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MORRIS BROS.

Department Store

B B The B B Million Dollar freight Crain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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was the sec and month of the strike and not a pound of freight had been moved. Things looked smoky on the West End. The general

superintendent happened to be with us when the news came.

"You can't handle it, boys," said he nervously. "What you'd better do is to turn it over to the Columbian Pa-

Our contracting freight agent on the coast at that time was a fellow so erratic that he was nicknamed Crazyhorse. Right in the midst of the strike Crazyhorse wired that he had secured a big silk shipment for New York. We were paralyzed.

We had no engineers, no firemen and no motive power to speak of. The strikers were pounding our men. wrecking our trains and giving us the worst of it generally-that is, when we couldn't give it to them. Why the fellow displayed his activity at that particular juncture still remains a mystery. Perhaps he had a grudge against the road. If so, he took an artful revenge. Everybody on the system with ordinary railroad sense knew that our struggle was to keep clear of freight business until we got rid of our strike. Anything valuable or per

ishable was especially unwelcome. But the stuff was docked and loade ! and consigned in our care before we knew it. After that a refusal to carry ft would be like holsting the white flag, and that is something which never yet flew on the West End.

"Turn It over to the Columbian." said the general superintendent. But the general superintendent was not looked up to on our division. He hadn't enough sand. Our head was a fighter, and he gave tone to every man

"No," he thundered, bringing down his fist, "not in a thousand years! We'll move it ourselves. Wire Montgomery, the general manager, that we will take care of it. And wire him to will take care of it. And wire him to fire Cranyhorse—and to do it right off."
And before the silk was turned over to us Cranyhorse was looking for another job. It is the only case on record where a freight hustler was discharged for getting business.

There were twelve car loads, It was insured for \$85,000 a car. You can

ligure how far the title is wrong, but ou can never estimate the worry that gave us. It looked as big as

value was a hundred and twenty millions, but I gave you the figures just as they went over the wire, and they are right.

What bothered us most was that the strikers had the tip almost as soon as we had it. Having friends on every road in the country, they knew as much about our business as we ourselves. The minute it was announced that we should move the silk they were after us. It was a defiance, a last one. If we could move freight for we were already moving passengers after a fashion-the strike might be well accounted beaten.

Stewart, the leader of the local con tingent, together with his followers got after me at once. "You don't show much sense, Reed,"

said he. "You fellows here are break ing your necks to get things moving and when this strike's over if our boys ask for your discharge they'll get it. This road can't run without our engineers. We're going to beat you. If you dare try to move this stuff we'll have your scalp when it's over. You'll never get your silk to Zanesville, I'll promise you that. And if you ditch it and make a million dollar loss, you'll get let out anyway, my buck."

"I'm here to obey orders, Stewart." retorted. What was the use of more? I felt uncomfortable, but we had determined to move the silk. There was nothing more to be said.

When I went over to the roundhouse and told Neighbor the decision he said never a word, but he looked a great deal. Neighbor's task was to supply the motive power. All that we had, uncrippled, was in the passenger service, because passengers must be moved-must be taken care of first of all. In order to win a strike you must have public opinion on your side. "Nevertheless, Neighbor," said 1

after we had talked awhile, "we must move the silk also." Neighbor studied, then he roared at

his foreman. "Send Bartholomew Mullen here."

He spoke with a decision that made me think the business was done. I had never happened, it is true, to hear of Bartholomew Mullen in the department of motive power, but the impression the name gave me was of a oustrous fellow, big as Neighbor of old man Sankey or Dad Hamilton. "I'll put Bartholomew ahead of it," muttered Neighbor tightly. A boy

walked into the office. "Mr. Garten said you wanted to see me, sir," said he, addressing the mas

"I do, Bartholomew," responde

The figure in my mind's eye shrund in a twinkling. Then it occurred to me that it must be this boy's father

who was wanted.
"You have been begging for a chance to take out an engine, Bartholomew," began Neighbor coldly. And I knew it "Yes, sir."

"You want to get killed, Bartholo Bartholomew smiled as if the ide

"How would you like to so 44 and run as first 78.

Neighbor were the only one tables the chances in giving him an engine. "I know the track from here in Brusswille. I beloed MuNeff fire one week," "Then go home and go to bed and be over here at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. And aleep sound, for it may be never less chance."

It was plain that the master me ic hated to do it. It was simply sheer

"He's a wiper," grused Neighbor as Bartholomew walked apringily away. "I took him in here sweeping two years ago. He ought to be firing now, but the union held him back. That's why he hates them. He knows more abo an engine now than half the lodge They'd better have let him in," on the master mechanic grimly. "He may be the means of breaking their backs yet. If I give him an engine and he runs it, I'll never take him off, union r no union, strike or no strike."
"How old is that boy?" I naked.

"Eighteen, and never a kith or a kin that I know of, Bartholomew Mullen," mused Neighbor as the slight figure moved across the flat, "blg name-small boy, Well, Bartholomew, you'll know something more by tomorrow night about running an engine or a whole lot less. That's as it happens If he gets killed, it's your fault, Reed." He meant that I was calling on him for men when he absolutely couldn't produce them.

"I heard once," he went on, "about a fellow named Bartholomew being mix-ed up in a massacre. But I take it he must have been an older man than our Bartholomew. Nor his other name wasn't Mullen, neither. I disremember just what it was, but it wasn't Mullen."

