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# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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#### LUXURY IN A RANCH HOUSE.

Wyoming Log Cabin Contains a Fine Collection of China, Silver and Cut Glass—Hostess is a Happy Woman.

New York Herald.  
A little one-story, six-room log ranch house in Lander, Wyoming, with sage brush land stretching away from it in all directions and with only a lumbering mountain stage coach drawn by four horses connecting it with the outside world, has in it more and finer cut glass, china and silver than any other house, public or private, in the State.

Arapahoe boasts not near 50 souls, all told. But the traveler going by stage from Lander to Shoshone will find its ranch house an uncommonly good one at which to stay over night, for Mrs. Becker, its gracious hostess, does not spend all her money on ornaments for her table. She always makes enough to pay the salaries of two first-rate Chinese cooks and to supply her table with delicacies.

Many ranch houses look neither more nor less inviting from the outside than does this one. Dirt, poor food, cracked dishes, wretched service and insufferably bad beds compose the accommodations. The traveler is agreeably surprised, then, when he finds the wealth of cut glass, china and silverware which graces Mrs. Becker's table, excellent service, every delicacy that a city market affords, cleanliness everywhere, easy chairs and couches, beds, fresh and comfortable and an atmosphere of refinement.

Mrs. Becker's cut glass, china and silverware are the pride and the delight of Arapahoe and of all the countryside round about it. Even the Indians, who have got a glimpse of them regard them with a sort of proprietary interest. Not long ago Mrs. Becker sent an order to New York for a thousand dollars' worth of cut glass, and that thousand dollars' worth is not all she has. Besides her valuable collection of cut glass china and silverware Mrs. Becker has many hundred dollars' worth of Navajo blankets and Indian curios. She made an army officer's wife a gift of \$500 or \$600 worth of blankets and curios recently and thought nothing of it. She is a Western woman and does things in a Western way.

Not long ago Mrs. Becker gave a party at her ranch house to which she invited some of her best known folks in Lander and army officers and their wives from Fort Washakie. It was a unique society function. Each of the numerous guests went home from it with a costly gift from the hostess. One young lady was given a saddle, another a beautiful and costly souvenir spoon with an elk's tooth set in the handle and the others received gifts equally valuable.

#### The Real Thing to Arrive This Year.

Charlotte Chronicle.  
The shedding of the leaves is a good idea and the amendment is accepted. But the cotton picking machine which THE GAZETTE hopes for is in sight, leaves or no leaves. The experimental picking in the Johnson field last fall showed that the leaves do not bother it as much as they would bother the hand picker. We expect to see the formal, practical advent of the cotton picker this year.

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#### CLEVELAND SPRINGS

TO BE SOLD.

South Carolina Capitalists Will Make Extensive Improvements.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 3.—A matter that will interest Raleigh people is a rumor which has reached here that Cleveland Springs, the well known resort in Cleveland county, will be sold within the next few days to a syndicate composed of prominent South Carolina capitalists. Col. Leroy Springs and several other eminent men of wealth from Rock Hill and Lancaster are said to be behind the purchase. Recent visits of these gentlemen to the popular resort have revealed splendid opportunities for making the springs a famous place for recreation. The rumor is to the effect that a commodious hotel will be erected to accommodate the large crowds that will flock there during the summer. Many other improvements will be made to add to the beauty of the place.

#### SOMETIMES IT DOES!

A Hearty Meal Should Never Annoy or Distress.

A hearty meal should give a sense of gratification and comfort. It should never annoy or distress. If you have indigestion and discomfort after eating, it shows that your digestive organs are weakened and they cannot properly care for the food which has been swallowed. If you cannot eat and digest with pleasure and comfort three good square, hearty meals each day, you need to use Mi-o-na stomach tablets, and you should go to J. H. Kennedy & Co., for a box at once.

Mi-o-na is as unlike the ordinary peppin digestive tablet as the electric light is more valuable than a tallow dip. Mi-o-na cures indigestion or stomach trouble by strengthening and regulating the whole digestive system, thus enabling the organs to take care of the food you eat without any distress or discomfort. Use Mi-o-na for a few days and the nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility and weakness, headache, loss of appetite, headache and other ills that are caused by indigestion will be banished and you will feel well all over. Mi-o-na makes positive and lasting cures and is sold under an absolute guarantee that the money will be refunded unless the remedy cures. Ask J. H. Kennedy & Co., to show you the guarantee they give with every 50c box of Mi-o-na. —S7-21.

#### Contempt to Burn.

John Philip Sousa was condemning the law that allows certain talking machine companies to make records of his famous marches and sell them broadcast without paying him a single penny for the privilege.

