

MISTER ADVERTISER!

Are you looking for a circulation in 1904 that grows GREATER and not less? What you want spells GAZETTE.

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION OF HOME AND THE INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

VOL. XXV.

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1904.

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

NO. 2.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

LAY THIS PAPER AWAY. YOU WILL VERY PROBABLY WANT TO READ THE BLAZED TRAIL LATER IF NOT NOW.

CHAPTER III.

THORPE was awakened a long time before daylight by the ringing of a noisy bell. He dressed, shivering, and stumbled down stairs to the round stove...

The older man studied him keenly for a few moments. "Have you had any other business experience?" "None."

Thorpe went out. He had made the elementary discovery that even in chopping wood skilled labor counts. He did not know where to turn next, and he would not have had the money to go far in any case...

"I am looking for work," said Thorpe. "Wait there," he briefly commanded the clerk.

In a few moments the door of the inner room opened and Shearer came out. A man's head peered from within. "Come on, boys," said he.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR five days Thorpe cut wood, swept floors, drew water, swept doors and ran errands. At the end of the week he received \$4 from his employer, dumped his valise into a low bob-sleigh driven by a man muffled in a fur coat...

The long drive to camp was at once a delight and a misery to him. First his feet became numb, then his hands, then his nose was upped, and finally his warm clothes were lifted from him by invisible hands...

The words tipped the balance of Thorpe's decision. He descended stiffly, conscious of a disagreeable shock from a six inch jump.

After a little while they arrived by way of a hill, over which they plunged into the middle of the camp. Thorpe saw three large buildings, backed end to end, and two smaller ones, all built of heavy logs, roofed with plank and lighted sparsely through one or two windows apiece.

"What kind of work?" Thorpe replied. "Any kind, so long as I can learn something about the lumber business."

In a few moments the task was finished, with the exception of a half dozen other cases, which the driver designated as for the "van."

"Thorpe entered a dim, overheated structure lit up on two sides by a double tier of large banks partitioned from one another like cabins of a boat and center lit by a huge stove over a low hanging slender pole.

"Thorpe stood at the entrance trying to accustom his eyes to the dimness. "Get down," said a voice, "on the floor if you want to, but I'd prefer th' deacon seat."

"You think th' old man's no good, do you?" he chuckled without the slightest malice. "Looks like deceiv'."

"Well," said Jackson reflectively, but rapidly. "Le Fabius, he's quiet, but he's a bit of a feller, and he's got a head when he gets full of red ink."

Thorpe did not know he was getting valuable points on the camp bullocks. At dark the old man lit two lamps, which served dimly to glaze the shadows, and thrust logs of wood into the cast iron stove.

Thorpe made his way across to the small cabin indicated as the office, and pushed open the door.

"I was sent here by Shearer," Thorpe directed. "He said you might give me some work."

"So long a silence fell that the applicant began to wonder if his question had been heard.

"Have you ever worked in the woods?" "No."

"I'll put you on the road in the morning," he concluded, as though this were the deciding qualification.

"What is it, Albert?" he asked. "Got of chewin'," was the reply.

"Please pass the beans," he said, with the deliberate intonation of a man who does not expect that his request will be granted.

Besides the beans were fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, canned corn, mince pie, a variety of cookies and doughnuts, and strong green tea.

Thorpe and four others were not to work on this road, which was to be cut through a creek bottom leading, he was told, to "Sawtooth."

Thorpe and the driver to carry them in, and twice midway himself came by, watching their operations for a moment and moved on without comment.

ay, and twice midway himself came by, watching their operations for a moment and moved on without comment.

At the end of an interminable period a faint, musical halo swelled, echoed and died through the forest, beautiful as a spirit. It was taken up by another voice and repeated.

The cook was plainly master of the situation. He issued peremptory orders. When Erickson, the blond Swede, attempted surreptitiously to appropriate a doughnut the youth turned on him savagely and shouted:

"Get out of that, you big toughhead!" The men ate, perched in various attitudes and places. Thorpe found it difficult to keep warm. The violent fire



"I don't know which of you boys is coming first," said he quietly. erche had leaped him through, and now the north country cold penetrated to his bones.

"The new-comer's first day of hard work had tired him completely. He was ready for nothing so much as his bunk. But he had forgotten that it was Saturday night. His status was still to assure.

They began with a few mild tricks. Shufle the brogan followed hot back. Thorpe took all of it good naturedly. Finally a tall individual with a thin white face, a reptilian forehead, reddish hair and long, baboon arms suggested tossing in a blanket.

"It's with the game as long as you can say, boys," said he, "and I'll have as much fun as anybody, but that's good for far for a tired man."

Thorpe was a good boxer, but he knew by now the lumber jacks' method of fighting—anything to hurt the other fellow. And in a genuine, old fashioned, knock-down-and-drag-out rough and tumble your woodsman is about the toughest customer to handle you will be likely to meet.

"I don't know which of you boys is coming first," said he quietly. "but he is going to get it good and plenty."

THE OLD RELIABLE



the mere danger of a stick of hard wood. But this was a good natured bit of tology, a test of nerve, and there was no object in getting a broken head for that.

The young fellow's all right," observed South. "He called Ben up to a peak all right."

