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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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ADVERTISING A BOOK.

How the Author of "Valerie" Captured Parisians Long Ago.

We had some notes a little while ago on the methods which some authors have adopted for the advertisement of their books.

During several days, he writes, she made the round of the fashionable shops incognito, asking sometimes for shawls, sometimes for hats, feathers, wraiths or ribbons, all "a la Valerie."

HUNTING VIOLINS.

Tartale Was Found Dead Surrounded by Valuable Instruments.

Viola makers now and again come upon pieces of wood of phenomenal resonance and beauty, and when they do we may be sure they give special care to the making and finishing of the instrument formed of the wood.

Salabue cherished it until his death, about 1857, and then a strange character appears on the scene as purchaser. This was an eccentric old fellow named Luigi Tartale, who, abandoning his trade as carpenter, had started collecting old violins and was now something in every nook and corner of Italy for the treasures of Cremona.

"I suppose," said his friend, "that when the investigation takes place you will be represented by counsel."

Subscribe for THE GAZETTE. CHATEL MORTGAGE BLANKS for sale at THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

KEELHAULING.

Horrible Torments That Was Often Meted Out to Jack Tar.

Keelhauling was a method of naval discipline particularly in vogue with the Dutch, for as Van Tromp swept the channel with a broom at his masthead his countrymen sometimes used human sweepers under their keels.

"In the days of keelhauling the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were all studded with a species of shellfish called barnacles, which attached themselves, and, as these shells were all open mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment, for they were made to hug the keelson of the vessel by the ropes at each side fastened to their arms, were cut and scored all over the body as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was that one out of three, it is said, was known to recover after his submarine execution."

No words can add to this weird description of a very old and heinous way of murdering. All the officers of the fleet, and middle rank and all the men, whether volunteered, slaughtered or pressed, were systematically underpaid and robbed.

Fishing For Sponges.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

A Jewel of a Wife.

The minister's wife had an unwelcome visitor in a very tactful manner, so the minister went out to stroll. Returning half an hour later he called out, "That old cat gone."

"Yes," said his wife, who had been sitting in a basket, my dear, this is the first time I do you think of that old cat since he died."

Thankful For Small Mercies. A man lost a leg in a railway accident, and when they picked him up the first word he said was, "Thank the Lord, it was the leg with the rheumatism in it."—Atlanta Constitution.

HASTY FOUND GUILTY.

Sentenced to Life Imprisonment for Killing Milan Bennett, the Theatrical Man at Gaffney.

Gaffney, March 6.—George Hasty, the young man who killed Milan Bennett and Abbott Davidson, the actors, has passed from the hands of the jury with his life.

That's all. According to the sentence of the court, he will have to spend the remaining years of his life within prison walls.

The opinion here is that the young man has much to be thankful for, even though he has been sentenced for life in the State prison.

The jury's recommendation for mercy, was the only thing that saved Hasty from a death sentence. It is understood that one member of the jury held out for a light sentence. He agreed to vote "guilty" with the understanding that the jury recommend the prisoner to the mercy of the court.

The prisoner's counsel gave notice of an appeal and the case will now be fought over in the highest tribunal of the Commonwealth at Columbia.

The charge of Judge Memminger was concluded shortly before six o'clock yesterday afternoon. The jury retired and the case was under discussion by the 12 men nearly all of the night.

At 6:15 o'clock this morning an agreement was reached and a verdict of guilty was pronounced.

Promptly at 9:30 o'clock this morning court reconvened. There was a large crowd present, all eager to hear the last words in this now famous trial.

Counsel for Hasty, after the verdict of the jury was formally announced, made a motion for a new trial but no argument was made to sustain this motion.

Judge Memminger then sentenced the prisoner to life imprisonment in the State penitentiary at Columbia.

During the time the court was sentencing the prisoner, the young man sat motionless. There was not a single sign of emotion nor did he seem to be in the least disturbed when the fearful words of the court were pronounced.

A few minutes later, one of the local ministers went over to Hasty and extended his hand. This seemed to completely unnerve the man. His large, expressive eyes, filled with tears and for a few seconds he wept like a child.

Despite the fact that Hasty has been convicted of one of the blackest crimes, there were several who were touched by the pathos of the scene.

Sitting there in the strength of his vigorous young manhood with a life sentence in the penitentiary staring him in the face, Hasty, the murderer, became Hasty the boyish man again.

Just for the moment those gathered in the court room lost sight of the terrible crime that had been committed. Their thoughts were with the doomed young man and those nearest and dearest to him.

But, this thought of tenderness and sympathy for the prisoner was soon overcome by a still more touching and pathetic sight—the tragedy enacted in the little hotel not far away—there where two souls had been ushered into eternity, neither, it is feared, ready for the great change.

SCARED THE ARTIST.

Story of the Duke of Atholl and the Carpenters' Revolt.

Many years ago a Duke of Atholl was held up to execution in Fife for shutting up Glen Tilt and forbidding all trespassing under pain and penalties. This recalls a good story about John Leech, told by himself at a dinner given by his friend Millais, at which Landseer and Thackeray were present. It was Leech "who held up to execution" the Duke of Atholl.

Look in Punch of 1859 and you will see the old nobleman there depicted as a "leech," meaning hoard and underestimates the words "A Scotch Boy in the Manger." This is followed by another pleasantries at the expense of the duke, who in a scene from the language performed at Glen Tilt is made to say, "These are Clan Atholl's warriors true, and, Sirs, I'm the regular Do."

