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With ample capital and Northern connections we are prepared at all times to extend our customers any amount of accommodation desired at the legal rate of interest, 6%. We never charge customers carrying balances with us above this rate. Our customers are accorded every courtesy and accommodation that sound banking will permit.

Your business is respectfully invited.

A. G. MYERS, Cashier

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## YORK AND YORKVILLE.

## What's Doing Among our Neighbors Just Across the Line.

Yorkville Journal.

News was received here yesterday of the death of Mr. Albert Robinson, which occurred at Lockhart on Sunday.

The condition of Capt. E. A. Crawford which was quite critical on Friday and Saturday has since been showing signs of improvement. There is now reason to hope that the captain will be able to be up again within a few days.

Catawba river is said to be lower right now than has been known previously during several years. Ordinarily the water runs over the dam of the Catawba Power company in a stiff stream; but at this time it lacks several feet of filling the dam to the top.

Mr. John F. Youngblood, who has been with Mr. W. H. Herndon for several years past and who has the reputation of being a first-class salesman, goes with the Thomson Company after today. His brother, Mr. Ches Youngblood takes his old position at Mr. Herndon's.

In the opinion of local cotton dealers there is not a very strong disposition on the part of producers to hold for 11 cents. As a general thing, especially in the case of cotton producers who have obligations at the stores, cotton is being marketed as rapidly as it can be picked. Many of the larger planters are holding for 11 cents and over; but taken all in all the feeling that 10 cents is a good price is quite pronounced. The yield this year is smaller than last year and not up to the expectations of a month or six weeks ago.

As the result of the failure of Yorkville to secure the location of the Presbyterian college, people who promoted that enterprise have been casting about for some other practicable plan to make use of the King's Mountain Military school property which was the basis of the Yorkville offer and several suggestions have been offered. These suggestions, however, are merely in the nature of individual expressions. There has been no organized movement in regard to the matter and there is no certainty that there will be anything further about the matter.

In the case of Ralph N. Adams plaintiff vs. Robert E. Adams, et al., defendants, Clerk of the Court Tate on yesterday sold a tract of 112 acres in King's Mountain township, bounded by King's Mountain road, and lands of McMackin, Falls and others, for \$18 an acre.

The September receipts of cotton have been larger this year than during any previous year within the recollection of any of the local buyers. During the month ending last Saturday more than 2,000 bales were purchased from wagons.

Mr. T. J. Thomasson is one of the most successful sweet potato raisers on route one. He does not go in as heavily for acreage perhaps as some; but he certainly gets there in the matter of yield. He has about half an acre of what he calls the Hayti, or 40 day potato, and the yield is tremendous. A day or two ago he took out some specimens that weighed six pounds each and were 23 inches in circumference.

## Big Blacksnake Gets Wrong Kind of Egg.

Winchester (Va.) Star.

Mrs. M. H. Trenary, of near Boyce, a thrifty housewife, has quite a number of chickens and takes delight in gathering the eggs laid by her hens, but recently has been somewhat disappointed by the apparent disregard of the hens for her wishes that they lay more eggs.

However, she took a walnut and sewing a white rag around it, placed it in the nest for a "nest egg." Yesterday morning when Mrs. Trenary went out to gather in the eggs she was frightened by the appearance of a great, big blacksnake coiled up in the nest.

Her son, Wheatley, ran to the place in response to her cries, and struck the reptile with a hoe, only to find that it was already dead. It was eight and a half feet in length, and measured six inches around the thickest part. A big lump in its throat led them to believe an egg was lodged there, but upon investigation it was found that the snake had swallowed the "nest egg" and choked to death. The reptile had been the thief that had been robbing the nests.

## How the Ku Klux Klan Went out of Existence.

Thirty-five picked men, mounted, armed, and in full Ku Klux regalia for both horses and men, were selected for the ceremony, and ordered to boldly parade through the streets of Nashville, writes the Rev. Thomas Dixon in the Metropolitan. The capitol was still in charge of 3,000 reconstruction militia and 200 metropolitan police who had sworn to take every Ku Klux Klansman dead or alive who dared to show himself abroad.

