

# JUST RECEIVED

A T  
**MORRIS BROS.**

New lot "Ambach" Suits for the tasty man and boy; New Coats and Suits for the peculiar Lady and Miss; New Underwear for all.

New "Star Brand" Shoes for those who appreciate good honest, solid leather Shoes at lowest possible prices.

Our store is just teeming with seasonable goods at attractive prices in every department.

Our Scotch Woolen Mills Suits made-to-measure and guaranteed to fit are the sensation of the season.

**MORRIS BROS.**

# WARNING LAND POSTED!

All persons are hereby warned not to walk, ride, drive, hunt or otherwise trespass on this tract of land.

The law will be duly enforced against disregard of this notice.

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This \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_

The above shows that the form and size of our land-posted notices. Price, 1 dozen, 15 cents; 2 dozen, 25 cents; 50 for 50 cents; 100 for 90 cents. Three cents per dozen additional by mail. All mail orders have prompt attention. Gazette Publishing Company, Gastonia, N. C.

**Safe Robbed.**  
Some time Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning the safe of the Peoples Furniture Company on West Main avenue was robbed of \$29 in cash and something over \$200 in notes. The safe was closed but not locked and the thief used a screw-driver and a pair of pliers to tear out the cash drawer. This drawer, together with another small one, were taken out of the safe and carried away long with their contents. The tools used in committing the robbery were left lying on a desk near the safe. The store was not broken into and it is believed that the theft was committed early Wednesday morning after the store had

been opened. No arrests have been made but the officers have a clew which may result in the culprit being landed behind the bars at an early date.  
—Dr. and Mrs. I. McPhail, of Hamlet, Mr. and Mrs. J. Linwood Robinson, of Lowell, and Mrs. V. B. Higgins, of Spartanburg, are spending the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Long.  
—Mrs. W. W. Clary and children left Wednesday night for Spartanburg, S. C., to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with Mrs. Clary's parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Waters. They expect to return next Monday night.

### A REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

Robert Kilpatrick, Ancestor of Mrs. W. M. Wilson, Barely Escaped Death at Hands of Tories Three Times—A Hitherto Unpublished Sketch by Late Dr. Latham.

The sketch given below of Robert Kilpatrick, a Revolutionary hero, was found among the papers of the late Rev. Robert Latham, D. D., who died a few years ago at Chester, S. C. Dr. Latham was a brother of Mrs. J. B. Wylie and an uncle of Mrs. W. M. Wilson, of this city. This sketch has never before been printed and will be of interest to many Gazette readers. Dr. Latham, the writer of it, was the author of "A History of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church" and "A History of Hopewell Church, Chester County, South Carolina." In the cemetery at the last named place rest the remains of Robert Kilpatrick, Sallie, a daughter of Kilpatrick, married Robert Patterson, her daughter, Martha, married Samuel Martin Latham, father of Dr. Robert Latham and Mrs. J. B. Wylie and grandfather of Mrs. Wilson. The family was a long-lived one. James Latham, father of Samuel Martin Latham, is buried in County Entrain, Ireland, having lived to be about 100 years old. Samuel Martin Latham lived to be 93 years old and is buried in Hopewell cemetery. Martha Patterson Latham lived to be 81 and is also buried at Hopewell. Robert Patterson, her father, lived to be 85 and is buried in Illinois. Sallie Patterson lived to be 82 and is also buried in Illinois. Another daughter of Robert Kilpatrick married James Dunn, who is buried in the cemetery at Old Pisgah in this county.

Following is the sketch of Kilpatrick:  
The names of many of those who sacrificed their all in the struggle for American Independence have never, as yet, been inscribed on the page of history. The family name of many of them has died out of the country. Not even in many instances a rude stone marks the place where they were buried. They were humble sons of toil. They came to America that they might be free; and having been oppressed by the mother country, they threw off the yoke and fought and suffered that their children might be free. So soon as liberty was gained they returned to their humble homes to engage in the various pursuits of life. They grew old and died and now the multitudes of those who enjoy the fruits of their toils and sacrifice do not even know that such men ever lived.

