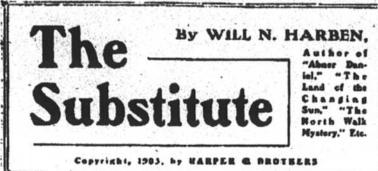


W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XXV.



CHAPTER Y.

HE next morning the open space at the side of the warehouse was filled with anountain wagous. Those wideh contained thestnuts, scinseng, fruit, chickens, caus. butter or smoke cured becon bad white canvas covers over them, the others were cotton wagons, upon which the great, buiging bales were heaped. The year's crop was abundant, and litthe of the product had been stalued in the ball, for the ripening period had been dry and blessed with sunshine

As Hillyer was about to other the front door of the warehouse after breakfast Baseom Truitt slouched toward bim from a group around a little campfire between two cotton wagons. Jerking his long thumb over his shoulder, and hitching up his suspender-less trousers at the waist, he drew the perchant to one side.

"Heard Hillhouse say you was out lookin' fer George last night," he began awkwardly, "an' I 'lowed thar'd be no harm in havin' a word with you. That's all right 'twixt me 'n' George, squire. He told me jest now he nover knowed what he was about an' that he's sorry. Shucks: he never hurt me. Mr. Hillyer. Desides, I'd let that chap maul use in the face as much as he likes after the friend he's been to Joff. Ef he's done my hoy one favor he has a hundred. My wife feels jest like I do about George, an' ef she was to hear I'd got 'im in trouble over a little thing like that last night she'd ouit me."

"So that won't he no charge agin 'im, then?" sakl Hillver in relicf. "Not a bit," said the mountaineer, un-

consciously stroking the jaw George Buckley had bruised the night before. The marshal come to me jest now an axed me of 1 wanted to make a case. an' I told 'im he was crasy, that me 'n' George was jest playin', an' some o' them dorn niggers 'lowed we was fusala'.'

"I'm glad you feel that way, Truiti, sald Hillyer, and be went into the office, set down at his desk and begun to read his mufi.

Two citizens of Darley made the warehouse their business headquarters, using the desks without pay. Henry Hanks, a tall, lank, murried man about fify five years of age, had a desk in one corner of the office. He were a long brown beard, was dyspeptic, yellow skinned and perrons. He was a Confederate veteran who had, after the war, developed a surprising capacity for making money out of the auforinnate acction he had bravely fought for. He was a well to do note shaver, and sold farmers their yearly supplies at an enormous profit. Anything from a cooking store to a yoke of oxen was considered good sceurity when once de-scribed in the "iron clad" mortgage note of which he was the inventor. He never wore a vest, and the neckets of his thin coat were always buiging with and accounts which he corried on his person to have them ready at a moment's notice when he ran across a delinquent. The other citizen was Jim Kenner, a jovial cotton buyer, a bachelor about forty-five years of age, who was the very life of the little circle. When he had business to transact he could be as long faced and serious as any one clac; but even then his humor was apt to bubble up and burst at the very moment no one was expecting it. His chief amusement was in tensing Hanks, whom he sarcastically called "Old Liberality," or "Lib" for short. He spoke with a whine that always ended in a rasping laugh that was very infections. Hanks had never been known to smile, and yet a close observ er would have seen that, in his own way, he seemed to enjoy all his associate's levity. It was a chilly day and ciate s seviny. It was a chilly day and there was a good fire in the long wood stove, and the two men bent over it. George Buckley sat on his high stool at his desk at work on his big lodger. "Say, George," whined Kenner, as he throw a down stimm when the store threw a cigar stump mider the stove and leaned back in his chair. "Did you ever hear that tale Bill Gower is a tellin' on IAb, about his burn out whon he used to be in the junk business?" George smilled indulgently and said, without looking round, that he had

"We put the shanty out," said Kener, "but Lib didn't help a hit. 11e was hoppla' about like a chicken with its head off doin' its last dance. We railly eaved his life. I believe he'd a' dropped dead in his tracks of he'd by that blaze that night."

"Ef that's anybody that loves a aleket more's you do," grunted the note shaver. "I'd like to see 'im. I never heard o' anybody gittin' anything ent'n you."