Too Terrible for Words. Charleston News and Courier.

Human sympathy stands appalled and speechless in the presence of a catastrophe such as that which took place at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago Wednesday afternoon.

The calamity is of a magnitude which renders it national. Our wars in Cuba and the Philippines have supplied no single battle in which the mortality was so great as it was in that fearful struggle at the exits of the Iroquois.

The calamity is of a magnitude which renders it national. Our wars in Cuba and the Philippines have supplied no single battle in which the mortality was so great as it was in that fearful struggle at the exits of the Iroquois.

Enough said for this. Again: we are also making a CLEAN SWEEP OF READY-TRIMMED HATS AT HALF PRICE, STRAIGHT THROUGH.

NEW EMBROIDERIES AND LACES. We have several big lots just arrived. They are not in our half-price sale. They are high value, almost double value—for the price we charge.

JAMES F. YEAGER, LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

MOONSHINERS' PROFITS.

So Large That Illicit Distilling Will Never be Stopped.

An old revenue officer who has had years of active experience in raiding stills and capturing blockaders, who has had many a battle with the outlaws and heard the bullets from their guns whistle past him, who has often crunched behind rocks and stood behind trees and who has done his share in trying to stamp out the miscreants, said a few days ago in speaking of blockaders and moonshiner whiskey:

"I have been a revenue officer for about twenty-five or thirty years, and have seen all kinds of circumstances, and don't believe blockading or illicit distilling will ever be stopped. The reason for my belief (and I am not the only one) is simply this: There is such a large profit in the business that the temptation is too great for most of that class of people, regardless of the law, nor heeding what has befallen fellow moonshiners.

Human sympathy stands appalled and speechless in the presence of a catastrophe such as that which took place at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago Wednesday afternoon.

Enough said for this. Again: we are also making a CLEAN SWEEP OF READY-TRIMMED HATS AT HALF PRICE, STRAIGHT THROUGH.

NEW EMBROIDERIES AND LACES. We have several big lots just arrived. They are not in our half-price sale. They are high value, almost double value—for the price we charge.

JAMES F. YEAGER, LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

Ladies and Gentlemen!

The Gazette Printing House brings into 1904 better prepared than ever to do your printing. Call in season and see. We solicit an opportunity to serve you.

They are good shots, too, hardly missing when they have a fair opportunity to take aim. "I will give you an idea of how cheaply moonshine whiskey is made and the immense profits that are reaped from its sale. They take one gallon of cheap black molasses, which costs about 65 cents; two bushels of meal, costing 65 cents per bushel, and some water. This is made into a mash, allowed to ferment, and the stuff then goes through the process of evaporation. This amount of meal, water and molasses makes forty gallons of whiskey, which is sold for \$2 a gallon. Anyone can see the immense profit from this illustration."

They are good shots, too, hardly missing when they have a fair opportunity to take aim. "I will give you an idea of how cheaply moonshine whiskey is made and the immense profits that are reaped from its sale. They take one gallon of cheap black molasses, which costs about 65 cents; two bushels of meal, costing 65 cents per bushel, and some water. This is made into a mash, allowed to ferment, and the stuff then goes through the process of evaporation. This amount of meal, water and molasses makes forty gallons of whiskey, which is sold for \$2 a gallon. Anyone can see the immense profit from this illustration."

They are good shots, too, hardly missing when they have a fair opportunity to take aim. "I will give you an idea of how cheaply moonshine whiskey is made and the immense profits that are reaped from its sale. They take one gallon of cheap black molasses, which costs about 65 cents; two bushels of meal, costing 65 cents per bushel, and some water. This is made into a mash, allowed to ferment, and the stuff then goes through the process of evaporation. This amount of meal, water and molasses makes forty gallons of whiskey, which is sold for \$2 a gallon. Anyone can see the immense profit from this illustration."

SOME GOOD THINGS AT HALF PRICE

If you get a good thing and pay full value you still have a good thing and are to be congratulated. But when you buy a good thing at half price you have the good thing and also half your money, which is the same as having two good things. That is just what we offer you. It takes but a few words to tell the story. We are closing out our season's stock of

COATS AND FURS AT HALF PRICE!

Enough said for this. Again: we are also making a CLEAN SWEEP OF READY-TRIMMED HATS AT HALF PRICE, STRAIGHT THROUGH.

JAMES F. YEAGER, LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

Take Your Savings to the Bank



Don't take chances with them at home. The safest place there is easily rifled by the enterprising burglar.

The Gastonia Savings Bank receives deposits in a penny from one dollar upward.

Interest paid on savings accounts.

The Gastonia Savings Bank is incorporated under the State banking laws and its books are examined periodically.

GASTONIA SAVINGS BANK.

L. L. JENKINS, Pres. L. L. HARDIN, Cashier.

Gastonia Banking Co.

Gastonia, N. C.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$75,000.00

State Bank Incorporated May 13, 1903

STATE AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY

Table listing Officers and Directors: JNO. F. LOVE, President; R. C. G. LOVE, Vice Pres.; JAS. A. PAGE, Cashier; R. C. B. LOVE, J. H. P. LOVE, EDGAR LOVE, ROBT. A. LOVE.