Robert Kilpatrick, or as he was familiarly called, Bob Kilpatrick, belonged to this class. He came to America some years before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. The precise time is not certainly known, perhaps it was in 1775 and settled in Fairfield county, South Carolina, near the headwaters of Wateree Creek, afterwards moved to Chester county, South Carolina, and settled on the road from Chester-ville to Winnsboro, within a few yards of the spot on which Hopewell Church now stands. He was an Irishman and the tradition is that he was forced to fly from his native country on account of a rebellion into which he and some others had entered against some of the King's officers.

He and his party had met one night that they might concert plans for action, when, to their utter surprise, the house in which they were, was surrounded by the King's troops. Kilpatrick and his party were seated at a table, on which a single candle was burning. One of their number was writing and the rest were making suggestions. Without a moment's warning, the door was broken open and the party were in the hands of an armed band of soldiers. The door was guarded, and after an examination of the company by the soldiers, it was decided to hang the whole of them on the spot. Ropes were put around their necks, and death by the halter began to stare upon his hands.

The house, it seems was small,

and the soldiers having rushed in stood on the side next to the door, whilst Kilpatrick saw it was but death anyway, and he determined to escape or die in the attempt. Being a very large man, and also a man of great strength, he first blew out the light and then made a plunge amongst the King's troops, running over some and knocking others down, he opened a path to the door and leaped out into the darkness. The rest of the party followed, and all, in the confusion and darkness escaped.

For a considerable time Kilpatrick kept himself concealed. Finally he determined to come to America. What little money he had was put into a belt, and fastened around the person of his wife beneath her clothes. This was done from the fear that he might be captured by the government officers and lose both his money and life. By prudent management, Kilpatrick and his family were enabled to get away from Ireland. Still, he was in continual dread during the passage of eight weeks, lest he should be seized, put in irons and sent back to Ireland to be tried, condemned and executed. With a heart full of joy he set his feet upon the shores of America in the city of Charleston. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he, without a moment's hesitation, espoused with all of his heart the cause of the Whigs. The care of the family was committed wholly to his wife. Unfortunately for her their home, both in Fairfield and Chester, was hard by a nest of Tories. These were a class of persons who could not be said to be friends of the British government, but a set of heartless monsters, who banded together to plunder the Whig women in the absence of their husbands. Mrs. Kilpatrick spent a kind of migratory life. The plantations owned by her husband were, perhaps, less than ten miles apart. Whenever the Tories made it dangerous to be on the plantation in Chester county she would take her children and go to the one in Fairfield.

During the year 1780 after the fall of Charleston and the march of the British through the up country, these Tories became desperate. The houses of the Whigs were watched almost constantly and it was at the peril of his life that a Whig soldier visited his family. Mothers were forced to keep the whereabouts of their husbands a profound secret from their children. After the rout of Sumter at Fishing Creek many of the Whigs of Chester, York and Fairfield were forced to hide themselves, as best they could, and depend upon supplies carried to them by their wives, during the darkness of the night. Whenever a band of Tories entered a house the first thing that they asked, was, "where is the man of the house?" whatever his name was. The Whig women were as plucky as the men. When they were present and the Tories would come and threaten to kill them if they did not tell where their husbands were hid, they were told that if they did kill them, Sumter would hang the last one of them.

Mrs. Kilpatrick always charged her children, when she left the house to tell anyone who might visit them during her absence inquiring for their father, that he had gone to mill. The children knew not, but this was the fact, but the Tories understood it.