Kenner laughed. "When I fust tarted out Filaduait I was purty close, PU11. J.th. You know my daildy sold a little furm of his when I was, twenty one and set me up in the retail grocery business. He talked to me so much about the deadlants lyin' in wait for suckers that I suspicioned even the preacher what I attended meetin'. He got behind in his account once, an' I hauled ina np an' toki 'im the reason I wasn't attendiu' church more reg'lar was beca'se he wasn't totha' fair, an' that I couldn't"- Kenner laughed impulsive-

ly "git any speritual good listenin' to a man an' wonderiu' ef I'd ever git my money. He paid up an' quit me; but I didn't cure; my religion improved, an' when his term was out he went off owin' brother Lampkin seventy-two dollars an' odd cents. Lampkin rofused to he'p the beathens fer four rear afterwards." Illityer turned round in his clusir and

miled. It is fneo had a bealthier glow and his eye a deeper twinkle than maual. To look at him one would not have suspected that he had passed through a storm the night before that had almost slinken his soul out of his body.

"I've always thought you'd insist on your rights," he said to Kenner, "An' the truth is it's the only way to get on in husiness." "Well," answered the cotton buyer,

"I had to hold folks down, Mr. IIIIyer. I was a green hand, but I reckon ripened purty quick. That yas a

young storekeeper next door to me, Joe Gibbs, as sharp as a brier. He could multiply four figures by four figures in his head an' give you the answer in a minute. He used to tell me who would do to credit an' who wouldn't, an' I niwsys relied on his

judgment. "But, Lord, I cayn't set here tellin' yarns all day. I'm goin' to handle a sight o' cotton 'fore sundown; it's rollin' in like a circus parade."

The day's business had really begun. Mountain men came in with samples of their cotton or grain. Bascom Trufft had no armful of the snowy staple. "That's a whole gang o' to wagons from beyant the Tenness line," he said to Kcaner. "They want to know what's rore best figure." Kenner pulled the wads apart at the window and answered:

"Beven-cightha is the best I kin do, Bas. If they take my offer git 'em to drive it up to the side door. I've rented space fer 500 bales bere. e they ain't water packed or go any dead niggers stowed away in 'em. Blavery's over, an' we never did buy om by the pound nohow. Truitt motiod

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1904. man you've made a' yorese'f on yore chances if makes we mad suo kick 'im. Oh, be's jest rotten: I hain't got no money for 'im to dauble with but I'm here to tell you ef you need a stake at any time all you get to do is to call on me. As I say, I've watched JOU." George flushed as he thunked the old man again and assured him he was not in need of money. Kenner came in

rubbing his hands. He was followed by Hillper with a telegram in his hands: he seemed excited as he spread it open on George's ledger. "Turbelt & Co. offer \$1.05 a lumbel fer out online lot o' wheat," he said. "What's yore judgment, George - is it soil or not sell?

"I'd lot 'er slide like a sled on a snow monutain." spoke up Kenner. "Good-ness knows that's enough profit in it at that. You bought the Charleston an' Atlanta lots under eighty."

No one spoke for a moment. Hanks was paying only slight attention to the conversation. He was askion interestod in what did not personally concern him. "I jest want yors Judgment, George,"

suld Hillyer in the proud tone a man might have in addressing a successful Buckloy's eyes beld the eager look of the young speculator as they met the old man's excited stars. "I don't like to express myself." he

answered finally. "If it were my money would, but it is yours," "Well, yo're welcome to a fool's ad-vice," put in Kenner, deeply interested. 'I've watched the market for twenty



"I jest feel like tellin' you that I'm yore friend."

odd year, an' you'll hit the collin' in this thing if you don't git out while you got a chance. Why, Hillyer, anybody CD13 Ree"-"George," the merchant broke in.

with firm carnestness, "I am simply asking you for yors judgment. I want that an' nothin' else." "Well, there is nothing else for me to do but give it, then," anid Buckley.

"If it were my investment I'd hold "Thar, thar, you old skinflint," cried Hillyer triumphantly as he slapped Kenner on the shoulder. "Xou cayn't

scare that boy to death; he's get grit; he'll hold on till it thunders.' "Yes." retorted the cotton buyer, "an" George will be like the little boy a-bold o' the calf-he'll be yellin' for some

body to come belp 'im turn loose.' Hillyer's face was beaming. He sat down at his desk, and, taking up a telegraph blank, he began to write.

a confidential broker, informing IIII per that wheat had risen to \$1.08 a bushel and advising him to hold on, as the market showed a docided up ward toudency. Meeting the negre-parter Jake on a corner, Buckley gave him the letters and told him to take them up to Hillyer, and then, for inch of anything elas to do, he entered the warehouse, shut the door after him and went back to his room. Here he sut down at the window in the sunshine, and almost before he was swore of it be had-allowed a feeling of otter