On the night appointed the squadron of thirty-five white and scarlet horsemen moved out of the woods and bore down upon the city. The streets were soon crowded with people watching the strange procession of ghostlike figures. On the principal streets the police blew their whistles and darted here and there in great excitement, but made no move to stop the dare-devil paraders. On they rode up the hill and passed the capitol, round which the campfires of a thousand soldiers burned brightly, and not a hand was lifted against them.

They turned south into High street and ladies began to wave their handkerchiefs from windows and men to shout and cheer from the sidewalks. The scalawag police received these shouts with suppressed oaths. At last they began to summon citizens to aid in the arrest of the clansmen. The citizens laughed at them.

On reaching Broad street young Morton, who rode at the head of the squadron, observed a line of police drawn across the street with the evident intention of attempting to stop or arrest the riders. Turning to Mart N. Brown, gallant clansman, who rode by his side, Morton said: "What shall we do, Mart?"

"Turn into Vine street," he quickly answered, "pass around them."

"No—ride straight through them without a change of gait!" was Morton's order.

And they did. The astonished police, dumfounded at the insolence of the raiders, opened their lines and the horsemen rode slowly through without a word. They passed a large frame building used as a carpet-bag militia armory. It was full of negroes. Morton halted his line of white figures, drew them up at dress parade, rode up to the door and knocked. The negroes rushed to the doors and windows, and when they saw in the bright moonlight the grim figures, they forgot the police and the 3,000 soldiers guarding Nashville. They made a unanimous break for the rear, and went out through every opening without knowledge of any obstruction. Many of them wore window sash home for collars.

The clansmen silently wheeled again into double column and rode toward their old rendezvous. They had overthrown the carpet-bag negro regime and restored civilization. Their last act was a warning. A handful of their men boldly slapped the face of the hostile authorities before the new administration entered upon its work, and dared them lift a hand again.

Outside the city they entered the shadows of a forest. Down its dim cathedral aisles, lit by trembling threads of moonbeams, the white horsemen slowly wound their way to their appointed place. For the last time the chaplain led in prayer, the men dismounted, drew from each horse his white mantle, opened a grave and solemnly buried their regalia, sprinkling the folds with the ashes of the copy of their burned ritual. In this weird ceremony thus ended the most remarkable revolution of history.

## An Iredell Tree.

Stateville Mass.

Mr. William Brawley was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday, and was telling of a large poplar tree in Shiloh township, on the farm of Mrs. Becky Conner. Mr. Brawley said he had measured the tree and that it was thirty-two feet in circumference, and had twelve limbs on it that were over fifteen inches in diameter. The tree is over a hundred years old and was topped just about a hundred years ago. Mr. Brawley says that when the tree was in its prime it would shade near an acre of ground, and that some of the limbs are a hundred feet long. Lightning has struck it several times, yet it stands as a monument in the forest. This is indeed a large tree, and though there may be larger in this section, we do not just recall them to mind.

## EAST GASTON.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

East Gaston, Oct. 2.—Rev. E. N. Crowder, the much admired Methodist minister of Mount Holly, drove up to Open View and took dinner with his friend, Col. Abernethy, last Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. E. C. Boyte, Miss Violet Holland, Miss Mamie Dunn and Mr. Willis Holland, four of Mount Holly's best people took a horse-back ride up through East Gaston and beyond Open View one day last week.

The chain gang force is putting down rock on Open View farms now, and have been for a week. They are making good progress and building a most excellent road.

Mr. George Casler, one of the best and best looking young men that ever lived in East Gaston, has gone to Catawba county for his sister, Miss Essie, who has been visiting her sister, Mr. B. L. Finger.

There is a lot of cotton to pick in East Gaston now, and farmers are down at it for all they are worth, and in a few weeks they will darken their fields to a large extent.

The three daughters of Mr. J. M. McIntosh of Lucia, who have been sick some time, are glad to say are improving, and we hope they will soon be well.