"I have only contempt for such a law as that," said the great bandmaster. "When I think of the injustice of it I boil over with contempt. I remind myself of a Washingtonian who was haled before a magistrate for committing a nuisance.

"The Washingtonian had committed no nuisance, but nevertheless the decision went against him, and he was naturally incensed. Forgetting himself, he told the magistrate what he thought of him, and was fined \$5 for contempt.

"He produced a \$10 bill to pay the fine with. The clerk took it, searched his drawer, then made as if to hand the bill back again.

"I have no change," he said. "Oh, never mind about the change," snorted my friend. "Keep it. I'll take it out in contempt."

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#### IMPROVEMENT AT MONTREAT.

Mountain Retreat Association Will Extend Enormous Sum in Building up Their Property in the Mountains.

Charlotte News.  
A meeting of the executive committee of the Mountain Retreat Association was held last night at the home of Mr. R. O. Alexander in Dilworth. This committee is composed of the following prominent men of this city and State: Rev. Dr. J. R. Howerton, president and treasurer; R. O. Alexander and S. B. Alexander, Jr., of Charlotte; Dr. Henry Louis Smith, of Davidson; A. C. Miller, of Shelby; John F. Love, of Gastonia; James R. Young, of Raleigh; F. B. Brown, of Washington, N. C.; J. D. Murphy, Dr. Campbell and R. T. Smith of Asheville; and A. L. James, of Laurinburg.

It was agreed at the meeting that the contract for improvements at Montreat would be awarded to Lockwood, Green & Co., the well known contractors and landscape architects of Boston. The contract calls for a surveyance of the 4,000 acres owned by the association, construction of a commodious hotel, laying off and macadamizing of roads and driveways, installation of equipped water works and electric plant and the construction of two lakes. The estimated cost of the proposed improvements is \$150,000, and to meet this outlay, it was agreed to issue \$50,000 of preferred stock.

The improvements which the committee have in mind are of a monumental nature. It means the building up of one of the best sections in the mountains of the State, and this to be done according to the contract by April, 1907.

The firm to whom the contract has been given is well fitted to push the work to rapid completion. The surveying will begin next week and the force will be shifted to other developments just as soon as one piece of work has been finished.

The auditorium which is to be erected will be one of the finest in the South, costing \$25,000, with a seating capacity of about 5,000 persons. The new hotel will contain 125 rooms, which with the present capacity of the old building will make ample room for the guests who will visit the place.

All improvements will be of the highest order, and it is the intention of those behind the movement to make Montreat one of the most noted resorts in the South. The natural beauty and surroundings of the place make this aim possible with the expenditure of such a sum as has been donated for the purpose.

#### Powhatan's Oak.

Jamestown Magazine.  
One of the most notable trees in America is a massive old live oak, four to five feet in diameter, with a spread of more than 70 feet. This monarch of the Jamestown Exposition is supposed to be nearly 1,000 years old. It was a large tree when the first settlement of Jamestown was made, 300 years ago, and was a favorite resting place of the Indians of Chief Powhatan's powerful tribe. According to authentic reports Indian war talks were made under the shade of this old tree in the early days when the first whites settled in America and the Indians began the long, hopeless struggle for their homes and hunting grounds.

#### To Fix Cotton Prices.

Columbia cor. News and Courier.  
The Cotton Growers' association will soon hold a meeting at which the executive committee will arrange its campaign for the season now on and will at the same time fix the price for cotton. This price is what the executive committee suggests its members should get before selling their product.

In the meanwhile the association is doing some work and defining its position. Its latest announcement is:

"To the cotton growers of the South:  
"Beware speculators are hammering down the price.  
"Spinners will, therefore, buy sparingly.  
"If you want a profit on this crop you must market sparingly. Every bale you rush on the market is the strongest possible bear argument.  
"Market your cotton only so rapidly as the spinners demand it, or you will pay dearly for your hurry."

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#### YORK AND YORVILLE.

What's Doing Among our Neighbors Just Across the Line.

Yorkville Enquirer, 4th.  
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Thomson arrived in Yorkville this morning from New York.

The cotton receipts of Yorkville from wagons for the year beginning September 1, 1905 and ending September 1, 1906 was 10,280 bales.

Capt. H. S. Ross, the popular conductor of the C. & N. W. trains Nos. 9 and 10, is off for a vacation in the mountains of North Carolina, accompanied by Mr. Laban Falls, of Gastonia.

Work on the power dam in Broad river in Cherokee county has demoralized the price of labor in every direction for miles. The farmers of Broad River, Cherokee and King's Mountain townships are having the same trouble that was experienced by Bethel, Fort Mill, Catawba and Ebenezzer during the building of the dam of the Catawba Power company.

