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NUMBER 27.

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## JANE CABLE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHON, Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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### CHAPTER XXI.

DAVID CABLE lost no time in hurrying away from Chicago with his wife and Jane. They were whisked westward in his private car on the second day after the Bansemers' exposure. Broken-spirited, Jane acquiesced in all their plans. She seemed as one in a stupor, comprehending yet unresponsive to the pain that enveloped her. "I can't see any one that I know here," she said listlessly. "Oh, the thought of what they are saying!" They did not tell her that Graydon had enlisted as a private soldier in the United States army. Jane only knew that she loved him and that the banishment existed.

Cable's devotion to her was beautiful. He could not have been more tender had she been his own daughter instead of his wife's imposition. Jane was ill in Pasadena for many weeks. Her depressed condition made her recovery doubtful. It was plain to two persons, at least, that she did not care whether she lived or died. The physicians were puzzled, but no explanation was offered by the Cables. It was not until certain Chicago sojourners generously spread the news that the cause of her breakdown became apparent to the good doctors. Before many days the girl who sat wan and distraught upon the flower shaded piazza was an object of curiosity to fashionable Pasadena. As soon as she was strong enough to endure the trip the hunted trios forsok Pasadena and fled northward.

San Francisco afforded relief in privacy. Jane's spirits began to revive. There had not been nor was there ever to be any mention of that terrible night and its revelations. What she may have felt and suffered in secret could only be conjectured by those who loved her. Bansemers' name was never uttered. His fate remained unknown to her. The faraway, unhappy look in her eyes proved to them that Graydon was never out of her thoughts.

David Cable was in Chicago when Mrs. Cable received word from her sister, once Kate Coleman, that she soon would reach San Francisco with her husband, bound for the Philippines. Kate was the wife of a West Pointer who had achieved the rank of colonel in the volunteers by virtue of political necessity. His regiment had been ordered to the islands, and she was accompanying him with their daughter, a girl of sixteen. Colonel Harbin had seen pleasant service at the eastern posts, where his wife had attained a certain kind of social distinction in the army fast set. She was not especially enamored of the prospect ahead of her in the Philippines. But the new colonel was a strict disciplinarian on and off the field. He expected to be a brigadier general if fortune and favoritism supported him long enough. Mrs. Harbin could never be anything more than a private in the ranks, so far as his estimation of distinction was concerned. His daughter, Ethel, had, by means of no uncertain favor, advanced a few points ahead of her mother and might have ranked as sergeant in the family corps.

Mrs. Harbin played cards, drank highballs, flirted with the younger officers, got talked about with pleasing emphasis and was as happy as any subordinate could be. They had not even thought of such a thing as divorce, and the whole army wondered and expressed disgust. The army's appetite for scandal is surpassed only by its bravery in war. It is even hinted that the latter is welcomed as a loophole for the former. War brings peace.

The arrival of the Harbins and a staff of gay young cadets fresh from the banks of the Hudson put new life into the recluses. The regiment was to remain at the Presidio for several

weeks before sailing. One of the lieutenants was a Chicago boy and an acquaintance of Graydon Bansemers. It was from him that Jane learned that her sweetheart was a soldier in the service, doubtless now in Luzon.

A week before the sailing of Colonel Harbin's transport Jane suddenly announced that she had but one desire on earth, and that was to go to Manila with her aunt. She did not present her plea with the usual claim that she wanted to be of service to her country. She was not asking to go out as a heroine of the ordinary type. Instead she simply announced that she wanted to go as a temporary member of Colonel Harbin's family, to endure their hardships and to enjoy their enthusiasms. Mrs. Cable recognized the true motive, however.

Her pleading was in vain. The Harbins had locklessly urged Jane to join them. "Telegrams" came back and forth across the continent, and David Cable came on to present his feeble objections.

When the great transport sailed away, Jane Cable was one of her passengers, the ward of the regiment.

"It's just for a little while, dad," she said wistfully at the dock; "a few months. I'll think of you every minute I'm away." The blood of the man in the service was calling to her. The ocean was between them. The longing to be near him, to tread the same soil, had conquered in the eternal battle of love. After all, no matter how the end was attained, she was a creature of life, brought into the world to love and to be loved. She put the past behind her and began to build a new future—a future in which the adoration of Graydon Bansemers was the foundation.

The hope that makes all human averages at the work of reconstruction; youth was the builder. The months of destruction had not left a hopeless ruin as the heritage of dead impulses.

The world grew brighter as the ship forged westward. Each day sent warmer blood into her veins and a deeper light into her eyes. The new life was not inspired by the longing to be his wife, but to see him again and to comfort him. She would be no man's wife.

