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GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1904.

One Bellar a Year in Adv

Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of

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CHAPTER I.

HE evidence was all in. The speeches had been made on both sides of the case, and the attorney for the state had severe and eloquent in urging conviction. The jury had remained in retirement all the morning and at last had filed in and rendered their ver-dict. David Buckley, the prisoner at the bar, was found guilty of baving deliberately and in the night stolen a bale of cotton from a neighbor's barn, branded it as his own and taken it to

He was a short, thickest man near the age of sixty -gray, stiff haired and

autien faced, and just now more apgry, it was thought, at certain neigh-bors who had testified ugainst him than chagrined at the verdict of the court. He glauced at his wife, who aut against the ralling behind him, and then stared steadily at the fluor till the sheriff come and led bim back to

Later in the afternoon he was brought back to receive his sentence. The judge, a tall, powerful man, dark of hair and eye and us brown as a Spaniard, was about to order him to stand up when Hiram Hillyer, a well to do cotton and grain merchant of the town, rose and begged permission to speak to the judge in private before the prisoner was sentenced.

"Well, I reckon we've got time, Mr. Hillyer," the judge said pleasantly. "If it's anything in Buckley's favor I'd like to hear it. I've been on the bench seven years, and I don't think I ever had a man before me that was painted as black by his neighbors."

Making his way through the cluster of lawyers and students of the las around the stove to one of the vacunt jury rooms, the merchant waited for the judge to join him, and when he came Hillyer, nervously pulling at his short, gray beard, faced him, an eager look in his mild bine eyes.

"I'm afeard it ain't nothin' in th old man's favor, Judge Moore," he fal-"The truth is, I'm a-thinkin' about his son. Judge, of thar ever was a finer, more honest an' upright boy than George Buckley, I hain't nev

or run across 'im." "Oh, you can't tell me anything about George," said Judge Moore. "He and I are friends. He voted for me and legged for me in the Upper Tenth district. Ah, so he sent you to me, did he? Well, what does George want? I was glad he wasn't in court to hear

all that stuff against his daddy." "You see, we thought—me'n' George both thought that maybe you mought —justice mought be carried out by imposin' a pretty beary fine, an' ""Old Buckley isn't able to pay a

cent," broke in the judge. "I've made inquiries, and if his little farm is sold it will leave his old wife without any outs of making a support. No, the Jig's up with him."

"But George's been savin' money for the last five years," said Hillyer anxlously. "I've got it borrowed from 'im at regular rates. I can lay my hands on the money at a moment's notice Yes, he can raise a reasonable amount all right."

Judgo Moore frowned, thrust his bands into the pockets of his trousers and turned to a window which looked out on the courtyard, where a few idlers loy on the grass near the hitching rack.

"I'm not going to be the medium through which deserving innocent peo-ple suffer for the gullty," he said firmly. "I've thought it all over. I was afraid George might ask this, but it's no go. I've made up my mind on

"Oh, judge, don't say that!" pleaded Hillyer. "The boy simply can't bear it. You see, Judge Moore, since I tack 'im an' sent 'im off to school be's been sorter away from his home, an' the feller's got as much feelin' as any-body else. Then when he got through college an' I give 'im a place in my business he's stood with the best folks in the town, an' it would go hard with im-to have life own daddy at the coal

"I know all that, Mr. Hillyer. I've thought of it twenty times during this trial. I hardly slept last night trying to make up my mind what to do in case the jury didn't recommend Buckley to nercy. Well, they came down on 'im like a load of bricks, an' I'm not going to let George suffer for him. Why, the old rancal can't be cured of his diahonesty. Didn't you hear what Bradley said about his constantly steal-ing from his neighbors, many of whom never made any charge against him out of respect for Mrs. Duckley and Ge No, air; his son, who is my friend, shall not sacrifico bis savings for him."

Then I'll pay it, judge; you know

"You shot/t do that, either," said the "you many! to that extend the consent to let as old a man on you be out of pocket for such a hopeless reprobate, theoryp would find it out and insist on repaying you in the long run. Mo; five scamp good, and I'm going to secure

"You think that's finit then, judge?" Hillyer had trivined quite pale, and the guivering hand which had clutched his

"Abner Dan-Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery." Etc.

beard stayed itself in its downward

"Yes, that's fluid Mr. Hillrer, I wish I could help you, but I can't. I'll settle Buckley's hush in about two minutes after I give him a sound lecture. Blight now the old devil would cut the throats of several of the state's witnesses if he was at liberty."

"Then I'll go back to the store an' tell the boy." Hillyer sighted as be moved to the door, a dead look of dis-appointment in his eye.

