"Covers the county like the dew."

VOL. XXV.

Published Twice a Week-Tuesdays and Fridays.

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1904.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Preprietor.

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

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN,

Copuright, Ison by Liurper & Bruhers

SYNOPSIS OF PERVIOUS CHAPTIERS
CHAPTIERS I, II. and III—George Buckley is the browless of . Philiper, a rich deorgia merchant. His lather is sent to prison for theft. George is streative to Lydia Cyanston. dampter of a proud Virginian. The shame of his father's crime makes him desperate. IV—Hillyer contesses to George the murder of a friend, there years before the entering out of his degrad-dhouse to make a mee'ni man of him as a substitute to society for his deed friend. Hillyer is warehouse bayer, have deaks as hillyer is warehouse Baseom Truit, a Confederate veterau, is a champion of George. Hillyer is present the entering in the man of his office of the contest in the solicity of his decimal of the contest in the solicity of the contest in the solicity of the contest in the solicity of the contest from Richmonfia best secial set flowersor Tellare of George's unfollowing the solicity of the sol CHAPTER XI.

AJOR CRANSTON lived in an old fashioned, roomy house at the end of the widest and longest street Darley afforded. The exterior of the bouse was not very attractive, though it stood on a spacious, well kept lawn, but it was equipped throughout with fine old furniture the Cranstons had brought from Virginia.
There were rure pieces of solid ma-hogany in the big parlor, a plane which was a relic of the days of Washington. and sofus and chairs quite as ancient in appearance. On the white plastered hung family portraits in massive gilt frames.

It was one Runday night about the middle of November. Lydia had retired to her room and the major was reading a newspaper in the lamplight before a cheerful fire in the sitting room when Mrs. Crauston came in from the parior. "Well, you may be satisfied. Major Cranston," she said, "but I'm not."

"Oh, you are not! What's wrong now?" He put his paper down and looked up at her inquiringly.

"Well, I don't like the way Lydia is doing at all," replied the lady. "What's she done now?" The major speke with just a little irritation, for he was interested in the political news he had been reading.

"She hasn't done anything- that's the rouble," answered Mrs. Crimston. "If she only would do and be like she was in Richmond I wouldn't cure, but she's se different as can be."

"Why, I'm sure the child sceme well enough to me," grumbled the major. "Well enough? She's the picture of boalth. But are you blind? Can't you see an inch before your nose? Don't you remember how she cried when we moved away from Richmond, and all the visits she promised Kitty Cosby and the other girls back there? Then you gemember how she moped about the first month down here, and the fun she made of this place and the people. But now look at her. She's tickled to death over everything here. What do you

think it means, sir?"
"Ob, she was sick and tired of that silly social set up there," said the ma-jor, "and this simple, healthy life here jor, "and this simple, healthy life here in the mountains agrees with her, as it what a good appetite or a pleasant aight's sleep was till I'-

"Oh, do dry up." Mrs. Cranston sal



"Don't theult your men child."

bat. Don't you know Lydia never was that way till George Buckley got to coming here and bringing her books and papers and going out with her." "Atop!" Cranaton's brow was clouded wer. "Don't insolt your own child."

He stood up, his short legs univering with excliement. "Do you think I'd let that man come here—he, a son of a convicted thisf-if I dreamed-wir.
I'd shoot the top of his head off if he

"There is no use waking up the serv-ants out in the yard," and Mrs. Cran-ston in a tone modulated to that she wanted him to use. "We don't went any bloodshed; what we want is com themselves to enjoy the admiration of men they would not deem of many-rest, and Lydia has too much family

price to think of encouraging him to any serious extent, but it is well to take time by the foreteck. I was against letting him come here at all, you know, but you said it would shock the religious folks in the place for us to try to establish social lines when

"I'll send her off tomorrow!" cried the major, still excited, his voice rising high and cracking.