What is the use?" be acked blunch. "How am 1 to fight it through?" For half an hour he ast time in the very dregs of despair, and then suddenly a picture rose before ide mental visiona picture of old man Hillyer as he sat there on the bed in the vague tamp-light, recounting the one mistake of his life and the grim fight he was still making to overcome the consequences, and a flush of shame stele over the young man. "I've promised him," he said aloud-"I've promised him to be

udency to descend upon him.

man, and 1 shall -1 shall?" Just then the church bells began to ring. They were all harsh in tone, being cheap cast irras, c-scept one which had een amuggiest into the village during the war from a larger town after the church to which it belonged was dostroyed by fire. Its tone was sweet and mellow and rose out of the general langor like a promise of peace to suffering souls. It was ringing in the litthe belfry of the claurch Lydia ('ranston nalian. attended. She was an Epise but as there was no church of that demination at Darley, and her futher was partial to the rather progressive young minister of the Methodist church. abe and her mother went there regular-ty. And it must be confessed that Buckley had on many a Susrge He day si tended that particular place of wor-ship, and chiefly for the opportunity of sceing her. He knew that it would be a difficult thing for him to face the little congregation. divining the thoughts that would rise in the minds of all, and yet he met the matter courprously and went.

He was vaguely glad that the first hymn had been sung and that there rere no loiterers, as was frequently the case, on the steps. Reaching the r and looking in, his heart set up a lively beating as he saw Lydia Cranston with her parents in their pow. The major was the only toun in Darley who sat on the ladles' side of the se. He seemed never to have remarked that he was acting in an exc tional manner in this regard. In another thing he was different from other men. He was, perhaps, the only male individual in the village who wore kid gloves. His slik hat was on the floor at the end of the pew, and across its top lay his gold headed cane, apon which was engraved a respectful tribute from his regiment. Indeed, the Cranston family had a decided air of the old regime about them, and it was all the more noticesble because of the few families of quite their own rank at Darley. Lydia, tall, graceful

tair, was really a protty girl, and, what was better, she was very well inf Mrs. Dugan had often remarked that sently all the young men-and those of the best Darley blood too-were netual-ly afraid of the Virginia girl, and, while she thought it most neculiar and do-plored the condition of things, she at-tributed the lowbern George Buckley's standing in Lydin's estimation to the fact that he "could talk to her about books an' the like an' had the natu

ral cheek of his class."

Crossions were passing. The major and als whit hower with their around cold dignity, but Louis gave him one of low executes sailes. "Do you fuel hit?" she laughed, referring to the considering table preacher's talk.

"Not exactly." he replied, coloring in spito of himself; "but it was strong. wass't it?"

"You but he ween't hit Min Lodie e up Mrs. Rillyer. "Ef everybo spoke up Mrs. Rillyer, "Ef everybody paid the'r fielyts like this young man-to say nothin' of the debts of other folks-Brother Moyhew 'd be out o' some'n' to preach about." "Oh, I know that, Mrs. Hillyer,"

Lydia said, with a lough, and she want on to her father, whe was looking back

on to her rands, whe was source and and frowning impetiently. Outside the church, George and Mrs. Ethiyer walked houseward fogether. She was in a faikative mood, as usual. "It uin't any o' suy business, George Buckley," she said, "but when it comes buckey," she said, "but when it comes to knowin' how to treat wromen folics you inke the rag off the bush. I was tickled back that, You treated that gal jest right-jest right, in a gnat's

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Illiyer" asked George, quite at ses as to ter meaning.

"Well, of you don't know what I mons let it alone. I've often wondered what makes the wonzen take to yes an, au' I've about concluded it's been'se they cayn't run over you rough shod. My Lord, George Buckley, this is the er, un' I acknowledge I'd heard so dratfast time I ever seed you two togeth-ted much shout the high standin' of the Cranstons that I simest 'lowed you was a plaints feel to be goin' thar, but-well, I may have know when a hen will take a notion to nor, but at you keep an actin' with Lydia Cran-ston like you did back that in meetin you kin simply wrap her around yors little anger. She may hold out a long time, but she'll throw up the sponge in the end. All the king's bosous cayn's pull a woman away from a man she respects an' is sorry for at the sume time, on' of I'm any judge-but I reckon I talk too much." "Ob. Mrs. Hillyer. you are surely"-

"You know," the little woman ran on. "I was a settin' just two hanches behind 'en, an' when you come in 1 sted 'er switch 'er hond a liftle to one alde au' see yon, au' then she iosked straight in front of 'er jest as of noth-in' and happened. But some'n' huid happened to her face, fer I send it change. A woman kin fool a man as

easy as blindin' a chicken on the with a torch, but she cayn't fool another woman. That's why they hate one another like suskes. That she comes now !"

