

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1804.

VOL. XXV.



CHAPTER IL.

was now about aundown. and Hillyer started home. He passed the postoffice, went into the little building, tooked absently into his luck box, and then, taking a strort that led past the town park and several of the most pretentions churches, he soon reached his house, which was a two story brick building with an old fashioned white veranda and an L. The house, like many others in the place, stood on a big lawn shaded by large oaks, magnolias and mulberry trees. A wide walk bordered with stunted resebushes of some chenp variety and covered with gravel reached from the gato to the steps. Along the side fence was a few of beehives, and frisking about in the yard WAS a young calf.

Mrs. Hillyer was in the sitting room with her niece, a rather plain girl of thirty. Miss Hortense Snowdon, who had been living with the Hillyers since the death of her parents, twelve months before. They both rose at the sound of the marchant's step in the wide, un-carpeted hall, and when he had entered they stood waiting for him to sit down before resuming their seats at the open fireplace, in which some dry hickory logs on old fashioned brass headed dog irons were cheerfully ablane, fur-mishing the chief light of the shaded

"Well, anybody would know from his looks how the case come out." said Mrs. Hillyer as she sat down and spread out her callco skirt. "An' of it had 'a' been dark I could 'a' road the news in the way he put his feet down in the hall." She was a short, cheerful looking woman past fifty. Her eyes were almost black, very keen, and they flashed at all times with a merriment that seemed as much a part of her as electricity is a part of an electric bat tery. Her hair was abundant sild redbrown and fell in intractable waves over her brow and cars.

"Yes, it not only went clean agin the old man, but Judge Moore p'intedly red to cut it down to a fine." Hillyer's voice had a tone of deep dejection as he said this, and he kept his eres on the fire.

"An' I kin see you mighty nigh had a spasm over it," replied Mrs. Hillyer. "Lawsy me, of I never found anything to worry about till I worried over the just punishment leveled on the head o' that old scamp I'd go to my grave without a gray hair or a wrinkle. That's the trouble with you an' George both. You are not carryin' out the Scriptural injunction not to kick agin the pricks. I don't know exactly what the good book says about it. I disrer. In fact, I don't know that I ever run acrost it in print myself, but you bet it's thar. My father, who eat an' slep' with the Bible in his hand, used to always keep sayin', when folks was continually a-complainin', 'Don't kick agin the pricks.' An' he was right. Ef you set down on a board with a tack in it, the barder you set the more tack you git, an' that's so with life. It's full of tacks, on' don't you forgit it. The Lord put old Buck-ley in jail to keep 'im in a bunch of his kind, so the devil wouldn't root around among good folks so much to keep up with 'im, but- Oh, no! You sin't a-goin' to put up with it, an' right now yore face is sour enough lookin' to spile cream in the middle o' Decem-

up yore uncle's old fromble. Things like this usually do upset 'im. Etc's been actin' quar ever since old Duck-ley was arrested. Ef I're ketched 'im prayin' once over it I have twenty times. He hain't slept without a light in his room fer a month, an' I hear 'im prayin' an' beggin' fer pardon in his shoop. It happened thirty years ago, an' yet I never have spoke to him about it nur has he to me." about it nur has be to me." The young woman stood up beside

ber auni

"You don't really mean that you've lived with him for thirty years and never mentioned that." "Yes, I do, Hortie. I've always beard

that that was one thing that never could be talked about betwirkt two peo-ple. I knowed another woman that was goin' through the same trouble tioned it to her husband. It jest holes like a body cays't allude to it some

hav a booy cays't allude to it some-bow. Shi Ha's comin' back?" Hillyer (rudged through the big, un-carpeted dising room, his arms full of firewood, which he carefully deposited in the wood box, and then he went back to his chair.

