

It has been our privilege so often to print pleasant things about our sister towns of McAdenville, that we feel clumsy-like in handling a brief mention in today's paper of something like an oil-war among our river-side neighbors. We give utterance to a very sincere feeling when we express the hope that our friends will soon arrive at a happy adjustment of their differences. As for our part, having friends on both sides, we would gladly proffer our good offices in pouring oil on the troubled waters, if we only knew at what point we could buy the oil with entire satisfaction to both elements.

It is less than four months to the Fourth of July. On this year's fitting celebration of the day is due to be made by Gastonia and Gaston county. Commercial, industrial, and educational celebrations have already been held, and some other feature is to be emphasized this year. It would be a good time to have a home-coming day for all the scattered sons and daughters of old Gaston wherever they may be. It would be good for them to come back once more and see what is taking place among the folks they left behind, and while they and the other visitors are present it might not be a bad idea to show them how good roads are built, especially since we are likely to be in a fever-heat of road-building by this coming July. In a few days, the citizens executive committee of Gastonia should call a meeting to take initiative action.

One of the most eloquent pamphlets we have dipped into lately is sent out this week by Mr. Richard Edmonds, editor of the "Baltimore Manufacturers' Record." It is an article from his pen on "The South's Amazing Progress," reprinted from the February issue of the Review of Reviews. It opens with a table of some facts and figures about the South which is a study within itself. During the twenty-five years between 1880 and 1905, this table shows that the capital invested in cotton mills was multiplied by ten, the value of the cotton crop was doubled, the production of pig-iron was multiplied by eight, the amount of coal mined was multiplied by twelve nearly, railroad mileage by three, farm products by three, assessed property was doubled in value, and many other things equally as gratifying. The paragraphs dealing in the South's dominance in the world's cotton market are particularly striking and we hope to reproduce them in a future issue.

The best talking machines are sold at "Burgers". Terms to suit purchaser.

**OIL TRUST AT McADENVILLE.**  
Retail Buyers Beware and Send to Gastonia—One Vagon Carried 120 Gallons.

What do you think of the McAdenville Oil trust? The merchants raised the price on oil and thought the people would pay it.  
We heard one say that the customers would not do anything about it. What do you suppose he thought when that wagon arrived from Gastonia with one hundred and twenty gallons of oil?  
Before the wagon got back from Gastonia with this oil, one merchant had already cut his price down. The people of McAdenville do not claim to be the wisest people on earth; but there is one thing they do know, and that is the difference between sixty-five cents and one dollar.

Good enough! Gastonia oil makes good light.  
McAdenville, March 8, 1906.

**MURDER WILL OUT.**

The Murderers of Henry Kobre in Winston-Salem, N. C. Discovered at Last.

Winston Dispatch, March 3.  
Sam Kobre and Wm. Plain were arrested by the police tonight on the charge of murdering Henry Kobre in his room over his restaurant on Sunday night, January 1.  
Sam Kobre is a brother of the murdered man, while Plain, his alleged associate, who is a clerk in a bar room here, was married in Greensboro this afternoon. He was arrested immediately after his arrival tonight with his bride.  
The evidence against the two defendants was obtained by the police from Sallie Stewart, a white girl, who has been in the custody of the officers since Saturday night. Her story is to the effect that she and Sam Kobre have been intimate friends for some time, and that he told her all about how the crime was committed.  
According to the Stewart woman's evidence, Kobre and Plain had an associate. Two men held Henry Kobre, while the third man beat Henry Kobre to death with a pick or bar of iron, which was found the next day after the murder, with blood on one end of it.  
After the murder Henry Kobre was robbed. The Stewart woman also tells the police that she was promised by Sam Kobre \$500 not to reveal the information given her.  
The woman formerly cooked for M. Kobre, another brother of the murdered man. Sallie Stewart after being told of the two men went and declared she would never testify against them. Kobre and Plain will probably be given a hearing before a magistrate tomorrow. A reward of \$1,600 has been offered for the capture and conviction of the parties who killed Henry Kobre. Half of this amount was pledged by M. Kobre, who conducts a bar room here.