The Cranston carriage was passing. It was an old fathiousd victoria, driven by a slock looking neuro on the front seat. The occupants did not turn their heads.

"I wonder how they got on to that?" taked Mrs. Littyer, with a unigger. "On to what?" Huckley asked.

"Why, on to that way o' settin' like they had boards under the'r ciothes again the'r backs. I'd rather de a day's washin' 'an to go a mile that away. I always want to loll back when I'm ridh'-why, that's what ridh's fer. I niways 'lowed - but them hree an' the nigger look like so many bean poles."

George laughed heartity. She had the knack of making people cheerful, and alnoe his recent trouble abe had done much to refleve his gloom; and, be-nides, had she not encouraged him to hope that - But his beart such under these reflections. Lydia Crassion, for many reasons, was out of the on and he was mad to allow his hopes to be allered. "Of course," Mrs. Hillyer went or as if reading his mind, "that sin't no uso blindin' ourselves to the truth. Them Oranatons hain't yore sort sur mine, nn' a body ought to use ordi-nary some in sech matters, but all the ancestry an' faully trees an' blue blood royal on catth engn't keep a woman's heart from floppin' jost the way it wants to flop. I surfer like Lodin Cranston. She could brag on 'er anseedente, but she don't. She known she's some pumpkins as ain't a warry-in'. Bein' afeard you bain't as good as other folks is the biggest drawback as other folks is the biggest drawhack on earth. Thur's one o' yore best eards, George. You always hold yore head up. Romethues I think M'll have a crown o' some sort on it before you die. Yon've got nerve, an' plenty of it, though I did think you was s-goin' to flicker under yore bustles hast week, but yore eye an' skin is clear as ever (CONTINUED ON POC TH PAGE)

Coats! Coats! All Styles, All Sizes, All Colors, All 4 Prices. **Everything the Newest and Latest**

Yes, we have the largest and most varied stock of coats we have ever carried. Everything in this line is the latest and newest both in style and material.

Children's and Misses' Coats. The most Leastiful line for children and misses. Prices for sizes four to eight years \$1, \$1.50. \$1.75. From eight to fourteen years old \$2.50. \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50.

Y

2

4

4

5

Ladies' Coats. In black, tan, brown, green, blue, gray, and mode. Prices \$3.50 \$4.50, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50.

One Dellar a Year in Adv

1. (1) 20 - 1

These ladies' coats deserve special consideration. We are proud of them; so will the bayer be-proud of the exquisitely pleasing styles, of the perfect beauty and excellence of the materials, of the faultiess care and finish in the making. And the prices also have a charm-in fact. your cost money cannot be better apent, cannot buy greater coat goodness than when invested in the superb cost values we offer.

Lot of yard wide taffetas in blue and brown at \$1.25 per yard just received.

Jas. F. Yeager

AAAAAAAAAAAAA

โดยจะเป็นสองนี้เของหนึ่งสองนี้เของสองสองสองสองสองสองได้สองจุกุลลูกการ

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES.

mot.

"Lib made his start in the junk business down at the fur end of the street," said Kenner. "Jost after the surrender said Renner. "Jest after the surrender thay was a lots o' scrap iron an' the like lyin' around, an' he made mency buyln' it up on' alippin' it to iron foundries. Then he added wheat an' pens an' corn as a side line, an' one fail when he had a purty big stock of everything his sheet neek fire. A wind was a-blowin' an' things looked sinky. A line o' bucket passfer was formed to the nighest well, an' we was formed to the nighest well, an' we was formed to ty fair work when Lib come kepty' down the street, makin' a noise like a hoss full o' water. When he seed what we was doin' he got awful rattled an' Solici for us to tote out the stuff. I wran't sigh 'ms, but Bill Gower says when some o' the crowd inid hold o' the wheat sacks Lib yelled at 'om, 'Let the wheat slone, it's insured; fore out

the scrap fron?" Decrap fron?" Flanks simply evenns his foot back and forth and chowed the end of his un-lighted cigar. To all appearances he had not beard a word of what had been said,

"They'll let you have it," ho said. They want to tank up an' so back

He was turning away when Hanks detained hun. "That's several in that gang that owe me for supplies," he said, pulling out his bunch of notes, "Bas, tell 'em I'm prepared to cash the'r checks." the'r chocks "

"All right, Mr. Hanks," said the long aineer, "I'll tell 'em."

