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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. XXVII.

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1906.

NO. 57

R. P. RANKIN, President. C. N. HYAMS, Vice-Pres. A. O. MYERS, Cashier.

CAPITAL \$50,000

## THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

GASTONIA, N. C.

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### TRAINMEN LEAP FROM LOCOMOTIVE.

#### Unusual Accident on Southern Railway.

Asheville Special to Gaffney Ledger, 24. Enveloped in flames which poured from its fire-box, and were fanned to a furious volume by the high speed at which it was running, deserted by engineer and fireman, who badly burned, leaped to escape certain death, a heavy locomotive drawing a fast freight train on the Southern railroad, ran for over a mile near Statesville yesterday morning, and was only stopped by a grade which proved too much for it to surmount without proper control. For a time the accident, and resulting out-burst of flames, were thrilling in the extreme and had few parallels in the history of railroad-

ing. The freight train was approaching Statesville, when suddenly flame and smoke and hot steam burst from the engine cab where Engineer C. B. Owenby, of Asheville, and Fireman Fred Little, of Old Rort, and brakeman Earl Holt, (colored) of Salisbury, were riding. The accident was caused by the crown-sheet bolts pulling through forcing the flames from the firebox. The three men were without a moment's warning surrounded by the fiery mass of flames, which were fanned by the rush of the swiftly moving engine to a wild fury, and only quick action saved the three men from a horrible death. Engineer Owenby remained but long enough to cut off the steam, when he followed the other two men in a desperate leap for safety. All alighted without injury, except a severe scorching while the huge locomotive bounded forward without a hand to guide it, the flames streaming out behind and enveloped cab and tender.

The engineer, though badly burned on the face and body, at once on picking himself up from the ground ran back to flag passenger train No. 21 which was understood to be running close behind the freight, but fortunately had been delayed owing to trouble with its engine. Engineer Owenby and the other two men were taken to Statesville, where there burns were dressed by the company's surgeon. Mr. Owenby was then brought to Asheville and is now in the care of a local physician, who reports that his condition is serious. Little and Earl are painfully, but not seriously burned, about the face and upper part of the body.

It is said that Engineer Owenby demurred about taking out the engine, as he did not consider it in proper condition, but was persuaded to do so against his own judgment.

### The Carnegie Library for the University.

Special to the Evening Times.

Chapel Hill, N. C., Oct. 26.—J. A. Jones of Charlotte, builder of the Selwyn Hotel, has been awarded the contract for building the new Carnegie library at the University. His bid was the lowest of the number received from contractors in several states.

Work will begin as soon as material can be gathered, and Jones is under a bond to complete it by August 15, 1907. The building will be contracted after plans of F. P. Milburn. It will be two stories in height and commodious. Pressed brick and granite will be used. More than \$50,000 will be spent before the building is finished.

### HARMFUL STOMACH DOSING.

No Need of It When Hyomei is Used to Cure Catarrh

Physicians and scientists agree that the less medicine one swallows, the better. It is in keeping with this idea that Hyomei is recommended by leading physicians throughout this and other catarrhal sections.

When this treatment is used in catarrhal troubles, there is no stomach dosing, for the medicine is taken in with the air you breathe, and goes right to the spot where the catarrhal germs are present, healing the inflamed and irritated mucous membrane, killing the disease germs and entering the blood with the oxygen, driving all catarrhal germs from the system.

Do not try to cure catarrh of the head by putting medicine into your stomach,—this is neither a scientific nor common sense treatment. Breathe the healing balsams of Hyomei and in a few days you will notice relief, and its continued use will result in a complete and lasting cure.

J. H. Kennedy & Co. seen so many cures made by Hyomei amongst their customers, several of them cases where all hope of relief had been given up, that they give an absolute guarantee of cure, or money will be refunded, with every outfit they sell.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but \$1, while extra bottles of Hyomei, if needed, are only 50 cents. —O30-N13.

### Will Have a Flower Show.

Kings Mountain Herald.

The Ladies Aid Societies of the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches are busy at fancy work and making other arrangements for the floral fair to be held here some time early in next month. The time and place will be published in a later edition of this paper.

The early frost hurt the flowers just a little, but the indications now are that there will be very fine flowers. Every body get ready to patronize this floral exhibition.

### Newton's Confederate Monument Assured.

Newton Enterprise.

Mr. George Rabb, county canvasser for the Confederate monument, got \$600 subscribed in Hickory last week. He now has near \$1500, about half the amount desired. The monument is assured, and the other half will be forthcoming. We know everybody in the county would like to help in this noble undertaking, and we suggest that they see Mr. Rabb at once next week and put down their amounts. It is the purpose of the committee to give the order for the monument within a few weeks and have it here to be unveiled at the next reunion.

### New Method for Picking Cotton.

Yorkville Enquirer.

As a result of his trip to Texas last winter, Mr. W. B. Keller of Yorkville No. 1, has adopted the Texas method of cotton picking, in this section, as everybody knows, the picker makes use of a small sack in which to put the cotton as it comes from the bolls, and as the sack is filled it is emptied into hampers. The sack is carried on the shoulders. The Texas equipment consists of a canvas sack, about two feet in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The picker attaches a sack to his shoulders by means of strap as in the case of the smaller sacks; but he does not pretend to be burdened with the constantly increasing load of cotton in the sack. Instead the sack is dragged along the row until it has been filled when the contents are weighed together with the sack. The sack holds, when full, forty or fifty pounds of cotton.

### A TRIP ON ENGINE OF 97.

Newspaper Man Takes Trip From Charlotte to Spartanburg on United States Fast Mail.

Charlotte Observer, 20th.

Wednesday afternoon there were eleven men on 97, the famous fast mail train between New York and New Orleans, the subsidy in support of which came so near being voted down by the last Congress. The eleven men comprised six mail clerks, a conductor, an engineer, a fireman, a flagman, and an Observer reporter.

The reporter got to take the ride by the courteous permission of Supt. P. L. McManus.

He crawled upon the engine during the brief stop at Charlotte, sat upon the fireman's box, got him a good hold on the narrow window sill with his left hand, and waited, while engineer Ed Webb ran here and there about his iron horse, thrusting in his long-nosed oil can between the wheels. The great high-wheeled, "clipper-built" locomotive was so packed with steam that her coughing made her shake and tremble. Some negroes were looking at her admiringly, and one of them, transcribing her hoarse exclamations, said "Can't, can't, can't—stan-still!" They filled her with water and dumped a scoop of coal into her tender. Conductor E. B. Laird came forward and read the orders to the engineer. The latter climbed to his place, looked back for the signal to go, pulled the throttle open, and old 97 gave a great snort and moved out.

She was lightly burdened, having only three mail cars behind her. She was not long, therefore, in finding her pace. From Charlotte to Blacksburg (a junction stop,) and from Blacksburg to Spartanburg the engineer said no word, but strained his eyes forward; sometimes leaning out of the window. The fireman spoke but once. He had no time to speak. Omond Barringer at a conflagration was never busier than he. There did not elapse, while the train was running, more than three minutes, if so much, between his shovellings of coal into the flaming furnace. The ordinary citizen has no dream of the amount of fuel a big engine eats up. Besides this, the fireman had to keep his attention on the steam-gauge, and do other tricks which the reporter did not understand.

One would think that the engineer might pull open the throttle and let her rip. But no; now he would shove it out a notch or two, then draw it back, sometimes ever so little. Every time his hand touched it the engine responded eagerly. He was constantly unscrewing and inscrewing certain little brass knobs that connected with the boiler, and at every whistich he reached up for the cord and made her holler for a road crossing, a station, or for block signals. Some one else said that his run is from Spencer to Greenville; surely he could not endure the strain of such alertness longer than that.

These observations were mere side glances. When you are riding on the engine of one of the fastest trains at all, you don't feel inclined to watch the autumn fields and woods or to study your neighbors in the cab; you are fascinated to what's ahead, and all you can do is to hold your grip and look forward, with your eyes half closed against the wind and cinders. The fascination is to know what is just around the curve; it is on the long straight reaches that you relax and look about you.

It was nearly sunset at Charlotte, and nightfall at Gastonia. The electric headlight waked up somewhere about the latter place, and it lit up the crowd at the station to see 97 drive through.

There is no use in saying that it was a trying experience on a tenderfoot's nerves. All the other trains were sidetracked to let 97 pass, and every time a headlight blazed in front the tenderfoot's heart got into his throat with dread lest it was a train coming and a collision. When the train struck sharp curves it seemed that the thing would certainly turn over, and at times the wheels did make the rails scream with friction. And, when rounding these curves, the headlight, of course, went off at a tangent and blazed its path through the woods, making it seem that the engine left the track.

But it was as thrilling as it was dreadful; that huge, rampant monster, without fear and

without fatigue, bending when she took her curves like a bull that lowers one horn for attack; snorting a cloud of smoke and fire, and yet answering to the touch of a man's hand. Had you been in the reporter's place you could not have helped imagining a head-on collision and reflecting upon the contingencies an engineer must go up against and the profound faith he must distribute among hundreds of men: dispatchers, block-signal men, flagmen, conductors of other trains, telegraph operators, switchmen—a failure of duty on the part of any of whom would ditch him and crash him to death. It takes a good roadbed and nery nerve to stand for 97, a train scheduled from New York to New Orleans including half an hour's stop in Washington and all other stops, and which, when late, must make up its time or pay forfeits to the government. In strenuous times it must run as much as 70 miles an hour.

At Blacksburg the conductor invited the reporter back to the mail cars, and in them he rode the rest of the way. The reporter, by the way, had set out for Atlanta, but got homesick at Spartanburg.

"Where do you get into this thing?" asked the reporter, hurrying up and down the short length of the train.

"Climb into the side door," said the conductor. "There are no steps to this train."

The reporter scrambled up and nodded to a mail clerk.

"Do you let a fellow smoke in here?" he inquired.

"We boys don't have any authority in here," said the clerk. "You can do as you please, so far as we are concerned. You're with the conductor."

The conductor came up about that time, and the reporter remarked to him that the clerks seemed busy.

"Busy!" said he. "I should smile they are busy. They don't see a minute of rest. To keep up with their mail is what they are bound to do, and if they don't finish between here and Atlanta, the other crew won't take it and fellows will have to finish the job, if it takes them till three in the morning. They are the busiest people you ever saw."

The head clerk, Mr. Yandle, a grayhaired man, was showing letters into pigeon holes at the speed of 60 to the minute. He said he had no time to talk and explain, but he was charmed, etc. But Mr. G. S. Coak, who had for the moment caught up with his work, showed the reporter something about how the thing was done.

The front car has a certain quota of States and foreign countries to "work," and the hindmost car another quota. The middle car is for storage. When a sack to Mexico City or Brazil is completed, they throw it into the middle car and take no further thought of it. Many of the sacks are shipped complete from New York and Washington, and get to ride all the way, uncompleted, on the storage.

But the current work is great; they have to keep up with the local postoffices along the main line and have to know all the postoffices in the Southern States and the termini of the railroads that reach them. There are pigeon holes labeled, "Glass," "Landis," "Newell," and so on. The mail to these places must be sacked and kicked off on the fly. When the flagman would cry, "Gaffney!" a clerk would drag a sack to the door, clap his face to the windshield, and at the second when his crane grabbed the Gaffney sack off its gallow, kick his sack out. Another clerk was keeping record of registered packages and letters, and another looking after the newspapers. They have reduced the business to a method that minimizes the labor, but the minimum is a caution.

They took time to show the reporter a pigeon hole full of defective and illegible addresses. Many letters bore the address of no postoffice, and many more were simply scrawls, which genius could not have deciphered. Those clerks more than earn their money.

As a whole that trip is a very exciting and informing experience, but when one goes a hundred or so miles in that fashion, he will be inclined to agree with Mr. Tom Pegrant, of Statesville, in his saying that there are three things he doesn't want to do: climb the highest tree, fall into the deepest well, or ride on the engine of 97.

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### Death of V. S. Bialock

Kings Mountain Herald.

Mr. V. S. Bialock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee S. Bialock, died last Wednesday at noon, after a long and tedious illness from typhoid fever. His remains were buried on Thursday at Bethlehem church, after the preaching of his funeral by Rev. A. H. Sims.

Mr. Bialock was about 22 years old and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a young man of much energy and was starting out well in life. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community in his death.

### Curious Old Will.

Yorkville Enquirer.

W. W. Lewis, Esq., has been engaged in looking up some ancestry information for a client in Honolulu named Dickey. Among other places to which he has been, is the office of the probate judge. There he found the will of one of the ancestors about whom information was wanted, and quite a curious provision in the will made it the duty of one of the sons to carry grists to mill for his mother as long as she should live. Mr. Lewis found also from Draper's King's Mountain and other sources that the Dickey in which the Honolulu man is interested was a patriot soldier in the Revolution.

### Sam Jones Was Wealthy.

Lexington Dispatch.

Rev. Sam P. Jones, who died last week, left an estate valued at \$250,000. He owned valuable properties in Atlanta, Cartersville, his home town, and in other places. He sold out a fine Kentucky estate because he could not give it necessary attention. Property belonging to Mrs. Jones was some years ago in Atlanta, for \$80,000. His income annually from lecturing and evangelistic work was between \$35,000 and \$40,000. He annually gave away about two-thirds of this sum to charities. His benefactions were so numerous, varied and widely scattered that even his family did not know of them. He rarely spoke of what he gave away and sought to keep the knowledge from the public. His life was insured for \$75,000.

### A Dead that Will Live.

Lexington Dispatch.

The death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis has revived a beautiful little story that ought never to be forgotten in the South, and as long as men and women love the land of cotton, its heroic past and its heroes, this story ought to be told around Southern firesides and treasured up with our crown jewels. It is simple brief and touching.

When Jefferson Davis lay a helpless, manacled, brutally-treated prisoner in Fortress Monroe, hated beyond all reason by the republican leaders, Mrs. Davis went North to work for his release. Her counsel told her that there was but one thing to do, and that was to get the leading man of the republican party to sign Mr. Davis' bond. This man was Horace Greely, and to him Mrs. Davis went. When she had told her story, Mr. Greely extended his hand and said, "Madam, I will sign the bond." He did and Mr. Davis was set free.

But that noble act of Greeley's cost him a seat in the United States senate and he suffered a loss of more than thirty thousand dollars besides. He knew what it would do for him in the North, and the sacrifice was deliberate. His name ought always to be treasured along with the memory of the great Confederate chieftain.

The many friends of Miss Mamie Smith regretted to see her leave Mt. Holly for Gastonia, but are glad to know that the popular Miss Mamie Dunn has taken her place at the central telephone office.

Mr. Edgar Picht was painfully hurt with a mowing machine a few days ago which will cripple him it is said for life.

Open View farms came out with quite a string of premiums with credit at the recent Mecklenburg Fair, between \$80.00 and \$80.00 in cash premiums was won besides several diplomas. This exhibit consisted of horses and hogs alone, as the quarantine laws prohibited the taking over of any cattle.

Miss Maybell Clanton, of Charlotte, and Mr. Mitchal came

### ROYAL BAKING POWDER



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**FURSI! FURSI! FURSI!** Our line of furs 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.

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**READY-MADE SUITS!** One line of ready-made suits, simply beautiful. \$7.50 to \$20.00.

### FINE PETTICOATS

Large and comprehensive line of Petticoats, extra-dainty values, \$5.00 to \$12.00; but our complete stock embraces skirts at all prices and all kinds from Mercierized Satens up to Heather Blooms and Silks. Our line at \$1.50 to \$2.00 are unusually beautiful garments.

## Jas. F. Yeager

over last Sunday and spent the day at Open View Farm.

Our farmers have lost a great deal of hay by the continuation of rain, and they find their corn badly damaged, and all say their cotton is going to fall short of a full crop.

The Mountain Island Mill has again started after several days stand still on account of making repairs.

Mr. J. M. McIntosh is now ginning cotton to beat the haul on his new outfit recently put up. Mr. Bravard Linberger, of Mount Holly, starts out this week to shed corn for the farmers in our section.

### Rock Hill's Lady Lawyer.

Rock Hill Cor. Yorkville Enquirer.

Miss Fannie Wilson, a graduate of the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, who has since her graduation two years ago been in her father's office, has opened an office in Washington, where she will engage in office work. Miss Wilson is a bright lawyer and will undoubtedly succeed. She is the daughter of Hon. W. Blackburn Wilson of this city and a grand-daughter of the late Col. W. Blackburn Wilson of Yorkville.

### NEWS NOTES.

Will Cannon, a young negro who was tried at this term of Cabarrus court for the killing of a comrade, Calvin Taylor, the 6th of July, was yesterday sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary.

A dispatch from Boone says: On Wednesday and Thursday of last week occurred the heaviest frost and most severe freeze. Watnaga has ever known so early in the year. All the crops not gathered are severely injured, if not completely ruined. Nearly all the apples were still on the trees, and not only will the Watnaga people suffer from the effects of the freeze, but the Caldwell folks will miss seeing a number of "mountain wagon."

Tate Price, a conductor on a Salisbury-Spencer street car, was accidentally shot while on duty Friday night. The pistol was discharged in his pocket by striking the side of the car and the ball entered his right hip, making a serious wound. He was also badly hurt in the head by falling from the car. The wounded young man was removed to a hospital in Salisbury, where an operation was performed. He is expected to recover.

Newton Tillison, sagman at the Southern Railway's Magnolia street crossing in Spartanburg, died Thursday morning as the result of injuries sustained Wednesday by being hit by train No. 37. He attempted to prevent a team from crossing ahead of an incoming train and his efforts to save the lives of two aged occupants of the vehicle resulted in his own death. The act of heroism was witnessed by a crowd of people at the station who agreed that Tillison received the fatal injuries in order to save the others. He was 38 years old and had been employed by the Southern for many years, at one time being baggage master at the depot.

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