

## THE Citizens National Bank OF GASTONIA

Capital . . . . . \$50,000.00

### OFFICERS:

R. P. RANKIN,  
President.  
C. N. EVANS,  
Vice President.  
A. G. MYERS,  
Cashier.

### DIRECTORS:

R. P. Rankin,  
C. N. Evans,  
Edgar L. Ve,  
J. A. Glenn,  
Dr. J. M. Sloan,  
R. R. Haynes,  
Robert A. Love.

We wish to express our grateful appreciation to our friends who have given us their business since we opened.

We extend a cordial invitation to the public to do business with us, and promise liberal treatment. Will make loans at the legal rate of interest, and pay interest on time deposits.

We want your business and will extend every courtesy and accommodation consistent with sound banking.

Call to see us or write us.

A. G. MYERS, Cashier

## CHARTER

OF THE  
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK OF GASTONIA, N. C.

No. 7536.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.  
Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 30, 1904.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that The Citizens National Bank of Gastonia, located in the town of Gastonia, in the county of Gaston and State of North Carolina, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now therefore I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Citizens National Bank of Gastonia, located in the town of Gastonia, in the county of Gaston and State of North Carolina, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this Thirtieth day of December, 1904.

T. P. KANE,  
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the  
Currency.

CURRENCY BUREAU  
SEAL OF THE COMPTROLLER  
OF THE CURRENCY  
TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

## HOME LIFE

is what we  
choose to  
make it. &

It isn't riches that  
makes a happiness.  
It's the loving care.  
Why not bring the  
family and have a  
picture taken of  
them, posed just as  
they are at home.

THE  
PHOTOGRAPH

will be a priceless  
possession in after  
days when the chil-  
dren are grown and  
gone out in the  
world. Think over it

Green & Mullen

Phones 137 and 147

Phone 222. Velvet Overcoat Collars.

## TAKE TIME

See my samples, it will pay you.  
Suits made to measure. Clean, press,  
and alteration, at reasonable prices.  
Pisden C. C. JOHNSON, Tailor.

## Professional Cards.

A. L. BULWINKLE,  
Attorney-at-Law.  
DALLAS, N. C.

DR. D. E. MCCONNELL,  
DENTIST.  
Office first floor Y. M. C. A. Bld'g  
GASTONIA, N. C.  
Phone 69

Mc. G. ANDERS, M. D.  
GASTONIA, N. C.  
Special attention to diseases of  
Children.

Office Torrance's Drug Store, Phone 16.  
Residence Phone 69.  
Subscribe for THE GASTONIA  
GAZETTE, \$1.50 a year.

## The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS  
TRACY

Copyright, 1905, L.  
Edward A. Clark

### CHAPTER II.

WHEN the Rindar parted amid-  
ships the floor of the saloon  
heaved up in the center with  
a mighty crash of rending  
woodwork and iron. Men and women  
were supposed to sob out a prayer, were  
pitched headlong into chaos. Iris, torn  
from the terrified grasp of her maid,  
fell through a corridor and would have  
gone down with the ship had not a  
sailor, clinging to a companion ladder,  
caught her as she whirled along the  
steep slope of the deck.

He did not know what had hap-  
pened. With the instinct of self preser-  
vation he seized the nearest support  
when the vessel struck. It was the  
mere impulse of ready helpfulness that  
caused him to stretch out his left arm  
and catch the girl's waist as she tumbled  
past. By his chance they were on  
the port side, and the ship, after paus-  
ing for one awful second, fell over to  
starboard.

