

THE Citizens National Bank OF GASTONIA

Capital . . . \$50,000.00

OFFICERS:
R. P. RANKIN,
President.
C. N. EVANS,
Vice President.
A. G. MYERS,
Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
R. P. Rankin,
C. N. Evans,
Edgar Love,
J. A. Glenn,
Dr. J. M. Sloan,
R. R. Haynes,
Robert A. Love.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

No account too large
for our facilities and
none too small for our
courteous attention
and appreciation. We
have no "special custo-
mers". All are accord-
ed the same treatment.
The legal rate of in-
terest is charged at all
times. Interest paid
on time deposits. A A

A. G. MYERS, Cashier

WANTS GOOD ROADS.

Citizen of York Proposed to Ma-
cadamize Two Miles if the
Commissioners Would do the
Grading.

Yorkville Enquirer, 10th.

Captain F. H. Barber of Rock
Hill, one of the most unique
characters in York county per-
haps, and a gentleman who is
held in high esteem by every-
body who knows him, was in
Yorkville Wednesday with a
rather unusual proposition to the
county commissioners. He
wants two miles of public road
put in good shape and proposed
that if the commissioners would
do the grading he would be per-
sonally responsible for the ma-
cadamizing, which he was will-
ing to guarantee would be done
forthwith in first-class style.

"Some people might think I
am a crank," said Captain Bar-
ber to the reporter; "but, hello,
man, what I want is a good road,
and I am willing to pay for it."

Captain Barber explained that
the change had worked the road
from Rock Hill toward
Leslie, a distance of about four
miles out of Rock Hill, and had
put it in first-class condition.
About three miles from Rock
Hill, the public road forks and
goes by his place to Lancaster
over the river bend at Indian
ford, and this is the road he of-
fers to macadamize if the com-
missioners will do the grading.

"Do you know what it costs
to macadamize a mile of road,
Captain Barber?" asked a by-
stander.

"I dunno," was the old gen-
tleman's reply, "and I don't
care. All I know is I can do
what I said I would, and I'll do
it if it takes half my plantation."

Hello, man alive, what we need
in this county is roads. We've
lost a hundred years, and it is
time we are getting down to
work. The only way to get
good roads is to build them, and
I am willing to do my share."

"But that will be a little more
than your share, won't it?" was
suggested.

"It is alright about that," the
old gentleman replied. "What
I want is a good, level, hard
road to my place, and I'll cadam
every foot the commissioners
will grade. Yes, sir, I'll do it if
it takes the whole plantation."

"On past your place to the
river?"

"Right on to the river, just as

far as they will go I'm with them,
and if they will do their do, I'll
give them bond to carry out my
part of the contract. Why, hello,
man alive, you can't do any busi-
ness over those roads. We have
wanted more than half our lives
trying to pull loads through the
mud, and we have killed enough
stock and broken up enough
buggies and wagons to fix the
roads over and over again."

The commissioners took Cap-
tain Barber's proposition under
consideration and have not yet
given a reply. He insists, how-
ever, that if the grading is done
he will see to it that the maca-
damizing will not be long behind-
hand.

He Tried to Kill Cockrell.

Kansas City Journal.

"I deliberately tried to kill old
Frank Cockrell during the war,
but I'd give my arm to-day to
see him elected to the Senate,"
so fervently exclaimed Veteran
S. A. Boatright, of Lewis Sta-
tion, to the Clinton Democrat.

"It was at the battle of Port
Gibson," continued the old sol-
dier. "I belonged to the Elev-
enth Indiana Zouaves, and we
were out on skirmish duty. The
rebels charged us and drove us
back over the hill; but before we
were retreated we gave them as
warm a reception as we could.
My attention was directed to a
gallant rider on a clay-bank
horse with white mane and tail.
With deliberate aim I sought
once, twice to kill him. Both
shots, I am glad to know, failed
to lay him low. After the bat-
tle, I went to the bull pen and
asked a prisoner, a Missourian,
who was the man on the clay-
bank horse, and he told me it
was Frank Cockrell."

"I afterward lived at Warrens-
burg and became well acquainted
with Cockrell. We often talked
over the battle of Port Gibson,
and he told me his horse was
wounded, but managed to carry
him back into the brush."

"To-day Frank Cockrell has
no better friend than I am. I
would make any sacrifice for
him. He is a gentleman, a sol-
dier and a statesman."

