"Cavers the county like the dew,"

Published Twice a Week-Tuesdays and Fridays.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1904.

One Dellar a Year in Ad

VOL. XXV.

THEY ARE ROUGHING IT.

Gastonia's Mountain Party Secing the Sights and Scenery in Western North Carolina.

To the Editor of the Gasette: Chimney Rock, Aug. 9-Leaving Gastonia about 6:30 a. m. on Friday, the 5th, we made our first stop at Cleveland Springs, where we fed and ate dinner. After a rest of one hour, we continued our journey, passing through Shelby, after 20 minutes stop, in a drenching rain. Our next town was Moresboro where postal cards were bought. We continued on down to within two miles of Ellenboro. At 6 p. in we pitched our tents, and could have had someone at any time during the night to respond to a

"good-night" from you.

At 6 next morning, we "struck out" and in a little while reached Ellenboro, where we decided to go by way of Carollers. leen. Here we crossed Broad

River on an elegant iron bridge.

Next we reach Forest City
where after shopping a little we
made for Rutherfordton six
miles distant. Here we stopped one hour for a dinner, consisting of beef, chicken, ham, cake, coffee, etc. Please don't allow yourself to wonder too much what is meant by "etc" for we haven't a little of the "good for snake bite" even.

Dinner over, we continued our journey westward, passing on our way some of the finest bottom lands, standing thick with the finest corn we ever saw. The Lynch farm of 200 acres (bottom) is certainly entitled to special mention. The corn looked, we thought, sixteen feet high with two and three ears on the stalk. Some good cotton also was still seen.

We had two little mishaps between Rutherfordton and camp. After we approach the river in traveling the turn pike, the road is in several places so very narrow, (the river being on your right and the mountain on your left) that it is difficult for two wagons meeting each other to pass. It was in one of these narrow places, we met a two horse wagon. Now what? Well the other man drove up as well as he could to the right on the mountain side, when Frank and I passed first. By the time our second wagon passed, he had stirred up a nest of yellow jackets. Just at this immediate time, with the teams on the brink of the river and it at least thirty feet below you, it is too serious a time to laugh; but if you could have heard those drivers, and in fact all of us yelling whoa! and seen the mules caper you would have thought that the animals at least would go into fits. It looked like they were trying to found that frolick over single tree had been broken. This was soon fixed up by Frank and we continued our journey.

We were now only a few miles from our camping grounds, so we sent Henry and Doctor ahead to select a good spot on which to pitch our tent. In undue time, after trials and tribulations with a lantern in front of each wagon, the road being close and it dark we reached Chimney Rock about 9:30 p. m. Good night.

Some of the boys have visited Chimney Rock proper which is about one and a half miles from camp. It is said to be two hundred and sixty feet from base to top, which is reached by steps. The boys went to the top, we Some of them went on further and visited the falls; part of this asked; latter trip is said to be more dangerous, but with steady nerves you can make it all right. The older ones of the boys will also visit the Rock. No danger in going to it, only a very up hill business.

Last evening we visited Bat Cave. Part of the boys went as far as three hundred feet into it, while some of us went a little higher up the mountain (Sugar Loop) and not so far into it. The scenery is simply grand. There is mountain scenery right here to keep one a week taking it in. In fact, to camp at Chim-ney Rock and visit the places of interest it is doubtful whether its equal can be found in this part of western North Carolina. of western North Carolina. I came very near forgetting to tell you Dr. Gleun has killed the first rattle snake—six rattlers and a button. He will take the rattles home with him. He killed it while visiting the Rock. Albert Rankin says yesterday was the first time in his life he was a pent Sunday in the woods.

The hotels are dotted along the road. The Logan House,

the Mountain View Inn, the Esmaralda Inn, at which Miss Laura Devereaux, the lady who was killed by falling down the

mountain, was boarding.

The compliment has been passed upon our boys, that "while some toughs from down in there have visited this section you are a crowd of nice people, your whole crowd are a gentle-manly set of fellows." The boys are now getting ready to visit the rock. Dinner is just over and everybody feels good. We had stewed and fried chicken; we are living high, camping on high ground, all in high glee. We think of leaving here about

Thursday going to Henderson-ville, but don't know yet where we will go from there. We are having a very pleasant trip thus far and are all well. The boys are certainly taking in the sights. It is eat and start. A party led by Frank and J. Q. have just left for the Rock.

Yours, W. I. S.

Due West Notes.

In the Due West Presbyterian we note with sorrow the bereavement of Rev. and Mrs. ames Boyce in the death of Mrs. Boyce's father on the 23d of July. He was Mr. R. A. Thompson, an elder in Hinkston church in Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce have just returned from their sad mission to the old Kentucky home. "The death of Father Thompson," writes Mr. Boyce, "leaves only one of the grand-parents, my mother. And all these have been taken from us in two years and a half."

In the absence of President Boyce, Miss Grace Kirkpatrick, who has been added to the faculty of the Female Colloge to teach the Sciences, took care of his correspondence. She is beginning this early, says The Presbyterian, to prove herself a valuable member of the faculty. She is a young lady of attractive personality and strong winning character. She made a fine record in Winthrop college, where she graduated last June. She

was highly recommended by her teachers in Winthrop.

Mrs. Willie K. Douglass, Lady Principal, is making an active canvass for the Female College. She is in Marion and Marlborough counties this week. She is expected home the last of this week. She reports good prospects for the college.

Mrs. James Boyce has been as signing rooms to college girls since her return home last Thursday. Most of them have been assigned. She places applica-tions in the order in which they are received. The earlier applicants get the choicer rooms.

The Shirt Shrank.

New York Times.

hearing during the early part of the winter that red flannel worn next to the body was a remedy for the complaint, purchased several undershirts made of that material. The clerk assured him that the goods were guaranteed in every particular.

About two weeks afterward Mr. Sullivan's friend revisited the shop where he had bought the re I flannel shirts and registered a big kick against the per-petration against him of what he

termed "a f. arful swindle!"
"What's the matter?" asked
the proprietor. "Have the shirts faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shruuk!" howled the man. wife said to me when I came down to breakfast yesterday with one of them on? Well, she smiled sweetly and

"Why are you wearing my pink coral necklace around your throat, John ?"

THE JURY LIST.

Jurors For First and Second Weeks September Court.

The printer mixed the jury ist in printing it a few days ago. Below, it is straightened out and printed correctly.

FIRST WEEK.



WHEN TWO BAD MEN MEET.

One Tries to Get Drop on Other-Wild Bill and Jim Currie Lile-Long Enemies, but Never Fought-Too Quick for Each Other-Clay Allison and Mace Bowman Unable to Arrange Duel-Dead Shot of New Mexi-

Chicago Chronicle

One of the things that strikes one with surprise is the way that tough men, when they happen to run counter to men of their kind, refrain from drawing or shooting until one gets the drop on the other. So quick and ready are the shooting men of the real sort that when facing each other on guard neither one can fire so quickly that the other will not return the compliment or shoot before falling.

Thus it may happen that two "bad men" who have sworn death to each other may meet often without exchanging shots because neither one can catch the other unprepared.

For instance, take the case of Wild Bill and Jim Curric. Both were of undoubted skill and nerve; they had been enemics for years; by some account they had exchanged shots once, at long range, but they never pulled triggers on each other at close range and not until Bill was assassinated by a wretch years afterward at Deadwood was the feud with Jim Curric

DEAD SHOT OF NEW MEXICO. Clay Allison, a New Mexican dead shot was a man killer—was a man killer in a terrible truth-has a record of 21 dead men, whose graves are scattered from Dodge City to Santa Fe.

However, Clay Allison once found a man who wasn't afraid to stand up to him, and furthermore, was just as quick with his gun as kimself. This man was Mace Bowman, some time ago a deputy sheriff of Colfax county. They spent a whole after-noon together trying to get the drop on each other, but neither could accomplish it.

There was bad blood between them, and one afternoon when they met in a bar-room and got to drinking the enmity, of course, began to rankle. It was perfectly understood between them that if either one got the drop on the other the slower man would die, and this being agreed to, both men maneuvered

for an opening.

Facing each other with such pleasant intentions they laughed and joked and drank together. all the time watching each other like cats. As a diversion in the proceeding they would lay their pistols, the barrels crossing, on the bar counter, step back to the Jim Sullivan tells of a friend, other side of the room, and then for the revolvers, but neither man could reach his revolver quickly enough to get the advantage of the other.

BOTH DRAW, NEITHER SHOOTS.

Once, when they were taking a drink together, Bowmau, with his whiskey glass half way to his lips, suddenly smashed the glass to the counter, and drew his pistol, but as it came up Alli-son's revolver met it half way. The men were looking into each other's eyes and a sign in either would have meant the death of both, which was more killing than either of them wanted.

This dalliance with death went on throughout the afternoon, until, at last, at the com-ing of evening, the two became sayage and declared they would bring this duel to an end.

They cleared the room of spectators, and had already taken their places in corners diagonally opposite to begin shooting, when W. R. Morley, of Cimarron, a strong friend of both men, rushed in between

IT IS A NATTER OF REALTH



them at the risk of his own life, and by expostulations and entreaties managed to get them off the idea of a duel and agree to separate without further trouble.

So the two contestants separated, riding out of town different ways, saving an encounter which almost certainly would have resulted in the death of both. LIFE A SOMBER ROMANCE.

One who knew Allison spoke thus of him: "As you perhaps know, Clay Allison's life is one of the most sombre romances one generally hears about Western campfires. Clay Allison was indeed a desperado. At the time I knew him he lived in the Red river county, on the west-ern marshes of the Llano Esta-cado. His trigger was busiest in the early '70's. He has a record of 21 dead men, whose graves are scattered from Dodge City to Santa Fe.

"One of his artistic murders was the one of killing of Bill Chunk, a long-haired bravado, and a professional bad man. He, too, bad a record-a record that was full of cowardly deeds and blood. He and Allison had no cause of quarrel, they were rival killers, that was all, and which one was quicker on the draw was a pleasant matter, for debate and wager on the part of their respective friends.

"Naturally it came about that the two ruffians swore that they would kill each other on sight. They met one night in a little settlement in northern New Mexico. They sat down at the supper table of a frontier restaurant, opposite each other, drew their six-shooters and laid them across their knees.

FIRE UNDER THE TABLE.

"Chunk ordered oysters. When the trencher had been set before him he dropped his hand to his lap as if to get a napkin and fired at Allison from under the table. The bullet failed of its mark, and quick as lightn-

ing, Allison's gun replied.

"A little red spot just between
Chunk's eyes showed where the
bullet had entered, and the man
swaying from side to side, bent
gradually over and settled down upon the table and soon was perfectly still, with his face buried in the dish.

"Shortly after this Allison went to Kansas City, and while there he met and lound a heavy

there he met and loved a beautiful woman whom he finally married and took to his Texas ranch, to live in peace with all men. A child was born to them -a child whose face was as beautiful as its mother's but whose poor little body was horribly disfigured."

WHAT IS CATARRE?

Hyomel Only Guaranteed Cure for This Common and Disagreeable Disease.

Hyomei cures catarth by simple method of breathing it into the air passages and lungs. It kills the germs of catarrh-al poison, heals and soothes the irritated mucous membrane and effectually drives this disease from the system.

If you have any of the following symptoms, catarrhal germs are at work somewhere in the mucous membrane of the throat. bronchial tubes or tissues of the lungs.

offensive breath dryness of the mose pain across the eyes pain in back of the head pain in front of the head tendency to take cold harning pain in the throat hawking to clear the pain in the chest note in the state of the state expectorating yel-low matter difficulty in breath-

huskiness of voice discharge from the nose stoppage of the nose at night aching at the body aching of the body droppings in the throat month open while alsevous tickling back of the pulate formation of crusts in the nose dryness of the throat in the morning loss of strength speamed clough as hort and hacking cough worse nights and mornines. Joss in vital force a feeling of tightness across the upper part of the cheet. month open while

ing request sacceing Hyomei will destroy activity of all catarchal germs in the respiratory organs and in a few weeks the cure will be complete.

This is a strong statement, but J. H. Kennedy & Co. emphasizes it by agreeing to refund your money if Hyomei does not cure.

A16-19-30—S2-13-16

M. Waldeck Rousseau, a for-mer premier of France, died at his home near Paris Wednesday as the result of a surgical operation. He was one of France's ablest statesmen. A notable measure of his ministry was the pardoning of Capt. Dreyfus.

Bight men, one white and seven colored, met a horrible death by drowning in the Gold Hill gold mines near Salisbury Tuesday afternoon. They were working 400 feet from the base of a 200 foot shaft when a cloudburst filled the mine. It will probably be a month before the bodies can be recovered. THE RUSSIAN PERIL.

The English Speaking World May Have to Combat It.

Von Plehve, a man from the ranks, despised his ancestry. A Finn, be outran Russian malig-nauce in his oppression of Fin-land. As a public official, the common people were to him malignants to be suppressed or innocents to be ignored. His sudden taking off is easily ac-counted for, if not so easily de-fended. fended.

Von Plehve's assassination again focuses the attention of the world on the awful barbarity of the Russian government. Andrew D. White, having lived long in Russia, says that even in the darkest days following the Crimean war the conditions were not so hopeless as they are to-day, brought about by "an exer-cise of despotism more unreason-able, cruel, and shortsighted than anything in recent human history outside of the Turkish Empire.

Russia stands for all that is wrong, benighted, corrept, in-human, and devilish in government, a great unwieldy threat against civilization and human progress. Every inch of terri-tory Russia covers is an inch gained for reaction, a new bul-wark against liberty and bope. Rvery accession of Russian pow-er is a blight upon the fair pros-pects of the century, a threat at the ultimate supremacy of law and justice.

Assassination will not right the wrongs of the helpless millions of Russia. It is merely a firebrand that for a moment illum-inates them. A new French re-volution may do for the twentieth century what the old one did for the nineteenth. Or the allied Forces of the English-speaking world may in self-defence some day pull the teeth of the Russian bear.

WHERE NERVES ARE UNKNOWN

Happy Japanese Women are Free From Worries of Western Civilization.

The women of Japan, in con-trast to their Occidental sisters, have long been noted for their perfect poise and self-possession. Their placidity under what would ordinarily be considered trying circumstances has surprised American tourists. Patent medicines guaranteed to cure nervousness in its many forms have little sale in Japan. The meaning of the term "nervous prostration" is unknown. Japanese physicians are rarely rich, says Robert Webster Jones in the

August Housekeeper. An explanation of this happy state of affairs has been made by a returned traveller. "To begin with," says he, "three is never any change in fashions, so the panese woman has no worries at all on that score. Then housekeeping is greatly simpli-fied, so the Japanese housekeeper is hurt by none of the jars and frets that rag the nerves and prematurely age her Western sister. The Japanese house has no draperies, no dust traps in the shape of superfluous ornaments. People all put off their shoes on entering the house, so no mud and dirt are brought in. Japanese women have no heartburnings over euchre prizes and bridge' stakes. They never have to compose club papers on subjects concerning which they know nothing. They never sit up at nights planning how they may outshine their rivals in dress at some social affair. They do not bother their brains with schemes for marrying their daughters to rich foreigners. They never have to give eightcourse dinners with two-course pocketbooks. They live simple, happy, peaceful domestic lives, and live them long."

While we should be sorry to

see American women restrict their lives to the narrow sphere of the Japanese, there is no doubt that three-fourths of their nervous worry is caused by "try-ing to do too much." Simpli-city is the keynote of sanity and health, and American men as we'l as women may well profit by the example of the happy Ja-

The American is the name of a new 16-page paper which has just appeared from Raleigh as the organ of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, Mr. Z. P. Smith, of Raleigh is the editor.

Capt. John P. Arrington, in-stitutional clerk in the State Treasury, died Priday at Ral-eigh of paralysis, aged 54 years, He was for six years afteriff of Nash county, and two years clerk in the State Agricultural Department.

ADVANCED FALL STYLES

Our first shipment of fall dress goods and atlks has just arrived. Here our customers may not the advance styles 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,

and white goods, complete. Embroideries from 3%c yard

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

We are showing a big lot of raist patterns. 3-yard lengths for late summer and early fall wear. White and colors. Range in 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. YEAGER.

HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

BRING YOUR PICTURES TO TORRENCE-MORRIS CO.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

We have a nice lot of RUBBER TIRE BUG-GIES on hand. 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 is quality and style. We have in stock new vehicles, prices ranging from \$25 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



Savings Account