"No, you won't unless you really want to drive her the wrong way," said Mrs. Cranston. "I've seen many unhappy, mismated marriages made through that stupid course, and I've always said I'd act differently if it came to me. Lydia would get as headstrong as a bull it we showed her that we were trying to drive her, and opposition naturally makes a girl think more of a man who is unfortunate. No, we must simply go on as if we never imagined she could be mean us by marrying a man of that kind. She's not a fool; slie may admire George Buckley and be sorry for him in his trouble, but she'll think several times before she marries him if we simply go on as if we are trusting her to protect our family name."
The major sat down. "I guess you

are right," he said more calmly, "and are right, an anti-nore campy, and T'm not really afraid when I think about her pride and all she has in her favor. Why, she could take her pick of the whole country. Governor Telfare is simply craw about her an' has plenty of money. Do you suppose Lodin-or any girl, as for that-could resist the temptation to be the mistress of the executive mansion on Penchtree street and lead the society of Atlanta to marry n pennileus bookkoeper in a grain warehouse and the son of— Shucks, if she had it in her, I'd disown

"Oh, she's all right," smited Mrs. Cranston, as if he bad forced the absurdity of her fears down upon her by his warm words, "but we must bundle her most carefully. I've tried making fun of her 'country beau,' as I always call him to ber, but I've never been able to make out how she took it. She'd die before she'd let anybody know how she felt about a matter of that kind. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. She has invited Kitty Coshy to pay her a visit, and when Kitty comes I'm going to get her to help me. She's always had great influence over Lydia, an' Kitty is blue blooded to the she will hold Lydia in check an' keep me posted."

The major took up his paper.

"I rather admire the fellow's way." he said frankly. "I'm sure he dorsn't prorates himself; he hasn't been here to often since his trouble, and that looks like he had some idea of the sternal firmess of things."

"No, that's true," admitted Mrs. Cression, "and, really, I'm quite sure there has never been an influence understanding between them, and if we play our cards right there won't be." The major resumed his reading, and Mrs. Cranston went up the smooth. winding stairs to her daughter's room. Lydia was scatcel before the fire, her beautiful and abundant hair imaging

loose over her shapely shoulders.
"I thought I'd see if Tom had made you a good fire, dear," Mrs. Cranston said gently.

"Oh, yes; It's all right, mamma, thank you," Lydla returned, with a Mrs. Cranston hesitated. "When do

you look for Kitty to come?" she asked, "Next week, toward the end, I think, mamma. She wanted to stay over for the guards' ball. Then she'll be ready Mrs. Cranston pinched Lydia's fire

reddened check carresingly. "Don't

you miss all those things, dearest?"
"Not one bit, mammin." Lydia gave her mother for eyes trustingly. fact, sometimes I'm just a little ashamed of all I went through since I realise the beauty of this full, vigorous life here in the mountains. Mother, I can have a better time on Prince, galloping helter skelter over these roads and fields, than I over had vying with other girls for the most dances and favors in the german with a lot of boys. Oh, mamma," Lydia laughed, "some times I'm awfully ashamed of having

"When what, darling?" Mrs. Cropston's lips were compressed, her eyes fixed half fearfully on the speaking

done all that when-

"When there are so many of God's creatures here in their shells of poverty and misery trying to rise, trying to grow out into the sunshine of life. I think I could be perfectly happy if I could only help those people is some way. I want to teach them, to encourage them, not to believe in their degradation. Mamma, just the other day I saw an old woman selling eggs from a wagon at the gate, and in the wagor was her daughter, poorly dressed, but her feutures were fluely drawn, and when I stopped to meak to their the girl looked at me as if I were a princees. Oh, mamma, that port of thing cuts me. I have not done anything to doner to that, and, poor thing, what has she in store for her? Nothing but to fall into the sort of life her mother is

"That's all true," agreed Mrs. Cranston, "but there are different grades of society, and we can't alter the con-dition." Then the speaker's fuce became more right, her tone tense and tentative. "And the mixing of the ents, my dear," she put lu guard-"sometimes produces and complications. You remember how Hallie Dunwoody married beneath her in Lexington and that it actually killed her father and broke up a happy

"That was awful, simply awful?" remarked Lydia. "You know I saw her two mouries afterward, and the poor thing tried to keep me from recog-nising her. She told no she was try-ing to sdapt herealt to the ways of her husband's family, but could not (CONTINUED ON POURTH PAGE)

OEN. BOOTH'S RECRUITS.