Mrs. Samuel Black, the good wife of Mr. S. H. Black of Lucia, has taken sick after having waited on her husband who has been sick for quite a while.

Mr. Frank Davis, of Dallas, with his handsome wife were over in East Gaston one day last week and stopped a while at Open View.

Some men think because they hold an office that they are lords over all things, but they will soon be laid out to hustle for a living like some of the people they now try to run over.

Dr. Adam Fisher a Veterinary Surgeon of Charlotte, was in East Gaston a few days ago on his rounds looking after sick horses that he has in charge.

Ruben Abernethy is going to school at Mount Holly, having started last Monday. He likes his teacher and the school very well.

Mr. I. C. Lowe brought in a fine drove of mules and horses last Monday. He is one of the horse flesh dealers of East Lincoln county.

Mr. A. U. Stroup took his wife over to her father's in Mecklenburg last Sunday. Mr. Stroup is a worthy citizen of Lucia.

The public schools will soon open up, and we hope will all do well. We trust that the committees will be able to secure good teachers, those that love their profession and will do justice to their pupils and country instead of just putting in the time for the money that is in it. We hope that no committee man will select a teacher on account of location or friendship but that they will select them for their individual worth, and above all we hope they will get teachers with good manners so that they may be able to teach the younger generation how to be prudent and good mannered as well as to educate them in books. A teacher with bad habits is a dangerous animal in a school.

We notice in the papers where superintendents and guards are being prosecuted in some counties for their mistreatment of convicts. This is right, and where grounds for suspicions of this kind are discovered there should be an investigating committee appointed to look into the matter. Upon careful reading it will be discovered that our Judges seem inclined to give every violator of the law the opportunity to pay up instead of going to the chain-gangs. This has been brought about by those in charge of such institutions being so cruel. It is bad enough for a man to be bound in chains and have to do hard work, and this he should be made to, but there is no excuse for his having to be unreasonably mistreated and abused, and if this abuse does not stop, the probability is that sooner or later the chain-gangs will have to go. Our judges are men of ability and feeling and we don't believe they will long send men to places to be treated worse than a man would treat his dog.

Mr. James A. Tate, the efficient and clever manager of the Mtn. Island Cotton mills, went up to Open View last Saturday to look over a new kind of cotton that Col. Abernethy has raised this year and is experimenting on. Mr. Tate was of the opinion that it was all right and that it would be well to continue to grow it next year.

Open View farms has been

## Complete Readiness

Our opening of fall styles in  
Millinery, Dress Goods, and  
other Ladies' Furnishings is  
in full swing to-day. We an-  
nounce with pleasure our full  
readiness to serve our patrons  
and public. :: :: Everybody  
invited; everybody welcome.

Jas. F. Yeager

## Four Car-Loads

By Next Wednesday, the 11th

We expect to have more than fifty head of good Tennessee horses, mares and mules. Among them will be some extra nice pairs of both mules and horses.

And by that date we will have received also two car-loads of unbroken mares and horses from the west. The mares will be good size, sound and young—just the kind for the farmers to raise from. You can buy one of these animals cheap and break her to your own notion and save money.

Come and see our stock and if you want anything we believe you can be suited both in stock and price.

Don't forget we promise to show you more than one hundred head of stock in our stable at one time. This alone will be well worth your trouble to come around.

Watch for next week's advertisement and oblige.

## CRAIG &amp; WILSON

shipping some fine Essex pigs to parties in West Virginia and expects to ship several more in a few days.

Miss Maggie Ervin, of Charlotte, is visiting her friend, Miss Ella Abernethy in East Gaston.

## The Autumn Girl.

Asheville Citizen.

The turning of the leaves into the "scar and yellow" reminds us forcibly of the fact that the fading of summer into autumn will bring with it a number of changes vitally interesting to the male portion of the race, but still more interesting to the world of femininity. To mere men the approach of the fall season means coal bills, the raking of dead leaves and divers other things equally prosaic and disagreeable. But in the ranks of the fair sex there is a further edicts shall go forth out of Paris and London to regulate the world of fashion.