The Elks' Home Construction
Company has been organized in
Raleigh to erect a \$25,000 tem-
ple for the Raleigh lodge. Work
will begin on June 1st. The
building will be up-to-date, four
stories, with a roof garden.

PISGAH PARAGRAPHS.

Personals and Other Items of
Interest Gathered by our Para-
grapher—A Singing in the
Country—A Marriage Flagah,
March 11th.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

Mr. Jim and Miss Clara Lewis
delightfully entertained a few
friends at their home last Sat-
urday evening to a do-ra-me-fa-nol
singing. The guests are grate-
ful to them for four hours of
pleasure.

On Wednesday evening the
first of March, Mr. Edgar Les-
ter Crawford, son of Mr. and
Mrs. J. Alex Crawford, of Pis-
gah, led to Hymen's altar, Miss
Nannie Isabelle Ferguson,
of Crowder's Creek, the rites
of the Associate Reformed
Presbyterian church being
solemnly performed by the Rev.
R. M. Stevenson, pastor of
Crowder's Creek A. R. P.
church, pastor of the bride.

The daughter of Jim Harper,
colored, was badly burned Tues-
day. Recovery is doubtful. It
was burning the dry grass and
weeds in the garden when its
dress caught fire.

Miss Zada Rankin, who is
teaching at Spencer Academy,
spent Sunday at Belmont with her
parents.

We are informed that Mr. C.
W. Chaney has bought Rev. W.
Bradley's homestead near
Loray. Rev. F. W. Bradley will
erect a cottage on his lot near
his son Wesley.

Mrs. Milton Howell is in a
serious condition. All of her
people and his own have been
notified to come at once. Fri-
day Drs. Sloan and Wilson met
at the residence of Mr. Howell
and removed a tumor from the
patient.

Theodore Price, "the cotton
bear," wants prices on Gaston
cotton for immediate delivery.
Price says he wants cotton. But
will Price pay the price?

The cotton growers have the
same in their own hands. All
they have to do is to keep down
the production by limiting the
acreage. If the acreage is re-
duced 25% in comparison with
last season's acreage of 1904, we
shall have 24,000,000 acres plant-
ed in cotton and from this we
should effect an 8,000,000 bale
crop which with the 2,000,000
bales carried over this year
would be sufficient to meet the
world's demands. The reduc-
tion of cotton acreage will en-
able the farmers to devote more
time to grain, hay, and other
crops and to cattle raising and
stock. The labor supply in the
cotton fields is not sufficient to
harvest successfully more than
10,000,000 bales a year.

We cannot too strongly urge
upon our Gaston farmers the
vital importance of the cotton
movement which has been inau-
gurated by the Cotton Growers As-
sociation. It does not pay to grow
cotton and sell it for less than
it costs to raise it.

Mr. Holly, N. C. March 10.—
Catawba River Bulletin: Dan-
ger line, 15 feet stage, 2.8 feet
(2 feet 8-10ths) Rise, 2 inches
since last postal sent to you.
Weather, partly cloudy. Wind,
S. Rain 0.00. R. K. Grant, Ca-
tawba River observer.

Spring is about arrived and
the crocus is in bloom.

Most of our Pisgah folks are
tearing their gardens up.

Mr. Wm. A. Falls has pur-
chased a piece of land from Mr.
T. W. Wilson, of Gastonia, in
Crowder's Mountain township.

Miss Lenox Morrow is on
quite an extended visit to Mr.
J. D. Bradley's.

The paragrapher has been
quite busy this week and did
not have much time to get up
the items.

Mrs. L. N. Davis was a visitor
to Mr. Bob Wilson's Tuesday.
Mr. John W. Hawkins, Jr., is
very ill with consumption.

The Newspaper.

Greenville News.

Any man can take a news-
paper. It is the cheapest thing
he can buy. Every time a hen
clucks and has laid an egg his
paper is paid for that week. It
costs less than a postage stamp,
less than to receive a letter. It
comes to you every week, rain
or shine calm or stormy. No
matter what happens it enters
your door a welcome friend, full
of sunshine and cheer and in-
terest. It opens the door of the
great world and puts you face
to face with its people and its
great events. It shortens the
long winter nights. It is your
advisor, gossip, and friend.

No man is just to his children
who does not give them the local
paper.

No man is good to himself

who does not take newspapers.