"We've had a power o' fuu in this neighborhood today." Mrs. Hillyer said, with one of her impulsive little laughs. "I wonder of the report got downtswn about Mrs. Dugan bein' quarantined." "I hain't beard nothin' abbalt H." replied Hillyer. "I don't know what

TOU MIPLU Mrs. fillyer laughed again. "Yes. Dr. Jobe quarantined 'er this create about 3 o'clock. The marshal come up an' put a red flag on 'er gate an' left orders that nobedy should leave the yard under penalty o' the law." "What's the matter with 'er?" asked

the merchant. "Nothin'," Mrs. Hillyer made answer. "I believe it's jost Dr. Jobe's levilment to git even with 'er. You know Mary Hough's A-livin' in Mrs. Dugan's three back rooms with 'er new buby. Well, it got sick-couldn't



fried to sit 'im to contradict what De. Jobe had said about the disease, but he jest sorter langhed as' said it would be contrary to professional eliquette for 'im to express an opinion. Furder down the street he met Miss Cynthia Gibbs, an' she hauled 'im in an' axed 'im what he thought shout the case im what he thought about the case Is looked like he thought should be case. It looked like he he mighty sigh split his sides s-laughin'. "The haby's get some'n', be said, an' that's all she could git out'n 'm. The marshal come up an' put the red flag on the gate, an the two women an' the baby's housed up till Dr. Jobo lifts the guarantine. 1 was jest a thinkin' me 'n' Hortense will have a rest. Mrs. Dugan would 'n' met you at the gate to find out about- But I clean forgot to tell Mandy to put the biscult in the store an' warm over yore tater ples." And, with a little flush on ber face, Mrs. Hulyer rose and tripped

from the room. Hortense Snewden turned from the window, where she had been standing while her sunt was talking, and stand store her uncle.

"George is in love with Lydia Cran-ston." she said softly. "That's one rea-"Yes, I think he is," replied the old man. "an' I was jest wonderin' of the conviction would have any-yes knew

oct on her. "I don't think he's ever spoken on word of love to her." said Hortema. "Eho is the proudest, hatghtiest crea-ture that ever lived and yet at the same time as simple and unaffected as she can be. It seems like she gets the sweet side of her nature from horself

sweet side of her nature from horself and the other from her people. Unde, they are just about the most aristo-cratic family that ever lived here." "Ob, I know that. I don't think I ever seed the major without his slift hat, kid gloves and gold headed enne. Bomehow it seems a pity George look-ed so high, but, Hortle, the boy is just that way about everything be will

that way about everything; he will have the best or nothin'. But I reckon he knows about how the Cransto look at it-I my I reckon be knows that, an' that's what's made 'im so low spirited."

"That must be it, uncie." And silen fell between them. 'The sound of the coffee mill came harably in from the kitchen, and then they heard Mrs. Hill-yer singing a hymn as she moved about in the adjoining dining room.

CHAPTER III.

EORGE BUCKLEY did not com to supper as usual, and the meal passed awkwardly. Even 5 the efforts Mrs. Hillyer mad to coulven the little group fell flat, and also soon found herself as moody as the The merchant gulped down a others cup of hot, black coffee, ate very light what was on his plate and then went out on the front veranda to

The evening passed slowly, and about 10 o'clock the family retired. Hillyer could not sleep. Ilie wife, tired as als was, was kept awake by her husband's constant movements. About midnight he got up, half dressed him self and took his hat.

"What are you gois'?" asked his wife. "I'm a-goin' down to satisfy myse's about George," he said sheepishiy. Thar ain't no use tryin' to hide it; I'm worried."