**Another Murderer Unhanged.**

Richmond News-Leader.  
Again we have in South Carolina an illustration of the squeamishness about hanging a white man respectfully connected which is at the bottom of most of the continual bloodshed and immunity of murderers which disgrace that State. A jury at Gaffney has convicted George Hasty of murder in the first degree, but instead of hanging him recommended him to mercy, which means a life sentence, with all its many chances of escape and pardon. If this man was guilty at all he should have been hung if any man in all criminal history ever deserved hanging.  
He kept the hotel at Gaffney, and among his guests were the members of a small theatrical company playing one-night stands in minor towns. The evidence is that Hasty during the night after the performance at Gaffney made repeated efforts to enter the room of one of the women of the company through the transoms and by the window. He was a married man, his wife and children living in the house with him. Next morning he secured a revolver belonging to another man and put it in his overcoat pocket. When the woman he had insulted pointed him out to two of the men of the company and they remonstrated with him, he called them from both the dining room into the hall and there shot and killed them both. Neither had a weapon of any kind. One of the men killed was engaged to be married to the woman who was insulted. It was as vile, brutal and cowardly a murder as ever was done. Yet the jury recommends the criminal to mercy after finding him guilty and sustaining all the facts presented by the State. There is no reason or excuse for mercy of this kind. If men who protect women and strangers who come among us are to have no security for their lives the Southern boasts of chivalry and hospitality are mere vain bubbles.

**Mr. T. M. Shelton Elected President.**

Charlotte Observer, 7th.  
At a meeting of the stockholders in the E. M. Mellon Company yesterday new officers for the concern were elected. Mr. T. M. Shelton was elected president and general manager, to succeed the late E. W. Mellon. Mr. John M. Craig was elected secretary and treasurer. The firm will continue the business on West Trade street and the store will be the same up-to-date clothing establishment that it has always been. Mr. Shelton, the new president and manager, was associated with the late Mr. Mellon practically from the time when the latter began the business.

**Subscribe for THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.**

**AD. WINS A BRIDE.**

Well Known Salisbury Merchant Weds in Baltimore.

Salisbury Post.  
That Mr. M. Levy, the well-to-do Hebrew merchant of this city takes matrimony as a lottery and has no hesitancy about during the game admits of no doubt. Several weeks ago Mr. Levy, who has tired of the single state inserted an advertisement in several metropolitan papers in the East, making announcement of his disgust with celibacy and inviting correspondence. Many replies came but Mr. Levy's heart warmed to Mrs. J. Miller, of Baltimore, whose written sentiments bore the ear marks of a longing for congenial companionship and a disposition to come to immediate conclusions. Mr. Levy lost no time in fixing upon his choice. Mrs. J. Miller it was and Mrs. M. Levy she now is.  
The couple came to Salisbury this morning.

**DETERMINED TO WED.**

Happy Ending of a Five Years Courtship.

Charlotte News, 6th.  
At the home of Mr. Espey W. Harrill, No. 7, West Second street, this city, at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning, Miss Germaine Odum, daughter of Mr. Randolph D. Odum, was married to Mr. Scott Greene, a merchant tailor of Gastonia.

This is the termination of more than five years courtship. The family of the young lady, who has passed her majority, was greatly opposed to the match, for the reason that she was the only child and the parents did not care to have her leave home.

Mr. Greene is a popular and highly respected young business man of Gastonia and Miss Odum is a highly esteemed young lady of Charlotte.

**ATE SOAP AND DIED.**

Rowan Convict Chooses Novel Way to End His Life.

Salisbury Post.  
Walter McHam, a negro, who was sentenced by Judge Council to the roads for four years, at the February term of Superior Court of Rowan, died by his own hand Saturday evening. McHam was convicted of store-breaking, and owing to the fact that he had once before served a term on the chain-gang, and that his reputation was unsavory, little leniency was shown.  
The instrument of death employed by McHam gives added interest to the suicide of the poor outcast. Thursday he secured a piece of rosin soap, such as is used at the chain-gang camps, and devoured the entire cake. In a short while he began suffering intense pain, and within a few hours lapsed into apparent unconsciousness. Violent muscular contortions continued, however, until his death Saturday evening.

**THE BANANA PLANT.**

Each Tree Produces Only One Bush of the Fruit.  
The banana plant is not properly a tree at all. It has no woody fiber. It is a large, green, fleshy plant, with its leaves six or eight feet long and sometimes two feet broad. It grows to a height of ten to fourteen feet or even more, according to the variety of plant and the soil and climate. Each tree produces one bush of fruit only, which is really the terminal bud of the plant. Just like an ear of wheat or barley. It has no branches, and when the fruit is ready, which is twelve or fifteen months from the date of planting, the tree is cut down and done with.

**The Strenuous Life.**

Results in Stomach Troubles and Physical Breakdown—J. H. Kennedy & Co., Offers Simple Remedy.