All Sorts of Men Who Join the Salvation Army.

"Billy" McLeod, once cham-pion light-weight of England, here of half a hundred fights for £20 to £50 a side, who conduc-ted the services at the Salvation Army Temple, Blackfriers road Sunday, is one of the many pic-turesque characters in the "ar-

There is surely no other preaching organization with such a variety of men and women in the ranks. Gen. Booth has spread his net wide and caught fish of many kinds. One of the colonels at headquarters is a refined and aristocratic lady, near relative of the only duke who married an English princess.

Some years ago, Prehendary Webb-Peploe had a promising young curate named Oliphant. Over in Germany you will find him now, wearing the scarlet cap of a Salvation Army commissioner.

One of the directors of the old East India company has a grandson, Fritz de Latour Tucker, who after being educated at Cheltenham college, went out to the East, and ultimately became a judge in the Indian ctvil service. He resigned his indgeship to become a Salvation Army officer. Having "gradu-ated" in Whitechapel, he took the flag to India, married a daughter of the general and is now Commander Booth-Tucker. chief of the Salvation Army in the United States. It is probable that he will soon be appointed to an important post in the army in England, for he is one of the ablest officers.

All are fish that come into the net of the old fisherman of Queen Victoria street. He catches an Australiau "larikin" with a hundred police convictions against his name, turns him luside out, puts a red jer-sey on him and sends him into the "back blocks" to preach to the sheep farmers and gold prospectors with all the zeal of a convert. After twenty years' preaching all over Australasia, the ex-larrikin came over and 'testified" at the Congresses in Strand. He was as clear-eyed and ardent an Australian as you would find between Sydney and Perth.

A mathematician of Upsala University, in Sweden, is joint commander of the forces in Switzerland; an Irishman from Ligoniel is managing dtrector of the Army Assurance Society in the city: the daughter of a Chelsea solicitor is lieutenant colonel of the Punjuab, and the army in the West Indies is commanded by a Cape Dutchman.

Next week a special mission will be undertaken in Ireland by a valiant little man who years ago "ran a boxing saloon at Rugby, in the intervals of carrying on the trade of a chimney sweep. Now he is one of the most respected of the old brigade of Salvation officers, for Commissioner Blijah Cadman dodged, sometimes unsuccessfully, a large share of the brickbats which twenty years ago used to be thrown at the heads of the Salvationists.

Before he was six years of age Commissioner Cadman began earning his living in his native town of Coventry. He was a little boy, just of the size useful to a chimney-sweep in those days, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the barefooted six-year-old urchin, clad only in calico shirt and trousers, used to trot around Coventry with his master, and climb up the inside of sooty chimneys with his brush. Once a week he was washed in salt and water.

As he grew and became a sweep on his own account, he fought and drank and was a dare-devil fellow. He went to Rugby and started his boxing and gymnastic saloon, "sweeping" by day and boxing by night. Then one day he and his "pals" made up a party for the last public execution at Warwick, when two men were hanged. "That's what you'll come to," his "pals" jocularly

paid him a half-penny for every verse he learned by heart. In that way he learned the greater

that way he learned the greater part of the New Testament.

One day after he had been "reading" the Gospel to a meeting, an acquaintance told him orsever exhibited under one tent.

that he had been holding the book upside down.

He joined the Wesleyan church and was told off to take a children's class. On the first Sunday he learned the alphabet from his pupils. It was not un-til he was married that his wife learned he could not write. She taught him. One day, nearly forty years ago, he was going through Whitechapel and heard the "Rev. William Booth," of the Christian Mission, preach-

ing at a street corner. He joined the mission and became the first captain in the army. In the men's social work Commissioner Cadman has played a great part. For nine and a half years he had charge of it, including Hadley Farm colony, and one of his "cases" was the present Adjt. McGregory, whose story was told a few days ago in the Express. In the last few years the ere-while sweep has traveled all over the world on army missions. In the early years of the early days of the army be was nearly blinded with pepper in the streets, and more than once he was re-ported killed. He is said to have been knocked down and jumped upon oftener than any other Salvationist.