"Well, I'll be switched!" exclaime his wife. "But I reckon you mought as well. I don't believe me nor you is goin' to close our eyes to night unless you do. I'll bet you'll find 'im in bed. No doubt he jest went to the hotel an' got his supper rather than let us know he was drinkin'. He atili

DO JURIES FURNISE JUSTICE? and open as can be. She's afways that open is can be. She's chergy making fun of her father's family pride. He's got a Chanston tree in the ilbrary, but Lydis gots all mixed up when she tries to tell any one who her connections are. I was just Hidaking. She'll be apt to be disgusted with George if she hears that this has driv-on him to drive and? olis. en him to drink, and"-"Don't you bother about that," reterb

"Don't you bother about that," retort-ed Mrs. Hillyer. "Thar never was a woman that turned agin a man she eared for on that account; they'll make accuses for 'cm, an' the Lord knows she could fish up a good many to justi-fy George. I know I could. Fore fai-low! Jest think o' him tryin' an' tryin' to git his best above water an that old scamp of a daddy jerkin' im down-au' right now when he was gittin' soch a fine start. He could 's' married that Crunston gal of this thing hads't come up-i mean he could in time, beca'se it was in 'im."

CHAPTER IV.

TILLYRk went out into the star Har Micht and made his way down to the business portion of the fows. He was about to pass the barroom run by Luke Hill-house, when, bearing the clicking of billiard balls and the rapping of own, he looked in at the screened door. Two the looked is and the rapping of ones, the looked is at the acreened door. Two outdrymen, without their costs and under broad slouched hats, were play-ing at the green table, over which issue a glass lamp under a the shade con-stracted from a new distpan with a sole out in the bottom, and three or four balt drunkes negroes were en-gaged in betting small amounts on a fortune wheel against the wall. See ing the merchant, Hillbouse, a fat, red faced man with a dyed and wazed mustache, came round to him from behind the counter.

"Loakin' for George, i'll bet," be mid in a friendly, half confidential tone. "He's jest gone, squire." Hillthe peace. "I went with im clean to the door of the warehouse an' seed that he went in." "Then he way"-

"The wust I over seed, squire. Oh, he could waik all right au' knowed what he was about, but he's a reg'ar

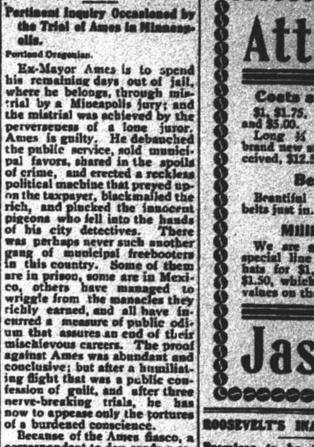
What he was about, but here a regran rippin' terror. He come in here, I reckon, about an hour ago an' inck a couple o' drinks an' then set down over that at the little table. I 'lowed he was asleep, he was no quilet, an' 5 reckon everylody clee did, far Bascom Twait fruit from over in the mountains come in an begun to talk about ald man Buckley's sentence. He hadn't said a word that was wrong, but George heard it au' ris suddenly an' come up to him. 'To're a sayin' that to insuit me,' he said, right in Truitt's face. As big as Truitt is you could 'a' knocked 'im down with a feather, but he told George as straight as he

could that he never knowed he was that an' didn't mean no have nohow; but, sir. George Lauled away an' hit "Im in the jaw. It popped like the re-port of a pistol, an' Truitt mighty night went down. We parted 'em without any trouble. In fact, Truitt thinks the world an 'all of 'im. George did 'im a favor a long time back, an' instead a gittin' much about it Truitt is worryin' over offondin' the boy. He would have apologized to 'im, but we all persuad-ed 'in to wait till George was at his-

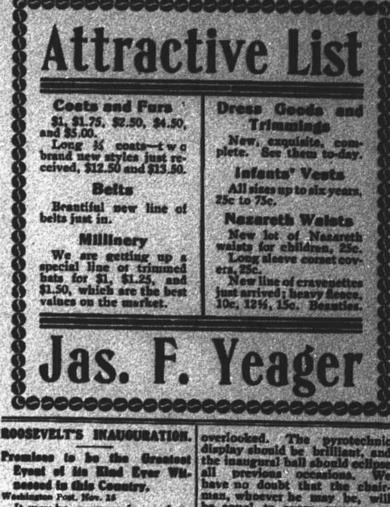
The merchant took a long, trembling breath.

