



"Fortune's wheel turns best for him—  
If we but know it—  
Who always puts, with all his vim,  
His shoulder to it."

And the main impetus of making the wheel of  
Fortune roll the way you want it is saving.  
But there are ways and ways of saving. . . .

Depositors Receive Every Consideration

## CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

### SEARCH FOR LOST BRIDE.

Mother of Miss Josephine Hood, of Asheville, who married Jan. C. Cavendish, identified the groom by photograph as "Lord Douglas." Reported to be a Notorious Bigamist.

Charlotte Observer.

Asheville, June 18.—Mrs. Jan. C. Hood, the distressed mother of Miss Josephine Hood, who is believed to have married the bigamist "Lord Douglas," alias Rhodes, alias Cavendish, arrived here yesterday afternoon for the purpose of identifying a photograph of the bogus lord as that of the man who married her daughter at New Iberia, La., December 18, 1905. Before being shown the picture Mrs. Hood was asked for a description of the man who wedded Miss Hood and who, with his bride, disappeared. Mrs. Hood described Cavendish minutely. She spoke of a wart or mark over the left eye, also the color of his hair and yes, a scar on the left leg that Cavendish often spoke of and which he told had been received in the Boer war, also his general appearance and height. The description given of Cavendish by Mrs. Hood fitted the description of "Lord Douglas" as sent out by the police of Fort Worth, Tex. Mrs. Hood was then shown the photograph that was sent to the Asheville police by one of the wives of the bigamist. She instantly identified it as that of the man who had married her daughter. Mrs. Hood examined the photograph this morning and was more firmly convinced that John C. Cavendish and "Lord Douglas" was one and the same person and that her daughter had become the wife of the most notorious bigamist in civilized lands.

### SEARCH FOR THE BRIDE.

Now that the fact is established beyond a doubt that "Lord Douglas" has added another victim to his long string and that Miss Josephine Hood is his latest victim, relatives of the young woman will resort to every known means to locate the missing bride. Not a line has been heard from the couple since they left New Iberia last December. Relatives of Mrs. Cavendish have been assured by Judge Pritchard of the United States Circuit Court, that he will do all in his power to aid in finding the missing girl. Judge Pritchard will take the matter up with the Department of State at Washington and urge that some steps be taken by the United States government to aid in locating Mrs. Cavendish. The State authorities of Louisiana will also be asked to lend their aid and offer a reward for the apprehension of the bigamist. In the meantime the relatives of Mrs. Hood have sent wires to friends and relatives in Louisiana and Texas for information relative to Cavendish or Douglas. The Fort Worth wife of the bigamist will be seen and probably some trace of the man obtained or at least something of his previous movements that may lead to his apprehension. The relatives and friends of Mrs. Cavendish are after finding the girl first, however, and then let the authorities deal with the man.

### MAN'S CHARACTERISTICS.

It is known that Douglas, or Cavendish, has taken at least three of his wives to Mexico. The woman he married at Fort Worth, Tex., was taken to Monterey, and there robbed. It is learned that Douglas was in jail at Fort Worth for some crime or offense, that the woman paid him out of jail and then married him. One of the women he married in Virginia

was also taken to Monterey, and likewise another one. Cavendish is said to have lived in New Iberia for a period of two years; rather, he made New Iberia his home and left occasionally for "vacations" of a few weeks or months. While in New Iberia he dressed well, made a favorable impression upon the people of that place and passed as a "veteran" of the Boer war. He made the acquaintance of a highly respected family of New Iberia and alleged that he was of kin to them.

It was with this family, his alleged relatives, that he lived and where he married Miss Josephine Hood. He appeared to have money, but didn't work. He passed as an invalid. He told the people of New Iberia that he was shot in the left leg during the Boer war and that the scar he bears was the result. The wart over the left eye was pronounced. The man never attempted to have it removed and never tried to cover his tracks.

### FATHER THREATENED TO KILL CAVENDISH.

Mr. John N. Hood, father of Miss Josephine, was opposed to the marriage and threatened to kill Cavendish. It was this alleged fear of Mr. Hood that Cavendish wouldn't allow his bride to send to her home for her trunk, just before they left for Mexico. A friend of Cavendish bought the tickets for the honeymoon trip but where these tickets were purchased is not known. Shortly before the couple boarded the train Cavendish produced a \$50 bill and secured smaller change for it.

