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One Dollar a Year

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—At Unalaksa Glenister and Dexty, gold miners bound to Nome, see a young woman from a party of sailors. The crew sail north on the Santa Maria, the girl as a stowaway in the miner's cabin, while the men go below. Dexty has been warned to guard his claim and to beware of a man named McNamara, who backed by the courts, is going to Nome. The girl overhears Glenister say he considers her "spoils of war." II.—The girl, carrying important papers, had left Seattle for Nome on the Ohio, which, with small pox aboard, had been quarantined at Unalaksa. She fled from the Ohio in order to reach Nome as soon as possible. III.—The girl tells Glenister her name is Helen Chester. She is "bringing the law" to Nome. He tells her he will guard his mine himself. IV.—Helen leaves the cabin on the ship's arrival at Nome. She is seen by Mrs. Chapman of Nome. Struve, the woman whom Helen has come to see, is found drunk. Glenister saves Helen from accidental shooting. Glenister and Dexty take Helen, safely, to their mine, the Midas. V.—Judge Stillman, Helen's uncle, arrives at Nome and takes charge of her. Other arrivals are Alec McNamara, a political schemer, and Dunham, partner of Struve. McNamara and the two lawyers plot to "jump" the Midas. McNamara is head of a syndicate to own the rightful mine owners. There have been many attempts to "jump" claims. Glenister promises Helen that he will try to become civilized and will not shoot the claim "jumper." VI.—McNamara, as receiver for Galloway, takes charge of the Midas by order of Judge Stillman. He has already seized many other claims. Glenister suspects Judge Stillman despite his belief in Helen. He prevents one of his men, Slapjack Simms, from shooting McNamara.

CHAPTER VII.

LATE IN JULY it grows dark as midnight approaches, so that the many lights from doorway and window seem less garish and strange than they do a month earlier. In the Northern there was good business doing. The new bar fixtures, which had cost a king's ransom or represented the one night's holdings of a Klondike millionaire, shone rich, dark and enticing, while the cut glass sparkled with iridescent hues, reflecting in a measure the prismatic moods, the dancing spirits of the crowd that crashed past, hitting at the gambling tables, or peering into the theater in the rear. The old bar furniture, brought down by dog team from "up river," was established at the rear extremity of the long building, just inside the entrance to the dance hall, where patrons of the drama might, with a medium of delay and inconvenience, quaff as deeply of the beverage as of the ballet. However, the show had closed, the hall had been cleared of chairs and canvas, exposing a glassy, tempting surface, and the orchestra had moved to the stage. They played a rollicking, blood stirring two-step, while the floor swam with dancers. At certain intervals the musings crescendo, supported by the voices of the dancers, until all joined at the top note in a yell. A fire drill in a box of wet sawdust behind his chair—all in time, all in the swinging spirit of the tune. The men, who were mostly young, danced like college boys, while the women, who were all young and good dancers, floated through the measures with the ease of rose leaves on a summer stream. Faces were flushed, eyes were bright, and but rarely a voice sounded that was not of plain war. The man gazed, the Jew snickered, the lookout straightened in his chair. "Better not. It's a hard game," said the kid, but her voice was imperious as she commanded him. "Hurry up. Give me your place." Bronco arose, whereupon she settled in his chair, tucked in her skirts, removed her gloves and twisted into place the diamonds on her hands. "What the devil's this?" said the lookout roughly. "Are you drunk, Bronco? Get out of that chair, miss!" She turned to him slowly. The innocence had fled from her features, and the big eyes flashed warningly. A change had come over her like a puff of air on a still pool. Then, while she stared at him, her lids drooped dangerously and her lips curled.