The strenuous life of modern times forces people to rush through their meals hastily, hurrying from the table in the mad rush after the almighty dollar.  
The result is incomplete digestion, inflammation of the walls of the stomach, and lack of secretion of the gastric juices, ending in chronic stomach trouble and nervous breakdown.  
How much better it would be to eat more slowly, cure the stomach trouble with Mi-o-n-s, and soon regain perfect health. The headaches, sleeplessness, nervous troubles, pain after eating, specks before the eyes, backaches, melancholy and gloomy foreboding would be soon overcome and perfect health and strength would be restored.

Proper treatment of the weakened digestive system with Mi-o-n-s will cure every case of stomach trouble. The results of this treatment are so astonishing and so pronounced, that those who have tried it never fail to appreciate its value as a healing and restorative agent.  
So reliable is Mi-o-n-s in curing all forms of stomach weakness and troubles that J. H. Kennedy & Co., give a signed guarantee that the remedy will cost nothing unless it cures. Each box of Mi-o-n-s sells for 50 cents, and is available to anyone who suffers with indigestion, nervousness or weak stomach.

**Man's Proper Spring Attire**

Casting off the winter shell—the winter garments that you've become just a little tired of and that show their service. Everything in nature is getting ready to don new attire—why not we men?

- New Hats . . . . . Stetson and others
- New Shirts . . . . . Gold and Silver
- New Shoes . . . . . Dee Vee
- New Suits . . . . . (Schless Brothers' and Spero Michael & Sons
- New Neckwear . . . . . Stag

A man of discerning taste finds real pleasure in buying spring attire at

**Swan-Slater Company**  
Head-to-foot Outfitters for Men and Boys

**SAVED THE LANDS.**

New De Cosmos' Great Speech Happened to Be Delivered.  
The longest speech on record is believed to have been that made by Mr. De Cosmos in the legislature of British Columbia when a measure was pending the passage of which would have taken from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a minority. The measure had been held till the eve of the close of the session or session. Unless action was taken before noon of a given day the act would fail. De Cosmos got the floor at 10 a. m. and began a speech against the bill. His friends supposed he would be done by 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock he was saying, "In the second place." At 3 he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it.

Then the truth dawned. He was going to speak till noon the next day and kill the bill. Then they made merry over it and tried to shout him down, but that gave him time and breathing space. They finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. They gave no mercy, no time for dinner or wetting lips with water and no sitting down. Members went to dine and sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. Day dawned.

The speaker was alternately dozing and trying to look wide awake. At last noon came, and a single man was triumphant. Although his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were bloodshot and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, his barked lips were cracked and smeared with blood, De Cosmos had spoken for twenty-six hours and saved the lands.

**WEALTH IN SKUNK SKINS.**

Illinois Trappers Make Good Money Killing Animals For Fur.  
Despite the general opinion that most of the wild animals that inhabited the middle west a century ago have become extinct as a result of the march of civilization, the contrary is true, and thousands of muskrats, skunks, raccoons, opossums, foxes and civet cats, with occasional minks and weasels, are killed and their pelts sold for sums that in the aggregate would be a great surprise to the public not in touch with the trapping trade, says a Bloomington (Ill.) special dispatch to the Chicago News. Not in years have the central Illinois trappers been so active as this year.

Furs are universally worn this season, and prices of all kinds have greatly advanced. As a result the profits of the trappers have increased, and they and the business pays well. Reports from adjacent states are to the same effect, all reporting a heavy demand for pelts of all kinds, the manufacturer of fur garments using them up as rapidly as they can be forwarded. One firm in Muscatine pays \$3,000 each week for hides. There are many other firms scattered over Illinois which do an equally large business, and it is probably safe to say that during the present season trappers will be paid in Illinois alone the sum of \$100,000, while Iowa, Indiana and perhaps several other states of the middle west will expend equally large sums in this direction.

The majority of the animals trapped in the middle west are the muskrats, which have the least attraction for the trapper, as the pelts bring only 12 to 15 cents, while skunks range from 50 cents to \$2.50, according to size and condition; raccoon, from 50 cents to \$1.75; opossum, from 25 to 75 cents; red foxes, from \$1 to \$5. Civet cats are rapidly as they can be forwarded. One firm in Muscatine pays \$3,000 each week for hides. There are many other firms scattered over Illinois which do an equally large business, and it is probably safe to say that during the present season trappers will be paid in Illinois alone the sum of \$100,000, while Iowa, Indiana and perhaps several other states of the middle west will expend equally large sums in this direction.