"I wish, Illilhouse," he said, "that you wouldn't let 'in have any more liquor if you kin git ground it." "Git around it?" laughed the bar-"Git around it?" laughed the bar-

is that the way to acquittal, or hly that w



correspondent to-day reads a severe indictment against the whole jury system, and inquires why a judge may not "com-mand" a verdict of guilt is such mand⁴ a verdict of guilt in such cases. The correspondent then answers his own question by showing that the exercise of such power, if a judge has it, would involve subversion of the entire jury system and place the disposition of criminals abso-lutely in the hands of the judiciary. It is a fact that a judge may have, and often does have, a controlling influence on the course of a trial and the deliberations of a jury, but so far as any lesson may be drawn from conspicuous examples in Oregou, the law's delay and the persistent introduction of tech nichal obstacles have been the chief causes of acquittal of de-fendants whom juries of twelve fendants whom juries of twelve men, weighing the facts and p esumably uninfluenced by nice questions of law, had once found gnilty. X. N. Steeves was pronounced guilty of man-slaughter by a jary. The Su-preme Court and a later jury freed him. Ellaworth was conireed him. Ellsworth was con-victed by a jury of poisoning his wife. The Supreme Court and a subsequent jury let him go. Sandy Olds twice had the same experience, Poole, alleged train robber, was convicted by a jury. A judge set the verdict aside. The convicting juries in these cases did their full duty. We do not, of course, say that the judges did not or that the de-fendants w.re guilty. The point



One Dollar a Your in A

1.00

It may be a more fancy, but, somehow or other, we are in-clined to believe that grim and hoary winter, anxious to have his disagreeable job over and

hoary winter, anxious to have his disagreeable job over and done with as soon as possile has commenced his seasons at a summally early date in order to clear the way for a balany and spring-like 6th of March. This appeals to us as a plausible and altogether sufficient explanition of the very remerkable storn which visited as last Sunday. It would be quite in accordance for the day of his inanguration to be one of perfect charm. Seriously, however, there eeems to be every prospect that the wultitude in this city on the next tib of March will break all previous records. On that oc-cation, as during the recent campaign and election, the picturesque and commanding personality of President Roose wit will be the popular magnet. Hundreds of thousands of pro-ple who voted for him now want to see him. The sight of him will be the some of inconvent travel handreds of miles and en-dare all menter of inconvent to see thim. The sight of him will be the popular magnet. Hundreds of the sing sow want to see him. The sight of him will be the popular magnet. Hundreds of thousands of pro-ple who voted for him now want to zee him. The sight of him will be the popular magnet, high office, and his follower will desire to dations to this the high office, and his follower will desire to dation to this the high office, and his follower will desire to dation to this the proper head hange of for him ever will desire to dation to this the second of a camidate for him execond of a camidate for him execond ary immiture arrived. They high office, and his follower will desire to dation this to the the arrive and first the second will desire to dation to this the high office, and his follower will desire to dation to this the proper head hear to ory to put out

overlooked. The pyrotechnik display should be brilliant, and the inaugural ball aboutd cellps all previous occasions. We have no doubt that the chair man, whoever he may be, will be equal to every emergency and will surround himself with an able and active committee who will labor enthusiantically for complete success. We know that the citizens will do their full duty.

"I was thinkin' about George," said Hillyer softly. "It's mighty nigh killin' 'im.'

"Thut's so, Aunt Martha," spoke up Hortense Bnowden. "It's swful on him. Why, just think of it. The best ann. way, just tains of R. The best people in Darley receive him and like him. He was rising rapidly, but a thing like this, as proud and semaitive as he is, will almost kill him."

as he is, will almost till him." "You him laugh an' make sport as much as you want to," said Hillyer, more baidly, "an' you needs't kick agin uothin' unless you want to, but it's jest like Hortle says. He won't be able to face the music. He's all right when he sin't driv' foo fur, but this has al-yendy started 'im to drightu' ag'in." "Ob, under you don't man it?"

