

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., TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1904.

NO. 68.

MOUNTAIN PARTY GETS HOME

Second Chapter of a Description of the Trip in Western North Carolina. To the Editor of the Gazette: My last letter left the mountain party at Chimney Rock, and though we lingered around there four days we finally did leave. But before doing so let me say to all future mountain parties, that it would take a whole week to visit all the interesting places to be found near Chimney Rock. Please let me refer again to Bat Cave. Before reaching the cave our guide turned us a little to the left that we might take in another curiosity. He stopped us at a crevice in a very large rock which extended from top to bottom. The crevice was about a foot or more wide, before which we stood and cooled off, for the draft of air coming out of that crevice would cool you in two minutes. There are two of these cooling places which are about fifteen feet apart. What produces this very cool air and causes the draft to come from where it does is certainly a mystery. Warm as we were at the time, it would not have been prudent to stand there too long. Thursday morning we left Chimney Rock and went to Sugar Loaf Mountain which is only eight miles distant. But we traveled with our wagons about twenty miles, passing several hotels, names of most of them already given you. So at three o'clock, by taking the wrong road, we find ourselves on a nice camping ground spot, called "World's Edge," (well named), I will take my seat on "Lover's Log" and try to describe the view before me. Imagine yourself standing upon the edge of an immense slab ten miles wide and thousands of feet deep, and you have a very faint conception of what we saw, and of what the reader is reading about. Yes, were it possible to lift Kings Mountain from its position and place it upon the tree tops in this valley and they not give way under their load, then you standing on the edge or sitting on "Lover's Log," would be far above the pinnacle of the transferred mountain. Here and there you see far below you a little mountain home, looking to be no larger than a good sized chicken coop. On this lovely spot we spent the night. Where we are camping is called, as said, "World's Edge," and is part of "Sugar Loaf" mountain. Friday morning, Aug. 12. We leave this grand scenery and part of the boys go to the top of "Sugar Loaf," which is said to be 6,500 feet high. The others of us leave camp with our teams and meet the boys at "Ottomola" post office. I should have said that "Salola Inn" stands near the top of "Sugar Loaf." Boys meet us at Ottomola and we travel about four miles and stop for dinner at Mr. Isaac Justice's. Left camp and drove within half mile of Hendersonville, camping at Mr. Gerard Thompson's, a Gaston county man. Several of the boys visited Asheville on Saturday. We also visited "Flat Rock," three miles from Hendersonville, where we saw many handsome dwellings, generally owned, as we learned, by Charlestonians. The country around Hendersonville is a pretty country. Monday morning has come and we must go, so we leave camp at 6 o'clock a. m. and cross Saluda mountain. Stopped for dinner at Lyon, where the Tryon Hostry mill stands. We travel on and take a look at the "White Oak" mountain on which stands the "Skyuka" hotel with all modern improvements, such as electric lights, water works, etc. Passing Landrum, about eight miles, we camped for the night not far from Smith's old field. Tuesday morning, the 18th, we left camp about six in the morning passed Fingerville where we found a cotton mill on North Picolet. Traveling about twenty miles we fed at G. D. Scruggs'. Traveling over some nice country, we camped that night about seven miles from Shelby. Wednesday morning, 17th, we left camp, passing Shelby, making about one hour's stop, we left about 9:15 o'clock and fed at one Mr. Cline's. Leaving camp and traveling until about 8:30 we arrived safely at home, and found that a kind Providence had taken care, not only of us, but also our loved ones, for which we should all be thankful. The trip has been very pleasant to us, and will doubtless linger long in the memories of us all. W. I. S.

CHARGE AGAINST STONE WALL.

Holding of Thoroughfare Gap—How 600 Confederates Performed This Feat of Valor Against a Federal Brigade—Lee Played His Card and Won—But the Narrow Way Was Choked With Dead and Wounded.

C. B. Lewis in Chicago Daily News. Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountain bid his marching columns from sight of the Federals, and at every gap in the Blue Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold to the last and give all the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mountain gap. The major general had said to the brigadier ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare Gap: "I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one man of your command is left alive, he will bring us the news."

And the major general on the Confederate side had said to the brigadier: "You will detach one regiment of your command to hold Thoroughfare Gap. It must be held against the federals for three days. We can spare only a single regiment. If there is but one man left alive at the end of that time, he will follow on and overtake us."