There is plenty of money in and around McConellsville for the erection of a big cotton mill; but the sentiment of the community is rather against this form of industry, the feeling being that if the manufacturing field is entered at all, it will be best to select some industry that calls for higher skill and good wages.

A little negro boy was brought before Mayor Roddey of Rock Hill a few days ago on charge of violating the city ordinance against gambling within the incorporated limits. Mayor Roddey refused to try the case; but told the boy to appear before the entire council. The mayor's refusal was based on the proposition that it was wrong to punish the little negro and let the bucket shops conduct their gambling business without let or hindrance. Right you are, Mr. Roddey.

The surveying party of the South and Western railroad, which has been operating in the western part of the county for some weeks, for some days past being encamped at Sutton's Spring, three miles from Yorkville, broke camp yesterday and went to Gaffney. No positive information could be had as to the movements of the party. Members of the party, however, told visitors to the camp that there was to be a survey across York to Catawba by way of Rock Hill, and that Charleston was the objective point of the survey.

#### Protects Her Husband With a Pistol.

Raleigh News and Observer.  
Winston-Salem, N. C. Sept. 3. Bernie Leonard, a young man, was shot in the forehead and hand this afternoon by Mrs. Wesley Holston. He will probably die. Leonard and his brother, after cursing Mrs. Holston and her husband on the street, followed them home. One of the boys was knocked down by Holston as they entered his door. The brothers then pounced upon the old man, knocking him down and were beating him when Mrs. Holston came to her husband's rescue with a pistol, firing every ball in it. Bernie's brother fled when he saw what had happened. Mrs. Holston was not arrested, as the officer held that she was only protecting her own household.

#### How the Family Row Was Ended.

North Wilkesboro Herald.  
We learn of an incident that occurred in the negro settlement southeast of this place, across the river, not long ago. A negro was beating his wife in front of the cabin, which was on the public road. The woman was down on the ground and the man was sitting upon and choking her by clutching her throat with one hand, when a white man came along the road in a buggy. Seeing what was going on, he jumped out of his buggy and ran up behind the negro and with a 48 struck him over the head such a blow that the pistol fired at the same instant, and the negro rolled over down the hill, his head skinned and dazed. The woman jumped up and ran round the house howling. "Don't shoot him anymore! don't shoot him anymore!" This ended it. All that any of the negroes knew was that "some white man done it."

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#### QUEER TRAITS OF THE CROW.

Easily Shot When Once Their Leader is Killed.

New York Sun.  
No bird is better known to the farmer than the common American crow. No bird is so detested, but on the other hand none is more frequently tamed. An old farmer out near Chatham, N. J., who has hunted crows for more than forty years, describes them as remarkable mixtures of intelligence and stupidity.

"Each flock of crows has its king or leader whom the rest obey implicitly and without whom they become utterly demoralized and seem unable to act for themselves," he says. "If you want to destroy a whole flock of crows the first thing to aim at is to kill the king.

"I remember when I was a small boy an uncle of mine planted a large field of corn, which a flock of crows instantly selected as a feeding ground. For a long time they set at defiance all efforts to disperse them.

The king crow sat upon a tall tree, from which he surveyed the country for a great distance. As soon as my uncle or his men came in sight he would sound the signal of alarm, and he and all of his followers would take flight; but no sooner were the men too far away to shoot than the king would make the fact known, and the entire flock would return. After wasting a quantity of ammunition and the greater part of a morning without shooting even one of the rascals, my uncle hunted me up. "Steve," he said, "you're pretty good with a gun. Now I'll tell you what—I'll give you a dollar for every crow you kill out in that field of mine."

"I suppose he thought that on the chance of earning a dollar, I would spend the next day or two chasing crows off his corn. Well, I didn't say anything. I took my gun and started off that afternoon. There were the crows at work in the field and the king on the tall tree.

"He caught sight of me as I came over the top of the hill, and gave the signal. I went on down the road, hid in some bushes just across from the field, and waited for more than an hour, but the crows seemed to have gone for the day. I decided to give it up till the next morning, and started back up the road. Just as I disappeared over the top of the hill I heard a loud caw and, turning, beheld those crows coming in a swarm to settle on the field. Several times I tried to steal up the road on them, but it was no use. Then I resorted to strategy.

"I went up the hill and quite a piece down the other side. Then, when I heard the king crow give the signal to return, I slipped behind the bushes by the roadside and succeeded in creeping all the way back without his catching sight of me. I picked him off easily, and as they did not hear him give the signal of alarm the other crows went on feeding until I had shot several of them.

"Then I took the body of the king crow, tied it to that of a large hawk which I had shot on my way there, and tossed them into the middle of the field. The crow is the most curious bird on earth. The whole flock came swooping down to solve the mystery of a crow and hawk lying there together. I shot and shot into their midst, but they never seemed to learn.

"When all my shot was exhausted I went over to my uncle's and asked him to go see how much he owed me. He went quickly enough, and counted sixty-seven crows.

"After awhile he came back to the house with an awful sober face.

"Steve," he said "I guess I'll have to ask you to let me off a part of that bargain we made. I didn't calculate exactly how good with a gun you are."

"Well, I'll tell you, uncle," I said, "I've had a lot of sport this afternoon and if you'll give me back the dollar I spent on shot to kill those crows I guess it will be all right."

"I've never seen a dollar come out of a man's pocket as quickly as that one did.

"Often since I've used the body of a dead hawk to bring a crowd of crows within shooting distance, and I've never known it to fail. Somehow it is an object which seems to have a peculiar fascination for them, driving them clear out of their senses with curiosity.

"Some farmers exterminate whole flocks of crows at once by sticking a stuffed owl in a tree where they congregate.

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CHARLES D. MEIVER, President, GREENSBORO, N. C.

All crows, you know, like to tease an owl. If crows are successfully decoyed by a stuffed owl practically the whole flock will be wiped out before they will abandon their fun. They will return again and again to tease the bird, in spite of the fact that some of their number are shot each time.

Samuel W. Quick, a farmer of Rymex Corners, N. Y., has learned to have a friendly feeling for all crows, because of a devoted pet in one of the tribes.

"I do not think crows are so fond of corn as some farmers imagine," he told the writer. "The old birds feed their young on worms, bugs and insects. It is such food they are after when they go into the freshly tilled fields. In hunting for these they naturally damage the corn to a certain extent. My pet would not touch grain of any kind. I think he would have starved before eating corn."

"I shed tears when I lost that bird. I called him Jackey. I got him by climbing to the top of a tall pine tree and carrying him down in my arms. I put him in a box about two feet square, with a sieve across the front. After keeping him there about one week I left him out for a walk. Very soon he was so tame that I gave him entire freedom. He slept in the trees in summer and in the chicken house, with the hens in winter.

"When hungry he would come into the house, get hold of my wife's skirt and pull and yell and flap his wings till she fed him. We gave him every thing we had on our table excepting the grains. He was a great lover of meat of any kind. When he got a piece he would grab it as savagely as a dog. By up in a small tree in the yard, hold the meat in one of his claws and tear off pieces with his bill, all the time making noise enough to awaken the dead. He was also very fond of grasshoppers, and would spend hours some days gathering them and storing them up for hard times.

"When he got more food than he could eat at one time he would take the surplus out in the yard and hide it under some leaves; and was to the dog or cat that would try to get what he had deposited.

"He would never hide anything while anyone was watching him. If you would turn your back, or pretend not to look for a moment he would drop whatever he had, quickly put a covering over it, and then run off about twenty feet where you could see him and commence to dig and scratch to make you believe that he was hiding it there.

"If I started to go where he

had hidden anything Jackey would try in every way in his power to lead me in the opposite direction.

"He was a great boy for taking walks. He would follow me through the fields the same as a dog, or sometimes perch on my head or shoulder. He seemed to know when Sunday came and would bother me more than on any other day. He wanted to keep me busy. As soon as he saw that I had nothing to do, he would get hold of my trousers and try to pull me along with him for a tumb.

"Jackey was never quiet for a moment except when asleep, and that was only in the middle of the night. He was first man up and last man to bed.

"A crow, so far as my observation goes, is a natural born thief. Jackey would steal anything he could get hold of, carry it off and hide it. He was especially fond of anything bright, such as sewing materials, shears, thimbles, needles, papers of pins, silver spoons and jewelry of all sorts.

"Our barn was burned by lightning that year and this gave Jackey lots of business. He would work all day picking nails out of the ashes and carrying them off to the woods close by where he would stick them in piles and cover them with leaves.

"One day while walking through the woods I went without knowing it to the spot where some of these nails were hidden. Just as I was about to tread on one of his precious stores, Jackey hopped down at my feet and began to pick up nails as fast as he could, carrying them away to a place of safety.

"Had Jackey lived I think I could have taught him lots of tricks, for he was very intelligent. Unfortunately my pet came to an untimely end just as he began to be most interesting. He had been fighting with the hens one day and they pulled out all the feathers in one of his wings. Later in the day he attempted to fly across a creek, fell in and was drowned."

Thanks to East Come High. Charlotte Observer, 25.

"I don't know what we are going to do if things to eat go any higher," said a popular boarding house keeper yesterday.

"I am losing money every day. I have to beg for the stuff I do get. Hens are selling for 30 cents each; butter, 30 cents a pound, and eggs 27 cents a dozen by the crate. We are willing to pay for butter, eggs and chickens if we could get them, but they are so scarce."