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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1905.

NO. 65.

THE Citizens National Bank OF GASTONIA

CAPITAL - - - - - \$50,000

Shrewd business men appreciate the progressive conservatism which governs all the transactions of this bank, insuring ABSOLUTELY SAFE BANKING.

Table with two columns: OFFICERS and DIRECTORS. Lists names like R. P. Rankin, C. N. Evans, A. G. Myers, R. P. Rankin, C. N. Evans, J. M. Sloan, J. A. Glenn, R. R. Haynes.

Your Business Respectfully Solicited.

STRAINED RELATIONS.

Curious Complications Over Crazy Man.

Statesville Landmark.

The relations between North and South Carolina are becoming a trifle strained. Some years ago John A. Leonard, a native of Davidson county, this State, located in South Carolina and married there. Soon after he lost his mind—whether marrying in South Carolina or living there is responsible for this is not stated—and was for eight years confined in the insane asylum at Columbia. Last year Leonard's father secured his release on the express agreement, it is said, that he would take his son to his home in North Carolina and take care of him, at the same time being warned that he could not return him to the asylum at Columbia. After living in Davidson county for a time Leonard became troublesome and was taken to the State hospital at Morganton. After he had been there for a time his status was discovered and the hospital authorities, on the advice of the Attorney General, decided that he belonged to South Carolina, but the South Carolina authorities refused to receive him. Leonard was sent back to Davidson county and this week the Davidson authorities sent him to Anderson county, S. C., in charge of the sheriff. The Anderson authorities refused to receive him and the Davidson sheriff walked off and left him. Some of the Anderson people gave Leonard money to pay his way to Pelzer, S. C., his old home, and it is supposed he went there.

The Anderson county sheriff phoned the authorities at Columbia and his action in declining to receive Leonard was approved. The superintendent of the asylum at Columbia is quoted as saying he thinks the time has come to fight; that they don't propose to let North Carolina or any other State run over them. At the present, however, North Carolina seems to have the best of the case. We have succeeded in putting Leonard on the South Carolina folks—if he will only stay there.

We hope that it may not be necessary to sever diplomatic relations with our sister State, or call out the militia, but in the present strained relations if the Governor of North Carolina was to meet the Governor of South Carolina we doubt whether the latter would even offer him a drink of the dispensary concoction.

Meantime we nominate Capt. J. W. Copeland, of Statesville, who is a South Carolinian—provided he hasn't formed or expressed an opinion on the merits of this particular case—to go to South Carolina and see if he can't negotiate a treaty of peace.

Compliment Gone Wrong.

Detroit Tribune.

Muggins had just been introduced to a bride of six weeks at a social gathering and after a remark about the weather he said, gallantly:

"And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Mrs. Smythe, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Muggins," the lady replied. "The beautiful Mrs. Smythe to whom you refer is the wife of my husband's cousin."

"Ah, I see," rejoined Muggins. "I thought there must be a mistake somewhere."

Rev. Egbert Watson Smith, of Greensboro, N. C., has been called to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian church of Louisville, Ky.

OBSCURITY OF LEGAL TERMS.

One Judge Who Talks in Plain English From the Bench.

Charlotte News and Courier.

The lay mind is frequently hopelessly perplexed by legal terminology. Documents that come from our courts are often so loaded down with technical phrases, indulge so freely in tautology, and so greatly abound in expressions of obscure meaning that the uninitiated person finds himself often adrift upon a sea of ideas wholly uncharted by his own vocabulary.

Some such reflection has presented itself to us on many former occasions, but it never came more incisively than it did yesterday when reading one of the concluding paragraphs in Judge Brawley's decision in the Laurens Cotton Mill case. Referring to Mr. Lucas, the learned court said among other things: "That for which he is to be condemned is that having invited a contest for the control of the mill, which all the rules of the game required to be fairly played, he has won it by having an injunction up his sleeve."

It is impossible for one not profoundly versed in the intricacies of the law to gather the full import of these allusions. It is of course plain to us, as it is doubtless to others, that a criticism of Mr. Lucas is imbedded in the sentence we have quoted. We are not informed whether it is actual statutory offense to sit into "the game" for the control of a mill with an injunction "up your sleeve." It may be that it is merely something that the common law, which was evolved from usage among all classes and conditions of men, frowns upon. But these and other kindred inquiries are naturally raised in the minds of the uninformed by the employment of a terminology which is strictly professional.