As Hillyer was making his way through the courtroom to the outer door the wife of the condemned man reached out her hand and storged him. the had cluffied the tall of his long frock cout.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "Go nhead. I'm goin' outside." He led the way down the stairs to the yard below and then poused to hear what she had to any.
"I seed you invite the judge out," she

began. "I suspicioned you axed 'im to make it a fine."

"Yes, that's what I called 'im out fer. Mrs. Buckley," the merchant said, looking down commiserately on her fat figure clothed in dingy black called but it wasn't a bit o' use. He's made up his mind to send the old man off for five yours."

The woulde nodded slowly. "Well, I reckon it's as good as we kin expect." the said. "It' it had been a fine, George would 'a' had to pay it, an' I'm agin that proposition. He's worked hard to make his little start, an' it ain't right for 'lin to have to give it up when -Mr. Hillyer, I've heard that pure boy beg an' beg his pa to chauge, an' of he's predicted this thing once he has fifty times."

"I knew that too," repiled the merchant, with a derk frown. George is jest so simuted right now. Mrs. Buckley, that he'd sacrifice all be expects to make in the next ten years to avoid the diagrace o' the sentence. He holds his own with the biggest folks in town, an' this is simply awful. You know how some o' these blue-blooded families look on a thing like

"Jest about as sensible as they look on most things," retorted Mrs. Buck-loy philosophically, "an' I don't see no use in hunorin' 'em. They may know a man's a thief, but of he hain't publicly branded they don't care. But David has broke the law; thar gin't no change to be made in 'im, an' I'm agin lettin' it hamper George, no matter what these shallow minded pristocrats think. What's botherin' me is another thing."

"You say it is, Mrs. Buckley?" And the merchant stared expectantly.

"Yes, Mr. Hillyer. George hain't got but one weakness, an' that is, once in a long while, when he is in despair, he will take a drink to drown his troubie. I reckon he hain't tetched a drup but once since he's been with you

"Au' that was the time they threntened to jall yore husband fer pennin' up Wilson's hogs, an' we succeeded in squashin' t' e charge.

"Yes, that was the time"-the old woman pushed back her gingham poke bonnet and looked straight into Hillyer's eyes-"an' I am anxious to find out of this thing has made him"-

"Not yet, Mrs. Backley." Hillyer's voice had fallen very low; it was most husky, "But I've been that afeard it would start 'hu off that I hain't been able to sleep at night. He's in a' awful state o' mind, Mrs. Buckley, an' when I go back an' tell 'im the judge's decision I don't know what he'll do. A fine piece o' metal will bend jest so

The old woman nodded again slowly and then said: "Well, I'll go back inaide. This is a new wrinkle on ma. It's considered right an' proper for folks to go to the grave with the'r kin, an' I rocken that ud be talk of I shirked hearin' the sentence, but tell George I'll come down to the store after

"All right, Mrs. Buckley. I'll tell

As Hillyer turned toward the gate to reach the little street which stretched out, lined with cottages and brick law offices, to the red brick freight depot at the far end, one of the lonogers on the grass rose and slouched toward him.

"Have they sentenced Buckley yet? he osked. "I'm a witness on that barn burnin' case, an' ef it nin't a-goin' to be called toulght I'm a-goin' home." "It's next on the docket," the mer-

chant informed him.

The man land another question ready.

"What's cotton bringin' today?" he sated. "I've got a big white hale ready

fer the gin." "Seven and three-cights," answered Hillyer, and he walked on. On the main thoroughfare of the town he had to pass several brick stores where the to pass several brick stores where the elerks and merchants stood amid the heaps of their wares on the narrow brick sidewalks, and meny of them asked about the Buckley triel. Hillyer made about the Buckley triel. Hillyer made about hut considerate replies and hastened past. On a corner of one of the streets running back to a railroad sidetrack, in the rear, stood his ware-house. Here he found his negro porter busy with rattling floor trucks leading a box car with huge of grain. The of-flow was a commodious room 'est off

in one of the corners of the big brick building next to the street. It con-tained a long walnut counter full of drawers, with shelves overhead for old ledgers, commercial reports. dasty let-ter files and wired bunches of bills, recelpts and canceled hank checks.