The man was not prepared for this  
second gyrations. Even as the stair-  
way canted he lost his balance; they  
were both thrown violently through  
the open hatchway and swept off into  
the boiling surf. Under such condi-  
tions thought itself was impossible.  
A series of illusions, a number of fan-  
tastic pictures, were received by the  
human faculties and afterward pain-  
fully sorted out by the memory. Fear,  
anxiety, amazement—none of these  
could exist. All he knew was that the  
lifeless form of a woman—his Iris—had  
happily floated—must be held until  
death itself wrangled her from him.  
Then there came the headlong plunge  
into the swirling sea, followed by an  
indefinite period of gasping oblivion.  
Something that felt like a moving rock  
rose up beneath his feet. He was driv-  
en clear out of the water and seemed to  
recognize a familiar object rising rigid  
and bright close at hand. It was the  
plumage pillar, screwed to a portion of  
the deck which came away from the  
choir house, and was rent from the up-  
per framework by contact with the  
reef. He seized this unlooked for sup-  
port with his disengaged hand.

A uniformed figure—he thought it  
was the captain—stretched out an un-  
availing arm to grasp the queer raft  
which supported the sailor and the  
girl, but a jealous wave rose under  
the platform with devilish energy and  
turned it completely over, hurling the  
man with his inanimate burden into  
the depths. He rose, fighting madly  
for his life. Now surely he was doom-  
ed. But again, as if human existence  
depended on naught more serious than  
the spinning of a coin, his knees rested  
on the same few staunch timbers, now  
the ceiling of the music room, and he  
was given a brief respite. His great-  
est difficulty was to get his breath, so  
dense was the spray through which  
he was driven. Even in that terrible  
moment he kept his senses. The girl,  
utterly unconscious, showed by the  
convulsive heaving of her breast that  
she was choking. With a wild effort  
he swung her head round to shield her  
from the flying sand with his own  
form.

The tiny air space thus provided  
gave her some relief, and in that in-  
stant the sailor seemed to recognize  
her. He was not remotely capable of a  
definite idea. Just as he vaguely real-  
ized the identity of the woman in his  
arms the unsteady support on which  
he rested toppled over. Again he re-  
newed the unequal contest. A strong,  
resolute man and a typhoon sea wrestled  
for supremacy.

This time his feet plunged against  
something gratefully solid. He was  
dashed forward, still battling with the  
raging turmoil of water, and a second  
time he felt the same firm yet smooth  
surface. His dormant faculties awoke.  
It was sand. With frenzied despera-  
tion, buoyed now by the inspiring hope  
of safety, he fought his way upward  
like a man.

Often he fell. Three times did the  
backwash try to drag him to the  
swirling death behind, but he staggered  
blindly on, on, until even the tearing  
gale ceased to be laden with the suffo-  
cating foam, and his faltering feet  
sank in deep soft white sand.

Then he fell, not to rise again. With  
a last weak flicker of exhausted  
strength he drew the girl closely to  
him, and the two lay clasped tightly  
together, heedless now of all things.

How long the man remained pro-  
strate he could only guess subsequently.  
The Rindar struck soon after day-  
break, and the sailor awoke to a heavy  
consciousness of his surroundings to  
find a shaft of sunshine flickering  
through the clouds banked up in the  
west. The gale was already passing  
away. Although the wind still whirled  
with shrill violence, it was more  
blustering than threatening. The sea,  
too, though running very high, had re-  
treated many yards from the spot  
where he had finally dropped, and its  
surface was no longer scoured with  
venomous spray.

Slowly and painfully he raised him-  
self to a sitting posture, for he was  
bruised and stiff. With his first move-  
ment he became violently ill. He had  
swallowed much salt water, and it  
was not until the spasms of sickness  
had passed that he thought of the girl.  
"She cannot be dead," he bitterly  
murmured, feebly trying to lift her.  
"Surely Providence would not desert  
her after such an escape. What a

weak beggar I must be to give up at  
the last moment! I am sure she was  
livid when we got ashore. What on  
earth can I do to revive her?

Forgetful of his own aching limbs in  
this northern anxiety, he sank on one  
knee and gently pillowed Iris' head and  
shoulders on the other. Her eyes were  
closed, her lips and teeth firmly set—  
a fact in which she undoubtedly owed  
her life, else she would have been suf-  
focated—and the pallor of her skin  
seemed to be that terrible bloodless  
hue which indicates death. The stern  
lines in the man's face relaxed, and  
something blurred his vision. He was  
weak from exhaustion and want of  
food. For the moment his emotions  
were easily aroused.