Yes, the autumn girl is headed this way. Soon she will rally forth in all her glory of violet and lavender, her gorgeous ostrich plumes waving in the breezes which kiss her cheeks. Soon the cozy corner in the half light of the grate will assume its erstwhile charm, and the florist's bill will cruelly remind the male biped that the flowers no longer bloom by the roadside. The violinist will soon draw his bow across the strings for the tripping of the light fantastic and the Puritans will get busy with their tales of woe. Soon the moths of society will be mixing ice cream, cake and fudge into one conglomerate mass and will swallow it all, to wonder "the morning after" why they are troubled with all the ills that the flesh is heir to. But it's worth while, for the gorgeously arrayed silens of the autumn are about to follow the entrancing visions in white which have whiled away the summer for the masculine world. She is coming clad, not in the breezy garb of the bested term, but in the heavier cloth and tailor

made suit of the fall; she is coming with the dead leaves and the big coal bills, but what will that matter? No one would be without her, were her advent ten times more costly, for she is one of the charms in this great America of ours. The flowers may wither before winter's breath, the grass may die, and the perfumes of summer fade into memory, but the autumn girl must come. She has the right of way and the signals are in her favor.

The State Superintendent announces receipts from Peabody Fund for public schools \$2,000, colored normals, \$1600, Greensboro, \$1,000, summer schools, \$2,000. Disbursed for public schools \$21,000, colored normals \$750, summer schools, for whites, \$1167.

5000 TELEGRAPHERS  
NEEDED

Annually, in all new positions created by Railroads, the U. S. Government requires that the men and women of good habits to

LEARN TELEGRAPHY  
AND R. R. ACCOUNTING

We furnish 75 per cent of the Operators and Station Agents in America. Our six schools are the best equipped, best instructed in the world. We guarantee to secure positions for all leading Railroads.

We employ a \$2500 fund to every student who graduates in a month in telegraphing from 12 to 15 words a minute, from 875 to 1100 a month for 6 months. The students, immediately upon graduation,

may enter at any time. No tuition. We will pay the expenses of traveling and of the school while in direct communication with the U. S. Department of Commerce.

THE MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY,  
Charlotte, N. C.      Buffalo, N. Y.  
Atlanta, Ga.      New York, N. Y.  
Trenton, N. J.      San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield  
OF CHARLOTTE

will be in Gastonia at the Falls House on Sat., October 8th., for the purpose of treating diseases of the Lungs, Heart, Nose and Throat and Piles, Glands.

The Doctor can be seen in his Charlotte office in the First Building on every Monday and Tuesday. Also on Sunday by emergency cases.

## A PROGRESSIVE STOCKMAN.

A Visit to a Stock Farm—And There Should be Ten Thousand Like It in Our Territory.

W. D. Trotman of Iredell county in Progressive Farmer.

Yesterday I wandered around some in the foothills of the mountains and found there an ideal spot: a restful shady place where one could get some slices of bread and butter and a glass of icy rich milk.

This was upon the stock farm of Mr. R. C. Shuford. (Good-natured Bob the neighbors call him.) His farms nestle back upon a pretty stream of water where the screech of the mill-whistle and railroad trains do not disturb his morning nap. Mr. Shuford is a breeder of Jersey cattle and Berkshire pigs. He is a careful, painstaking, conscientious man and devotes every bit of time and talent, brain and muscle, to the improvement of his already fine herd of cattle and swine.

There is in his herd some of the finest blood procurable. His barns and silos are of the most approved style and in his silos are packed more than enough ensilage to winter a hundred head of stock. His pasture lots stretch out in different directions and over these are scattered those pretty mild-eyed Jerseys with their patrician bearing, and pedigrees as long as your arm. The pedigrees do not seem to worry them as they browse about on the succulent grass or stand contentedly in the streams ever and anon flicking a fly from their sides. Did you ever notice that a well-bred animal is in many respects much like a well-bred person? There is a genteel simplicity about them that separates them from the common herd.

The dairy is built on a green undulating slope. The first story is of rocks built rustic fashion. Around the upper side of this runs a silvery stream of water which pours over a water wheel from which the power is obtained to operate the separators, churn and butter working machines. Ordinarily speaking, there is very little poetry in churning, but here with the musical cadence of the water gurgling over the wheel and with the white-capped, white-aproned ladies with the bloom of perfect health on their cheeks, busily moulding the golden butter into prints, and singing merrily the while—well, that's poetry among the classics.

Mr. Shuford is a very busy man and has many details to look after in the management of the growing crops, the care of the live stock, and the sale and shipment of both the products of the dairy and breeding animals; but his business is methodical and well regulated, hence he has ample time for the enjoyment of the good things around him. His local reputation sells the greater part of his products and a modest little ad. in the Progressive Farmer moves all the surplus.

The greatest attraction, however, on this farm is a youngster of four with nut-brown curls a foot long, which flow luxuriantly down over the shoulders and apron of the tiny blue overalls. He is a great example of what Jersey milk and Berkshire ham gravy will do; but 'tis extremely doubtful if your Cousin George will ever be able, with all his fine stock, to produce an heir to Biltmore which will anything like equal this mountain banner's pride.

Mr. S. T. Wilfong, one of the most prominent citizens of Catawba county, was buried at Newton Monday.

## ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN AFFAIR

The Two Husbands Arrange Things Amicably and Part Like Two Chums.

Pineville Cor. Charlotte Chronicle.

Our village was the scene of some excitement last week occasioned by the coming to life of a certain Mr. Thornhill, who was supposed to have died years ago. It appears that Mr. Thornhill married a girl, who lived in Greenville, S. C., who came to Pineville about three years ago, and obtained work in Dover Mill. Mrs. Thornhill, who is decidedly a good looking woman, said that she was a widow, and she and her little daughter, Lois, pursued the even tenor of their way until a man, a Mr. Strickland, appeared on the scene. Mr. Strickland succumbed to the charms of the fair widow, and they were duly married. Happiness, apparently "perched on their banner," and all was going on well until husband No. 1 quietly and unannounced, walked in. Mr. Thornhill was well dressed, and real nice looking, and behaved as lamb-like as could be desired. He said he only wanted his little daughter, Lois, who is a remarkably bright little girl, and it appears that there was no objection to this wish. The two husbands walked up the street as amiably as two old chums, and Mr. Strickland purchased Lois a nice pair of shoes, and, afterwards accompanied Mr. Thornhill and Lois to the depot, shook hands with them, and returned to his home, where his wife and baby awaited him. They decided to seek other fields and pastures new, and shook off the dust of Pineville, as they gave out, to some point in Georgia, so "all's well that ends well," but it was a cool proceeding.

## FIRST FRUITS.

Wadesboro Reaps as She Has Sown.

Wadesboro special News and Observer.

Licenses were granted yesterday to seven persons to retail liquors in the town of Wadesboro, and as a first day's result several young men, sons of those of our citizens who voted for such advancement, were seen staggering on the streets from the influence and direct effect of the granting of said license. One of them was so unfortunate as to get in the lock up.

## Gaston Marshals for Mecklenburg Fair.

Marshals appointed from Gaston county by Mr. D. Hatcher Watkins, chief marshal of the Mecklenburg Fair are:

Gastonia—Fred Smyre, S. A. Robinson, R. A. Love, J. R. Craig, T. N. Kendrick, L. L. Jenkins, T. L. Craig.

Mt. Holly—Walter Rhyne, Henry Rhyne.

Dallas—R. S. Lewis, McAdenville—W. J. Ray, Ed Ray.

Spencer Mtn.—W. T. Love, Lowell—John C. Rankin.

Bessemer City—B. J. Durham.

Stanley—Dr. Tom Quickle.

The Fair will be held October 24-27th.

The Charlotte News says: Ephriam Withers a negro man, died at the Good Samaritan hospital Sunday morning at two o'clock the result of being shot in the leg. The particulars of the shooting are not known except that he was shot near Pineville Friday night, the bullet taking effect in his right leg below the knee.