THE NEGRO FARMERS.

Will Follow the White Man's
Lead in the Matter of Cotton
Crop Reduction.

Charlotte Chronicle.

Atlanta, Ga., March 10.—
Hundreds of negro farmers
have agreed to reduce their
acreage, and as in many States
the negro "cropper or tenant"
exists in large numbers it is very
gratifying to the officers of the
Southern Cotton Association to
know that the negro has fallen
into line and has resolved to
abide by the resolutions of the
New Orleans convention and
the various State conventions.

Realizing that the white farm-
ers knew what was best, and
being assured by their landlords
that other staples would be ac-
cepted in lieu of cotton for rent
the negro in nearly every State
has entered the movement to re-
duce acreage with a zest and as
a result the hue and cry that
has come from the North about
the negro farmer refusing to
join in the movement has been
dispelled.

The negroes are encouraged
as much as possible to
reduce their acreage and it
seems to be no doubt now but
that the cotton crop of the
South will be reduced fully 25
per cent. for the year 1905.
This is sure to cause a deficit in
the amount needed and the
price is certain to rise.

A DANGEROUS HABIT.

Gladstone's Physician Gives
Warning Against a Growing
American Custom.

The growing habit amongst
Americans of taking a mint
tablet or some other so-called di-
gestive after eating a hearty
meal, is something that Sir An-
drew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's
physician, advises strongly
against, saying, "It is absolute-
ly dangerous to take into the
stomach remedies which are
popularly supposed to aid in the
digestion of food."

There is nothing known to
the science of medicine that
can perform the work of the
human stomach. Drugs do not
and cannot digest the food.
They simply decompose it.
What can be more revolting or
disgusting than the thought of
taking something into the
stomach that is going to turn
the good food you have eaten
into a mass of corruption.

The only way to overcome in-
digestion and its evil effects is
to remove all irritation, conges-
tion and inflammation from the
stomach liver and intestines, and
Mi-o-na is the only agent known
that will do this.

When a Mi-o-na tablet is taken
before each meal every trace of ir-
ritation and inflammation is removed
from the stomach and digestive
system, and those organs will ex-
tract from the food all that goes
to make good, rich blood, firm muscle,
steady nerves and a sound healthy
body. If you suffer with headache,
indigestion, flatulency, spots before
the eyes, vertigo, or dizziness, palpi-
tation of the heart, sleeplessness,
or any stomach trouble, get a fifty
cent box of Mi-o-na from J. H.
Kennedy & Co., one of most reliable
druggists, whose faith in the reme-
dy is shown by their offer to return
the money if Mi-o-na does not give
complete satisfaction. M16-M20-All

A Record-Breaking Flock of Hens.
Charlotte Chronicle.

"I've got forty hens and I am
getting on an average of twenty
dozen eggs each week," said
former County Commissioner J.
B. Watt, this morning. "Not
bad, eh? They are the all-fred-
est hens I ever knew of. There
is pretty good profit in eggs,
too," continued Mr. Watt. "The
market is now 15 cents, whole-
sale, and there are no indica-
tions that it will drop below.
Yes, sir, it pays to keep good
egg-producing hens."

A Matter of Health

There is a quality in Royal
Baking Powder which makes
the food more digestible and
wholesome. This peculiarity
of Royal has been noted by
physicians, and they accord-
ingly endorse and recom-
mend it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SEARCHING THE SEAS FOR GOLD.

Treasures That Davy Jones
Guards in His Locker.

When Davy Jones once gets
treasures of gold safely into his
locker he guards them more jealously
than any merely human
miser, says Tid-Bits.

And yet, as Edgar Allan Poe
once wrote, one might almost
trace one's way to these sunken
hoards by "the trail of bones of
those who have failed to find
them." Five expeditions have
tried to run the so-called "Kru-
ger's millions" to their lair on
the Tenedos reef, and the last of
them cost the lives of twenty-
eight gallant men.

One might fill volumes with
stories of these rainbow chasers,
many of them startling and dra-
matic. No one has ever yet found
the San Pedro, the five-decked
Spanish galleon which sank in the
Margarita channel off the
Central American coast ninety-
two years ago, carrying untold
millions in gold and jewels to
the bottom of the sea. There
were two chests which held over
\$6,000,000 in doubloons; there
were gold images and precious
stones almost beyond number,
placed on board for safety, from
Catholic churches; and there
were millions of treasure to pay
off the garrisons and Spanish
warships along the American
coast.