### DESCRIPTION OF "DOUGLAS."

The description of Douglas, a photograph of whom Mrs. Hood to-day identified as that of John C. Cavendish, is as follows: Height, five feet, six or seven inches; weight, 140 pounds; complexion, blond; eyes, blue-gray; color of hair, iron-gray; nationality, Scotch; occupation, bigamist; name, "Lord Douglas," alias Rhodes, alias Duncan, alias Cavendish; age, 40; marks or scars, wart over left eye on lid; scar on left leg; tooth out on left upper side.

Although photographs of Douglas or Cavendish have been sent to the police of Asheville the man never visited this city or section to the knowledge of the officers. Chief of Police Bernard has many letters from wives of the bigamist, and it is through Asheville's chief that the identification of the bigamist as that of Cavendish was brought about.

### Monument Bill Signed.

Washington special June 16, to the Columbia State.

The monument will be erected on King's Mountain. The president-to-day signed the bill appropriating \$30,000 for the purpose and it is a law of the land. He signed it with a gold pen in the presence of Representatives Webb of North Carolina, and Finley of South Carolina. The gold pen was presented to Mr. Webb, the author of the bill, who expects to present it to some historical or memorial society interested in the project. The president said that the southern members could not present to him a bill which would afford him more pleasure to sign than this one. He said that he was familiar with the brave deeds done at King's Mountain and with the importance of the battle. "I could stand a civil service examination any time," he declared, "upon the battle of King's Mountain." The erection of the monument will be in charge of the war department.

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### BICYCLE AND AUTOMOBILE.

Interesting Stories of the Horseless Vehicles, in Which Judge Boyd, Cy Watson, Judge Bennett and Others Figure Prominently.

Charlotte Observer.

"If I were a young man seeking something at the hands of my countrymen," said Judge James E. Boyd last night, to a circle of friends at the Central Hotel, "I would run for the Legislature in Guilford county on the anti-automobile ticket. We have about 20 automobiles in my town and the mules and horses of Guilford can't get used to them. Hardly a day passes that some horse or mule does not climb a back fence or a wood pile. Yes, sir, a fellow would get all of the country votes on an anti-automobile platform."

"That recalls the first appearance of the bicycle in this country," said the man who has traveled all over North Carolina. "I heard Mr. Cyrus B. Watson tell of an interesting experience that he had one day when the bicycle first became popular. He said that he began to dodge when he heard a bell ringing, no matter if it was a dinner bell, and kept it up until the sound died out. One afternoon, just about dark, he was on his way home from a quiet stroll. He had pulled a quilt almost to the brow and turned to cross to the opposite side of the road. As he hit the middle of the street, or road, he heard the frightful sound, 'blinger-ling! blinger-ling!' He became terror stricken and floundered, turning round and round in the road, swinging his club preparatory to warding off a blow from an on-coming wheel. 'Blinger-ling! blinger-ling! ling! ling!' came a danger call. The first ring had been turned on by the cyclist to warn any old traveler who might happen to be over the hill, but the second one was to warn Mr. Watson, the person in sight."

"There was a mix-up with first one man on top of the wheel and then the other. Round and round and up and down the collision continued. The front wheel of the bicycle had struck Mr. Watson in the tummy and downed him, but the resourceful lawyer rallied, shoved the machine back, climbed over the top of it and was preparing to beat the rider into a pulp, but when the cyclist saw the fire in Mr. Watson's eye he reared up, backed out, grabbed his wheel, mounted on the jump, rode over Mr. Watson's prostrate form and glided down the hill. Mr. Watson waited until 12 o'clock for the return of the man, but he never came."

"Ever since that day Mr. Watson has been shy of anything that looks like a vehicle without a horse. For ten years he has looked for the fellow who gouged him so with the bicycle that night, but has never been able to identify him. He carries a gun now, but cannot refrain from running whenever he hears the 'honk, honk, honk' of the automobile."