ALMOST IMPREGNABLE POSITION. A narrow wagon road, twisting and turning between walls from 20 to 100 feet high, with alternate spots of sunshine and gloom—that was Thoroughfare Gap. As the skeleton regiment of 600 Confederates entered it and pressed forward to its western mouth, its ruggedness and gloomy solemnity brought a feeling of awe. It reminded them of a tomb, and they shuddered to think of dying in the semi-darkness. Two field pieces rolled along with the regiment of the heavy wheels loosened a stone now and then to come clattering down from far above. When a blue brigade came clattering up it was to find the 600 in possession and the position one which the dullest private must see was well-nigh impregnable. Every hour was worth a thousand lives to the Federal army, and the Federal brigadier lost no time in beginning the attack. In the open he would have gobbled up that skeleton regiment at a dash. Behind a rocky wall hastily thrown up, with no way to get at the enemy except in front, his surplus of men did not count.

WHAT THE DAY BROUGHT. At the sound of the bugles they dashed forward with cheers, but not a man got within a few rods of the wall. Grape and canister and bullets tore the line to pieces. It was tried again and again. The orders were to break through the gap. A thousand dead and wounded would be a cheap price for the information to be had at the other end. Artillery was brought forward to batter down the wall, but it could not be placed to advantage. The pieces had only been fired once when their crews lay dead or wounded and the carriages were shattered. The Federal brigadier rode back and forth and stormed and swore and almost wept. "Whether 500 or 10,000, you must break through!" were the orders, and if he failed to carry them out his career as a soldier was at an end. An army of 200,000 men was waiting to hear the splash of Confederate feet in the waters of the Potomac. The men in blue could hardly form company in the mouth of that defile. A charge against the wall meant death to every other man, but they formed up and charged and cheered and died. After half a day of bloody fighting the Federal brigadier rested. He was still bleeding from a wound when he opened a dispatch and read:

"You have one of the best brigades in the corps, and it is certain you are opposed by only a handful of Confederates. By 9 o'clock in the morning you must have authentic news of Lee. KNEW DEATH WAS COMING. The brigadier had sacrificed 600 men that day, and he could not believe the Confederate loss to be over fifty. There was but one way to reach them on the

morrow—over that stone wall. He would drive them or die with the last man. There was no jollity in the Federal camp that night. Men will sing or joke as they swing into battle line in the open, but these men peered into the darkness of the gap and thought of the dead in front of the stone wall and spoke to each other in whispers. It was a brave sight to see them swing into line as the sun gilded the tree tops. Every face had its pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no lagging or faltering. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death.

On the other side of the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the number and only one day of the three had passed. The colonel knew what was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines, ten deep, came dashing forward they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were blotted off the face of the earth. Then, under the the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward and the wall was reached. It was a hand-to-hand fight now and every man was a devil and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held their position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, but the living stood upon its crest and cheered again.

CHERRING SOON STOPPED. But the cheering soon died away in growls and oaths. A quarter of a mile above at a bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall and the Confederates had simply withdrawn to the new position. They had lost 150 men, but the Federal brigade was no longer a brigade. It lacked a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound and again there were orders from the major general: "We must have news from Lee at every hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted." A dark and narrow ravine, up which only eight men abreast could make their way at once; at the turn a stone wall, defended by two guns; behind the guns the muskets of the infantry. "You must break through," repeated the brigadier over and over again. He knew that the best he could do was to pile up more dead in the dark ravine. When morning came he stood upon a knoll and looked down upon the sun-bronzed and waiting veterans and it was like a knife in his heart to give the order to attack. A single bugle call and the column dashed forward. There was never a cheer nor a shout. Men who feel that they are going to certain death do not cheer. They draw a long breath, choke back the gasp in the throat and rush forwards with heads down. In ten minutes it was all over. The wall had been reached and fought over but it could not be held. As the last few living Federals came limping back the brigadier sat down and wept. Orders, orders, orders! And yet he felt himself a murderer. More Confederates had fallen, but the force was yet strong enough to hold the gap. If he could not carry it, he would be disgraced. Like the brave man he was, he took the one way out of it. At high noon the column was formed again, and the brigadier put himself at the head of it. Officers groaned and privates murmured to see him there, but he was firm. He led in the dark—he was the first to reach the wall—he mounted it and cheered his men in the fight which won it. But when it was won he lay among the dead, and

the Confederates retired less than half a mile to a third wall. Two days had passed, and yet the Federals had not broken through. Then another brigade came marching up, and there was another brigadier to take command. He saw the situation as the dead general had seen it, but he had less feeling. Column after column was formed up and dashed against that third wall and driven back, but in the end he won. It was twenty lives for one every time, but under his orders he could have doubled the sacrifice.

