore out a trestle spanning Steel and Hollow, otherwise known as Dry creek, and so far

pants was killed or injured. How many perished probably never will be definitely ascer-

Thomas Carter. Clark thought bodies had been recovered, and that Daly would support him. of these, 50 had been identified. They were both Democrats. During the day bodies were re-This would mean his election. covered all the way along Foun-On But early on the morning of the tain river from the scene of the wreck to this city.

Two car loads of human freight plunged into the raging torrent that destroyed the trestle over the usually dry arroyo, known as Steel and Hollow. near Eden, about 8 o'clock last evening. Two sleeping cars and the dining car stopped at the brink of the hungry chasm filled with a boiling, seething current that quickly snuffed out probably 100 lives. So quietly had the catastrophe been enacted that the occupants of the three cars remaining on the track did not realize that an ac-cident had occurred until they

alighted from the train.

The baggage car, smoking car and chair car followed the locomotive into the stream and were swept away. All the occupants of these cars except three men perished, and had not the roof

of the chair car burst asunder, none would have escaped. Relief trains with physicians, wrock and pile driving outfits and scores of workmen were burried from the city.

There was a big rally Wednes-day at Sharon in Mecklenburg county. Hous. R. B. Glenn, W. W. Kitchin, and others were the speakers. Congressman B. Y. Webb was unable to be present on account of the continued illness of Mrs. Webb, who is now in a hospital at Wilmington.

A sad accident happened Tuesday afternoon in the village of the Lenoir Cotton mills, says a dispatch to the Charlotte Observer. John Queen, son of Mrs.
M. A. Queen, shot and killed
his brother, Malcolm Queen, accidentally. It seems that John
was playing with an old pistol,
thinking it unloaded, but it contained one cartridge and proved fatal, the shot entering just below the heart, and causing death in less than five minutes.

When in need of printing, call 50.

LORD WHO DROVE STREET CAR. Some Personal Recollections of

the Young Englishman, Who Came to Charlotte to Work Seventeen Years ago. Charlotte Observer, 8th.

Not many street car drivers have become peers of the English realm; but perhaps it is more exact to say, in the case of Baron Lyveden, that he is the only peer in England who held the job of driver of a street car, the job of driver of a street car, drawn by a mule at that, along the streets of Charlotte. As he, as Courteney Percy Robert Vernon, who is now Baron Lyveden, used to say when he lived in Charlotte in the year 1887, "It's not a congenial employment for a feliah who's to be a baron to drive a blawsted mule, don't you know," but that is exactly you know," but that is exactly what the Honorable Percy did for a part of the time he made his home in Charlotte. There are many people now in Charlotte who remember "Lud Percy"

as they called him.

The identity of Baron Lyveden with the Percy Verson who den with the Percy Vernon who lived in Charlotte has been re-called by the tour he has recent-ly completed of some of the principal American cities, as chairman of a municipal com-mittee of London, for the purpose of studying our municipal government. He is said to be one of the most popular peers in England, having succeeded to the titles and estates of his uncle, the second Lord Lyveden, in 1901.

It was a very interesting career that the young Roglishman had in America. In 1884 he came to America, with scarce enough funds to last him till he could get employment. He was a waiter in a restaurant on the Bowery, New York city, and pursued various jobs for several years. Then, in 1887, he came to Charlotte in company with Mr. Henry L. Vanderlip and started the first dairy farm in Mecklenburg. He did not prosper in this venture, and he soon after took a job as street car driver. The street cars, pulled by mules, had been started in Charlotte the first part of 1867.

Mr. John S. Carson and Mr. . R. Carson remember "Lud Percy" quite well. Mr. J. E. Percy" quite well. Mr. J. E. Carson spoke entertainingly yesterday about him. "He was a tall, fair, broad shouldered Englishman, and he lacked appreciation of a joke, just as any real Englishman lacks it," said Mr. Carson. "Some of the young men arranged to have him pres-ent at a mock duel, in which one man was supposed to be badly shot up. When the pistol was fired, the Englishman went away to more congenial climes, on a fast run. When it was explained to him that it was all a hoax, he was very much disany fun in it at all. He always said that he would one day come into a lordship, but no one paid much attention to his claim, although there was little fun made of him about it.

of him about it.

"He was a willing worker, but had no conception of how to work. He showed strongly the evidence of his early training and education. He made few intimate friends, if any, but was intimate friends, if any, but was intimated with a number of acquainted with a number of people. The town was about the third its present size, and almost everybody knew Mr. Veruou by sight, at least. He had no money, and was on his 'uppers' most of the time. It seems that he had falled to pass examinations for entrance to the examinations for entrance to the Hnglish army, and had been rather wild in his habits. He tried to get up a number of amateur theatricals, and coached them, but made no success of

After about six months stay here, the Englishman went away shipped on a sailing vessel and got to be its steward, which was the job he had when he got news of his elevation, by inheritance, to the peerage.

Mr. H. B. Worth, of Raleigh, has been elected teller of the First National Bank of Lumber-

Rev. J. W. Lee, the well-known Irish evangelist, died in Greensboro Sunday n ight. About ten years ago he was an active evangelist and held meetings in Gastonia. A ruddy, portly man, hale and strong, weighing perhaps over 200 pounds, he contracted consumption and when brought home to Greensboro a few days before his death he weighed only 120 pounds. A widow and three children survive him. Rev. J. W. Lee, the well

When you need cards, printed or eagraved, call 50—The GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE.

### ADVANCED FALL STYLES

Our first shipment of full dress goods and silks has just arrived. Here our customers may see the adstyles for the fall in weave and labric.

Black Taffetas, yard wide, \$1 to \$1.25 per yard.
Black Peau de Soie, 19 inches wide, 75c.
Black Peau de Soie, yard wide, \$1.25 to \$1.50.

EMBROIDERIES AND Our line of embroideries, laces, ad white goods, complete. Embroideries from 3%c yard

Loces from 2c yard up. \$1.00 CORSETS AT 67c. Except W. B. and Royal Wor-cester, our Doller cornets are still going for only 67c. WAIST PATTERNS.

We are showing a big lot of walst patterns. 5-yard lengths for late summer and early fall wear. White and colors, Range la price from 75c to \$2 per pat-

Walking Skirts.

All summer weight walking skirts on hand still going at \$3 and \$3.25. These are the regu-

JAMES F. YEA'GER.

# HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAI

BRING YOUR PICTURES TO TORRENCE-MORRIS CO.

# COME ONE! COME ALL!

We have a nice lot of RUBBER TIRE BUG. GIES on head. Any one wishing to purchase one will do well to call and see what we have and get our prices and terms. We will be glad to show you what we have and will use our best efforts to satisfy you in] quality and style. We have in stock new yeh prices ranging from 325 to \$117.50. Come in and get A BRAND NEW BUGGY.

CRAIG AND WILSON

WHAT COLLEGE? Davenport College for Young Women at Lenoir.

> WHY? "Five Good Reasons."

WRITE TO CHARLES C. WEAVER, Pres.

## People Who Save