"This story may vary a little from Mr. Watson's version of his mix-up with the cyclist and the wheel, but the facts are right."

"Do you know Judge Riden Tyler Bennett?" asked a gentleman who had been laughing to himself for some minutes.

"O, yes," said everybody.

"Well, you ought to hear him on the bicycle! He can lecture on the square at Wadesboro for an hour on yellow shoes and bicycles. They say that if, when riding his big black horse in the country he sees a man and his wheel coming, he will deliberately ride to one side, get behind the largest tree in the neighborhood and let the thing go by. He often says that he faced grape shot and shell during the civil war without fear and trembling but the danged bicycle, with its bell, makes the cold chills run over him. He can't help being nervous at the sight of one."

"I rode a bicycle when they first became common," said a young fellow, "and have had some funny experiences. One day I was sailing down a long gravel hill in Union county, eight or nine years ago, when I spied an old colored woman, with a large bundle of soiled clothes on her head and a long staff in her hand, who was going in the same direction and had almost reached a little stream across the road when I first caught sight of her. The way being smooth, I ducked my head down and went flying, but

discovering the creek ahead I put on brakes and when I rode up behind the old darkey, rang my bell and dismounted all at once and the same time, if auntie had had wings she could not have moved quicker or faster. She jumped a side ditch, fell into a briar thicket and called for help, and it was some time before I could calm her."

"These tales remind me of something that happened here in front of the Central Hotel about a decade ago. Old Dr. J. P. Strong, who owned the Charlotte Democrat at that time, had quit his labors and come up here to pass an hour or so with his friends, Mr. H. G. Springs and others. After having sat and chatted for a time he got up and was standing on the cobble stones in the street there, in front of the party of men who occupied chairs on the sidewalk. A young lady, who had just taken to the wheel, came up behind Dr. Strong, riding toward the sidewalk, where she intended to dismount. Something in the rear attracted her attention and she turned her head and looked around. The wheel, which moved on without being guided, slipped between Dr. Strong's legs, and instead of looking back to see what had happened to him the old gentleman just imagined that some mischievous friends had crept up and poked him with a stick and to turn the joke he just closed his knees on the wheel and held it fast. The bicycle had gone so far that the young lady, who had turned and realized her predicament, could neither dismount nor back out. Col. Springs and his friends on the sidewalk could say nothing, and the doctor just stood there, wearing of his long Prince Albert coat, his tile hat, and a satisfied grin. However, after a few seconds had passed Dr. Strong, turning his eyes downward, beheld the rubber tire. That made him look back and then it was that he saw that embarrassed young lady. He loosened up and eased away while the young woman jumped off her wheel and hurried into the hotel. The laugh was on Dr. Strong and I never saw him more teased than he was that afternoon."

"Yes, and I saw a ludicrous incident here on the square one day. It was during some festive occasion when the city was free of visitors. A large, portly preacher, with gray whiskers and dignified carriage, broke out of Burwell & Dunn's store and started across the square to catch the car to the Seaboard eastbound train. That was the last car before the train was due. The preacher carried a large, well-filled, old-fashioned valise. He saw but one thing—the car. With head up and eyes fixed he shot into the street and ran to catch the car. As the person struck the square a young fellow, mounted on a wheel, turned from South Tryon to West Trade street. A collision seemed certain to the cyclist, who began to ring his bell, but the preacher saw the car and nothing else. The inevitable came and the cyclist, then the wheel and then the preacher went down. The cyclist weighed about 120 pounds and the preacher 240. The preacher never lost sight of his car. All the time he was mashing the life out of the cyclist he was calling to the conductor to hold the car. The little man was cursing at the top of his voice. He was saying, 'Are you blind? Can't you hear?'

"A policeman helped the preacher and he continued his journey and I do not believe that he knows till this day what struck him."

### Lightning Shatters 100 Window Panes.

Yorkville Requirer, June 18th.

Quite an energetic electrical storm played over the southern part of Yorkville for some minutes at about 5 o'clock last Saturday afternoon, and during its progress a bolt of electricity struck a tree on the premises of the Tavora Mill. There was first a sharp report like the crack of a rifle and this was followed a moment later by a loud boom like the charge of artillery. A hundred or more window-lights were shattered in the mill and adjoining buildings and numerous electric fuses were blown out. The loose hanging line in the picker rooms was also ignited; but the fire was extinguished before any considerable damage was done. Nobody was hurt and the widow-glass wreckage included the most serious loss.