At last one hot, soft morning in early July the great transport slipped past Corregidor and turned its nose across Manila bay, past Cavite, toward the anchorage which ended the long voyage. The city of Manila lay stretched out before them—Manila, the new American capital.

The troops were marched off to quarters, and the Harbins, with Jane Cable, repaired at once to the Orients, where they were to live prior to taking a house in Ermita or San Miguel. The campaign was not being pushed vigorously at this time. It was the rainy season. Desultory fighting was going on between the troops and the insurgents. There were numerous scouting and exploring expeditions into the enemy's country.

A week elapsed before Jane could find the opportunity to make inquiries concerning the whereabouts of Graydon Bansemers. Her thoughts had been of nothing else; her eagerness had been tempered by the diffidence of the overzealous. She and pretty Ethel Harbin had made life endurable for the gay young officers who came over on the ship. The pretty wives of certain captains and lieutenants had small scope for their blarneyments at close range. Filtrations were hard to manage in space so small. The two girls were therefore in a state of siege most of the time. The abject flogging fell away perceptibly when the broader field of action on shore gave their married sisters a chance to maneuver with some degree of security. A faithful few remained in train, however. Ethel Harbin, like the ingenue in the play, had each finger clumsily but tightly wrapped with a breathing uniform of blue. It must be admitted in shame, however, that she changed the bandages often and without conscience or ceremony.

Jane's admirers were in love with her. She was not the sort to inspire

of fate, and she often found herself wondering how this sprig of true aristocracy would conduct himself if he discovered that, after all, she was only a foundling.

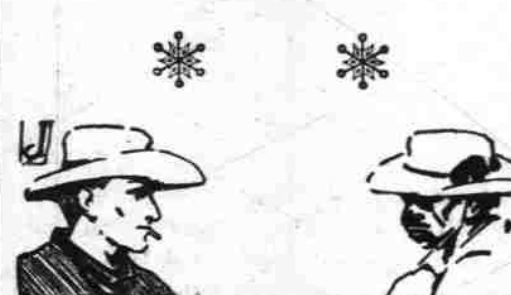
It was Lieutenant Bray who made inquiries at general headquarters and found, after considerable trouble, that Graydon Bansemers' company was in the north, subject to the requirements of Young, chief of scouts.

It was the last summer months for Jane. She tired of the attentions of men; she sickened with longing and anxiety. Day after day she prayed that the troops in the north might be relieved. She watched for the order that would call for their return from the wet lands above. Sickness was prevalent among the fighting corps; the wet season had undermined the health of many. Constant news came down to Manila of the minor engagements, and she looked at every report for news of Graydon. Colonel Harbin occasionally had private advices from the north. She heard of Graydon's bravery more than once and glowed with pride. Down in her tired, anxious heart she was wondering if it were possible for her to go to the front in any capacity.

At last with October came the waning of the rainy season. November brought active fighting. A general movement of the troops was directed against Aguineldo. In his prime as a leader he controlled the north, and his capture was imperative. Lawton and Young began operations on the right, McArthur on the center, with Wheaton pushing forward on the extreme left. The insurgents fell back from Tarlac. There were many big fights at San Jacinto and other places now famous in history.

The Red Cross society held forth at Malolos, reaching gradually into the country north. Sick and wounded men came into the hospitals daily and in larger numbers than one would have supposed. The villages, or barrios, all along the line of advance saw their convents turned into hospitals. As fast as possible the nurses were hurried up to them. Men and women in this noble service did heroic, faithful work both for the white and the brown men who went down. From the field hospitals the men were taken to the convents and treated until they were able to be moved to Manila.

Further north fled Aguineldo and the Filipinos. Wheaton was ordered to cut off his retreat; Young was killed; Cunningham took charge of the scouts who scoured the country. Parties of ten to fifteen picked men fell out in advance of the main body, seeking to develop the enemy and his defenses. These brave fellows attracted the hidden fire of ambush, exposed themselves to all the treacheries of warfare and afterward were mustered out with a kind word from the department. They were the men who tested the territory. It was with one of these scouting parties that Graydon Bansemers ventured far into the enemy's country early in November.



### CHAPTER XXII.

REGORIO DEL PILAR, the picturesque Filipino leader, about whom so much has been written in praise by the war correspondents, was leading his men back into the danger fields, inviting the American pursuers into every trap which his crafty brain could devise.

Captain Groce, with a company of infantry, was following him closely and doggedly into the fastnesses far to the north. Village after village was devastated by the white troops, always a few hours after the wily Pilar had evacuated. Amigos laughed in their deceptive sleeves at the Americans and misdirected them with impunity. In eight cases out of ten the amigo wore arms underneath his garment of friendship and slew in the dark whenever opportunity arose. Graydon Bansemers was one of this doughty, eager company which blazed the way into the hills. Close behind came the bigger and stronger forces, with guns and horse, and the hospital corps. It was the hunt of death for Aguineldo and Pilar.