The American Circus.

W. R. Andrews, of Grand Rapids, Mich., at a recent toast, got off the following appeal to the Fillipinos:

You Fillipinos dou't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it ander the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to see us the land of the free-land of fine churches and 40,000 licensed saloons; Bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution; millionnires and paupers; theologians and thieves; liberists and liars; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools aud scalawags, trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you can get a good Bible for fifteen cents and a bad drink of whiskey for five cents; where we have a man in Congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where some men make sausage out of their wives and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows, and corpses out of the people who eat it: where we put a man in jail for not baving the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for preaching Christ on the street corners; where we have a congress of 400 men who make laws, and a su- iu larger quantities here than preme court of nine men who anywhere else in America, and set them aside; where good whiskey makes bad men and bad only just begun. men make good whiskey; where newspapers are paid for surpassing the truth and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts "hold up" and poverty "holds down"; where men vote for what they do not want by voting for it; where "niggers" can vote and women can't; where a girl who goes wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear false hair and men "dock" their horses' tails; where the political wirepuller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one day and cuss it 364 days; where we have prayers on the floor of our national capitol and whiskey in the cellar; where we spend \$500 to bury a statesman who is rich and \$10 to bury a workman who is poor; where we sit on the salety valve of energy and pull

wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is substance -the one thing sought for; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and fifteen cents a dozen to poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the "untatored" But the sight of the execution murned the sweep into a preachcr. He smashed up his singlesticks, dismantled his boxing in congress for stealing a railroad; where the check book talks, sin broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs annuck, corruption permeates our whole corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Fil-

GAPPNEY'S TIN MINE.

Wesleyan It is the Largest Mine of the Kind in America and the Ore is Very Rich-Mr. S. S. Ross the Owner, la Reaping s Harvest From His Magnificent Find.

harlotte Nows. Gaffucy, S. C., Nov. 23.—It will doubtless prove of interest to the readers of the News to know that the largest tin producing mine in America is located almost within the located almost within the corporate limits of the thrilling little city of Gaffney, South Carolina.

Just a few months ago this mine was discovered, yet in that time 77,000 pounds of tin ore has been taken out and shipped. While there are several other tin mines in the United States, this is the richest so far dis-

This valuable property is owned by Mr. S. S. Ross of Gaffney. Through his kind-Gaffney. Through his kind-ness the News man was showed over the mine. At present new machinery is being installed and the out put will be materially increased as soon as this is done. But even now the superintendent states that they pro-duce from six to eight hundred One peculiar characteristic of

this ore is its high percentage of pure tin, running over 72 per cent of pure metallic tin and of a possible 78 per cent. The main shaft is at present 80 feet deep the ore being because the ore being because the core being the core to be core deep, the ore being brought up in buckets of dirt, then sepa-rated by washing. It is black and very much resembles magnetic iron, the most striking difference being that the tio is much heavier than iron. In size the ore varies from tiny particles no larger than grains of powder up to pieces weighing 10 and 12 pounds. The fine particles being secured by a process of shifting, somewhat resembling the method employed in getting gold. On the surface of the mine the tin is plainly visible, looking very much like tiny particles of iron.

Heretofore in making out the reports on the minerals of the United States, the department of the Interior has always left tin as a blank, as there was not enough produced to deserve mention. This is no longer the mention. This is no longer the case, as the present mine has passed the experimental stage and with flattering prospects for future development.

While the vein here seems to be richer than anywhere else, there are well defined tin outcroppings near Kings Mt. and Cherryville, N. C., and one even as far as Lincolnton, N. C. But it is unquestionably found the development of the mine is

At present tin is an article imported into the country from Rugland and from the little Indies.

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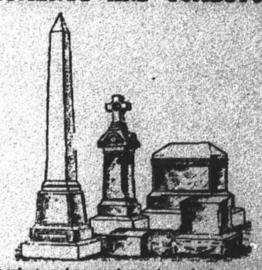
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