For 75c

We will send THE GAZETTE twice a week from now until 1907.

### A BAD NAME FOR AMERICA.

Europe and Real Scandal—From Has no Words of Abuse; Simply Regret—The People Generally Seem to Believe That Roosevelt is the Only Honest Man Among Our Public Officials.

London Globe, 18th, to New York Sun.

The process of blackening the American business reputation in the European press continues unrelentingly. The attacks are not vindictive or abusive—they are all the more effective because they are administered in an assumed spirit of sorrow rather than of anger. What chiefly exasperates the American abroad is the fact that scarcely a word of defence or explanation of the latest commercial scandal has been printed here.

Englishmen are usually fair minded, and it is quite their habit to suspend judgment when ex parte charges are brought, however, publicly. So they would do in this case but for the fact that the allegations are made by the President himself. Many times it has been said in the hearing of the correspondent of The Sun in the last few days:

"How can we question the truth of President Roosevelt's statements to Congress? It is not conceivable that the head of the government would attack a great national industry and necessarily destroy a whole branch of your foreign trade unless the facts are even worse than he represents them. Such a thing has never been done before, and we cannot believe it would have been done now unless the necessity for such a drastic remedy was imperative. The President, of course, realizes that the losses to American trade consequent upon these exposures will be incalculable, and we admire his courage in facing sacrifices which are apparently necessary to insure genuine reform."

Every American who has intimate English friends is constantly asked such questions as: "Is Roosevelt the only honest man in office in the United States?" "Are your local officials all thieves and bribe-takers?" "Are your legislators all venal?" "Is patriotism in America all noise and nothing practical?" "Do your people recognize and perform no public duties beyond going to the ballot box occasionally?" "Why is the administration of justice in America so slow, so uncertain?" "Is it the fault of the laws or their execution?" "Why do you provide intricate legal machinery to enable rich criminals to defer their punishment indefinitely or evade it altogether?"

These are only a few of the inquiries with which unhappy Americans abroad are bombarded daily by those who are amazed by the wholesale scandals depicted daily by the Atlantic cables for European readers. Those who know America are more friendly and not less frank. Here is the comment of a keen English observer:

"The American people are all right, although they are entirely responsible for the present appalling state of affairs. Their overruling passion for money making has overreached itself at last, as it was bound to do. No country that performs its public duties only spasmodically can expect a clean administration. No country that pays its public servants so disproportionately as the United States can attract the right men into its service. Why do you pay policemen and letter carriers four times more and Cabinet Ministers and diplomats less than one-third of what we do? You get the wrong men at both extremes by your absurd practice."

"The only other reform you need is a radical simplification of your judicial system, both criminal and civil. Make it speedy and inexorable and all obstacles to the supreme development of American prosperity and civic greatness will disappear."

European opinion as a whole, however, is far from seeing the situation in this light. It regards the country as sadly lacking in moral stamina; and they see in President Roosevelt's agitation an attempt to lift it up to his own high plane. There is no suspicion of his altruistic motives, while the tenor of all recent despatches has awakened the gravest doubts of the influences which will make Congress hesitate to apply quickly the remedies which the President recommends. Any other view of the situation finds no expression in the European press, and European readers are hardly to be blamed for believing that no other honest alternative exists.

Since the foregoing was writ-

## LAUNDRY SUITS FOR SUMMER

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Our manufacturing department is turning out a complete line of wash suits, both of the shirt waist and jacket combinations. These are thoroughly well made and stylishly up-to-date. Prices \$2.50 and \$3.50 each.

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New Belts—Latest novelties.