In all, the treasures of the San
Pedro were valued at \$13,500,-
000. Syndicate after syndicate
was formed to rescue these rich-
es from Davy Jones's clutch;
fortunes were squandered on the
search, many lives were sacri-
ficed in the chase, but all to no
purpose. Davy is still gloating
over his doubloons and gold-
en images as he gloated first
nearly a century ago.

Then there is the Hussar, an
English man-of-war, which
sailed a way to the west in 1780
laden with gold to pay British
soldiers and sailors. It is said
the Hussar had nearly \$1,000,-
000 aboard when she ran on a
rock and sank in seventy feet of
water, less than 100 yards from
the shore of the East river. For
more than a hundred years one
attempt after another has been
made to snatch this treasure
from the deep, but so far not
even the locker has been found.

Not many years after the
Hussar disappeared under the
water of an American river the
sloop of war DeBerk went to
the bottom in a gale off the De-
laware capes, taking with her a
rich spoil of two captured Span-
ish galleons laden with gold and
gems of fabulous value. Govern-
ments and private individuals
have vied with each other for a
century in the chase of these
treasures, but they still remain
as seductive and elusive a lure
as when Davy first laid greedy
hands on them.

If any one who seeks for treas-
ure nearer home it is to be found
not many miles from the Lizard,
in Cornwall, where they say a
Spanish galleon with \$17,000,000
in her hold lies buried under
the sands and rocks where the
richly freighted vessel was bat-
tered to pieces by the fierce At-
lantic waves. Although many
companies have tried in vain to
recover this submarine hoard,
there is no doubt of its existence,
for coins are constantly being
washed up by the tide as tantaliz-
ing evidence of the richness of
the coffers from which they have
drifted.

In a cave in the Auckland
Islands may still be recovered
all the gold that the good ship
General G. was carrying
when she started in 1866 on her
voyage from Melbourne to Lon-

SILKS!

The call is for SILKS, SILKS, SILKS. We have prepared fully
for the demand already decreed by fashion. We have positively
customers our former selves in the exquisite varieties, styles, qual-
ities, and quantities of every description. We are now showing.

Silks for Shirt Waist Suits.

These are in patterns only. We are especially strong in shirt
waist silks and have the prettiest line ever shown on this market.
Prices, per yard, 50c, 55c, 75c, 85c, \$1.

Pongees.

This is one of our great leaders.

Changeable and Plaid Effects.

This is one of the new creations. But we cannot name
them all. We invite you to see them.

Plain Silks.

Our line of plain silks was never larger or better selected.
Silk of Japan silks, 40c, 50c, 55c, 75c. Colored Japan silks, 40c,
beautiful quality, 50c. White and black, 50c to 75c. 40c to 50c.
Tulle, 20c. Changeable, changeable, 20c to 30c. 40c to 50c. Black
and white tulle's plain and chiffon silks, 20c, 25c, 30c.
IF IT'S SILKS YOU WANT COME TO

Jas. F. Yeager's

don, with a passenger list of
miners returning with their
riches from the Ballarat diggings.

Occasionally, when a Davy
Jones is in an amiable mood, he
will release part of his booty,
but he takes care to clutch what
remains more tightly still. When
La Latina, a captured French
frigate, sank under the waves of
the Zuyder Zee, a little over a
century ago she took 330 bars of
gold down with her, in addition
to much silver bullion and \$127,-
000, the pay of the troops in
Holland. Within a year of her
foundering \$53,000 had been re-
covered; 30 years or more later
she gave up another \$50,000;
but on the rest of her hoard—she
was insured for a round \$1,000,-
000—she still keeps a jealous
hold.

And again—as evidence that
Davy Jones is not quite so bad
as he is pictured—of the ten
boxes of gold that went down
with the Alfonso XII, off the
Canaries some years ago nine
have been recovered. Davy
keeps the tenth.

The Cotton Situation.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

The situation is not becoming
serious—it is already serious,
and it is solemnly serious to-day.
The great depreciation in cotton
during the past six months, is
one of the greatest financial mis-
fortunes that ever befell a coun-
try in time of peace.