"That's Cherry Malotte." Hands, beautifully soft and white, flashed over the board. She dealt rapidly, unflatteringly, with the finish of a stranger straight from the east would have remarked first upon the good music, next upon the good looks of the women and then upon the shabby clothes of the men, for some of them were in "mukluk," others in sweaters with huge initials and winged emblems, and all were collarless. Outside in the main gambling room there were but few women. Men crowded in dense masses about the faro layout, the wheel, craps, the Klondike game, parlaying and the card tables. They talked of business, of home, of women, bought and sold mines and bartered all things from hams to honor. The groomed and clean, the unkempt and filthy jostled shoulder to shoulder, equally affected by the license of the gold fields and the exhilaration of the new. The mystery of the north had touched them all. The glad, bright wine of adventure filled their veins, and they spoke mightily of things they had resolved to do, or recounted with simple diffidence the strange stories of their accomplish-

ment. The Bronco kid, familiar at Atlin to Nome as the best "bank" dealer on the Yukon, worked the shift from 8 till 12. He was a slender man of thirty, dexterous in movement, slow to smile, soft of voice and known as a living flame among women. He had dealt the biggest games of the early days and had no enemies. Yet, though many called him friend, they wondered lawfully. For twenty minutes she continued, until the place became congested, and never once did the lookout detect an error. While she was busy Glenister entered the front door and pushed his way back toward the theater. He was worried and distrustful, his manner perturbed and unnatural. Silently and without apparent notice he passed friends who greeted him. "What all Glenister tonight?" asked a bystander. "He acts funny." "Ain't you heard? Why, the Midas has been jumped. He's in a bad way—all broke up."

The girl suddenly ceased without finishing the deck and arose. "Don't stop," said the kid, while a murmur of dismay came from the spectators. She only shook her head and drew on her gloves with a show of ennui. Gliding through the crowd, she threaded about aimlessly, the recipient of many stares though but few greetings, speaking with no one, a certain dignity serving her as a barrier even here. She stopped a waiter and questioned him. "He's upstairs in a gallery box." "Alone?" "Yes. Anyhow, he was a minute ago, unless some of the rustlers has broken in on him."

A moment later Glenister, watching the scene below, was aroused from his gloomy absorption by the click of the box door and the rustle of silken skirts. "Go out, please," he said, without turning. "I don't want company." Hearing no answer, he began again, "I came here to be alone—but there he came for the girl had come forward and laid her two hot hands upon his cheeks. "Boy," she breathed, and he arose swiftly. "Cherry! When did you come?" "Oh, days ago," she said, impatiently. "From Dawson. They told me you had struck it. I stood it as long as I could—but I came to you. Now tell me about yourself. Let me see you first, quick!" She pulled him towards the light and gazed upward, devouring him hungrily with her great, languorous eyes. She held to his coat lapels, standing close beside him, her warm breath beating up into his face.

"Well," she said, "kiss me." He took her wrists in his and loosed her hold, then looked down on her gravely and said: "No—that's all over. I told you so when I left Dawson." "All over? Oh, no, it isn't, boy. You think so, but it isn't. Can't be. I love you too much to let you go." "Hush!" said he. "There are people in the next box." "I don't care! Let them hear," she cried, with feminine recklessness. "I'm proud of my love for you. I'll tell it to them—to the whole world!" "Now, see here, little girl," he said quietly, "we had a long talk in Dawson and agreed that it was best to divide our ways. I was mad over you once, as a good many other men have been, but I came to my senses. Nothing could ever result from it, and I told you so."

"Yes, you know. I thought I could give you up, but I didn't realize till you had gone how I wanted you. Oh, it's been a torture to me every day for the past two years." There was no semblance now to the cold creature she had appeared upon entering the gambling hall. She spoke rapidly, her whole body tense with emotion, her voice shaken with passion. "I've seen men and men and men, and they've loved me, but I never cared for anybody in the world till I saw you. They ran after me, but you were cold. You made me come to you. Perhaps that was it. Anyhow, I can't stand it. I'll give up everything. I'll do anything, just to be where you are. What do you think of a woman who will beg? Oh, I've lost my pride! I'm a fool—a fool—but I can't help it!" "I'm sorry you feel this way," said Glenister. "It isn't my fault, and it isn't of any use."

For an instant she stood quivering, while the light died out of her face; then, with a characteristic change, she smiled till the dimples laughed in her cheeks. She sank upon a seat beside him and pulled together the curtains, shutting out the sight below. "Very well!" Then she put his hand to her cheek and cuddled it. "I'm glad to see you just the same, and you can't keep me from loving you." With his other hand he smoothed her hair, while, unknown to him and beneath her lightness, she shrank and quivered at his touch like a Barbary steed under the whip. "Things are very bad with me," he said. "We've had our mine jumped." "Bah! You know what to do. You aren't a cripple. You've got five fingers on your gun hand."