## JAMES F. YEAGER

ten New York despatches have been received announcing the House committee's amendments to the meat inspection bill. There has not been time yet for them to be published and commented on, but the nature of that comment can easily be foretold. A New York despatch to this morning's Times is reprinted in every afternoon paper: Tomorrow and Monday, it is safe to say, it will appear practically in every paper in Great Britain and in hundreds on the continent. It opens with this:

"Careful examination of the meat inspection bill as amended by the House committee on agriculture reveals such an amazing bare-faced attempt to make the measure valueless that it is difficult to write about it in anything like temperate language. The entire story of the influence of great business interests on American politics shows no darker page than this."

The Spectator to-day warmly repudiates the declaration of "certain not very wise people" that the indignation expressed in England over the scandals is a sign of the inherent hostility of the British to the American people. This, says The Spectator, is an attempt on the part of the authors, aiders and abettors of the beef scandals to divert attention from their misdeeds by abusing the British people. "It is not too much to say," continues The Spectator, "that it is very difficult to find Englishmen or English women who have not a warm place in their hearts for the President. They feel, too, that he at this moment is engaged in something very like a life and death struggle with the most selfish elements of American commercial life and that he is fighting for them, as well as for his own fellow citizens, a battle for purity against corruption."

"Though they may not understand the details of the trust question and the political battle now raging at Washington they realize fully the general nature of the struggle and that a man who is neither a socialist nor a revolutionary but a friend of well ordered government and moderate counsels is fighting the battle of honest government. Unfortunately, owing to certain features of the constitution of the United States, he will be obliged to fight a formidable antagonist with one hand tied behind his back."

### Three Negro Mutineers Will Be Hanged Aug. 17.

Charlotte Chronicle.

Wilmington, June 19.—At 11:15 o'clock this morning in the United States District Court Judge Parnell sentenced Robert Sawyer and Arthur Adams to die on August 17.

The two men, both negroes, were tried here last November for murdering the crew of the schooner Harry Berwind on the North Carolina coast on the 10th of October. They appealed to the Supreme Court, but the judgment of the lower court was sustained.

Henry Scott, the third negro murderer, who was the arch conspirator, will be hung on July 10th. Three men will be hanged in New Hanover county jail.

Public sentiment endorses the verdicts.

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### THE COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS.

Farmers Must not be Content to Give Them Merely Half the Advantages of Town Children.

Columbia County News.

It is a remarkable fact that a large part of the brain and brawn has always come from the rural districts of all countries. We might go down the business street of any town in North Carolina to-day and take an inventory, so to speak, of the men who are doing the business, and we would find a large part of them were reared in the country. We do not write to make odious comparisons between the country children and the town children, but we wish to call the attention of parents in the country to the new order of things coming to pass.

We wish to ask fathers and mothers if it is reasonable to suppose that their boys and girls in the country who only have an opportunity to cultivate and develop their minds from three and one-half to four months in the year will be able to stand up and compete with and enter into life's struggles with the boys and girls in the towns who have nine months to improve the mind and be trained for life's work; to say nothing of the magazines, good literature and lectures to which they have access.

It is not reasonable to suppose that children who have practically the same natural ability and have more than twice the opportunities the others do, will be equal when the contest comes.

Parents of the rural districts, your children are as dear to you as any parents. Do you want them to be helpless or inferior in capacity to their fellows in the years to come? I am sure no true parent does. But mark the prediction: unless the parents of the rural districts bestir themselves and secure more of the advantages for their children in the way of education, the time will surely come when those who have it not must serve.

This is not a pleasant thought, but it is as true as the Gospel itself. We do not want to see parents of the rural districts satisfied with three or four months' school; they must not be content with this if they expect to keep pace with the towns and villages.

### The New Film.

Kansas City Journal.

Some hens are naturally motherly and domestic, and live respectably, happy lives, while others have not the maternal instinct, and die a miserable death. Mrs. A. A. Bennett, of Atchison, says The Globe, has a pullet that was hatched out last July. The pullet laid one setting of eggs, set on them, raised the family, started it out in the world and is now setting on her second laying of eggs. She will have two families before she is a year old. Another hen that lived in a North Atchison neighborhood was giddy. She flirted around the roosters, and when she felt a setting spell coming on, she would pick out a potato and set on that. When that potato was taken away and another put under her, she would desert her nest and hunt up another potato, a stone or any old thing that wouldn't hatch and burden her with a family. Hens are somewhat like women.