"Oh, uncle, you don't man it!" "Yes, it has," grouned the merchant, "an' the Lord only knows what it's goin' to end."

"Huh! I say, then, George Buckley hein't the man I tack 'im for," retorted Mrs. Hillyer. "I wish I could ketch "Im takin" a dram on account o' this thing. I'd give im a talk that ud make

"Go git blind, soukin' drunk," interrupted Hillyer as he rose and went out through the kitchen to the stables to see if his favorits here had been at-tended to. When he was gone, his wife got up and punched the fire with the paker.

"I reckon you think I'm hard heart "I restor job they allent place, "but, Horts, it's the only way to git on with "Yen don't know nothin". I perer Hortis, if a the only way to get on with 'hn. You don't know nothin'. I never let your folks know what I've been through. I'd 's' been crany or dond iong ago at the Lord hadn't showed me how to make light o' serious things. I've had a heavy o' tongh times, but I builtone this is a-goin' to be the hard-

"Why, Aunt Marths, what do you mes.5 ?

"Dest' you see into it?" Mrn. Milly or put the points in the chimney corner and ignored forward. "This has Intohed



"I've ketched 'im praytn' over it."

surse an' one thing another-an' she got seared au' sent for Dr. Jobe. You know him an' Mrs. Dugan has been at outs for the last year. It seems

that she kept totin' thies about town in regard to his doin's to kome 'fore he moved here, an' the upshot of it was that abe has about busied his chauces with Hallie Irwin. They say

was that she has about bunied his chances with Hallio Irwin. They say he was awfully mad at Mrs. Dugan. Well, when he come to nee the baby several of us 'lowed that'd be some fun, so we want over, the hast one of us with a different remedy of some nort an' dead leads o' advice. The fust thing Dr. Jobe did was to drive us all acrost the ball to the soth's from an' begun to examine the baby. But Mrs. Dugan, bless yore soul, ac-cordin' to her that was her house, an' she was Mary Hough's stay an' sup-port, an' abe wedged 'srast' in the sitcher room. Some of us went in the sitcher so we could git a look an' hear what tuck place. He told 'er in plain Hag-lish to git out, but she didn't budget he ordered 'er ag'in, but she only stood the firmer. I don't think I over seed a medder man. His black eyes was jest blandn' any he her, 'Have yos been handlin' this handle shock so hy could hardly mix his medicines. The file crash come.

with a satisfied grin. Then says he, with a satisfied grin. Tou'd better not go out to the rest o' them hems in the other room, for this child's got scarlet ferrer.' Rearlet ferver, yould differ. Dr-gan, an' she looked like she'd sink in actoniahment. 'Why, you don't

"Oh, Aust Martha, you surely don't (baán)

"I don't mean nothin'." interrupted firs. Hillyre, "but I'm as some o' one thing as I am that I got my cold fest agin yow's, as' that is that Mr. Hill-yer halu't told use everything about them Buckleys. He may think I wouldn't keep it, but he hain't let me on to his game." Motheme had no observation to make, and they ky silent for several min-uise. Then the girl mote: "George could really bear it much better if he had not met Lydia Cran-tion. I don't blame him for earing for hes, Amut Martha. She's a upleadid gid: we all like her give just a frame "I don't mean nothin'," interrupted

gan, an' she looked like she'd sink in actonishment. Why, you don't mean it? He told 'er yes, that's what alled the bally, an' that he was goin' to re-port it to the authorities an' put up a quarmenties. On wonsen all sentreed like a flock o' seared blackbirds, but we heard 'em jowerth' clean out to the fence. The solarity clean out to the fence. The not again' to stay coupled up here that long? Mrs. Dagan said. Tes, you'll have to,' we heard 'in mr. 'Goddin' about like you do, you'd not fer more microber than a Tesas hermit do.' After he went off old Dr. Stone pessed along on his heas, an' she went is, the sair an' sailed out to Jm an'

he?" fuse that feller when he's off I'd like to see 'im. It would cost 'im his life. "Yes, he still rooms thar," answered Hillyer, "an' of thar's no light I'll come right back. Sometimes when he's bothered he sets up an' works on bis books."