"Oh, it is pitiful!" he almost whis-  
pered. "It cannot be!"

With a gesture of despair he drew  
the sleeve of his thick jersey across his  
eyes to clear them from the gathering



He staggered blindly on.

mist. Then he tremblingly endeavored  
to open the neck of her dress. He was  
startled to find the girl's eyes wide  
open and staring him with shadowy  
alarm. She was quite conscious.

"Thank God!" he cried hoarsely.  
"You are alive."

Her color came back with remark-  
able rapidity. She tried to assume a sit-  
ting posture, and instinctively her  
hands traveled to her disarranged cos-  
tume.

"How ridiculous!" she said, with a  
little note of annoyance in her voice,  
which sounded curiously hollow. But  
her brave spirit could not yet command  
her feeble frame. She was powerless  
compelled to sink back to the support  
of his knee and arm.

"Do you think you could lie quiet un-  
til I try to find some water?" he gasped  
anxiously.

She nodded a childlike acquiescence,  
and her eyelids fell. It was only that  
her eyes smarted dreadfully from the  
salt water, but the sailor was sure  
that this was a premonition of a lapse  
to unconsciousness.

"Please try not to faint again," he  
said. "Don't you think I had better  
loosen those things? You can breathe  
more easily."

A ghost of a smile flickered on her  
lips. "No—no," she murmured. "My  
eyes hurt me—that is all. Is there  
any water?"

He laid her tenderly on the sand and  
rose to his feet. His first glance was  
toward the sea. He saw something  
which made him blink with astonish-  
ment. A heavy sea was still running  
over the barrier reef which inclosed a

small lagoon. The contrast between  
the fierce commotion outside and the  
comparatively smooth surface of the  
protected pool was very marked. At  
low tide the lagoon was almost com-  
pletely isolated. Indeed he imagined  
that only a force gale blowing from  
the northwest would enable the waves  
to leap the reef, save where a strip of  
broken water, surging far into the  
small natural harbor, betrayed the po-  
sition of the tiny entrance.

Yet at this very point a fine coconut  
palm reared its stately column high in  
air, and its long, tremulous fronds were  
now swinging wildly before the gale.  
From where he stood it appeared to  
be growing in the midst of the sea, for  
huge breakers completely hid the coral  
embankment. This sentinel of the land  
was a weirdly impressive effect. It  
was the only and object in the waste  
of foam capped waves. Not a vestige  
of the Rindar remained seaward, but  
the sand was littered with wreckage,  
and—mournful spectacle—a consid-  
erable number of lifeless human forms  
lay huddled up amid the relics of the  
steamer.

This discovery stirred him to action.  
He turned to survey the land on which  
he was stranded with his helpless com-  
panion. To his great relief he dis-  
covered that it was lofty and tree clad.  
He knew that the ship could not have  
drifted to Rindar, which still lay far to  
the south. This must be one of the  
hundreds of islands which straddled  
the China sea and provide resorts for Hal-  
lan fishermen. Probably it was in-  
habited, though he thought it strange  
that none of the islanders had put in  
an appearance. In any event water  
and food of some sort were assured.  
But before setting out upon his quest  
two things demanded attention. The  
girl must be removed from her present  
position. It would be too horrible to  
perish: her first conscious gaze to rest  
upon those crumpled objects on the  
beach. Common decency demanded, too,  
that he should hastily examine  
each of the bodies in case life was not  
wholly extinct.

So he bent over the girl, noting with  
sudden wonder that, weak as she was,  
she had managed to refasten part of  
her bodice.

"You must permit me to carry you a  
little farther inland," he explained  
gently.

Without another word he lifted her  
in his arms, marvelling somewhat at  
the strength which came of necessity,  
and bore her some little distance until  
a sturdy rock jutting out of the sand  
offered shelter from the wind and pro-  
tection from the sea and its revela-  
tions.

