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# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

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### DR. WILDER ON THE NEGRO,

The interesting case of Van Jones, who is three inches shorter than he uses to be—Wiring a Negro at the Good Samaritan Hospital—A Block and Tackle for 350-Pound Woman.

Charlotte Observer, 1st.

Last night as Mr. Brevard Nixon, Mr. C. G. McMichael, and an Observer man were standing in front of the Hotel Buford, talking about the weather, Dr. Wilder came along humming.

"Now is the winter of our discontent—Made glorious summer by this sun of York."

"And all the clouds that lowered upon our houses—In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

"Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."

"Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings."

"Our dreadful marches to delightful measures."

Those of the party who knew Dr. Wilder in his palmy political days, when he could and did carry voting precincts at his will, felt certain that he was in fine mood. He seemed contented and happy.

"Why so happy, Dr. Wilder?" asked Mr. McMichael. "Are you thinking of those negroes that you wired up?"

"Yes, I am just delighted that all of my wreck negroes are doing well. We have 30 of them and they are improving every day."

"We had Asbury & Flinger to make a block and tackle for Lizzie Bowman, the 350lb. giantess, to-day and we can swing her as you would a piece of granite on a derrick. It required the combined and concerted efforts of everybody in the hospital to move her, but now one nurse can raise her and turn her about without help."

"You know that I was thinking, as I came along up there, that I would like for the Yankees at the North to come down here and see what the kind hearted women of the Episcopal church here were doing to ameliorate the sufferings of those poor negroes. I have never seen anything like it. Mrs. Mallinckrodt and others have been there every day doing what they could to relieve pain and make for comfort."

"Now, Dr. Wilder, tell us about wiring those negroes," said Mr. McMichael.

"We wired two of them. They are doing very well."

Dr. Wilder did not seem inclined to tell about his pet trick, but Mr. McMichael insisted.

"Why, Dr. Wilder, they tell me that you threw a negro down here once and cut a piece out of one of his legs to make it the same length as the other, wired him up and he is still living and doing well. What about that? In earnest, I am interested, and wish to know what you did to the negro who fires out here at the Louise Mill?"

"Oh," declared Dr. Wilder, "you are talking about Van Jones. That negro has cost me more than any patient that I ever had given me more reputation. Dr. Dennis O'Donoghue and myself worked on him. He broke one leg and fractured a bone in the other. I was whetting my knives to amputate his leg, when Dr. O'Donoghue said, 'He is nothing but a convict, let us experiment on him a little. Why not cut the other leg down to correspond with

### RED BUGS A BURDEN.

They Bite Colonel Bradford who Finds that Life is not all Sweet.

Charlotte Observer.

"There is something wrong with the way things fell out in this part of the country," said Col. W. B. Bradford yesterday, just after he had returned from Gandersburg, Cabarrus county.

"What's the matter now, Colonel, did things not go right with you at Gandersburg?" was asked.

"Yes," declared Bradford, as he dove down and began to dig at his ankle with four fingers and a thumb, "but the cursed red bugs are after me and will give me no peace. It does seem funny to me that every sweet should have a bitter. They say that is so, and I believe it. I went to the Isle of Palms once and the mosquitoes made life a burden to me. If the cars had not stopped running for the night I should have gone back to Charleston and taken the first train home. The hotel people said that the breeze was wrong. The explanation did not help me."

"From the coast I went to the top of Mount Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rockies, thinking that no pest could live there, where nothing but the snow bird, the mountain boomer, a little hardy squirrel, and balsam trees seem to prosper. I lay down the first night, after I arrived at the top, and went to sleep, feeling that nothing but sleep, sweet sleep, and rest would be my lot. I was far above the rattlesnake line, and had no fears."

"Well, sir, I had not slept long when I waked up in a fright. Three or four places between my head and my feet were burning as if they had been touched with a hot needle. Even while I lay there, wondering what the tormentor could be, I received several bites. I knew that no mosquito nor red bug could be in that climate. Therefore I aroused my friend, a mountaineer, and asked him to what he had delivered me and he rolled over and growled, 'O, it's a flea! Gw'on to sleep.' But I couldn't sleep; the fleas were worse than the mosquitoes at the Isle of Palms."