"That's it! They all tell me that—all the old timers. But I don't know what to do. I thought I did, but I don't. The law has come into this country, and I've tried to meet it halfway. They jumped me and put in a receiver, a big man by the name of McNamara. Dex wasn't there, and I let them do it. When the old man learned of it, he nearly went crazy. We had our first quarrel. He thought I was afraid." "Not he," said the girl. "I know him, and he knows you."

THWARTED THE LAW.

Joshua Harrison, Rather Than Serve Twenty Years in Prison, Put a Bullet in His Brain.

Norfolk, Va., special to Charlotte Observer, 18th. Rather than serve 20 years in the penitentiary for kidnaping Kenneth Beasley, the 9-year old son of State Senator S. M. Beasley, of Currituck county, N. C., Joshua Harrison placed a pistol to his temple and blew out his brains this afternoon in his room at the Gladstone Hotel, while officers were waiting in the lobby to arrest him for the North Carolina authorities, for being a fugitive from justice.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina yesterday denied Harrison a new trial. He was out on \$3,000 bail. The chief of police of Norfolk City, Harrison received a telegram from Solicitor Ward, of Elizabeth City, authorizing the arrest of Harrison as a fugitive from justice. Five minutes after the chief received the message he sent a detective to the Gladstone Hotel. The telegram stated that Harrison had threatened to kill himself and that the officers had best be careful and disarm him if possible. A bell boy was sent to Harrison's room to tell him that he wanted at the telephone. He refused to come.

Before the bell boy reached the doorway to tell the officer, a pistol shot rang out. The officer and hotel employee rushed into the room where they found the man lying across the bed with a bullet wound in his head. His brains were oozing out on the bed clothing. A physician was called and the injured man rushed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where it was declared he could not survive.

When told of the shooting, a daughter of Harrison, Maggie Gallop, broke down and became almost hysterical. She declared that she had been expecting that something would happen. Harrison's wife was also in the city with her daughter, Mrs. Gallop. She said that her husband was innocent of the crime. "My husband was at home asleep the night Kenneth Beasley was kidnaped," she declared. Mr. Harrison, was convicted of the kidnaping of the 9-year old son of State Senator S. M. Beasley, of Poplar Branch, Currituck county. On the afternoon of March 13th, 1905, during recess of the school he was attending near his home, the boy mysteriously disappeared. The woods and swamps near by were searched systematically many weeks after the boy disappeared, but not the least trace of the boy was ever found. Skilled detectives were employed by Mr. Beasley, but they met with no more success than the faithful friends and neighbors of the Currituck Senator. Streams were dragged with a hope of finding in them the body of the dead boy, but the efforts were fruitless. To this day not the least trace of Kenneth has been found. Mrs. Beasley was prostrated by the tragedy and has been in a critical state of health ever since.

Suspicion was at once centered on Joshua Harrison, he having been seen in a buggy that afternoon driving rapidly with a child concealed by blankets, which was recognized by his voice as the missing Kenneth. The mule and buggy were also recognized as Harrison's. The child was crying and Harrison was talking to him in a soothing manner. Harrison was seen in Norfolk at 2 o'clock the following Tuesday morning. Harrison was arrested charged with the crime of kidnaping the Beasley boy. The case was called in Pasquotank Superior Court, Judge W. H. Allen presiding, in March 14th, last, it being alleged that the defendant could not get a fair trial in Currituck county. The trial was attended by thousands of the two counties, Currituck and Pasquotank, the court room being packed each day during the trial. The defendant was represented by E. F. Aydette and I. M. Meekins, of Elizabeth City, and ex-Governors T. J. Jarvis and Charles Aycock. The State was represented by Solicitor H. S. Ward, J. Heyward Sawyer, W. D. Pruden and W. L. Cohn. The case was given to the jury, at noon Wednesday, March 20th, and at 10 o'clock that night the verdict of guilty was returned.