It is inevitable, we suppose, that every cult should have a vernacular of its own. The verbiage of the bench and bar is doubtless no more peculiar in this respect than is that of the followers of other callings; but dealing intimately with affairs of general concern it must be admitted that its obscurities are to be the more keenly regretted.

As we said before, we are not entirely certain of the character or of the grievousness of Mr. Lucas' offense, but we sincerely trust that it has not rendered him liable to fine, imprisonment, or both.

The Old Waxhaw Cemetery.

Charlotte News.

Rev. G. A. Sparrow, a Presbyterian minister of Gaston county, N. C., was in the city a short while yesterday morning. He has been conducting a meeting at the old Waxhaw Presbyterian church in Lancaster county. Mr. Sparrow says that the old grave yard at that place is the most interesting he ever visited. People were buried there in the 18th century, as the inscriptions on the grave stones show. Right in that neighborhood is where General Andrew Jackson spent his early days, and the ashes of his father are said to be resting in the old church yard there, although the grave bears no mark.

Torrence Montgomery stabbed Alex Torrence, a check clerk in the Southern Railroad office at Salisbury, Wednesday afternoon in the side, and the condition of the wounded man is precarious. The knife entered the ribs of Mr. Torrence and went full length into his body. Montgomery, who is a mere lad, was arrested and is held for the dead.

MEN OF THE ZIEGLER EXPEDITION RESCUED.

Ship Crushed in Ice—Work Done as Planned.

Raleigh News and Observer.

Henningsvaag, Norway, Aug. 10.—The Arctic steamer Terra Nova, which went to the relief of the Fiala-Ziegler polar expedition, has rescued Anthony Fiala and all the others connected with the expedition, with the exception of one Norwegian seaman, who died from natural causes. The ship America, which took out the expedition, was crushed in the ice early in the winter, 1903-1904, and lost with a large part of her coal and provisions.

The thirty-seven members of the expedition who returned to safety are all in good health, despite their deprivations and trying experiences and their prolonged imprisonment in the Arctic regions, the expedition having been severed from all communication with the outside world since July, 1903.

Anthony Fiala, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the leader of the expedition, in a brief statement, says: "The rescue was most timely. Supplies of stores left at Frans Josef Land by various relief parties saved us very serious privations.

"Three attempts to reach a high latitude failed. The scientific work, however, as planned, was successfully carried out."

MONUMENT TO A SCHOOL MASTER.

A Good Man Who Never Cared to be Great.

Laurinburg's correspondent to the Charlotte Observer writes: One of the biggest days (July 27th) that the "baby county" or the territory which it embraces has ever had was this. It might truly be said, perhaps, that it has been a remarkable day for the State at large.

William Graham Quackenbush, who died March 9, 1903, held never any political office; he was a poor man. He was nothing but a schoolmaster. Yet there were men here from States as far distant as Texas to attend the unveiling of a monument to his memory—men who had received the direction of their lives from him. There was little other talk on the crowded streets of the town except of him. "He was the greatest man I ever knew," said his intimates. There was nobody who did not have a tender word in recollection of him. Quackenbush, the great, good man who never cared to seem or be called great.

Rev. E. L. Kesler of Morganton preached the sermon.

He said that he had been invited to preach a sermon, but a sermon was not the demand. A eulogy should be pronounced of those who need, not of those who deserve it. He had no name for the things he should say but he founded them on Isaiah 32:2 beginning, "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind," and ending, "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

As he stood before those people, whom he knew so well, he missed one face, he said, that had never been absent—a great strong face, with a deep of inspiration. There was only one qualification he possessed for this privilege of speech: "I loved W. G. Quackenbush." It never occurred to him to ask whether Quackenbush loved him—Quackenbush, the man who combined in his life, as did Isaiah, patriotism and religion.

He made a beautiful thing of the figure of the text: the desert, the thirsty, weary caravans, the great rock and its shadow. Such had been Quackenbush to the men of his chosen community.