Some time during the disorganized condition of the Whig forces, Robert Kilpatrick learned that his children were all down with the smallpox. He left his hiding place and ventured to go to his house that he might look upon the faces of his little ones, perhaps for the last time. Stealthily he entered his own humble dwelling, and found his three little girls covered with the loathsome disease. In the house there was not a mouthful of bread and the only edible they had was the head of his milk cow the Tories had killed and carried off a short time before, leaving the head to the afflicted family. The heart of the strong man was filled with grief and in awful silence sat down and rested his head upon his hands.

He had not entered his house un-



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If you should die today and leave a distressed wife behind, would you leave her the additional distress of having to worry about money matters? Start a bank account now. It will grow as the weeks slip by, and you will soon be so interested that you will see that it DOES grow. In the event of YOUR DEATH you then have YOUR WIFE safe from the storms of adversity.

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seen; nor was he permitted long to indulge in the distressing scene which lay before his eyes. The Tories saw him when he entered, and like so many furies rushed upon him. The entreaties of his wife, the screams of his sick children were of no avail. He was seized by a band of ruffians, dragged from the house and a halter placed around his neck. What could he do? He was overpowered. A few moments and all would be over. He would not beg. Just as the awful moment approached when he was to be hanged because he was a Rebel, a horse neighed on the opposite side of the house and as all the Tories were as lazy as they were cruel, the whole band rushed out each anxious to secure for himself the horse and Bob Kilpatrick pulled the rope from his neck and dashed into the woods, leaving both the Tories and his sick children. It was not until some time in 1781, about a year after the occurrence just related, that he dared visit his family. The Tories were made more furious by his escape and swore vengeance against him if they ever put their hands upon him again. The next time that he came into the neighborhood it became known and strict watch was kept for him. By some means or other he was surprised, not in his own home, but some place near Hopewell Creek. As before the rope was fastened around his neck and all kinds of insults were heaped upon him. He was cursed and abused for making his escape on the previous occasion and told that they were determined that they would hang him this time. He seems to have come to the firm conclusion, himself, that his days were soon to come to an end. The place, where he was captured, was a kind of glade and no tree being convenient it was necessary to go a few rods to find a limb upon

which the unfortunate Whig might be hanged. The party were in earnest, so soon as the woods were reached they commenced the search for a suitable limb. One man with a loaded musket was left in charge of the prisoner, whilst the others scattered about some few steps from him in search for a limb.

Whilst the party was hunting for a gallows, the puppy who stood guard over him picked up a piece of dry cow manure that lay near by and placing it to the nose of Kilpatrick, asked him if he did not want to smell old Ireland. This was to great an insult for Robert Kilpatrick to bear although being led to the gallows. He drew his heavy arm and with one blow laid the vile rascal senseless upon the ground and again took to the woods. The Tories shot at him but he escaped untouched.

The Tories never put their hands upon Robert Kilpatrick again. He lived to see his country free and the names of the Tories who attempted to hang him covered with lasting disgrace. Three times he had the rope around his neck to be hanged yet he died in his own bed and we think at the advanced age of 115 years. When the War of 1812 broke out he sent two of his sons to help in driving the British from the country. A plain slab marks his last resting place in Hopewell graveyard, in Chester county, South Carolina.

—Col. G. H. Marvin has put on the market an attractive new post-card printed in colors. The decoration, a representation of Father Time with his scythe and hour glass, is the work of Mr. Grover C. Page, the well-known local pen artist. The verses entitled "When the Reaper Checks Us In" are by Mr. Marvin and appeared originally in The Gazette some months ago. The card is copyrighted.

## Special Notice to Dealers:

Cigarette Holders advertised on page 6. All dealers who have not secured a supply of these cigarette holders can do so at "Omar" headquarters at Falls House. E. J. Relihan, phone 19 from 4 to 6 p. m. to-day.

The American Tobacco Company

## Last Call For Copy--

Copy for all advertisements intended for The Gazette's Holiday Trade Edition, to appear Tuesday, December 9th, must be in our hands by to-morrow, Saturday night. We cannot handle it later than that. Please let us have your copy at once and aid us in this way to get out a good paper.

Gazette Publishing Co.