**"BACK TO THE FARM."**

William Borah's Urges Secretary Wilson to Sound the Bells.  
In an open letter on "the crying need of the country," addressed to Secretary Wilson, William Borah, editor of the National Advertiser, says it is becoming more and more an acknowledged truth that the prosperity of the world depends upon successful farming.  
"It is my earnest hope," he tells the secretary of agriculture, "that you, even if you should not be your own successor, will get the credit due to the pioneer in a great movement which has as its slogan 'Back to the farm.'"  
He says that the tendency of population to flock to the already congested cities is a menace to the prosperity of America, as it is to that of England, and goes on:

"In this new country, however, there has really been more reason for this influx into the larger centers of population than there has been in England. Much of the brain and nerve power which is so great a force in the cities of this country was originally nurtured on the farm.  
"The time has come, however, when the farms need to retain much of that same ability which it has heretofore given so profusely to the city. The twentieth century will be a period in which the farmer should be universally recognized as the king among the workers who bring benefit to mankind. The young men and the young women will find it profitable as well as pleasurable to stick to the farms or to leave the crowded cities for the country, where one with small capital may more easily secure credit and a competency and can have in these days better opportunities as to the right kind of social life than that which is concomitant with limited means in the city.

"The superiority of country life in relation to the raising of families will be recognized by all thoughtful people, and the happiness of being 'near to nature's heart' will be considered as truer and better than the pleasure which the city affords."  
His Revolution.  
"Speaking of revolutions," began the legation man, "I was the central figure in one myself once."  
"Somewhere in South America?"  
"No; in Massachusetts. I got caught in the shafting of a woolen mill."  
Philadelphia Ledger.

He Married.  
"This," said the enthusiastic young reporter, "is going to be one of the best stories the paper has had for a month. Now, mark my words."  
Whereupon the editor aimed his large club shaped blue pencil and so did.

**Every Day**

New things are coming in every day at the People's Store. Our buyers have just returned from the north, and all of the spring attractions for fashionable dressers are now arriving daily.

We have especially interesting lines in Ladies' Ready Made Goods, Skirts and Waists, and Millinery

The prettiest lines we have ever carried! Come to see us every day and keep posted.

**Men's Clothing**  
Daily arrivals of the neatest, newest, nobbiest in men's stylish spring clothing

**JNO. F. LOVE**  
The People's Store

**SYSTEMS OF WRITING.**

The Famous Method Known as the Boustrophedon.  
About the year 450 B. C. the Ionians first introduced the system of writing from left to right. Previous to that time all scribes and penmen in general had been in the habit of beginning the line on the right hand side of the page and running it toward the left. The introduction of the left to right mode of writing caused considerable confusion for a time, and from the mixed systems which prevailed during the following century sprang the famed method known as the boustrophedon. Those who used the system last mentioned would begin a line at the left margin of their parchment and run it through to the opposite margin and then drop a space below and run back to the opposite edge of the sheet again. In other words, the boustrophedon mode of writing was a system in which the lines ran alternately from left to right and from right to left. This system did not entirely disappear until about the time of Christ. The ancient Hebrew and Greek languages were written from right to left, but at about the time the Ionians were reforming writing methods the Greek letters were changed in form from the uncial to the curvate, and the system of writing was changed in both cases so as to run from left to right. The following quotation from Franklin illustrates the mixed, or boustrophedon, system of writing:

"When I see a merchant overpolite to a client of meat gullege, 'aremoisue sith little brandy and throwing his goods on an snb num hnt i skulst, 'retuoc sht ax to etid.'"—St. Louis Republic.

Massachusetts in New York.  
You have reached New York, Missouri; you have wandered down the street where the fates of lands are sold, where the wolves of business meet. You have seen the giants playing undisturbed amid the press.  
Utah! railroads for the pieces in their mighty game of chess.  
You have seen them rooking nations in some petty selfish cause,  
You have seen them laughing snuffy at the country and its laws;  
Then, while others trembled round you, to the breeze your flag you've flown,  
And you've shouted, "I'm Missouri, and I'm waiting to be shown."

It's a big old town, Missouri, and its ways There'll be many a pitfall for you, there'll be many a snoring snail.  
They will look with merry glances at your snoring snail's grin.  
At your loose flung old Prince Albert and your wide brimmed southern hat.  
And they'll shout in laughing accents: "Hey, old fellow, please shadden."  
If the fates of lands are sold, what will it do to you?  
You'll fight 'em single handed; fight the whole darned crowd alone.  
But we'll back on you, Missouri; just you stay there and be shown.

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