"I am so cold and tired," murmured  
Iris. "Is there any water? My throat  
burns me."

He pressed back the tangled hair  
from her forehead as he might soothe  
a child.

"Try to lie still for a very few min-  
utes," he said. "You have not long to  
suffer. I will return immediately."

His own throat and pulse were on  
fire owing to the breeze, but he first  
hurried back to the edge of the lagoon.  
There were fourteen bodies in all, three  
women and eleven men, four of the  
latter being sailors. The women were  
saloon passengers whom he did not  
know. One of the men was the sur-  
geon, another the first officer, a third  
Sir John Toner. The rest were pas-  
sengers and members of the crew. They  
were all dead; some had been wonder-  
fully mangled by the rocks. Two of the  
sailors, bearing signs of dreadful injuries,  
were lying on a cluster of low rocks  
overhanging the water. The remainder  
rested on the sand.

The sailor exhibited no visible emo-  
tion while he conducted his sad ac-  
tivity. When he was assured that this  
ill-fated company was beyond mortal help  
he at once strode away toward the  
nearest belt of trees. He could not tell  
how long the search for water might  
be protracted, and there was pressing  
need for it.

When he reached the first clump of  
brushwood he uttered a delighted ex-  
clamation. There, growing in prodigal  
luxuriance, was the beneficent pitcher  
plant, whose large curled up leaf, shaped  
like a teacup, not only holds a last-  
ing quantity of rain water, but mixes  
therewith its own palatable and nat-  
ural juices.

With his knife he severed two of  
the leaves and hastened to Iris with  
the precious beverage. She heard him  
and managed to raise herself on an el-  
bow. The poor girl's eyes glistened at  
the prospect of relief. Without a word

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## Shirt Waist Goods

If we did not have so many other things to tell about, we could write an entire advertisement on our shirt waist goods alone, and then scarcely make a beginning in describing their superior beauty and variety. This season will be the greatest season ever known for shirt-waist goods for street wear, and we have amply prepared for it. Our new spring goods are already crowding in upon us in great profusion. They are actually here and we show you the absolutely newest things.

White Goods, 5c to 50c  
Suits for Shirt Waists—special, 15c

While we are especially strong on wash fabrics for early spring waists, do not fail to note that we have also a great line of

## Ribbons.

including every kind and quality from 1c yd. up. Our ten and fifteen cent sellers are fascinating numbers. All colors.

## Real Linen Laces.

Lovers of real linen lace will be charmed with our line of real linen torchon laces at 3c and 5c a yard. Very beautiful—every head linen.

Our line of Table Linens and Bed Linens was never more complete than now.

## JAS. F. YEAGER

### IT WOULDN'T WRITE.

Woman Bought Fountain Pen and Forgot to Fill It.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Manufacturers of fountain pens have their troubles as well as those who use them. One of the most prominent makers of this style of pen has a complaint clerk to whom those who have trouble are sent to have difficulties righted. Sometimes the clerk will find that it is simply a case of dirty pen, and the thing is soon adjusted. A woman came in the other day and went at the clerk like a Turk.

"I bought this pen some time ago and I have never been able to use it at all. I thought this was an honest firm, and if it is not, I should at least think it would not attempt to cheat a woman. I want my money back."

"Let me look at the pen," said the mild mannered clerk.

"Here it is," snappishly said the woman.

The clerk looked at it and with only a casual observation saw that the pen had never been filled. Then he said:

"I think, madam, if you would fill this pen you would find that it worked all right."

"He then filled it and handed it to her, and she said sheepishly, the snap having all disappeared: "Oh, I didn't know you had to put ink in them."

### Watermelon in Winter.

Newton Enterprise.

Mr. A. N. Bridge, of Coldwell township brought work to a standstill in the Enterprise office last Saturday morning by stepping into the office with a watermelon under his arm. It looked as fresh and natural as if it were just off the vine. It had been kept in a chest since October.

### WINTER EATING RUINS STOMACH.

"Now is the Time You Need Miso," Says J. H. Kennedy & Co.