"There is no rest for the wicked. I had always said that if any misfortune overtook me I wanted to be carried to Gandersburg and where I could receive the care and attention of my friends and kinsmen. I had hoped to be buried there, when I die, but I feel to-day as if I could never rest in Gandersburg."

"I never knew the red bug when I was a boy. As a man grows older his troubles multiply. Here I am to-day, spending my time scratching away, when I should have nothing but the most pleasant memories of my old home place. I can't imagine where I got the chigger. They tell me that salty bacon will kill them. I have not seen a piece of salty meat in ten years. I had forgotten that there was such a thing. But I am going home to see if I can't deliver myself from the little pests. I can use kerosene oil, salted butter or something else. Such is life, boys; when you think that the other fellow is having a good time, just change the trend of your thoughts. When I see the ruddy faced country boy, with his clear eye, his muscular arms and a wagon full of juicy peaches or water-melon or grapes I long for the farm. But boys, just look at my poor legs."

Bradford picked up his umbrella and went growling up the street.

### Seven-Year-Old Child Dies Drunk.

Charlotte News.

If ever angels weep over what mortals do in this world, they must have wept over what took place in Lincoln county on last Tuesday.

We are informed that Mr. John Keener and Traver Lawing started to Lincoln county and got some brandy on the way. The little seven-year-old boy of Mr. Lawing died from the effects of what he drank.

My countrymen, think of a child seven years old going into eternity a victim of strong drink. We cannot save some men who are set in their ways and are slaves of strong drink, but in the name of humanity, let every man who is a man raise his voice and use his vote and his influence to save the mothers and children from the curse of strong drink.

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### RUSSIA'S BLOODIEST MUTINY.

Cannon Busy on Land and Sea—Rebels at Lgt Ost Control.

Charlotte Observer.

Helsingfors, Aug. 1, 1:40 a. m.—Sveaborg is entirely in the hands of the mutineers, who now have in their possession every kind of armament. Horrible scenes occurred last night when the fierce fighting was continued. The heaviest artillery was used during the conflict.

Helsingfors, July 31.—A gigantic military conspiracy aiming at the simultaneous capture of Russia's three great sea fortresses, Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and Sveaborg, arranged by the Revolutionary Military League, was prematurely sprung here tonight by an attempt to arrest members of a company of sappers who had mutinied on account of the death of one of their comrades, alleged to have been due to ill treatment. The entire garrison of the fortress at Sveaborg flamed out instantly in revolt. All the artillerymen and sappers garrisoning the place were involved. Only four companies of infantrymen remained loyal. The mutineers seized 40 machine guns and practically all the quick-firers and light artillery in the fortress, but even with this aid they were unable to hold the main fort against the loyal infantry. The fighting continued all night long. The heaviest firing was heard from 10 o'clock in the evening until 1 1/2 to the morning.

WARSHIPS FIGHT BARRACKS.

This morning a detachment of civilian revolutionaries seized the marine barracks on Skatudden Island, hoisted the red flag, and were joined by all the marines. Nine cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers lying in the harbor opened fire on the barracks. This fire was arrested from the third-story windows of the barracks with machine guns and rifles.

The torpedo boats and destroyers, which were lying closer to the shore, were subjected to such a hot fire from the barracks that their crews were driven below decks. They finally steamed out and joined in the bombardment with the cruisers. This sea attack was in co-operation with attacks by Cossacks and infantry from the land side, which began at 9 o'clock in the morning and continued through the whole day.

Finally, towards evening, the firing ceased and the authorities announced that the barracks had been captured. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the Cossacks cleared the square in front of the palace facing Sveaborg and then drove the public from the entire water front for the purpose of preventing the sending of assistance from the city of Sveaborg.

RENEWAL OF BATTLE LIKELY.