Shortly after daybreak one morning a slim, black figure crept out from among the trees and gave the countersign to the challenging sentry. He was soon on his way to the captain's headquarters bearing news of importance. The brown skinned scout had traveled all night over a hazardous route, and he was more than welcome. He brought news that Pilar's men were off to the east and the north, well entrenched and prepared to fall upon the Americans when they advanced blindly into the trap laid for them. The newspaper men pricked up their ears and at once looked to a box of carrier pigeons which formed a most important part of their pilgrimage. A fight was at hand, doubtless an important meeting of the clashing forces. The whole army was waiting for intelligence of Pilar—waiting with little less anxiety than that which attached itself to the pursuit of Aguineldo.

Captain Groce ordered Sergeant Connell with a picked squad to reconnoiter. They scurried off in advance of the company, with instructions to locate

the elusive enemy and open up the secret of his position. Supposedly Pilar was ten miles off among the rocky foothills which guarded the pass through the mountains. As usual, Bansemers was one of the scouts. He snatched his rattles with the others and went forth eagerly to court the danger and excitement that was promised. For days they had had no fighting worthy the name. Amigos everywhere, villages peopled only by women and children, treacherous peacefulness on every side. This had been their encounter—an occasional rifle shot from the rice fields, a crackle of guns far ahead, a prisoner or two who had not been quick enough in transferring himself from combat to friend, that was all. Now there seemed to be real fighting ahead.

Pilar was known to have many men—good soldiers all of them. The native scout gave close and accurate directions as to his position. It remained for Connell's men to draw him out if possible. Captain Groce and the remainder of his eager company did not march until long after the scouts were on their precarious way.

Two hours after the party of eleven left the village a Mauser bullet from a clump of trees far to the right cut through the hat of one of the scouts who was some distance in advance of his fellows. As he saw the scout stoop to pick up his hat Rogers turned to the man nearest him and remarked: "They'll get him sure as shootin' some day if he hikes along in that fool way."

It was no new experience for the scouts to find the quarry gone when they reached the place where they expected to find him. Pilar's own scouts had found that the ambushade was destined to fail of its purpose, and the wily leader drew back into the more accessible country. The scouting party did not come in sight of the little brown soldiers. Before noon they were far up in the hills, everywhere met by the physical assurance that the enemy was not far ahead of them. Behind them came Captain Groce and his men and the two correspondents.

Amigos along the mountain road gave information that was not worth having. A deserted village showed signs of the passage, and finally there was proof ahead that Pilar had stopped to give battle. He had reached his vantage ground. Connell and his men drew back and waited. Nightfall came and with it the spiteful crack of the Mauser rifle. A brawny trooper toppled over with a great hole in his head. Pilar's pickets could see like cats in the night. The native scout reported that the big village of Concepcion was not far ahead; Pilar's men were making their stand before this rather important stronghold.

"We'll get a scrap that is a scrap, boys," said Connell exultingly. "These fellows are going to put up a fight at last. They're like bees up yonder. We've got to fall back on the company. If we don't, they'll chew us up before the little captain can get to us." Too well did the men know the luscious temperament of the big Irishman to think of grumbling at such a command, yet it was with a certain reluctance which invariably accompanies a backward step that the men retired to meet the advancing company.

Young Bansemers in his khaki uniform was not the immaculate, debonaire man of the drawing room. Servings and windows mangled. Singularly enough, these defensive actions seemed at least temporarily unnecessary, for the watchers peering out of the windows reported that the dead alone occupied the recent field of battle. Not a single Filipino was to be seen on the plaza.

Every village has its convent or barrios. Generally speaking, their size corresponds in a certain ratio with the population. But this particular building was an exception. Dimly lighted, it gave the impression of ranking in size with many of those in far larger villages. Immediately the thought came to the invaders that the church might have sheltered the insurgent leaders. Aguineldo or Pilar might have directed the attack from inside these walls. Orders were given to search every corner and crevice to ferret out concealed foes. A rear window was open, proving that flight could have been by that means of egress. Bansemers was almost positive that the bullet which had killed his assailant had come from one of the upper windows, but whether from friend or foe was undeterminable. Were they not in a cunningly planned trap of some kind?

Considerably perplexed, Bansemers decided to keep on his guard. He was ruthlessly searching the chance when a deep groan caught his attention. Presently, as he paused to listen, a dark figure leaped toward him from a recess back of the altar. The flash of a pistol blinded him and momentarily a sharp pain shot through his arm, but he recovered in time to throw his tall frame forward upon the slight, almost indistinguishable figure. There was a short struggle, and before his comrade could reach him his adversary was safely pinned to the floor. A moment later the torches in the hands of his friends were burning brightly above the figure of his captive—a slender boy who choked with terror and rage.