The Raleigh News and Observer of the 11th says: General James D. Glenn, private secretary to his brother, Governor R. B. Glenn, is ill as the result of an apoplectic stroke at Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va., yesterday. The information that General Glenn has suffered a stroke of apoplexy came to Governor Glenn yesterday afternoon shortly before train time in a telegram from Mr. C. M. Busbee, who is there, the telegram simply saying that General Glenn had suffered a stroke of apoplexy. Governor Glenn left on the afternoon train, Col. Benehan Cameron going with him. The schedule is so that last night he had to drive eight miles across the country to get to the springs. How severe the attack is was not telegraphed, but this is the third attack General Glenn has suffered.

COLLAPSE OF A GOLD MINE SCHEME.

The Concern Exploited by W. P. Fife Turns out a Gold Brick.

Charlotte Observer, 11th.

It will doubtless interest a great many Charlotte people, as well as hundreds all over the State, to learn that the famous Great Western Gold Company, the mining enterprise promoted so extensively by W. P. Fife about two years ago, has become involved in legal complications.

The Chronicle learns to-day that suit has been filed in the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis asking for the appointment of a receiver for the concern, which has its headquarters there. The complaint filed alleges that the mining property now owned by the Great Western Gold Company was purchased for \$15,000 and made the basis of a capitalization of \$12,000,000, and further that several times that amount of stock has been sold. The plaintiffs ask further for an injunction to restrain the company from disposing of any of its assets or property.

If the allegations set forth in the complaint are true it probably means the sudden and inglorious end of the venture exploited so extensively in Charlotte and North Carolina. No estimate could be secured to-day of the amount of stock held in Charlotte, but it is known that a number of business men and some prominent professional men here hold certificates of stock, and that some of them are interested in the future of the Great Western Gold Company to the extent of several hundred dollars. A list of stockholders would make "mighty interesting" reading, but for obvious reasons is not given.

Col. Fife used page, after page of advertising space in North Carolina dailies, setting forth alluringly the prospects of the undeveloped riches of the Great Western mines, and the stock was taken up about as fast as the promoters could serve the certificates.

Col. Fife is said to be in Portland, Oregon, at present attending the exposition, but the Charlotte stockholders of his mining venture are confidently expecting some tidings of him by letter or otherwise in a few days. What they are anxious to know is whether the certificates they have been carefully nursing are worth what they paid to secure them or whether they are valueless bits of paper.

Don't for Boys and Girls.

Rock Hill Herald.

Don't flaunt your worldly possessions and social prestige before poor children who are forced to live humbly. Remember that they would occupy better positions were it in their power to do so.

Don't laugh at the misfortunes of others, nor turn to ridicule another child's stupidity. Dullness of intellect is a curse of birth and the child so handicapped should rouse your deepest sympathy and receive from you any assistance it is possible for you to render.

Don't make light of another's disgracements. The child who must go through life with a harelip or crossed eyes is truly an object to solicit our pity.

Don't destroy life wantonly. Kill no harmless bird, insect, or animal for the mere pleasure (?) of taking life. Cruel boys and girls are disliked by their fellows, and grow up to be unsuccessful men and women.

Don't mistake arrogance of manner and loudness of speech for ease and independence. Those who thrust themselves on the attention of the public belong to the vulgar.

Don't think it smart to "show off." That sort of conduct is excusable only in the monkey.

Don't think you know more than your elders. They have gone over the same road you are now traveling and know all its pitfalls.

Capt. William F. Brown, one of the oldest citizens of Mecklenburg county, passed away at his home in Steele Creek township Sunday night.

A Royston, Ga., special says Mrs. W. H. Cobb, who shot and instantly killed her husband, ex-Senator Cobb, of Georgia, Tuesday night of last week was arrested at noon Friday. Her bond was fixed at \$7,000. The bond will be made. No further investigation will be made until the Superior court meets in September. The first reports given out stated that Mrs. Cobb shot her husband thinking he was a burglar.

A CREDIT TO HIS PROFESSION.

No Obstacles Balked This Doctor in the Performance of His Duty.

Salt Lake Herald.