When her husband had gone Mrs. Hillyer crept up the states to Hortense Snowden's room. The girl was sitting up in bed.

"Why, are you awake?" Mrs. Hillyer cried. "I declare, we are all a set "light owis." "I haven't slopt a wink." was the re-

ply. "Do you know, every sound in your room comes right up that stove flue. I could hear the crenking of your bed, an' just now I heard you talking. Oh, Aunt Martha, where do you think "" where he art?"

On, Audi Marina, where do you think it's going to end?" "T'll end in a matheuse of it keeps up," said Mrs. Hillyer, with a little, forced laugh. "I'm goin' to crawl in yore bed. I'm not to say afeard o' sperits, but I am of niggers an' transps. Phew? I'm all of a shiver. Let's cov-Phow! I'm all of a shiver. Lot's cov-er up. Hortic, you're always said I was a good woman Well, I try to be, but I hain't perfect by a long shot. I say I hain't perfect, an' I mean it. You'd say so of you could see through my outside. I're got one windin' big fault, an' that is suspicton. Homebow Conyn't root it out. Now, I like George Buckley as well as you or Mr. Filliyer Sees, but what on earth has made Mr. dees, but what on earth has made Mr. Hillyer so wrapped up in that loop an' the whole layout o' Buckleys? Why, he's as crasy as a bedbug right now about this trial an' George's condition. Oh. I know you kin say be lines the boy an' all that, but thar are haspe o' boys to the county an' henne o' follow that's jest an worthy of assistance as the Buckleys."

to see int. It would cost im his life. He's one man, squire, that ortn't to totch a drap, nu' between you an me I don't think anything but this ecraps of his daddy's would have started 'im. George Buckley is the high strung sort that makes either the finest citizens up the scum o' creation."

"I reckon yo're right," agreed Hillyer, and, turning, he went down to the use, which was in the next block below. He found the front door ajar and saw a light burning in his clerk's room in the rear. En

release from custody, was made easy by the judge and not by

easy by the judge and not by the jury. The jury system has many defects. It results often in mis-trials of notorious criminals. Jurors are debauched, or im-properly influenced, or for vari-ous reasons incompetent to weigh correctly the facts and judge the credibility of witnes-ses. But what are we going to do about it? Give a single judge greater power over the life or freedom of any individual? A bad judge may do vastly greater injury than an ignorant or even a venal jury.

clerk's room in the rear. Enturing and softly trending over the rough floor, which was strewn with chaff and grain and the rowal thes of cotton bales, Hillyer stood in the deorwaysof clear smoke George Fuckley at near a title table, without his cost, his cot-lar off and his powerful meck slowing through his open shirt. He glared up (CONTINUED ON POULTH PAGE.)

prosperity which has been ex-perienced by the agriculturists of the West will enable thous-ands to visit Washington ,with-out thought of the expense which the journey will entail. It would not be surprising if the Western States literally poured their population into the Nation's Capital.

Western States literally poured their population into the Nation's Capital. Dader these circumstances, the position of chairman of the inaugural committee will be one of great labor and responsibility, Washington will be put to a severe test. The vast crowds must be accommodated with food and housing, and they unut be handled with tact and skill, so that they will depart with pleasant impression. No detail of public comfort must be

ter much argument it was fur-ther agreed that it would be a waste of water to cry to put out the fiames. Two members, who srected a ladder and climbed part way up, were duly reproved for too much seal, and after the name, age, and habits of the owner had been taken the fire department retired in good or-der.

der. "As the flames were unhin-dered the house burned to the ground, and when the owner ve-turned he was besten by his neighbors for codangering their property. I was held in dur-ance vile for two hours and then fined 40 cents."

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