"Who are you, my young friend?" asked Bansemers, holding the boy at arm's length.

The company seized the stricken rifle. Captain Groce gave another order. The formation to repel attack was made in an incredibly short space of time. There was no disorder, no confusion. The little officer was as cool as if on dress parade.

"Steady, men! Wait until they're nearer!" They had not long to wait. From all sides a horde of shouting, firing men were rushing on the little square.

"Here they are! Now, then, boys, fire!" Volley after volley rang out. The foremost of the enemy fell at their feet. Hand to hand was the fighting. The bayonets lunged with deadly effect, but seemed powerless to thrust the mass back on itself. Men shot, hacked, stabbed and clubbed each other. It was a whirl of uplifting and descending rifles and bolts.

Fierce oaths vied with the shrieks of the wounded for supremacy. The grunt of men who slaughter, the gasp of the victim when the steel went home, were heard on all sides. At times the soldiers could not see on account of the sweat and blood pouring from their faces. The very air was foul from the steam from the living and the dead. They could not breathe. A sort of vertigo overpowered them, and they only kept their feet by grappling with the enemy.

To Bansemers it seemed that all his life he had been doing nothing but warding off and delivering blows. Fighting side by side with Rogers, he saw, with horror, that the soldier's rifle had been torn from his hands and that he had no weapon to defend himself, but before he could see just how it happened this individual combat had altered its aspect. Rogers had grabbed the Filipino's gun and was doing the clubbing. With renewed zest Bansemers finished with the bayonet his own assailant and saw the man fall on top of poor Adams and Reinder.

Suddenly there was an exultant yell from the enemy. Instinctively Bansemers knew that one side of the square had given way. Quickly turning, he rushed to give his aid and just in time caught the arm of a native about to slash him with a huge knife. With the two gripped hands high in the air struggling for mastery the adversaries became separated a bit from the rest of the chaotic mass of friend and foe, swaying out to one side of the plaza and under the walls of a convent. Bansemers was facing it, and just at the moment that he felt his strength giving way and could see a grin of triumph on the fiendish face there came a dash and a report, and his adversary fell at his feet. Glancing up to ascertain who had fired the shot that had saved his life, he thought he saw a figure disappearing from one of the windows. The incident acted as an inspiration. Gathering together a few men, he reached the captain's side and communicated his plan. The opportunity was not to be lost. Groce gave an order; Connell repeated it. Then interpreting a temporary lull in the murderous struggle as their vantage, the men, with a cheer and dragging the field piece, broke for the building and by bayoneting and clubbing the insurgents out of the way accomplished the dash with slight loss. The soldiers hurled themselves against the stoutly barred door. It fell with a crash.

Guards were stationed and all openings and windows manned. Singularly enough, these defensive actions seemed at least temporarily unnecessary, for the watchers peering out of the windows reported that the dead alone occupied the recent field of battle. Not a single Filipino was to be seen on the plaza.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Very Close in Indiana. Indiana for Taft by 6,000 to 10,000—Governorship much in doubt. That is the Republican estimate. Indiana for Bryan by 10,000 to 15,000—Marshall sure to be elected. That is the Democratic view of the situation.

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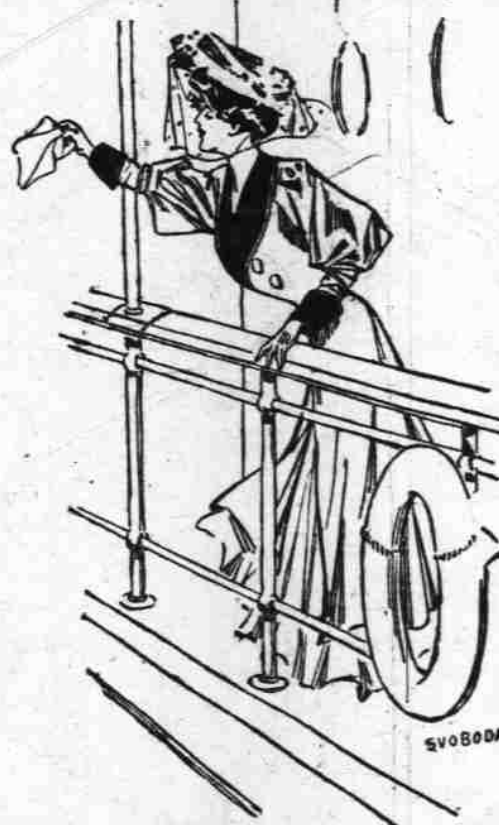
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