Dr. Richards, of Thermopolis, Wyo., is a credit to his profession. The doctor, so far as we know, has not discovered any new methods of coping with disease; he is not known, perhaps, beyond a limited circle of friends and acquaintances. Yet Dr. Richards has earned the respect and esteem of all to whom these presents may come. We wish him long life and wide celebrity.

The other day Dr. Richards received a telephone message stating that several men had been injured in an explosion in the Kirwin gold mine near Meeteetse, 100 miles away. He was asked if he could come and do what he could to relieve the suffering of the wounded. His response was instant. "I am coming as quickly as I can get there," he said.

The road from Thermopolis to Meeteetse is not paved with asphalt. It winds through rugged hills and in many places is but a half-broken trail. Ordinarily it takes about two days to drive or ride from Thermopolis to Meeteetse. Dr. Richards did it in less than eleven hours. If he had consulted his own comfort he would have gone slowly or not at all. He would not have ridden at breakneck speed along the rough trail, dismounting from a jaded horse at times to mount a fresh one. But men were suffering, perhaps dying for lack of medical or surgical aid that only Dr. Richards could give, and he knew it.

Happily he arrived in time to relieve the distress that occasioned his ride against death. We hasten to pay our tribute of respect to Dr. Richards. He is a man among men. He will say he only did his plain duty, but there are doctors who would not have gone to Meeteetse. Fortunately, though, they are few. As we have heretofore had occasion to remark, no profession contains as many self-sacrificing men as the medical profession, none contains as many men who count personal sacrifice, bodily discomfort, danger to themselves as of little importance when weighed in the balance with the suffering of others.

Dr. Richards is not an exception. Rather is he a type of his profession. Right well has he proven his right to a place in the great army of medical men.

Cow Versus Diamonds.

Monroe Investigator.

A young lady walking along an Ashwell street last Monday lost diamonds valued at \$1,200 which she had in a jewel box. Right serious loss, doubtless for the young lady, but some how or other the hearing for the loss of diamonds does not cause that feeling of sympathy that arises when one hears of the loss of some poor fellow's milk cow or plow mule.

Attacked by a Snake.

The Monroe Enquirer is responsible for this snake story which, coming as it does from a dry town, is really remarkable: A stranger was walking along West Franklin street last Monday afternoon when a good sized king snake, which was lying in the weeds on the sidewalk, struck at him and fastened his fangs in the man's pant leg. The man yelled lustily and Mr. Roscoe Phifer, who was sitting on his porch, ran out and killed the snake. The snake's fangs went through the cloth, but did not penetrate the skin. The snake's fangs evidently struck in the cloth like a fish hook does and it could not let go. That was a narrow escape in a dry town.

The name of Frank Leslie's Monthly Magazine has been changed to the American Illustrated Magazine, the Leslies having no further interests. It was thought best to change the name to one that more nearly represented its purpose and achievement.

President Vann, of the Raleigh Baptist University for Women, says plans are in preparation for a large music hall there, to seat at least 2,000 persons. In order to locate this additional property will have to be bought. The university does not own the entire block, but only part of it, where its buildings now stand, and it really ought to have the entire block. The laundry is to be built on the present property. Last term there were 354 students.

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD OR EXCHANGED.

If you have anything in the above line you desire to convert into cash or wish a change in location the sooner you get in communication with us the better. We spend a large amount of money in placing property before the public. Our advertisements are read with interest by thousands of people at home and abroad, north, south, east and west. Some people imagine they can buy or sell property as well as a broker who is constantly studying and working the business, but if they would only think for a moment they would see they are entirely mistaken. We are in communication with thousands of interested parties by letters and advertising, while persons not in the business are not thought of in this line. If you are sick you don't send for a blacksmith, but for a doctor. Use the same common sense if you expect to make or save money out of Real Estate transactions. Place your property and propositions in the hands of an expert Broker, who with your judicious assistance can save you time, trouble and money. It costs you nothing to list unless sales are made, what can be fairer than this? We endeavor to have copies of advertisements mailed to all clients when their property is advertised by different publications. This month we are advertising in the Cotton Growers Association, of Atlanta, which is to have a circulation of 250,000 and cover 11 or more states and territories, the Columbia State, Charlotte Evening Chronicle, Daily Observer, Tri-Weekly, Farm Loans and City Bonds of Chicago. Then we advertise in numbers of other publications and county papers such as this where we have property for sale. Thus you notice we place our offerings before the public extensively. If you are interested call on our local soliciting agent, Mr. L. F. Groves of your city who will take pleasure in listing your property or in showing you any thing we have to offer. Be sure and bid what anything on our list is worth to you and if there is any possible chance to get buyer and seller together it is our business and interest to do so.