George Buckley, a handsome, dark young man of twenty-seven or eight, sat on a ligh stool writing in a onderous ledger. Turning his head ponderous ledger. Turning and action and sceing who it was, he removed his beels from the rung of the stool and turned round. There was a steady stare in his eyes as he fixed them on Hillyer's sympathetic, almost shrinking face.
"You did not succeed." he said, life

tips tightening. "No; be'd already made up his mind,

George," replied the merchant. George Buckley turned anddenly and bent over his keiger and took up bis stand. Hillrer could not see his face, but he noted that the hand holding the pen was quivering. Buddenly Buckley laid the pen down, and Hillyer beard something resembling a sub or a gasp escape blin, then the young man stood

coat and pulled it on. He was deathly pule, lds eyes were flashing strangely "George, where are you going?" old tong caught his arm, but fluckley wrenched it from his grasp.
"Let 100 alone, Mr. Hillyer," said be

wn on the floor and reached for his

"For God's sake, let me alone!" "All right, George: I was jest about" - But his words fell dead on the air. for Buckley had taken his hat. pulled it on, and plunged out at the For a moment the merchant steed like a man turned to stone, and then he harried back over the rough floor through the warehouse to the egro, a tall, middle aged man.

"Jake," he said excitedly, unable to control his voke, "drop yore work an' run after tleorge. Don't let 'im see you, but come luck and tell me where he goes."

"All right, Marse Hillyer," and, long ing his trucks, the negro hastened out at the side door of the building and aped up the street. Hillyer went back into the office and sat down at his pri-vate desk. Once he lowered his head to his crossed arms and it looked is if he were praying. In a few minutes Jake returned, swinging his slouch but

"Well?" gasped Hillyer-"well?" "He went fust to de postoffice, Marse Hillyer, but he didn't put no letter in our wait to git any. It looked to me the he didn't know what he was goin' ur what fer. Den he come on down by Hillhouse's bar. He stopped dar an' looked in, den be come on slow like an' stopped ng'in. Den be turned an' walked back an' went in. I went round to de back end en watched. He was at do counter pourin' him out a dram, Marse Hillyer.

"You say he was, Jake?" said the nerchant, "Jake, in the mernin' I want you to truck all that western wheat over on the other side. It's too damp where it is." "All right, Marse Hillyer."

A moment after the negro had left the office George Buckley came in and resumed his sent at the counter. He opened the big ledger, dipped his pen and began to write. Hillyer watched him cautionsly. His hand seemed steady enough, but his cheeks were



"He's in a' owful state o' mind, Mrs

fushed and his hair dishevelled over his brow. Just then Mrs. Buckley cans into the office. She took off her bon not, showing smooth, gray hair and a deeply wrinkled brow and checks, and slood for a moment behind her sen. Billyer fencied that their conversation might be of a private nature, and, taking up a grain sampler, he left the room. The sound of his heavy boots drew George Ruckley's attention, and looking round he saw his mother. Her sympathetic eyes fell beneath his wild

"I reckon Mr. Hillyer's already told you," she began

"Well, that ain't but one thing for sensible folks to do," faltered the woman, "an' that's to make the best of it an' go on tryin' to do our own duty." "Yes," he nodded vacantly, "you are rig", mother. Are you going home tonight?"

"No. I "lowed it ad look more respeciful to stay till they tock 'm off in the mornin'. The sheriff's wife axed me to spend the night with her in the juli house, so I could be night 'im." George Rockley shuddered visibly,

but he said nothing. It gave Mrs Buckley the opportunity she was look rne, I recken bein' young as you are an'-an' mixin' with folks here in Darley that hain't never been to seeh mess, it goes barder with you than it

mountains, leic I wish you wouldn't take it so hard. You cayn't bely fore pa's doin's. No, you cayn't, an' no right minded folks sin't a golu' to hinme ron. As for me"-she passed as in-stant as she began to roll her sunbonnot in her fat, red hands - why, my boy. I feel just like a awful load was tuck off'n me. I carn't beis it It may not be harrous-I don't know-but I feel jest that n-way. You think yore eross is bard to bear, but for fitteet rear I've hardly slept a sound night's sleep, expectin' an' expectia' the offithe fener. An kerpla his secretstell me every blessed his o' devilment to ever was in. It is began away back fifteen your ago, when he fell off his wagon an struck his head agin a rock. He never got over that; it made 'im as ill as a snake an' mad at ever body, even his best friends. George, I want to tell you how he did once

"Don't, com't, don't?" the young man eried. I know enough. I don't want you ever to struk to me of his erimes." "Well. I won't, then." promised the woman. "I recken I've heard so much of his doin's that it don't horrify me as much as it would you. Well, I'll go on back. I'm goin to Welher & Land's an lur bim a change o' underclothes un' some mocks."

When she had reached the hig entrance of the warrhouse she saw HDL yer in the center of the building, walking loack and forth, his gray bead hang-ing low, as if in troubled meditation. Turning as if from a sudden impulse, she went and joined bim. The two

"I smelt figuer on 'tu." she said tersely. "I stood nigh to 'im; he's had 'im a dram, Mr. Hillyer." "Yes. he's had a drink or two, Men. Buckley.