Think for a moment of the extra strain you put upon the stomach in the winter. The hearty food, the late suppers, and the lack of exercise and outdoor life all weaken and strain the stomach, laying the foundation for poor health and suffering.

Chronic stomach troubles, nervous irritability, and serious bowel and kidney diseases have often dated from a week of extra "good living." Nearly everyone is bothered with more or less headaches and backaches, furred tongue, poor appetite, dry, hacking cough, heartburn, spots before the eyes, dizziness or vertigo, sleeplessness, lack of energy, loss of flesh or a general weak, tired feeling.

Now is the time when Miso is needed to repair the ravages and wastes the hearty eating of winter has caused in the stomach and digestive system. This is the only known agent that strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, so they can and will readily digest whatever food is eaten. A Miso tablet taken before each meal will remove all irritation, inflammation and congestion in the digestive organs, and so strengthen them that they will extract from the food all that goes to make good rich blood, firm muscle, and a sound, healthy body.

This remarkable remedy costs but six cents, and it is used does not restore your full vigor, vitality, and health. J. H. Kennedy & Co. are the best known druggists in this action will refund your money if you do not like this Miso, your confidence.

Subscribe for THE GASTONIA GAZETTE, \$1.50 a year.

## A Matter of Health

There is a quality in Royal Baking Powder which makes the food more digestible and wholesome. This peculiarity of Royal has been noted by physicians, and they accordingly endorse and recommend it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### ON the CONNECTICUT FRONTIER

View From the West on Connecticut in a Wild Country.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The popular belief that this country is now so thickly settled and so far advanced toward the highest plane of civilization as to preclude the recurrence of the scenes and incidents which marked our early history is again proved to be erroneous.

Winsted, Conn., is the frontier town which forces itself upon our unwilling attention in this instance. In the West, where prosperity and good order vie with each other in promoting the happiness of peace-loving people, we have little conception of the hardships and perils which the residents of the un-subdued East are compelled to undergo.

Here we have only to reach for the telephone receiver and a patrol wagon, is at the door in a few minutes.

Here we hear the shoes of the porch climber rubbing the paint off the front stoop. We touch a button, the burglar alarm responds, and the porch climber falls into the arms of a civil service policeman.

Here we sit down by a mellow lamp, in front of a cheerful grate, and read from 8 to 10:30 o'clock without fear of interruption, save perhaps a cry for help at the next alley, where a wayfarer is giving up his money and jewelry to some slouch friend of pure politics and good government, but we are undisturbed because we know that our patient fasteners are the best the market affords, even if the dog should be poisoned.

But in the far wilderness of Connecticut, and particularly in Winsted, things are different. There a man enters the dining-room of Mrs. Ellen M. Phelps, thrusts a loaded revolver into the face of her son, cashier of the Harbor National Bank, and cries, "Peace or War!" as the red men of this valley whooped of yore.

Around the left wrist of the intruder is wound a slung shot. In a belt at his waist is a murderous knife with a twelve-inch blade; in his pocket is another knife of the Bowie pattern; strapped across his back is a rifle, in his teeth a dagger, on his heels spurs, and in his vest pockets salt and pepper.

In addition, he talks of a keg of powder and a box of dynamite, which he has left just outside of the door, and there is that in his eye which says as plainly as words can express it, "I am the avenger of the Holyoke Valley; by the Great Waterbury, I would have gone!" If such an apparition should appear here to disturb the quiet of our domestic hearth, our first impulse would be to call out the fire department, but in Connecticut, where there is little real progress, the first impulse is to knock him down, as Mrs. Phelps' family did, and the next is to disarm him and send him to the asylum.

Thank goodness that we do not live in the East, where such dreadful things happen, and where the only safeguard of the unprotected frontier settlers is the asylum. We have our own little troubles, no doubt, but we have passed the time when living arcana break into cut-throat rooms shouting "Peace or War!" and demanding that we give up our plate or our lives.