Some time after this Leech, making a summer tour in Scotland, found himself toward nightfall walking "in the unpropitious heather of Glen Tilt, mired to knees and deep," and presently met, face to face, the Duke on horseback, attended by a groom. "Is it possible," his grace exclaimed, "that I have the pleasure of meeting John Leech?"

The artist, disconcerted, explained that it was growing late and he was on his way to the village inn to stay the night. The Duke would not hear of this and, ordering his groom to dismount and help the artist into the saddle, insisted that the latter should go with him to the hall. Leech was overpowered by the old gentleman's kindness, and, as no refusal would be listened to, he accepted it. But he was still a little nervous. The duke noticed it, and it seemed to please him.

On arriving at a narrow and rather dangerous path skirting a precipice, seeing his companion hold back, he gruffly told him to advance. "Now," thought poor Leech, "he'll have his revenge." The duke spoke out, "Are you the man who slandered me in Fife?" he sternly demanded. The artist felt his heart sink within him. He looked down from the dizzy height and thought of his wife and children. There was but one thing for him to do. He made a full confession and a full apology, and the old gentleman, having succeeded in thoroughly scaring him, magnanimously forgave him. Host and guest duly arrived at the hall, and dinner was ordered. Leech was shown to his dressing room, where he patiently awaited the sound of the gong. Hour after hour went by, and no sound came. He began to suspect that the duke's revenge was not complete and that he was being held a prisoner. He rang the bell.

It was answered by a scornful lackey. "I am afraid," said Leech, "that the dinner gong has sounded and I have not heard it. Is dinner ready?" "Sir," replied the pompous lackey, "when dinner is ready you will hear the gong," and disappeared. Another hour went by. He rang the bell. The stuffy entered. The same inquiry was made, and the same reply was given. Leech gave up in despair. But at last came 10 o'clock and with it the looked for music of the gong. Dinner was served. It appeared that the duke had taken his usual nap and, being fatigued by the day's hunting, had overstept himself, and no one in the house had presumed to awake him.—New York Herald.

Northumbrian and Scotch Rattles. The Northumbrian peasant is not at all Scotch. On the contrary, the ancient animosities between England and Scotland were kindest on the borders and are still alive there. As soon as you cross the Tweed the difference becomes apparent. First there is the dialect. To a Londoner it is all Scotch, and there's a good deal of the matter. But there are several important points of difference. You find one exemplified in words such as home, stone, one, etc. The Scot says hame, stane, ane, and the Northumbrian h'ym, st'yn, y'e—I fear only those who have heard it will be able to give that "y" its proper sound. And then the inimitable burr! One has to give up in despair all attempts to represent it phonetically, just as one cannot in letters represent the pronunciation of "me" and similar words. But it is all English of a sort and not Scotch. Still more striking is the difference in facial expression. The typical Scot is naturally reserved, not to say shy and self-controlled, his face is something of a mask through which the true man peers at his neighbor. A southern peasant is polite, civil, respectful, esp. touching, in awe of the equivo and the quality. In Northumbria you will find the peasant franker than the Scot, of more independent bearing than is common south of the Tweed, his faults rudeness and brusqueness.—London Spectator.

Give Oil as a Medicine. Olive oil has been proved in many cases to be not only a corrector of the liver, but a food for the system as well, and is a great benefit for weak stomach and bowels. The dose is usually a teaspoonful of the oil, to be taken a half hour before breakfast and a half hour after supper. The oil may be freely used on vegetables and in salad, as it is harmless. Its use may be continued for years, and in assisting the liver to do its work (it is in most cases mildly cathartic) the complexion is cleared of the ugly brown spots and leathery yellow appearance due to torpidity of the liver. The taste is not unpleasant, although a liking for it has in most cases to be acquired. But very few effective medicines are really fine flavored. Many physicians strongly recommend its use both internal and external. It is excellent to use after the bath, and many delicate persons, especially children, are greatly benefited by being massaged with it.

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A PETRIFIED BODY.

The Body of a Lady in a Cemetery Near Gaffney Turned to Stone.

Gaffney, March 5.—Last Friday, at the instance of relatives, Messrs. G. W. McKown, Kingdom McCraw and E. P. Macomson moved the body of a deceased lady friend from the grave in the Service graveyard, some seven miles east of Gaffney, where it was buried about twelve years ago, to a newly made grave in another portion of the same graveyard, where the relatives wished it to be. After taking the earth from the grave down to the box containing the coffin, they attempted to take it up, but found it too heavy for the force at hand. They then opened the box and found that the body was petrified.

The gentleman who told the news to your correspondent said that it was as hard as a rock, and in appearance resembled marble. They summoned additional help, took the body up and reinterred it in its new resting place, which had been prepared for it. The lady whose body is referred to was before her death one of Gaffney's most loved women, and her memory is still revered by many.

The House of Representatives passed a bill Tuesday for the relief of tobacco growers by permitting them to sell leaf tobacco without paying the tax of six cents a pound heretofore charged.

Home Baking with ROYAL Baking Powder

The United States Agricultural Department has issued (and circulates free) a valuable report giving the results of elaborate experiments made by and under the direction of the Department, which show the great saving from baking at home, as compared with cost of buying at the bakers. All bread, cake, biscuit, crullers, etc., are very much fresher, cleaner, cheaper and more wholesome when made at home with Royal Baking Powder.

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