"Whar'd he git his whicky?" "Jake followed 'im an' seed 'im at Hillbonse's bar. I help't sald a word about it. It don't do one bit o' good to preach to a man all upset in mind. an' hatf full at that."

"No, yo're plumb right, an' nobody kin drive George. I'm powerfully afraid this is goin' to be his downward start, Mr. Hillyer." "Don't say that?" The words wor

spoken almost in a great, and the merchant's sympathetic fore seemed wrung with inward pain. "Don't suy that," he repeated, under his breath. "We mustn't lose hope-we mustn't de

The old woman stared at the working face for a moment in silence; then she asked abruptly. "Mr. Hillyer, who is that family o' Cranstons that's come

"Oh. you've beard o' them?" said Hillyer, taking a breath. "Major Cramston's a member of a fine old family, a regular F. F. V.: he owns moven farms in this county an' has a lot o' investments all over the country. He moved here about six months ago beca'se the climate agrees with 'im, an' he bain't very strong. George got acquainted with his daugh-ter, a pretty, likely gal, but as proud as a queen, an' they've been good friends ever since. She's well educated, an' so's he, an' they get along powerful well together. Have you ever seed 'er, Mrs. Buckley?"

"Yes, once," auswered the woman "an' I never shall forgot it, fer it showed me plainer what a fine character George has than anything he ever done. Thur's a lot o' meddlin' folks out at the Core, Mr. Hillrer, an' the report not out that since George got was ashamed o' me. The kept this talk up, an' when he got to ston it got wass, an' some of 'em 'lew-ed that the girl didn't know what sort o' scrub kin George had. This got to George somehow, no' one day when I was at Grove Level camp grow some o' my neighborn, George fetched depriving themselves and far of town folks. An' when he seed me pected reward in the future.

a-settle is front of Mrs. Peliows tout with some more women to fetched the gal right to e- no. He was sorter pale an excited, but he retched down an tuck my horst an lifted me up, an' says Le. Mass Cremton, I want you to make the acquaintance o' my mother no. that wan't it exactly. This was it. 'Miss Cranston, I want you to must my mother,' as' 'me 'n' he shook hands. It was swful, Mr. Hill-yer. I've got a little more sense 'n a jay bird, an' I seed through it. I seed, moreover, that while shell rad a perfect lady, she was savier set back. She got red in the face an was all flustered in what she said, but he stopped that talk out our way an showed what he was."
"Yes, he's all right, Mrs. Buckley."

The old man awatiowed, "Maybe," rentured the old woman tentatively, "maybe he's in love with that gal. Mr. lilliyer, no knows she haln't the sort—that her folks bain't

the sort—to everlook a-a"—
"That's just it, Mrs. Buckley," said the merchant with firmness, "an' that accounts for his misery an' the whisky. This thing has lift 'm away below the belt. Than's no two ways about it. I'm dead afourd it's goin'

to undo all that's been done."

The old woman raised her eyes to the trombled face before her and stared stendily. "Let's hope not," she said. "Shorely the Lard will show us some way to-to avoid that."

filltyer dropped his eyes, and, turning toward the door, the old we stowly stambled out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DO NOT DOSE THE STOMACH.

Hyomei, the Only Guaranteed Cure for Cotureb.

No one should confound Hyomei with the patent medicines that are advertised to cure caarrh. It is as far superior to them all as the diamond is more valuable than cheap glass. Their composition is a secret, but Hyomei gives it formula to all reputable physicians and is escribed by them

The only way to cure catarris and all other diseases of the resniratory organs is to breathe

Hyomei. This treatment has been so successful in curing 99 per cent. of all who have used it that Hyomei is now sold by J. H. Kennedy under an absolute guaran-tee to refund the money in case does not benefit. You run no risk whatever in buying Hyomei. If it did not possess unusual powers to cure, it could not be sold upon this plan. N15-18-29-D2

The Curse of Acres.

Alve Agee in National Stockman,

Many a man is burdened unn cessarily by the ownership of too many acres of land. The desire to extend one's business and to have income increased is natural. In the case of the farmer this desire takes practical form in the purchase of more land very often when it should be in the improvement of the land already owned. I believe that I have met personally a housand farmers who were mak ing the mistake of striving to be owners of more land than they should own. The evidence was seen in the neglect of the opportunities offered by the farm or by straining under a load of debt depriving themselves and family unduly for the sake of an ex-

Good Health to the Children

Children especially are fond of dainties, and the housekeeper must look carefully to their food.