The exact situation at Sveaborg is not known. Rumors are in circulation that the entire fortress has now fallen into the hands of the insurgents, but they lack confirmation. It is believed that this cessation of fighting is but a prelude to the renewal of the battle between the mutineers and the government troops.

An authoritative estimate of the killed and wounded cannot be obtained, but the casualty list on both sides must be heavy, for fighting was waged with desperation.

There are various rumors to be heard regarding the fate of the officers who were at Sveaborg and in the Skatudden barracks. According to one rumor almost all the officers, and according to another, almost all the junior officers, side with the mutineers.

The marines at Skatudden are said to have convened an elective court-martial which condemned several officers to instant execution.

Water as a Nervous Feed.

Home Chat.

"If nervous women would only drink more water they would not be so nervous," remarked a trained nurse the other day.

"Nearly every physician will recommend a woman who is suffering from nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion to drink lots of water between meals, but many women who do not come under a doctor's care would feel better and look better if they would drink, say, a quart of water in the course of a day. Water is a nerve food. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for herself."

### THE COMMONPLACE HEROISM.

A Word for the Great Army of People That do Their Duty Faithfully.

Portland Oregonian.

If there is one thing more than another that the world needs to learn in these lush and flashy days, it is the heroism of the commonplace. The worship of success, of wealth, of high place, of power, of fashion, of social distinction, have all operated to blind our eyes to the essential nobility of the man who goes quietly about his business, performs the duties of citizenship in an unobtrusive way, takes care of his wife and children, pays his taxes honestly, is kind to his neighbors, and is not merely content, but glad to keep out of the world's gaze. Lowell wrote of one such woman:

Yet in herself she dwelleth not. Although no home were half so fair, No slumber duty is forgot. Life had no dim and lowly spot That doth not in her sunshine share. She doeth little kindnesses Which most leave undone, or despise; For aught that sets one heart at ease, And giveth happiness or peace, Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things, And though she seem of other kind, Round us her heart entwines and clings. And patiently she folds her wings To tread the humble path of earth. Blessing she is. God made her so. And deeds of week-day boldness, Fall from her soimeless as the snow. Nor hath she ever chanced to know That aught were easier than to bless.

We, most of us, look far off for our heroes. Carlyle found them in great generals, great literary men, great poets and great prophets. Yet the London of his own day was full of them. He even failed to recognize the hero in Charles Lamb. It is so with men generally. We look for the unusual, the abnormal—we even glorify the very bad, provided their badness has the proper touch of romance. We have built a school of literature around such scoundrels as "Raffles," and rejoice when the rogue escapes the consequences of his own knavery, while the world's great servants go unrecognized and unrewarded.

It ought to be our business in this country to dignify the average—the so-called common—man. For it is he that keeps the world moving, and moving in the right direction. He is the burden-bearer, the duty-doer. It is on him that we must depend in every crisis. The idea that he should be set aside for every millionaire vulgarism that lifts his head above the mire in which he was bred is intolerable. It is to the common soldier, the common toiler that we must appeal when there is desperate work afoot. We read in the papers of the "sports" who are becoming so offensively prominent, yet lift their hands in behalf of their country. The novelists and poets have thrown a golden mist around that "far country" known as Bohemia, and yet its very existence is perilous to civilization, and to the souls of men and women. We hear much of the "artistic temperament," that temperament, if there is nothing else, is not capable of great service to mankind.

But of the sober, dusty and be-mired drudges who toil that the world may live; who fulfill "the law and the prophets," and who die uncomplainingly in the harness after having made the whole of humanity their debtor—where is the laureate to celebrate their glorious fame? Old Walt Whitman is the only poet, as far as we now recall, who has fittingly recognized the rank and file of the army of progress. It is time for us to clear our vision, time to see things as they are. We ought to see that the man in high place very often owes his commanding height to the platform on which he stands. Men must be judged not by the greatness of their opportunity, but by the way in which they use those that come to them, no matter how small they may be. If this country is pledged to any worship at all it is to that of the average man.