But the victory now seems
nearly won. A bale in the hands
of the farmers is worth two bales
on the market. Cotton in the
hands of the farmers to-day has
a greater value than the entire
crop of the coming season. If
they will but act with discretion.
The rule of trade is, "Commodi-
ties in quantities far beyond
the need of the world become a
nuisance." Just so.

If gold lay broadcast all around
us, and the world was equally as
well supplied—it would not be
picked up. Just so.

So it is with cotton, if there is
an over-supply. But, right here
don't get the idea that there is
over-supply at present—the ex-
isting state of affairs is living on
the expectancy of the future.

In other words, the size and
prosperity of the next cotton crop
will determine the price, and
the tendency will not be to base
calculations on what has been
grown in the last season. Of
course, we may again see a large
crop, but it is not probable, for
the incentive is lacking.

Cotton to-day is the cheapest
thing in the South. It takes
four bales of cotton to buy a
mule. If any one can purchase
a mule with one bale of cotton
to-day with it selling at to-day's
market price, I wish he'd send
me his name.

The present low price of cot-
ton is the one subject of dis-
cussion throughout the cotton
belt. In addition to verbal logic
and oratory that one hears
through the rural district, the
news papers are devoting
columns to discussion of the
same topic and when the various
remedies are put into cold type
so they can be analyzed, we be-
gin to realize the enormity.

The writer has no criticism to
make nor has he any panacea
for the present price of cotton.

One suggestion: As soon as
you get your cotton picked rush
it to the gin. Those who
market their cotton early and
take it to market receive the
cream—good prices from 9 to 11
cents. Cotton is the money
crop of the South. There is
nothing wrong in that, since the
Central, New England, Middle

Atlantic and Pacific states can-
not grow it, it belongs to the
South by climatic reasons.

But cotton is made the only
crop. Almost everything the
farmer uses is purchased with
money obtained from the sale of
cotton. This makes a trans-
cendent demand. So urgent be-
comes demand that it clouds the
judgment. A man can cultivate
four times as much as he can
pick.

Again, cotton growing con-
tinuously depletes the soil.
With every ton of cotton seed
off the farm goes 35 pounds of
nitrogen, 25 pounds of phos-
phorus, and 20 pounds of potash
worth \$30. Cotton is most
severe on nitrogen, this is the
most expensive element.

Stalks and cotton can tell a
better tale than I can. I have
been grabbing at every straw of
information on cotton culture
for the past six years. Plant
the seed in soil that you know
is capable of producing it.
Plant half as much as you ex-
pected to plant. Give it a
thorough cultivation. It is not
the largest crop planted that
gives the largest harvest. It is
not the acreage you want, it is
the bales. Then strive to make
a half bale to the acre if possible.
Prepare your soil thoroughly
regardless of season. R. D. M.

Saddles, Then and Now.

Memphis Journal.

Mr. S. R. Moore's gentle old
black was hitched in front of the
English drag store the other
day, when the reporter and a by-
stander began to talk of the an-
cient-looking saddle that adorned
his back. "Look at that saddle,"
said the by-stander, who was a
horse dealer. "They made good
ones when that was made."

"Yes," said Mr. Moore, who
came out just then, "that's been
a good saddle, and will be a good
one still when I have another
skirt put on this side. I bought
that saddle 30 years ago in Char-
lotte from Henry Houston for \$25."

"Saddles were pretty high
then, weren't they?" Mr. Moore
was asked.

"No, I dunno," was the reply.
"Not so high, I guess, taking
other things into consideration.
The same day I bought this one
from Henry for \$25, I sold him a
yaller bale of cotton for 27 cents
a pound."

Credit Due Mr. Webb.

York, Pa., Gazette.

Hon. E. Y. Webb, a Repre-
sentative in Congress from
North Carolina, deserves credit
for proposing a proposition,
which was offered in the House,
to permit the saloons in Wash-
ington to remain open last
Sunday, for the accommodation
of visitors who might remain in
the city after the inauguration.

Through the efforts of Mr. Webb
who protested "is the name of
all that is good and true in
Christian civilization, and in
behalf of eighty millions of peo-
ple," the movement was not
only defeated, but a counter
proposition was adopted which
pledged both houses of Congress
to in no way endorse or sanction
any resolution which would be
interpreted as a declaration to
reverse their determination to
rid forever the capital city of
the greatest nation on earth of
its bars and saloons.

Mecklenburg has 20 rural mail
routes and is now at work on
the thirtieth.