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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the interests of the County.

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GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1906.

NO. 7.

To all our customers and friends: GREETINGS

The year which is just drawing to a close has been a most successful one with this bank, for which we have to thank our customers and friends who have made this possible.

We hope you have enjoyed a prosperous year, and that we have been of satisfactory service to you in bringing this about.

The Officers and Directors individually and collectively extend to you the Compliments of the Season, hoping that your Christmas may be a Merry one, and that the coming year may bring you increased prosperity and happiness.

Citizens National Bank of Gastonia

IN AGONY SIXTEEN YEARS.

Ossified Man Was Cheered by Cleveland and Depew.

Philadelphia North American.

In the death on Monday night of Charles H. Conrad in the Episcopal Hospital a degree of Spartan courage was revealed in his life story that is almost without parallel in local medical circles. He was the "king of shut-ins," unable to move a muscle save that of his lower jaw.

Following an attack of inflammatory rheumatism sixteen years ago, he was seized with rheumatoid arthritis, or the ossification of the joints of the body. Exceedingly rare, the terrible disease is incurable, and for nearly a score of years Conrad has lain in the hospital facing a death which came not until Monday to relieve him of his suffering.

Conrad, as a member of the German Turn Verein, was giving an athletic exhibition one night, and at the close of it he lingered in a draught to speak with some friends. From the cold contracted in those few minutes his slow death developed.

He was then twenty-one years old and lived with his mother at 1218 Cabot street. In 1904 his case came to the attention of Erwing L. Miller, treasurer of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, and through the latter's influence Conrad was removed to the incurable ward of the Episcopal Hospital. On an ingeniously constructed bed, which gave him rest, even though every touch upon his body brought excruciating pain, he had reclined since then, the pitey of every inmate, nurse, and physician of the big institution.

In spite of all he was cheerful, even optimistic. Ex-President Cleveland, Lieut. Hobson, and Chauncey M. Depew, hearing of his plight, wrote to him at intervals and in their letters the invalid appeared to find the keenest enjoyment.

Conrad's body was a barometer, foretelling every coming change of temperature and atmospheric conditions. His food was chiefly liquid or finely chopped solids. Conrad's funeral services will be held tomorrow noon in the Episcopal Hospital chapel. The body will be cremated.

The Lancaster News says: The friends of Mr. Hazel Witherspoon, whose name is legion, will be greatly relieved and gratified to learn that he is rapidly recovering from the effects of the wounds inflicted by Dr. McDow's bullets in last Saturday's difficulty. Fortunately no unfavorable symptoms have developed and Mr. Witherspoon's ultimate recovery is now almost assured.

The Boone Democrat says the two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon Moretz, of Meat Camp, Watauga county, was scalded to death a few days ago. It was left alone in the room, there was a pot of boiling water on the hearth and in some way the water was overturned on the child with fatal results. Death relieved its suffering in a few hours.

Chester's popular lady photographer, Miss Sallie Kennedy, died at her home last Saturday of pneumonia. The Lantern says: As a photographer she was known throughout this section, her work being first class in every particular. As a business woman she enjoyed the confidence of all, her perfect reliability as well as her abilities as an artist winning for her the popular confidence.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE
A Cream of Tartar Powder,
Free from alum or phosphate
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

CORPSE OF DARGAN FOUND IN GRAVE!

All Suspicion Was Dispelled Regarding Death and Burial of R. K. Dargan Who Suicided Some Months Ago at Darlington.

Darlington, S. C., Jan. 19.—To-day the committee appointed to open the grave of R. K. Dargan, to find if his body was there, or if the story of his suicide and burial was a fake, cut through the cement and coffin and found the body there.

Every suspicion was dispelled for the investigation proved satisfactory to both the committee of investigation and the representatives of the insurance companies in which the dead man had been insured.

Mr. F. W. Calkin, representative of the Fidelity Insurance Company was present at the opening of the grave and was thoroughly convinced that the body found was that of R. K. Dargan. Mr. Dargan had \$25,000 insurance in this company, \$10,000 for his estate and \$15,000 for his family.

Mr. Chambers, local representative of other companies, in which Mr. Dargan had been insured, was also present at the investigation and was convinced without a doubt that the body found in the grave was that of Keith Dargan.