Truly we need to get for ourselves a new supply of ideals—need to learn what is really valuable in life on this planet. The childish habit that so many of us have of worshipping things merely because they are big, or new, or startling, or wicked, must be overcome. We need poets and novelists who will develop in us a sense of right values—who will glorify the average man and crown him in the sight of the world as its master and saviour. The hero is the man who works his passage, pays his way, injures no

### Glascok's Racer

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one does his duty and a little more, and does not wander far from the path between his home and his office. And he is all the more a hero because he is not conscious of being one. It is not for his sake, but for the sake of the rest of us that he should be honored. He asks no reward and craves no notice. But it is necessary that the world should see in him the true ideal, and that the romance, the beauty and the power of life should be made clear to all.

Catching Sharks at Charleston.

Yorkville Recorder.

An exciting pastime of Charleston fishermen is shark fishing. The fishermen repair to the wharves, usually at night, and near some large vessels, where more or less refuse is thrown overboard and the sharks congregate. The fisher for shark uses a large hook, several inches in length, to which is attached a strong chain, and to the chain is fastened a strong line of 100 or more feet in length the end of which is looped over a convenient post. The hook is baited with a liberal chunk of beef or salt pork and thrown out into the harbor. If sharks are around there is something doing in a very short space of time, as the shark is a veritable glutton and as soon as the bait is struck, it is swallowed and then comes an exciting tug of war—shark against man.

The man of course, wins out, because there is always plenty of help around, but this does not lessen the excitement or the sport, as considerable work is required to land a 150 or 200 pound shark. There is always a jollification when a big shark is captured by one of the wharf fishermen, because not only is the fish considered the natural enemy of the fishermen, but its flesh is considered, by some, as a food; the big fish being cut up and sold by the pound as steak. The species of shark most common in Charleston waters is known as the "shovel-nose," and is not considered a man-eater, and hence not very dangerous. Shovel-nose sharks of 200 pounds weight are not infrequently caught from the wharves.

Behold His Strength.

Yorkville Recorder.

The fact is not generally realized; but it is a fact nevertheless that the state dispensary system is now stronger in Columbia than in any other town in the state, and it is solely because of the large financial interests built up there. The dispensary has brought more than a million dollars to Columbia.

Buy Land—Buy Now.

Galaxy Ledger.

So long as babies are born into the world so long will the world continue to advance, and so long as the world continues to advance, so long will real estate continue to advance in price. Now is the time for the young people to buy real estate. It will never be cheaper. If you haven't the money take stock in the building and loan association and borrow the money. It will prove a good investment.

Glascok's Racer

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DURHAM FACTORY HAND

HEIR TO MILLIONAIRE

Back to San Francisco Bay Leaving Van Fortune With Two Other Nephews and a Niece.

Durham, N. C., July 30.—Jas. A. Corbett, employed in the factory of the American Tobacco Company in this city, has been appraised that he has fallen heir to a fourth interest in the estate of his uncle, Daniel A. Corbett, of San Francisco, rumored to be worth \$25,000,000. Corbett has employed counsel to look after his interests and accompanied by his legal advisers will depart for San Francisco in a few days and there prosecute his claim.

Corbett recently received a letter signed by a judge of the probate court advising him that by the terms of the will of his uncle, Daniel A. Corbett, he had been named in the instrument as one of the four heirs to the estate roughly estimated at \$25,000,000. The latter declared that Corbett died on June 11th and cited in his will that as he was childless he desired his property to be equally divided among his three nephews and his niece.

When seen to-day Corbett declared that he had an uncle who lived in San Francisco, whom he knew to be enormously wealthy, but that he had had no word from him for years. Prior to the Spanish-American war he had made his home with his uncle, but at the outbreak of the hostilities he enlisted and after being mustered out of service he roamed about the country finally coming to Durham in May of this year and since that time has been employed as a factory hand.

Corbett has employed Dale W. Sorrell, of the law firm of Umstead & Sorrell, to look after his interests. Mr. Sorrell admitted to-night that he had been employed by Corbett but declined further to discuss the case.