Kenner went out to receive the cotmember went out to receive the cot-ton, and Hillyer followed to indicate the space Kenner was to use. This laft George Buckley and the noto shav-or alone together. George was writing when Hanks stood up and leaned on the desk sear to him. He cleared his throat and chewod his eight for a mo-ment then he and subtranslor. ment, then he said awkwardly: "I hain't much of a band to talk, but

I've been wantin' to any nouse'n' to you ever since yore pa got in his trouble, but somehow I couldn't git to it. I just feel like tellin' you that I'm yore friend, an' ef it had been in my power I'd 'a' helped you out o' all that mess."

"I thank you, Mr. Hanks." George "I mans you, ALF. Hanks." George retarned, with a flush of gratituda. "The glad to know you falt that way." The old man conghed and stroked his beard with his scrawny hand. "Two

beard with his scrawny hand. "Tve been watchin' rore progress, George, ever since Hillyer tack you up. I reckom I was more interasted in it on account o' my had lack with my own bay. George, Bob hais't wath his room in hell, nur never will be." George avoided the eye bearing down on him when he answered: "Of course I can't dictate to you, Mr. Hanks," he sold coutiously, "but I think you are wrong about Bob. I think peu are wrong about Bob. I think he will turn out all right when ho's a little older. He's in with the so-olety set here and half of them have well to de pareots, and the truth is he doesn't know how to begin. I think he wants is, but".

Goorge on the arm. "Got back his sonses at last," he laughed; "he's goin" to take that offer."

Rillyer los ked up with a smile. "Goodale & Banks, Nashville, offered me 10,000 bushels by this mornin's wire at \$1.05 a bashel," he said. "T'm goin' to nab it 'foro Tarbell & Co. find out

whar it's at." Konner whistled softly, growled out monothing to himself, and went out of the room. Hanks turned from the win-dow and leaned on George's desk. "Do you reckon yo're safe on that?" he asked, and, when George repiled in the affirmative, he said slowly: "By guin! amenative, he said slowly: "By guin! you make no want to reak a little my-se'f. Somehow it seems to me you could turn the thing yore way, jest with that dern shady eye o' yore'n. But I recton I'll stay outside. I never was a band to take reaks, an' it'll be fun to watch you uns tursie with if."

CHAPTER VL.

BUSY man can forget trouble much easier than an idle one, A and the activity of his life dur ing the week following his fa-ther's conviction was a blessing to George Buckley. Indeed, the first Bunther's day afterward was a sort of critical period, for every climm of the place who had any claim to respectability put on his best clothes and attended one of the six white churches; and our here knew that if he was to continue to hold the position he had made for himself in the social life of the village, he must not appear to faiter or to slink into retrement on second of what had

It was a bright, balmy day, and when he wont down to the postoffice after breakfast at the Hillyers' he found the usual group of idlers walting for the mail. There was a barber shop think you are wrong about Bob. I think he will turn out all right when he's a little older. He's in with the so-olety as there and half of them have well to de parents, and the truth is he desen't know how to begin. I think he wants in, but"... "He's alvenys after pie to put op the money for 'ine to de business on," mesered Hanks. "Row, wouldn't to be a daddratted idiot to put memory in his hinds wien's ine heits get enough everyty to keep wood cut to run our five at house get business capacity 'free Fu reak 'ine. He's the biggest travision ever had, George, sa' when I see what

.

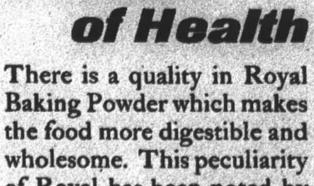
The central abile was carpeted, and George stepped softly to one of the seats in the rear and sat down. He

was glud that his arrival was noted only by a few. The young minister would have been conspicuous in a lar-ger place than Duriey. He was siz feet four in height, very dark and remarkably slight; his eyes were dark blue, his features sharp, and he were his black hair long and was clean

When the service was over George and walted for Mrs. Hillyer, who was coming toward him, in her stiff black slik, with a welcoming smile. "Glad to see you out, young man," she said as she joined him. "That was a rip-you-up-the-back, pay-up-or-git-out sort of a serman, wasn't it? You 'n' Mr. Hilliyer 'd better pass around yore had accounts tomorrow, an' maybe you'll git the baudit of it. I send old Poter Cashel duckin' his hend a time or two." Georga mailed because she did, more

George mailed because she did, more than at what she was saying, for the

mend it.



A Matter

of Royal has been noted by

physicians, and they accordingly endorse and recom-





In order to make some changes in our b to greatly reduce our present stock by Jan. 1st. If you are thinking of buying something in the line of tombatones or monuments, we are here to save you money while this stock lasts. See us stonce.

Torrence Bros.

Respectfully

We have a nice lot of RUBBER TIRE BUG. 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 glad 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.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

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

CRAIG AND WILSON