The sentiment of the people of the community was shown by the applause which was given as Solicitor Ward closed his masterly plea to the jury. The verdict of the twelve met with universal approval. A motion was made by the attorneys of the defense that the verdict of the jury be set aside on account of this feeling, but same was refused and Judge Allen sentenced Harrison to twenty years in the penitentiary. Motion for an appeal was then made and it was granted, the defendant being let out on bond of \$3000. The Supreme Court, as told above, affirmed the lower court's decision.

Harrison had the reputation of being a bad man in his community. He was tried twice for murder and was both times set free. He is a brother of Mrs. T. J. Jarvis.

Lost and Found.
Lost, between 9:30 p. m. yesterday and noon today, a billious attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by finding at English Drug Co.'s a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the guaranteed cure for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

at the South, now they number 10,598,000, three times as many. North Carolina has 290 mills in operation, and 16 in course of construction; in all three million of spindles and 52,000 looms. North Carolina spun last year 733,000, while her crop was only 663,000 bales.

The average price of the last crop was ten and a quarter cents. At that price the mills used more cotton than they ever did before. Spindles are being constantly increased, so that the mills will need hereafter at least 13,000,000 bales. While we have a large supply left over from last year, anything less than 13,000,000 bale crop will be regarded as tending towards a shortage. To be sure, however, the mills could get along comfortably on a twelve million crop this season, since they have an old supply of 2,800,000 bales to start with.

The ordinary course of marketing is for a million bales to come in in September, and more than two millions in each of the three following months, while the mills need only about a million a month. One sees at a glance, therefore, that in the absence of any fear of a shortage in later months, there will be a tendency for prices to be depressed during the period when the bulk of the crop is being marketed. It is this condition which makes so praiseworthy the efforts of certain practical men to establish warehouses at the South in which a part of the crop can be stored and kept off the market until actually needed by the mills.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has constantly gained in favor and popularity until it is now one of the most staple medicines in use and has an enormous sale. It is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases, such as coughs, colds and croup and can always be depended upon. It is pleasant and safe to take and is undoubtedly the best in the market for the purposes for which it is intended. Sold by English Drug Co.

Calvin Gills of Asheville died in the surf at Atlantic City last Friday. The water was not waist deep, and he died of heart disease.

The way to get rid of a cold, whether it be a "bad cold" or just a little one, is to get it out of your system through the bowels. Nearly all cough cures, especially those that contain opiates, are constipating. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates and acts gently on the bowels. Pleasant to take. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

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Is now established in its permanent home. The location was selected and the building erected with an eye to the convenience of the public. The site and the superstructure are ideal for business. Not only this, but the Bank has installed in its offices an entirely new outfit. A vault has been built that is absolutely fireproof for the keeping of books, papers and records, with private lock boxes for rent cheap. Considerable money has been invested in a safe in order that the customers of the Bank may feel safe at all times in regard to their deposits. This safe is a marvel of mechanism and has no superior in this country for strength and safety. It will be shown to customers and visitors with pleasure. In short, the Bank of Union has made an effort to please the public and to provide every comfort, convenience and safeguard for those doing business with it. The accommodations afforded are now unsurpassed. If the people will recognize these facts by bringing their deposits, their patronage will be highly appreciated and the benefits will be mutual.

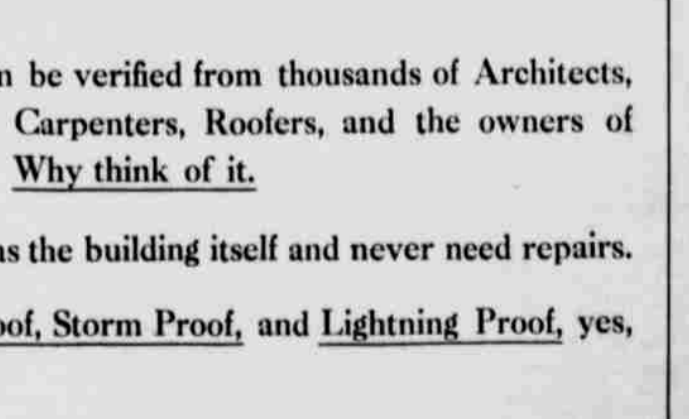
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