READ THIS FOR MONEY-MAKING:

- 1. 7 acre lot on Franklin avenue, Gastonia, N. C., 3 room house, good orchard, good neighborhood, 3 blocks from center of town, can be cut up to advantage for residence lots; population of town 6000 to 7000.
2. 6 room dwelling on Franklin Avenue, Gastonia, N. C., good barn, carriage house, good well of water, nice orchard, good neighborhood, size of lot 70x200. Price on application at this office.
3. Two story house on York street, Gastonia, N. C., 6 rooms, 10 foot hall, lot 150x300, good neighborhood, near center of town, good barn and lumber house, good well, fine garden. A bargain, \$2,500.
4. House and lot in the town of Gastonia, N. C., 6 room house, 1 acre in lot, good orchard, good barn and lumber house, good well water and well house. Price \$1,600 cash, or will exchange for farmland near town.
5. 12 1/2 acres of land on Dallas macadam road just outside the corporate limits of one of the best towns in the State of North Carolina (Gastonia) about 30 acres timber, balance cleared. Fine for farming or trucking purposes, good orchard, 2 story house on macadam road, big barn, 25 acres under pasture, wire fence, a fine site for cotton mill or suburban homes. Price on application, at this office.
6. 128 acres land, 3 miles from Lowell, N. C., 6 miles from Gastonia, 85 acres in cultivation, 50 acres timber land, level, 10 room house, good well, large barn, good orchard, good neighborhood 1/2 mile from church, 1/4 mile school, soil adapted to corn, cotton, wheat, and oats. Will sell this ideal plantation at a bargain or exchange for town property. Write this office for further particulars.
7. 306 acres of land in Gaston county, N. C., 6 miles from Gastonia, 3 1/2 miles from Bowling Green, S. C., 100 acres timber, 200 acres cleared, 2 miles of good school and churches, good neighborhood, some good branch bottoms, good orchard good 4-room house, 2 tenant houses, good barn and pasture, soil red and sandy, all clay subsoil; will sell in 2 tracts 192 and 113 acres or all together. Price on application.

Apply to my office, or my nearest Soliciting Agent, for any further information or assistance, as we are constantly getting in better shape to serve the country. The more property we have on our list the better the chances are to serve buyers and sellers. The outlook for real estate is very promising. The country is in a prosperous condition, the population is increasing; manufacturing industries are being developed; the country is learning better how to till the soil, and electricity is being generated to turn the wheels of progress. We need more paint and whitewash to show there is life in the land. Good Roads and Schools are essential.

This office pays for information that results in business.

J. EDGAR POAG, Broker

ROCK HILL, S. C.

"Cuts the Earth to Suit Your Taste."

All Over.
Columbus Dispatch.
"None more will I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes the hour of 8."
"Gracious, Jeanette!"
"And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again."
"You don't mean it?"
"I do, and furthermore he will never sit on this sofa three nights a week and call me pet names as he has been doing for two years."
"I am astonished."
"and to-night I am going to burn all the old letters in my trunk."
"Discard him?" Why, you goose, I am going to marry him!"
Frank Moore, the young Raleigh man in Wake county jail charged with complicity in destroying the Standard Oil Company's warehouse, wondering night watchman Strickland and robbing the safe, has been remanded to jail without bail. The News and Observer says the case is growing more serious for Moore. Besides his confession implicating himself and others in the Standard Oil fire, the murder and robbery, he has confessed to having been one of the several, whose names he has stated, Burch, Williams and Jones, who attempted a bold robbery at the office of the Southern Express Company in Raleigh three years ago. He gives the details of this attempt, how the men entered the building, dynamited the safe, and being frightened by the terrific reports of the explosion, ran away.

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