As good cake can be made only with good eggs, so also a cake that is healthful as well as dainty must be raised with a pure and perfect baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in the preparation of the highest quality of food. It imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness and flavor noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, doughnuts, crusts, etc., and what is more important, renders the food wholesome and agreeable to young and old.

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Coats and Furs \$1, \$1.75, \$2.50, \$4.50, and \$5.00.

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Dress Goods and Trimmings New, exquisite, com-plete. See them to-day.

Infants' Vents All sizes up to six years, 25c to 75c.

Nazereth Weists New lot of Nazareth waists for children, 25c. Long sleeve cornet cov-ers, 25c. New line of cravenettes just arrived; heavy fleece, 10c, 12%, 15c. Beauties.

Jas. F. Yeager

PISGAH PENCILINGS.

Piagah, N. C., Nov. 12.—Mr. Rutus W. Carson calls our at-tention to an error in regard to the first burial in Piagan cometery. The first burial in Pisgab cemetery was a Miss Blackwood in 1850. We stated in this cor-respondence Oct. 29th that the

oldest inscription was of Miss Susan Falls who died in 1857. Mr. W. Meek Crawford has returned from Elisberry, Mo., where he attended the A. R. P. Synod as a delegate from Piagah A. R. P. church.

The siding for the new cotton mill between Loray and Arling-ton was surveyed last Wednes-

A new reservoir is being dug at the Arlington. It will be larger than the old one. The water supply has to be doubled, is the reason for digging this

We invite your attention to a typographical error in; last week's correspondence. We said in regard to ginning cotton on the farm, "This beats hauling 1,500 ibs. of seed cotton to the gin."
Lo, and behold! the types made
us say. "This beats hauling 15
lbs. of seed cotton to the gis." lbs. of seed cotton to the gin,"
Lo, and behold! the types made as say. "This beats hauling 15 lbs. of seed cotton to the gin."
We wish the error to be corrected because it is demonstrated that 1,500 lbs of seed cotton gins out 500 lbs of lint cotton on an average. If 15 lbs. gins out 500 pounds of lint cotton, why to save hauling. I would put 15 or 30 lbs. in my coat peckets, gin it, and m. ket it without hauling the same.

Misses Ella and Zula Thomas, daughters of Mr. W. G. Thomas, of Pisgah will enter Jones Seminary as students Mouday 14th.

There was a shucking at Mrs. We are glad to note that the condition of Mr. E. W. Motrow is improving. For two weeks he has been ill with nervous prostration and indigestion.

have the building located half way between the two. This will never do. We hope this consolidation will not occur for various reasons of our own. Miss Ads Rankin is the teacher at Spencer Academy

There are 109 hourding students at Jones Seminary. The school is flourishing under the administration of President Lindsary.

say.

Mr. C. W. Boyd is erecting a barn on his farm near Loray.

Mr. John Taylor has decided not to remove to Bessesser but will sell out his entire crop and

no to a cotton mill.

The chills are not all dead vet, some of our best people still have to bear the misery and head

Mr. Geo. W. Wilson, attorney at law, was in this community Wednesday on professional busi-

Mr. Geo. F. Bason, attorney at law for the Southern Railway, was in this community Thursday.

Miss Pallie Weir has returned

to High Shoals after a few days visit to Mr. E. A. Morrow. Misses Elia and Zuls Thomas

coat pickets, gin it, and m. ket it without hauling the same. Grood idea, but it won't "panout" for 15 lbs of seed cotton will gin out 5 pounds of lint, and no cotton press in America could bale that amount.

The handsome neat and new residence of Mr. James M. Blackwood is nearly completed. There are ten rooms. Each room is floored with pins and ceiled with popular. It is located about 30 leet to the west of the former building which was burned.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morrow were visitors at Mr. G. M. Howell's last Monday.

Spencer Academy has opened for a four months term. About 40 pupils are on the roll. There is some talk of consolidating the district with Olney district and

COME ONE! COME ALL!

We have a nice lot of RUBBER TIRE BUG. GIES on hand. Any one wishing to purchase one will do well to call and see what we have and get our prices and terms. We will be gled to show you what we have and will use our best efforts to satisfy you in quality and style. We have in stock new vehicles, prices ranging from \$25 to \$117.50. Come in and get A BRAND NEW BUGGY.

We are again ready to supply you with mules and horses, having only a few days ago received a car load of stock from Tennesses. These stock were selected by our old buyer Mr. Geo. A. Anderson and among them you will find some extra stee pairs of mules and a few good horses to suit almost any one wishing a good animal. Call and see our stock before buying elsewhere, and oblige

CRAIG AND WILSON