At dusk on the evening of the third day the last Confederate infantryman had passed the gap on his way to the Potomac, and the head of the column was in Pennsylvania. Lee had played his card and won. Not a gap had been carried, and the news of his whereabouts had come from other sources. There was a last stone wall in Thoroughfare Gap. Behind it 100 Confederates crouched and waited. Their two field-pieces were useless for the want of ammunition, and their muskets were alone to be depended on. As the sinking sun filled the ravine with deeper gloom 500 Federals made a last charge. They had to tread the dead in their foot to do it. That was the fourth charge of the day, and it was checked as the others had been. It simply meant more dead and wounded to choke that narrow way. Hundreds had been dragged out, but hundreds still remained. When night came down the men with powder-stained faces, who had scarcely broken their fast or closed their eyes for seventy hours, silently marched out of the gap and headed for the north in the wake of the invading army. There were no colonels, no captains, no lieutenants. A sergeant commanded the remnant, and his command was: "Out of h— and into Pennsylvania—forward—march!"

And when the long night had passed and daylight came again the Federals found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other: "Lee has passed, and we are too late."

PISGAH PENCILINGS. To the Editor of the Gazette: Pisgah, Aug. 20.—"Arlington Creek" bridge is in place, and is now ready for business. The regular mail route is now resumed and patrons of rural boxes numbers 50 to 51 will call for their mail at their boxes instead of at Mr. John Morrow's as heretofore. This is cider making time in Pisgah; we happen to know a Pisgahite who has made a 40 gallon keg full. Spencer Academy which has been conducted for the past six weeks by Miss Ella Bradley closes to-day. The session was for only six weeks. The meeting begins at Pisgah to-day. The pastor will be assisted in the services by Rev. Mr. Johnston. We are informed that the sacrament is not to be administered on this occasion. Mr. C. W. Sarvis has the pleasure of running four watermelon thieves out of his patch the other day. Mrs. John E. Sarvis spent several days in the Olney section last week visiting friends and relatives. The sprained knee of the writer is doing nicely, and he hopes to resume government work in a few weeks. Have you read Col. Henry Wattersen's editorial in Thursday's Courier Journal on "Democracy versus Populicity"? The closing paragraph is, "We are for Democracy! We are against Populism! We shall elect Parker and Davis!"

The Farmer's Education. To the Editor of the Gazette: Compared with men in other lines of business, we are the least educated (that is, the least prepared for our life work,) of all those who follow some particular calling as a business. I believe this to be a truth and I think many farmers will bear me out in this assertion. Farming cannot become an exact science because we cannot regulate the seasons, neither are all soils alike. We have been asleep on education. The need of farm education is growing apparent and thousands of us are educating ourselves by taking advantage of the agricultural literature of the day. One can get a good farm education in the bulletines of the agricultural department.

When you need cards, printed or engraved, call at THE GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE.

BESSEMER ITEMS.

Mrs. Irving of Arizona is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Swink. Miss Annie Davis of Greenville, S. C., and Miss Walker Elberton of Georgia, are guests of Mrs. J. H. Wilkins. Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Dixon have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Durham the past week. Dr. Dixon left Tuesday for Raleigh. Mrs. C. E. Whittoy and Floyd Whitney left Wednesday for Brevard, N. C. Mrs. J. M. Garrison who has been the guest of Mrs. E. N. Garrison has returned to Kings Mountain. Dr. S. A. Wilkiss of Dallas was in town Tuesday. Mrs. Vaughn of Augusta, Ga. who has been visiting Mrs. J. A. Swink returned home Monday. Mrs. G. L. Anderson who has been visiting friends here returned Saturday to Ridgeway, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Buck, Mrs. J. A. Wilkins, Misses Annie Davis, Eula Walker, Helen Buck and T. McMillan visited Charlotte Saturday.

Glenn Grist's Brave Act. Greensboro (S. C.) Herald. An exciting incident occurred in the Southern yards yesterday morning shortly after the northbound fast mail, No. 35, passed through. Yard engine, No. 13, was standing on a siding near the depot, with no one in the cab, as all the yard men were at breakfast, and as in the usual custom the little shifter was fired ready for use when needed. Without warning all unexpected No. 13 started off down the main line in the direction of Spartanburg at a rapid rate with no one at the lever. The crew of shifting engine, No. 73, on discovering that 13 was loose on the main track, realized the danger of a collision with a through train and jumped into their "trusty" with the purpose of overhauling the runaway before an accident could happen. Near Paris station about two miles from the city the pursuers on 73 bumped into 13, breaking part of the coupling. Flagman R. Glenn Grist saw that something had to be done and at considerable risk jumped from the front of his engine on to the tender of No. 13, clambered over the coal and on reaching the lever shut off the steam. At a critical moment Flagman Grist exhibited a coolness and promptness of action which is to be highly commended. He saw what had to be done and he did it. Engines 13 and 73 were brought back to the yard and the morning's excitement was at an end.

