it's time to pay again

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1906.

VOL. XXVII.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Are you letting Gafffed rand-are know about it? Enter for the saking. Phone 50 or call,

\$1.50 a Year in Advan

************* YOUR BUSINES

NO. 86

R. P. RANKIN, President. C. N. NVANS, Vice-Pres. A. G. MYBBS, Cashier.

CAPITAL \$50,000

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK:

GASTONIA, N. C.

Accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, and Farmers Invited.

Liberal Dealing along Conservative Lines.

SAVINGS

We have added a Savings Department, in which we pay 4 per cent., compounded every three months. If you have not already opened an account in this department we invite you to do so.

OLD SILAS WALL,

THE NEGRO CHAIR-MAKER.

He is the Beginning and End of a Native Spook Story.

Old Silas Wall bottoms chairs at night and does odd jobs by day. He bottoms them with the rivings of white oak, which he soaks in troughs and tubs until they become as limber as leather.

But Silas is really the end and not the beginning of the story. The story started when old Dr. Hightower first came to the neighborhood with his wife, a steam engine and sundry other properties. He had been a policeman in New York city; he was an osteopath, a mesmerist, a machinist, and, above all, a spiritualist. When he died the chief legacy he left his wife was a firm belief in spiritualism. Long before she went insane,

however, there was a certain rabbit that took up under her crib. He stayed there so long unmolested that he grew very tame, and when the good old lady went out to scatter dough to her chickens, that rabbit would just as soon as not come over the yard and mingle and mix with them, and he dearly loved to bask in the open. He grew so bold that he attracted the attention of the negroes. The more they observed him the more they believed that he was the old doctor. He had a sort of look of proprietorship to him, and then all kinds of superstitions clustered about the place.

Jim Johnson, the best marksman for miles around, took a shot at that rabbit one day, at a distance and while the rabbit was running, and missed him. But Pres Wheeler, a one-eyed negro boy, saw the shot and the miss, and he went on up to Spring Branch church, where the Augus' meetin' was in progress, and told the people that Jim Johnson had shot at the Old Doctor and missed him. It was not long before the story went that Jim had stood within ten steps of the rabbit, where he sat basking and wobbling his nose, and had shot his whole supply of cartridges at him; that there were no signs of bullet marks on the ground, and that the rabbit never budged. There was, therefore, no longer any doubt that that hare was the Old

When Mrs. Hightower went insane, she put on the white sat-in dress she had been married in and sat in her parlor, entertain-ing the friends of her youth. That night she thought herself due at a ball in the city. She set out, escorted by ghosts, to meet the engagement, and waded all night long through bogs and ponds, and was bitten by thous-ands of mosquitoes, which she declared the next day were as big as bluebirds. Indeed, they were all gallinippers; the or-dinary mosquito did not obtain that August. They were so fierce—hold your breath, but it's true!-that they would bite you through the eye-holes of your

Of course the neighborhood could not risk any more night-wandering by the good old lady and four of us boys volunteered to keep watch over the premises the following night and prevent her second escape. A long jumper telephone pole had been dropped by a wagoner in front of the house, on the opposite side of the road and parallel with it. On that pole we sat. The moon was fair and the odors of the simper pict. of the summer night sweet, but the mosquitoes were intolerable.

We went down to the cottonshed of the nearest dweller and stole a great many unwashed

guano sacks and a cotton-sheet apiece, and brought them back to the log, wrapped ourselves in the sheets, put the guano sacks on fire, and sat in the smoke. It was the most horrible smell that ever arose, but it prevented the mosquitoes. The trouble was that we soon burnt all the sacks and had to rely entirely upon the sheets. Perhaps those mosquitoes were providential, for we might not have been able to bear the nervous tension without their sensual diversion. To see a white, ghost-like figure move about the front room, penetrated as it was by moonlight, silent, and to know that there was a crazy woman, with that in her eyes which no man could translate, produced a feeling foreign to ordinary cowardice. Some of us would not have run from Sul-livan were scared. We went periodically to her bedroom window to listen and determine if she was asleep, and when it came Calk's time to go first, right at her window, within a foot of her head, he burst into the wildest peal of crazy laughter. It was just a little too much for his nerves. You are amused at Calk, but we swore, at him, and were almost as much afraid of him as of the widow herself.

Anyhow, we got back on the telephone pole, wrapped our sheets well about us, and watched. I don't know what we should have done it Mrs. Hightower had sallied from the house; I'm afraid we should have run like turkeys. But she slept weil and we sat silent until about two o'clock, when we heard a footfall on the path up ahead and a certain cough,
"Ahem, hem!"
"That's old Silas Wall," said

everybody.

and don't say anything. Let's see what Silas will do."

The four of us deployed ourselves at equal distances along the log, looked straight to the front and waited.

Old Silas came humping along, covered with a brush heap of chairs, on his way home down to Mah's Jeddy's place. It will always be a mystery how he managed to attach so many of them. He was not looking toward the log, but toward the house. Nobody knew better than he that the widow was insane and that the Old Doctor was camping under the crib. He softened his footfalls the nearer he came, until it got to be a regular creep, stealthy and nervous and alert. Not before he got opposite the log did he look round. He halted, cut his eye from end to end, and

"Good ebenin'," said he, doubtfully.

Not a word; not a motion; four shrouded figures in the haunted moonlight. That, you know, was the rendezvous of

sperits.

"Wuff!" said Silas.

The way he shook those chairs off him was explosive. ite let them fall where they world. He was old and stiff in his joints, but his running would have put Pheldippidez to shame. He took it on. He struck only once a bridge about ten feet wide, "Whump!" two bundred yards down the road. If the Old Doctor, that rabbit, had got in the road ahead bit, had got in the road ahead of him, he would have given a local color to the old yarn by kicking the rabbit out of the way and exclaimed, "If you can't run no faster, git out er de way en let a man ron wut kin run!

That is how it happened that, when the widow was taken YORK AND YORKVILLE.

to the asylum and the house and its furniture were left alone, there needed no locks and keys and no other guard than that rabbit. He may now be dead or alive; I know not; but his ill repute is active, and will be so for many a year. It is because of him that grass and weeds grow in the old pathway and the windfall of hickories and persimmons in the yard lie ungathered. He is as terrible as an army with banners. J. C. M.

SEVERE WINTER. SAY WEATHERWISE.

Thick Feliage, Corn Husks and Plentiful Crop of Nuts. Berries and Acorns.

Richmond News Leader Persons who are wise in their knowledge of the weather that is to come predict that the coming winter will be a severe one. They are of the wishbone school of weather prophets, but it is possible that they may be right, for they base their prediction on signs which they say have never

failed them in the past. Then there are many signs that next winter, unlike last winter, will be unusually severe. In the first place, there are the thick-leaved bushes in all the parks and in the surrounding country. This is said to be nature's way of providing food for birds, and a big crop of holly berries means a long and severe winter. This prediction is supported by the statement from the West that the cornbusks are much thicker this year than they have been for a long time, while news comes from the mountain section that there will be an en-ormous yield of acorns. beechnuts, chestnuts and other fruits of the forest upon which birds and beasts depend for food dur-

ing the winter months. Still another sign of a long and cruel winter is found in the activity of the barn mice. These animals have already begun the work of building their nests and observers agree that they are making them this year unusually cozy and warm. Last year they seemed to give little attention to the building of their winter homes, but this year they are not only beginning to build them unusually early, but are giving remarkable attention and care to their construction. All of which signs points to a severe winter, and there are many people who place as much confidence in these homely predictions as they do in the reports of the weather bureau.

The State Text Book Commission will meet November 12 in the office of Governor Gleen for the purpose of adopting a of civics and on pedagogy to be were postponed from the meeting a month ago when the other books of the course of studies prescribed for the public schools were adopted

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

John Dogan, the negro who tried the sx-slave pension swindle on two old negroes of Yorkville last symmer, goes to the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta for three years.

Mr. William J. Pong died at his bome near Rock Hill last Wednesday night. The funeral services were held at the residence by Rev. W. L. Lingle, of the Presbyterian church. The interment was in Laurelwood cemetery Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Martha E. Moore, widow of the late Solomon R. Moore, died at the home of her son, Mr. W. T. Moore, in Yorkville last Saturday, aged 77 years, 5 months and 10 days. The remains were interred at New Rethel Reprist church of which Bethel Raptist church, of which the deceased had long been a consistent member.

Drs. J. B. Bowen and D. L. Shieller wlo were bound over to appear before Magistrate Comer last Saturday on a charge of violating the dispensary law, waived preliminary examination and the understanding is that the cases will come up for a hearing at the approaching term of the court of general sessions. Thos. F. McDow, Esq., is representing Dr. Bowen and J. S. Brice, Esq., is representing Dr. Shielder.

Mr. Greene Sandifer died in Rock Hill last Saturday morning at about 5 o'clock. He had been ill for several weeks and the end came after a gradual decline that covered a period of about thirty-six hours. He leaves a widow and two children, and survived by his mother and three brothers, John S., Frank and William Sandifer of York-

Subscribe for the GASTONIA GAZETTE

A Raleigh dispatch of the 23rd says: The first case called on the 9th district calendar in the Supreme Court to-day was State vs. J. B. Matthews, from Greensboro, under sentence for 20 years in the penitentiary for poisoning his wife who was Miss and engage in her chosen work. Zola Briggs, of Durham. The of laying up wealth for twenty counsel for Dr. Matthews are years to come. Should she be able to do this her fortune will have passed the and Stedman and Cooke of Greensboro. The principal ground for the appeal is that there are no degrees of murder in poisoning in this State and that if Matthews is guilty the court erred in not finding first degree murder and sentencing the prisoner to be hanged. The defense set up a denial of the North Carolina history, a book whole charge and claimed that if Dr. Matthews did commit the "Wrap your sheets close," used in the public schools of the influence of dope and insane tlary the stock of properties of These adoptions from its effects. Since his conviction and sentence he has been under a \$5,000 bond and has spent practically all of his time in a sanitarium near Balti-more where he is being treated for his dope habit.

MRS. HETTY GREEN.

America's Chief Woman Capibody and Does Not Gooslp.

Pifty years ago it must have been—anyway, it was about the time when people first be-gan to make fun of woman's rights in this country—Wendell Phillips remarked that the woman who could amass a fortune of a million dollars would do more to advance the cause of her fex than all the speech-making of the ages could achieve. There are in the United States to-day numerous women who by their own financial ability have either accumulated fortunes of a million dollars or have added many millions to fortunes inherited by them. Women enough have proved themselves shrewd as the shrewdest financially, yet even now the feminine sex has citizen's rights in only four states of the Union. Woman's ability has manifested itself faster than it has obtained recognition.

The chief individual money lender in the world was Russell Sage. Since his death the world's chief individual money lender is a woman, Hetty Howland Robinson Green. From a father and an anut she in-herited fortunes amounting together to \$10,000,000. She has been in business for herself has been in business for herself now forty-one years. Her present possessions are variously estimated at from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000. She took up the trade of moneymaking when she was thirty years old. In November she will be seventy-one. Her health is excellent, and she takes the best care of it, though she works more hours. though she works more hours a day than any clerk or stenographer in her employ. She increases her wealth, it is said by persons who think they know, at the rate of \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 a year. Russell Sage was within three weeks of ninety years old when he died. Mrs. Green's excellent health, alert intellect and powerful grasp on financial affairs bid fair to keep her alive

crime it was when he was under have put her in the peniten-American millionaires

talist and Money Lender-A Woman Who Meddles With No-

by that time have passed the

hundred million mark. Hetty Green's fortune is not so large as that of several of the great oil, railroad and em-balmed beef magnates, but Hetty Green never looted a bank, never bribed a legislature, never drove to bankruptcy and suicide a weaker rival or ran down by methods that should trol, as certain shiningly pious done. Therefore she is not so rich as they. However, the famous woman financier who looks much younger than her FURS AND COATS

The season for these beautiful and desirable ap-tensaces of a fashionable winter costume is now a us and we are prepared as never before to supply tastes.

FURSI FURSI Our line of jury contains all the latest up to date new things. The first to select naturally get the choice of the most exquisite goods and styles. Come now. Single prices from \$1.00 to \$25.00.

COATS: COATS: COATS: Never before have we had a bigger or finer a Ladies' Coats and Rain Coats than we are a this season. Every style for every size and taste. Come at once and make your selection.

PINE PETTICOATS

Large and comprehensive line of Petticouts dinary values, life to \$1 each; but our complements skirts at all prices and all kinds 6 certized Sateen up to Heather Bloom and \$1 line at \$1.50 to \$1.00 are unusually beantiful;

Jas. F. Yeager

seventy years, certainly is not more than forty in the vigor and keepness of the wonderful mind that has devoted itself solely to moneymaking. It may be that by entirely honest, even though avariclous and skimping, means she will yet pile up wealth as high as any of the noted American

READY-MADE SUITS!

I used to hear Russell Sage abused and succeed at so much just because he chose to live a just because he chose to live a simple life and lay up money that I at length came to have a sort of sympathy with him. I have come to have the same kind of feeling toward Mrs. Green. We naturally want to take the side of one whom few have a good word for, sometimes apparently just because he or she is rich.

Besides—put it fair and square to yourself—is it any of your business or another's what a person does with his own money that he has got honestly, even though stingily, so long as that person does not interfere with other people's rights? Is it a crime against the community, pray, for a woman to mind her own business and devote herself to laying up money? True, she might be in sobler employment, but is even that anybody's business but her own? Never in all the years of her life has there been recorded a word of scandal or gossip from Mrs. Green's lips. She has never once meddled with another person's affairs. with another person's affairs. Many a deed of kindness has she done quietly and privately. She is one woman who knows enough to keep her mouth shut absolutely. Can any higher praise than that be bestowed on a member of the talking, sputtering sex? One of Mrs. Green's oft quoted wise sayings is, "If there were less talk in the world there would be fewer fools."

As was the case with Russell Sage, Mrs. Green's tastes are extremely simple, and her plain, quiet life gives har remarkably good health. She has said more than once that Russell Sage was the only sensible man living. Is it a crime to live plainly and simply, even though one is a millionaire?

Once more—put it to yourself

Ouce more—put it to yourself fair and square—if a rich person wishes to eat simple food, go to bed early, dress comfortably and keep away from the fass and feathers of fashionable life, why should not be or she be permitted to do so? Is not this world large enough for even a rich person to live his or her own life?

Hetty Howland Robinson was born in New Bedford, Mass. Nov. R1, 1835. She is of Quaker ancestry and learned from her father to take care of money when she was a little girl. She was a handsome young woman and could have shone as one of society's most brilliant leaders, but she tasted its delights, made a face at them, turned her back on them all and went in for the delights of money getting. And now Hetty Green could undoubtedly at any moment make a loan in ready cash of \$30,000,000 to anybody who gave gilt edged security and a stiff interest. Yet, on the other hand, when the city of New York has been in urgent need of funds and Wall street lenders prepared to squeeze it merclessly. Hettyl Green has more than once come to the rescue with a loan of millions at

a lower rate than the broken demanded and thus disconfited and routed the "street."

Mrs. Green owns banks, bonds, railroads and real estate. Her business office is in one of the leading banks of New York city, an institution whose name carries with it the impression of solidity and safety. Hetty Green owns that bank and is its chief manager and director. She dresses more plainly and inexpensively than any stemographer in her employ, yet again—if one may be permitted—whose business is it? Probably she buys a new cost or gown when she mess is it? Probably she buys a new cost or gown when she needs one and just wears it till it is worn out, fashion or no fashion. What a lot of heartache and bother would be saved if more women did that! The lady who owns and manages banks and railroads has more important business on her mind than keeping up with the fashion in woman's dress. Hely Green would not be the second richest woman in the world if she spent her time keeping up with the fashion her time keeping up with the fashion of the second richest woman. Yet in costly and fashionable attire she would be noticed for a strikingly fine looking woman. She is tall and spare, with white halt, a kindly, yet keen blue eye, a musical voice and a gentle, controve manner except to those she thinks are trying to get the best of her in some way.

One of Hetty Green's greatest successes is her children.

One of Hetty Green's greatest successes is her children.

If those who call the famous woman financier hard names prove themselves as able as ahe has been to rear their children to useful, honorable lives, they will do well. Her son Ned, as ahe fondly calls him, Edward Howland Robinson Green, president of a railroad and Republican candidate for governor of Texas and all round first class business man, is liked and kespected by all who know him, and these are many. He is as generous in expenditure as his mother is economical, but no crazy extravagance, no dissipation or scandal has ever attached to his name.

"I raised him right, and that

"I raised him right, and that is what all mothers do not do sowadays," says Mrs. Grean. "If my boy had lived a life of crime I would give him a hypodermic myself."

When the life of clean, industrious, capable Edward Green in compared with that of the dissolute, disgraced sons of numerous other American multimillionaires it will be seen what Hetty Green's way of bringing up a son right means. When a little boy, Ned more than once wore patched clothes. He had little spending mosey, but enough, and active occupation of some kind from the time he was old enough to do mything.

Mrs. Green's damphter Solvie.

AVOID ALUM

IF YOU TOUCH your tongue to ALUM

and look in the glass-you will see the effect-You can't help puckering-it makes you pucker to think of tasting it.

By the use of so called cheap Baking Powders you take this puckering, injurious Alum right into your system-you injure digestion, and ruin your stomach.

Say plainty-

Royal is made from pure, refined Grape Cream of Tartar-Costs more withan Alum but you have the profit of quality, the profit of good health,