The investigation has put at an end the suspicion which has existed, regarding the authenticity of the story of the burial of R. K. Dargan. It was on account of this suspicion that the family agreed to an investigation which was to-day made.

"Best Sort of Exercise."

Under the above heading yesterday the News and Observer published the following editorial on a question which is worrying housewives all over the country—how to get their housework done:

The fad among Pittsburg women in favor of athletics may be turned to some practical good, for an enthusiast among the women athletes advocating wearing gymnasium suits doing the house-work. If, instead of going to clubs to don gymnasium suits, the women will do these suits to do house-work the servant girl problem may be solved, and the women may beat the biscuit and make the beds as physical culture instead of expending their strength upon playing golf and rolling tennis. What is more graceful and strengthening than a young woman, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows making beaten biscuit? It is a poem incarnate, and it is exercise of the healthiest sort. And there is more fine exercise in making beds and sweeping the floor than in chasing all over the golf-links. Besides, think of the money, saved from hiring cooks and maids, that would buy dresses and ornaments and give pleasure trips. Call it physical culture, put on gymnasium suits, and the problem of help will be easily solved.

Those housewives who are forced to do their own work because they cannot secure servants will hardly agree with that Pittsburg enthusiast that this drudgery they now have to perform can be turned into pleasant recreation simply by donning gymnasium suits. That would be very well for those who adopt the fad because it is a novelty and for the thing make a pretense at doing their own cooking and house work. It sounds mighty well, but when it comes down to the real thing—the sure enough hard work of cooking for a family and cleaning up the house the woman who has these duties forced upon her does not go to work in the spirit of fun and for the purpose of recreation. She does not substitute these duties, through preference, for golf and lawn tennis. She performs them through pure necessity and she would consider absurd the idea of donning a fancy gymnasium suit for the purpose. She puts a cloth over her head to keep the dust out of her hair, dons an old shirt waist, fastens on a long apron and goes to work in earnest. It is not any play-work with her and there is no use in trying to convince her that she can make it so by the gymnasium suit device.

A Morganton special says: Mr. K. P. Laxton, of this county, has just been paid by the United States government \$135 for a horse, bride and saddle taken from him by the garrison at Morganton while he was on his way home from the Confederate army, just after the surrender of General Lee.

Sam Jones' Letter.

Atlanta Constitution.

And the "jint" dispute was pulled off yesterday at Columbus. One report says Hoke Smith swallowed Clark Howell without pinning his ears back or greasing him. Another report says Clark literally eat Hoke up, and the people enjoyed the slugging. I never hear of one of these "jint" disputes but when I think of the good old country Baptist preacher in Harrison county years ago. He challenged Rev. Russell Reno for a "jint" debate on baptism. The Baptist preacher was a good, honest, ignorant preacher who had heard the word "baptize" come from the Greek word "baptido," which meant to dip, to scouse under, etc., and really that is about all he did know. Russell Reno was a cultured, fine controversialist. He accepted the challenge, and the day was set for the meeting. The two antagonists were on the ground; not only the church was full of people, but they were there on the outside, from the regions round about. Russell Reno led off the dispute, taking up the word baptido, showing its definition and advancing and answering clearly all the immersion theories, and he sat down.

The good old Baptist brother saw he was like the bob-tail calf in fly time. But his tact came to his relief, and when Mr. Reno sat down, the good old brother rose on the scene and said, "Brethren, we have met here to-day for a peaceable discussion, and brother Reno has gone and got mad, and I want all of you who will pray for him to come up here and give me your hand." Mr. Reno jumped to his feet and said: "No, brethren, I'm not mad. I never was in a better humor." "You can't fool me," replied the Baptist preacher. "I know when anybody's mad. Come on, brethren, and give me your hands, you that feel like praying for him," and they began to file up and give the preacher their hands, and Brother Reno took to the woods. Thus ended the "jint dispute" on baptism.

I am not much of a duelist. This way of walking out and stepping off ten paces and giving another fellow a pistol and saying to him, "You shoot at me while I shoot at you," there's no fun in that to the fellows that are doing the shooting, and yet they feel like they ought to die for their honor, when by the grace of God I feel like I ought to live for my honor.

There are these contests of the baseball and the football crowds. Yankee Doodle and Dixie had a contest a few years ago and the colored troops "hit" nobly as well as the boys in blue and the boys in gray covered themselves with martial glory. But more and more I am like Pat when the fellow got after him with a knife, and he ran. Afterwards they gazed him and called him a coward. "Yes," said he, "I had rather be a coward five minutes than a corpse forever."

Who can make the best speech of the candidates and what if they can make the best speech? The qualifications of an official is to be no more determined by the speech he can make than it is to be determined by the shoe he wears. A man may be a fine orator and nothing else, and a man may be everything else and no orator at all. A candidate can be judged alone, and wisely judged, by his character and conduct, and by the fact that he stands rightly related to the right thing and all out of harmony with the wrong thing. But the people enjoy these joint debates. They love to see the fur fly, and the fellows that are doing the slugging are the ones that furnish the fur that is a-lying. These joint debates will live on the issue and make us settle down where a choice is made between them.

It is going to take a four mile horse to run to the end of this race. Some of the candidates are going to be belittled and are going to get under the pole at last, with spavin and ring bone and swiney, etc. I would hate to run so long, but maybe they enjoy it, and if so, I say: Go it, boots!

Neither of the candidates seems to be running my way. I am more against liquor than I am for anything else, and for anything that is against liquor more than I am for any candidate who won't talk out in meekness on that subject. My mind is perfectly impartial between the State and the accused. I have heard no evidence delivered under oath, nor have I formed an opinion as to

New Arrivals of Wash Goods, Silks, and White and Colored Linens

Also a beautiful line of Gingham at 10c and 12c. All fast colors.

Big shipment of White Goods, F. E. Mercerized Velvets, and India Linens. Also 3000 yards of 40-inch White Lawn, special values at 10, 15, and 25 cts.

We have just received a beautiful line of Silks, all colors.

We have anticipated the wants of the trade, and are showing this season the greatest line of merchandise ever shown on this market.

James F. Yeager

BUY A HOME WITH RENT MONEY

Did you know that the money you pay for rent could be saved by little until you could buy a home with it? IT IS TRUE!

The Gastonia Mutual Building and Loan Association helps you solve questions of this kind. It is one of the great purposes of this institution to help the wage-earner become a wage-saver, and to help the home-renter become a home owner.

New series of stock began Jan. 1st. Learn particulars by inquiring of C. B. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y

The Love Trust Co.

Insurance in standard companies. Real estate handled on commission. Trusts executed. Savings draw maximum interest. Cotton bought and sold. And Banking, too.

With the welfare of our town and county ever in mind, we strive to succeed and help others to success. Your business solicited.

The Love Trust Co.

Chooses Husband by Lot.

Charlotte News.

Asheville, Jan. 18.—The marriage of Miss Irene Depew and James William Meek, of Mocksville, N. C., is announced.

Mrs. Meek, a well known beauty and social favorite, is reported to have determined the choice of three brothers, all of whom had been paying marked attention to her for years, by ballot. She allowed all three to draw lots and the youngest Meek won.

The bride's lottery consisted of three small pasteboreds on one of which was inscribed her name. The other two were blanks. She declared that she had been for months unable to determine how to settle it, and that she did not want to wreck the lives of the other two by choosing one.

Miss Depew had received proposals from every young man in the village. Her wedding soon followed her decision by ballot.

High Point is to have a new depot to cost between \$10,000 and \$12,000. The work to begin within thirty days.

S. P. J.

Bishop John C. Keener Dead.

New Orleans, Jan. 19.—Bishop John C. Keener, 87 years old, died here to-day unexpectedly of heart failure. He was attacked by what seemed to be indigestion and had no premonition of the end. He was born in Baltimore Feb. 7, 1819, and succeeded his father here as wholesale druggist, but felt the call to the ministry. He served as superintendent of chaplains of the Confederate army west of the Mississippi. He was elected bishop of the Southern Methodist Church in 1870, and retired from active work in 1898.

There was a good sized audience at the opera house last night to hear Miss Laura Josephine Bridgman, the reader, and it was well entertained.

Miss Bridgman is an artist of exceptional talent, and her programme is of a high order. Doct piano music by Mrs. W. H. Fowler and Miss Pansy Trawick was also an important feature of the entertainment.

The Gaffney Ledger announces that Mr. A. W. Griffith, who has been connected with it for a number of years, has severed his connection with that paper to enter newspaper work at Greensboro, N. C.