THE JURY LIST. Juries For First and Second Weeks September Court. The printer mixed the jury list in printing it a few days ago. Below, it is straightened out and printed correctly.

FIRST WEEK. J. V. Wilson, J. E. Payne, E. H. Mapp, J. M. Carter, C. O. Davis, J. H. Moore, C. M. Hoover, W. F. Clark, A. H. Sizor, J. M. Kincaid, J. W. Smith, M. D. Friday, J. Arthur Rhyme, J. T. Quinn, J. Herby. A. M. Henderson, J. A. Linch, J. H. Zimmerman, C. D. Hove, J. W. Berry, J. W. Merrill, W. H. Bradley, C. E. Farmer, Sr., M. Kennedy, J. H. Groves, J. L. Groves, J. F. Crowood, J. E. Groves, J. H. Studili, J. W. Tyre, J. M. Armstrong.

SECOND WEEK. J. T. Harrison, A. H. Littlejohn, J. H. Payne, J. H. Carter, J. W. Berry, J. M. Kenning, J. H. Groves, J. E. Groves, J. W. Tyre, J. M. Armstrong.

GET THE SIGNED GUARANTEE. J. H. Kennedy & Co. Agree to Return Money if Mi-o-na Fails to Make You Well. Have J. H. Kennedy & Co. sign the following guarantee when you buy a box of Mi-o-na, nature's cure for dyspepsia. We hereby agree to refund the money paid for Mi-o-na on return of the empty boxes if the purchaser tells us that it less failed to cure dyspepsia or stomach troubles. This guarantee covers two full boxes, or a month's treatment. (Signed) J. H. Kennedy & Co. Mi-o-na is a remarkable preparation that tones up the digestive organs and quickly gives perfect health and strength. J. H. Kennedy & Co. can tell you of many of their customers who recommend Mi-o-na because it cured them. Better than all testimonials, though, is the guarantee under which Mi-o-na is sold. It is a plain, positive statement that if this remedy does not relieve you of indigestion, it will cost you absolutely nothing.

THE New Styles Arriving.

The fall styles are coming in. And they bring new ideas along with them, too. While the new things are new—they are also different from previous styles. We invite you to see our NEW NECKWEAR—just arrived a new lot of Neckwear—the new and attractive styles of every variety from 25c to 75c per piece. Collar Foundations—Chiffon, new lot just in 10c. BELTS! BELTS! BELTS!—The very newest and latest things for early fall wear—Price range 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Silk belts are the great leaders for this season. BLACK SILKS. Our line of black silks is complete in Taffetas and Peau de Soies from 70c to \$1.50 per yd. Taffetas, yard wide, 90c to \$1.25. New fall goods continue to arrive. The styles, qualities, fabrics and novelties that are new are here as soon as they are out.

Jas. F. Yeager.

Advertisement for Robinson Hats. Includes an illustration of a man in a hat and a woman in a hat. Text: "Robinson Hats are worn by men in both hemispheres... and the whole world knows it... For Sale By ROBINSON BROTHERS, Gastonia, N. C."

are worn by men in both hemispheres, and the whole world knows it...

Advertisement for Rubber Tire Buggies. Text: "COME ONE! COME ALL! We have a nice lot of RUBBER TIRE BUGGIES 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 in 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

Advertisement for Davenport College for Young Women at Lenoir. Text: "WHAT COLLEGE? Davenport College for Young Women at Lenoir. WHY? 'Five Good Reasons.' WRITE TO CHARLES C. WEAVER, Pres."

Advertisement for Mi-o-na. Text: "MI-ONA. We beg to call attention to our facilities for handling farm property which may be offered for sale. This is the time of year that people make their changes for the next year and we can give you valuable services as a medium of exchange. There is some demand for small farms of 25 to 50 acres, and we have occasional inquiries for larger farms and factory sites. Call on or write to us if you have any real estate for sale. Gaston Loan and Trust Company. Y. M. C. A. Building, Gastonia, N. C."

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder. Text: "IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH. ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE."