

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1912.

AN IMPORTED HEAD.

Says last week's Dallas Advocate: "Mr. L. M. Hoyle is a Republican and Republicans generally should lend him a helping hand."

Innocent enough looking on its face, isn't it? To the uninitiated the fact should be stated here for information that Mr. Hoyle recently moved to Gastonia from Lincoln to practice law.

Here's the milk in the coconut, however, and we have it straight from a very reliable source, that the Gaston Republicans have imported Mr. Hoyle as a leader in county politics.

The Gazette has no objection whatever to this procedure. If it suits the Republicans it certainly suits us. The only question that has arisen in our minds in connection with this move on the part of our friends the enemy is "Have not the Republicans of Gaston county a man in their own ranks who is capable of leading to this job?"

1912 IN GASTONIA.

Nineteen and twelve should see the following things accomplished in Gastonia: Interurban cars running between Gastonia and Charlotte.

A new Southern passenger depot built—and with sheds to it. A modern hotel built and in operation. Our biggest need just now.

Streets macadamized and concrete sidewalks laid in residence districts. In this respect we are greatly behind other towns of our size and ability.

For good measure the city might build those septic tanks and put in a fire alarm system. Just about as important as any—we should organize a live board of trade and begin to advertise our town.

Let's wake up and get busy. Let's quit wasting money piddling around on our streets. It's child's play. Let's forget everybody's troubles but our own, put our shoulders to the wheel and push Gastonia further toward the front during this good year 1912.

ought to have they've got to fight for it with gloves off.

LONG STAPLE IN MOORE.

Mr. E. L. Pegram, of Ellerbe Springs, Experimenting With Lewis Article With Success.

The following item from last Thursday's Rockingham Post will be of interest to many Gazette readers. Mr. Pegram being a former Gaston county man and the Lewis Long Staple being a Gaston county product.

"Mr. E. L. Pegram, of Ellerbe, was here this week attending court. Mr. Pegram has charge of the Pegram Farm and Lumber Company's developments in this county.

"How does this weather suit you?" asked the Gazette man of Big Andy Cloninger a day or two ago. "Lemme tell you, young man," said Mr. Cloninger. "I've got twelve hundred pounds of hog meat in my smoke house, I've got butter and chickens and eggs, and milk, and plenty of wood and I was about to forget, I've got four or five bales of cotton that I don't have to sell just now, 'cause you see I'm not worrying much."

A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride.

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but lives are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung trouble, coughs and colds, which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia.

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN. (Copyright, by Hoyle & Britton Co.)

CHAPTER XI.

Now Riddle Me This.

The children were sitting in the swing. Florence Hammer, a little girl whose mother was spending the day at Miss Minerva's, was with them.

"Don't you all wish Santa Claus had his birthday right now 'stead o' waiting till Christmas to hang up our stockings?" asked Frances.

"Christmas isn't Santa Claus' birthday," corrected Lina. "God was born on Christmas and that's the reason we hang up our stockings."

"Yes; it's old Santa's birthday, too," argued Jimmy, "cause it's in the Bible and Miss Cecilia explained it to me and she 'bout the dandiest 'splainer they is."

"Which you all like the best; God or Doctor Sanford or Santa Claus?" asked Florence. "I like God 'nother sight better'n I do anybody," declared Jimmy, "cause He so forgivingsome. He's 'bout the forgivingsomest person they is. Santa Claus can't let you go to Heaven nor Doctor Sanford neither, nor our papas and mamas nor Miss Minerva. Now wouldn't we be in a pretty fix if we had to 'pend on Doctor Sanford or Santa Claus to forgive you every time you run off or fall down and bust your breeches. Naw; gimme God ev'ry time."

"I like Santa Claus the best," declared Frances, "cause he isn't f'rever getting in your way, and hasn't any castor oil like Doctor Sanford, and you don't f'rever have to be telling him you're sorry you did what you did, and he hasn't all time got one eye on you either, like God, and got to follow you 'round. And Santa Claus don't all time say, 'Shet your eyes and open your mouth,' like Doctor Sanford, 'and poke out your tongue.'"

"And the Bible says, 'Love your kin-folks,' Miss Cecilia 'splain'd."

"I use to like my Uncle Doc' heap better'n what I do now," went on the little girl, heedless of Jimmy's interruption, "till I went with daddy to his office one day. And what you reckon that man's got in his office? He 'is got a dead man 'thout no meat nor clothes on, nothing a tall but just his bones."

"Was he a hant?" asked Billy. "I like the Major best—he's got meat on."

"Naw; he didn't have no sheet on—just bones," was the reply. "No sheet on; no meat on!" chirruped Billy, glad of the rhyme.

"Was he an angel, Florence?" questioned Frances. "Naw; he didn't have no harp and no wings neither."

"It must have been a skeleton," explained Lina.

"And Uncle Doc' just keep that poor man there and won't let him go to Heaven where dead folks b'longs." "I s'ped he wasn't a good man 'fore he died and got to go to the Bad place," suggested Frances.

"I'll betcher he never asked God to forgive him when he 'ceived his papa and sassed his mama,"—this from Jimmy,—"and Doctor Sanford's just a-keeping old Satan from getting him to toast on a pitchfork."

"I hope they'll have a Christmas tree at Sunday-School next Christmas," said Frances, harking back. "And I hope I'll get a heap o' things like I did last Christmas. Poor little Tommy Knott he's so skeered he wasn't going to get nothing at all on the tree so he got him a great, big, red apple an' he wrote on a piece o' paper 'From Tommy Knott to Tommy Knott' and tied it to the apple and put it on the tree for hisself."

"Let's ask riddles," suggested Lina. "All right," shouted Frances, "I'm going to ask the first."

"Naw; you ain't neither," objected Jimmy. "You all time got to ask the first riddle. I'm going to ask the first one—"

"Round as a biscuit, busy as a bee, Prettiest little thing you ever did see?"

"Humpty Dumpty set on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, All the king's horses and all the king's men, Can't put Humpty Dumpty back again!"

"Round as a ring, deep as a cup, All the king's horses can't pull it up."

"House full, yard full, can't ketch—"

"As I was going through a field of wheat I picked up something good to eat, 'Twas neither fish nor flesh nor bone, I kept it till it ran alone?"

"A snake! A snake!" guessed Florence. "That's a easy riddle."

"Snake, nothing!" scoffed Jimmy, "you can't eat a snake. 'Sides Lina wouldn't a picked up a snake. Is it a little baby rabbit, Lina?"

"It was neither fish nor flesh nor bone," she declared; "and a rabbit is flesh and bone."

"Then it's 'bout to be an apple," was Jimmy's next guess; "that ain't no flesh and blood and it's good to eat."

"An apple can't run alone," she triumphantly answered. "Give it up! Well, it was an egg and it hatched to a chicken. Now, Florence, you ask one."

"'Spose a man was locked up in a house," she asked, "how'd he get out?"

"'Clam' outer a winder," guessed Billy. "T wain't no winder to the house," she declared.

"Crawled out 'thoo the chim'ly, like Santa Claus," was Billy's next guess. "'T wain't no chim'ly to it. Give it up? Give it up?" the little girl laughed gleefully. "Well, he just broke out with measles."

"It is Billy's time," said Lina, who seemed to be mistress of ceremonies. "Tabernicle learnt this here one at school; see if y'all can guess it: 'Tabby had four kittens but Stillshie didn't have none 't all.'"

"I don't see no sense a tall in that," argued Jimmy, "'thout some bad little boys drowned 'em."

"Tabby was a cat," explained the other boy, "and she had four kittens; and Stillshie was a little girl, and she didn't have no kittens 't all."

"What's this," asked Jimmy: "'A man rode 'cross a bridge and Fido walked? Had a little dog name' Fido."

"You didn't ask that right, Jimmy," said Lina, "you always get things wrong. The riddle is, 'A man rode across the bridge and Yet he walked,' and the answer is, 'He had a little dog named Yet who walked across the bridge.'"

"Well, I'd 'nother sight ruther have a little dog name' Fido," declared Jimmy. "I little dog name' Yet and a little girl name' Stillshie ain't got no sense a tall to it."

"Why should a hangman wear suspenders?" asked Lina. "I'll bet no body can answer that."

"To keep his breeches from falling off," triumphantly answered Frances. "No, you goose, a hangman should wear suspenders so that he'd always have a gallows handy."

CHAPTER XII.

In the House of the Lord. It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The pulpit of the Methodist Church was not occupied by its regular pas-

tor, Brother Johnson. Instead, a traveling minister, collecting funds for a church orphanage in Memphis, was the speaker for the day. Miss Minerva rarely missed a service in her own church. She was always on hand at the Love Feast and the Missionary Rally and gave liberally of her means to every cause. She was sitting in her own pew between Billy and Jimmy. Mr. and Mrs. Garner having remained at home. Across the aisle from her sat Frances Black, between her father and mother; two pews in front of her were Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with Lina on the outside next the aisle. The good Major was there, too; it was the only place he could depend upon for seeing Miss Minerva.

The preacher, after an earnest and eloquent discourse from the text, "He will remember the fatherless," closed the big Bible with a bang calculated to wake up any who might be sleeping. He came down from the pulpit and stood close to his hearers as he made his last pathetic appeal.

"My own heart," said he, "goes out to every orphan child, for in the yellow fever epidemic of '78, when but two years old, I lost both father and mother. If there are any little orphan children here today, I should be glad if they would come up to the front and shake hands with me."

Now Miss Minerva always faithfully responded to every proposal made by a preacher; it was a part of her religious conviction. At revivals she was ever a shining, if solemn and austere, light. When a minister called for all those who wanted to go to Heaven to rise, she was always the first one on her feet. If he asked to see the raised hands of those who were members of the church at the tender age of ten years, Miss Minerva's thin, long arm gave a prompt response. Once when a celebrated evangelist was holding a big protracted meeting under canvas in the town and had asked those who had read the book of Hezekiah in the Bible to stand up, Miss Minerva on one side of the big tent and her devoted lover on the other side were among the few who had risen to their feet. She had read the good book from cover to cover, from Genesis to Revelation over and over so she thought she had read Hezekiah a score of times.

So now, when the preacher called for little orphans to come forward, she leaned down and whispered to

her nephew, "Go up to the front, William, and shake hands with the nice kind preacher." "Wha' fer?" he asked. "I don't want to go up there; ev'body here'll look right at me." "Are there no little orphans here?" the minister was saying. "I want to shake the hand of any little child who has had the misfortune to lose its parents."

"Go on, William," commanded his aunt. "Go shake hands with the preacher."

The little boy again demurred but, Miss Minerva insisting, he obediently slipped by her and by his chum. Walking gracefully and jauntily up the aisle to the spot where the lecturer was standing by a broad table, he held out his slim, little hand.

Jimmy looked at these proceedings of Billy's in astonishment, not comprehending at all. He was rather indignant that the older boy had not confided in him and invited his participation.

But Jimmy was not the one to sit calmly by and be ignored when there was anything doing, so he slid awkwardly from the bench before Miss Minerva knew what he was up to. Signaling Frances to follow, he swaggered pompously behind Billy and he, too, held out a short, fat hand to the minister.

The speaker smiled benignly down upon them; lifting them up in his arms he stood the little boys upon the table. He thought the touching sight of these innocent and tender little orphans would empty the pockets of the audience. Billy turned red with embarrassment at his conspicuous position, while Jimmy grinned happily at the amused congregation. Horrified Miss Minerva half rose to her feet, but decided to remain where she was. She was a timid woman and did not know what course she ought to pursue. Besides, she had just caught the Major's smile.

"And how long have you been an orphan?" the preacher was asking of Billy. "Ever sence me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln's born," sweetly responded the child.

"I 'bout the orphanest boy they is," volunteered Jimmy. Frances, responding to the latter's invitation, had crawled over her father's legs before he realized what was happening. She, too, went smiling

down the aisle, her stiff white dress standing straight up in the back like a strutting gobbler's tail. She grabbed hold of the man's hand, and was promptly lifted to the table beside the other "orphans." Tears stood in the good preacher's eyes as he turned to the tittering audience and said in a pathetic voice, "Think of it, my friends, this beautiful little girl has no mother."

Poor Mrs. Black! A hundred pairs of eyes sought her pew and focused themselves upon the pretty young woman sitting there, red, angry, and shamefaced. Mr. Black was visibly amused and could hardly keep from laughing aloud.

As Frances passed by the Hamiltons' pew in her promenade down the aisle, Mrs. Hamilton leaned across her husband and made an attempt to clutch Lina; but she was too late; already that dignified little "orphan"

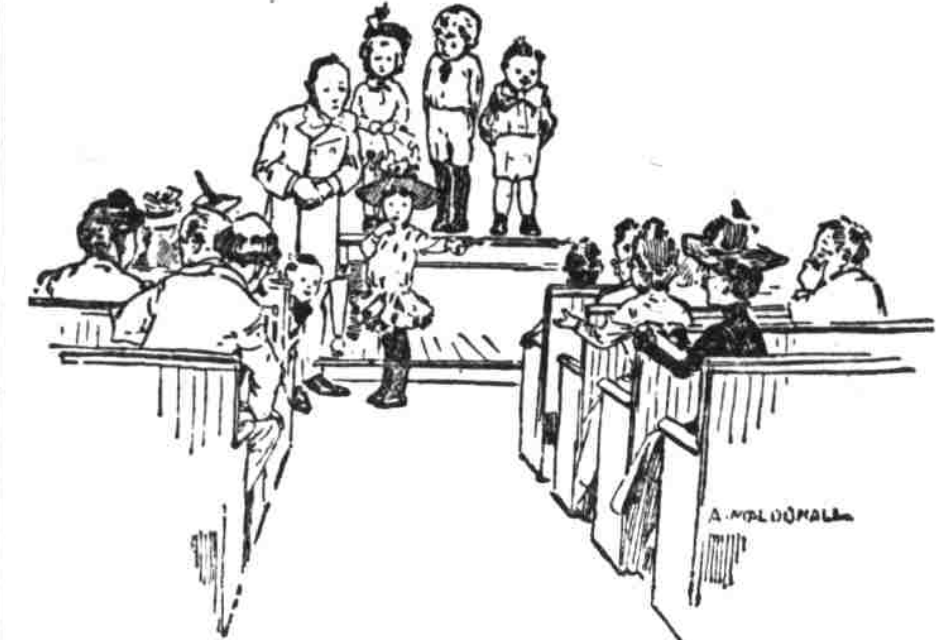
"Frances!" "Stomnick," Frances corrected herself, "and a whale swallow him, and how's he going to sit under a pumpkin vine when he's inside of a whale?"

"It was not a pumpkin vine, it—" "And I'd jus' a like to see a man inside of a whale a-setting under a morning-glory vine."

"The whale vomicked him up," said Jimmy. "What sorter thing is an octopus like what y'all say is in Miss Pollie Bumpus' head?" asked Billy.

"Tain't an octopus, it's a polypus," explained Frances, "cause she's named Miss Pollie. It's a someping that grows in your nose and has to be named what you's named. She's named Miss Pollie and she's got a polypus."

"I'm mighty glad my mama ain't got no Eva-pus in her head," was



was piddling with stately, conscious tread to join the others. This was too much for the audience. A few boys laughed out and for the first time the preacher's suspicions were aroused. As he clasped Lina's slender, graceful little hand he asked: "And you have no father or mother, little girl?"

"Yes, I have, too," she angrily retorted. "My father and mother are sitting right there," and she pointed a slim forefinger to her crimson, embarrassed parents.

CHAPTER XIII.

Job and Pollie Bumpus. "I never have told a down-right falsehood," said Lina. "Mother taught me how wicked it is to tell stories. Did you ever tell a fib to your mother, Frances?"

"Tain't no use to try to 'ceiv my mama," was the reply of the other little girl; "she's got such gimlet eyes and ears she can tell with 'em shut if you're fibbing. I gave up hope long ago, so I just go 'long and tell her the plain gospel truth when she asks me, 'cause I know those gimlet eyes and ears of hers 're going to worm it out o' me somehow."

"Grown folks pin you down so close sometimes," said Jimmy, "you bound to varicate a little; and I always tell God I'm sorry. I tell my mama the truth 'most all time 'cepting when she asks questions 'bout things ain't none of her business a tall, and she all time want to know 'Who done it? and if I let on it's me, I know she'll wear out all the slippers and hair brushes they is paddling my canoe 'sides switches, so I jus' say 'I do know, 'm—which all time ain't per'actly the truth. You ever tell Miss Minerva stories, Billy?"

"No harm 't all to beat 'bout the bush an' try to 'throw folks offer the track 'long as you can, but if it come to the point where you got to tell a out-an'-ut fib, she say for me always to tell the truth, an' I jest nachelly do like she say ever sence I's born," replied Billy.

The children swung awhile in silence. Presently Jimmy broke the quiet by remarking: "Don't you all feel sorry for old Miss Pollie Bumpus? She live all by herself, and she 'bout a million years old, and Doctor Sanford ain't never brung her no chillens 'cause she 'ain't got 'er no husband' to be their papa, and she got a octopus in her head, and she poor as a post and deaf as Job's old turkey-hen."

"Job's old turkey-hen wasn't deaf," retorted Lina primly; "she was very, very poor and thin."

"She was deaf, too," insisted Jimmy, "'cause it's in the Bible. I know all 'bout Job," bragged he. "I know all 'bout Job, too," chirped Frances.

"Job, nothing!" said Jimmy, with a sneer; "you all time talking 'bout you know all 'bout Job; you 'bout the womanishest little girl they is. Now I know Job 'cause Miss Cecilia 'splain'd all 'bout him to me. He's in the Bible and he sold his birthmark for a mess of potatoes and—"

"You never can get anything right, Jimmy," interrupted Lina; "that was Esau and he was not his birthmark, it was his birthstone; and he sold his birthstone for a mess of potash."

"Yes," agreed Frances; "he saw Esau kissing Kate and Esau had to sell him his birthstone to keep his mouth shut."

"Mother read me all about Job," continued Lina; "he was afflicted with boils and his wife knit him a Job's comforter to wrap around him, and he—"

"And he sat under a 'tato vine," put in Frances eagerly, "what God grew to keep the sun off o' his boils and—"

"That was Jonah," said Lina, "and it wasn't a potato vine; it was—"

"No, 't wasn't Jonah neither; Jonah is inside of a whale's bel—"

Jimmy's comment. "Ain't you glad, Billy, your Aunt Minerva ain't got no Miss Minerva?"

"I sho' is," fervently replied Miss Minerva's nephew; "she's hard 'nough to manage now like she is."

"I'm awful good to Miss Pollie," said Frances. "I take her someping good to eat 'most every day. I took her two pieces of pie this morning; I ate one piece on the way and she gimme the other piece when I got there. I jus' don't believe she could get 'long at all 'thout me to carry her the good things to eat that my mama send her; I takes her pies all the time; she says they're the best smelling pies she smelt."

"You 'bout the piggiest girl they is," said Jimmy, "all time got to eat up a poor old woman's pies. You'll have a Frances-pus in your stomach first thing you know."

"She's got a horn that you talk 'thoo," continued the little girl, serenely contemptuous of Jimmy's adverse criticism, "and 'fore I knew how you talk into it, she says to me one day, 'How's your ma?' and stuck that old horn at me; so I put it to my ear, too, and there we set; she got one end of the horn to her ear and I got the other end to my ear; so when I saw this wasn't going to work I took it and blew into it; you-all died a-laughing to see the way I did. But now I can talk 'thoo it's good's anybody."

"That is an ear trumpet, Frances," said Lina; "it is not a horn."

"Let's play 'Hide the Switch,'" suggested Billy. "I'm going to hide it first," cried Frances.

"Naw, you ain't," objected Jimmy, "you all time got to hide the switch first. I'm going to hide it first myself."

"No, I'm going to say 'William Com Trimbleton,'" said Frances, "and see who's going to hide it first. Now you all spraddle out your fingers."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MACK AND MEAD. The clever team that has been appearing at the Rex Theatre in the city for a week, were held over for the first three days of this week. It seems that this team has more than satisfied the hungry public, who have long been suffering for the want of good comedy and real high class singing. Ed Mack, who styles himself the "Crying Coon," does not misrepresent himself in any way. He is without a doubt the funniest black face comedian that has ever appeared before the people here and it is without fear of doubt or contradiction that we say that he is as a father to all the comedians that ever played in our city. Billy B. Mead, styling himself the "Classy Singer," is in a class by himself and his pleasing personality has been a feature itself. Taking the team as one they constitute one of the best acts ever been here and we cannot find words at our command to express the praise and merit that the rightfully deserve.

Get a Gazette dinner set free.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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