"Well, don't say I want to get the boy killed, Neighbor," I protested. "I've plenty to answer for. I'm here to run trains-when there are any to run. That's murder enough for me. You needn't send Bartholomew out on my account "

"Give him a slow schedule, and I'll give him orders to jump early. That's all we can do. If the strikers don't ditch him, he'll get through some

It stuck in my erop-the idea of putting the boy on a pilot engine to take all the dangers ahead of that particular train. But I had a good deal else to think of besides. From the minute the silk got into the McCloud yards we posted double guards around. About 12 o'clock that night we held a council of war, which ended in our running the train into the out freight house. The result was that by morning we had a new train made up. It consisted of fourteen refrigerator cars loaded with oranges which had come in mysteriously the night before. It was announced that the silk would be held for the present and the oranges rushed through. Bright and early the refrigerator train was run down to the ice houses, and twenty men were put to work icing the oranges. At 7 o'clock McCurdy pulled in the local passenger with engine 105. Our plan was to cancel the local and run him right out with the oranges. When he got in he reported the 105 had sprung a tire. It There was a lantern jawed confer-

ence in the roundhouse. "What can you do?" asked the super intendent in desperation. "There's only one thing I can do.

Put Bartholomew Mullen on it with the 44 and put McCurdy to bed for No. 2 tonight," responded Neighbor. We were running first fn, first out, but we took care to always have somebody for 1 and 2 who at least knew an

injector from an air pump.

It was 8 o'clock. I looked into the locomotive stalls. The first-the onlyman in sight was Bartholomew Mullen He was very busy polishing the 44. He had good steam on her, and the old tub was wheeging as if she had the asthma The 44 was old, she was homely, she was rickety, but Bartholomew Mullen wiped her battered nose as deferential ly as if she had been a spick-span, spi der driver, tall truck mall racer.

She wasn't much-the 44. But h those days Bartholomew wasn't much, and the 44 was Bartholomew's, "How is she steaming, Barthold mew?" I sung out. He was right in

the middle of her. Looking up, he fin-gered his waste modestly and blushed through a dab of crude petroleum over his eve. "Hundred and thirty, sir. She's a ter-

rible free steamer, the old 44. I'm all ready to run her out." "Who's marked up to fire for you Bartholomew?"

Bartholomew Mullen looked at me fraternally. "Neighbor couldn't give me anybody but a wiper," said Bartholomew in

sort of wouldn't-that-kill-you tone. The unconscious arrogance of the boy, quite knocked me, so soon had honors changed his point of view-last night a despised wiper, at daybreak an engineer, and his nose in the air at the idea of taking on a wiper for fireman. and all so innocent.

"Would you object, Barthelomew." suggested gently, "to a train master for fireman?"

"I don't think so, sir." "Thank you, because I am going down to Zanesville this morning myself, and I thought I'd ride with you. Is it all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if Neighbor doesn't care. I smiled. He didn't know Neighbor took orders from, but he thought evidently not from me.

"Then run her down to the oranger Bartholomew, and couple on, and we'll order ourselves out. See?" The 44 really looked like a haby carriage when we got her in front of the refrigerators. However, after the nec ensary preliminaries we gave a very sporty toot and pulled out. In a few

we were sailing down the For fifty miles we bobbed along with our cargo of iced allk as easy as old shoes, for I need hardly explain that we had packed the silk into the refrigerators to confuse the strikers. The great risk was that they would try to

would a cat, looking every minute for trouble. We cleared the gumbo cut west of the Beaver at a pretty good clip in order to make the grade on the

threw the air as I sprang to the win-dow. The penceful Bitle creek shead looked as angry as the Platte in April water, and the bottoms were a lake. Somewhere up the valley there had been a cloudburst, for overhead the sun was bright. The Heaver was roap ing over its banks, and the bridge was It looked as if we were against it, and

A soft frack to stop on, a torrent of storm water shead and \$1,000,000 worth of slik behind, not to mention

I yelled at Bartholomew and m tioned for him to jump. My con-science is clear on that point. The 44 was stumbling along, trying, like a drunken man, to hang to the rotten

"Bartholomew!" I yelled. But was head out and looking back at his train, while he jerked frantically at the air lever. I understood. The air wouldn't work. It never will on those old tubs when you need it. The swent pushed out on me. I was thinking of how much the silk would bring us after a bath in the Beaver. Barthold mew stuck to his levers like a man in a signal tower, but every second brought us closer to open water. Watching him, intent only on saving his first train, beedless of saving his life, I was really a bit ashamed to jump. While I besitated he somehow got the brakes to set. The old 44

It wasn't too soon. She checked her train nobly at the last, but I saw noth ing could keep her from the drink. I caught Bartholomew a terrific slap and again I yelled; then, turning to the gangway, I dropped into the sof mud on my side. The 44 hung low, and it was easy lighting. Bartholomew sprang from his seat

bucked like a broncho.

a second later, but his blouse caught in the teeth of the quadrant. He stooped quick as thought and peeled the thing over his head. But then he was caught with his hands in the wristbands, and the ponies of 44 tipped over the broken abutment.

Pull as he would, he couldn't get free. The pilot dipped into the torrent slowly; but, losing her balance,



Kicked her heels into the air and shot plump into the creek.

44 kicked her heels into the air like lightning and shot with a frightened wheeze plump into the creek, dragging her engineer after her

The head car stopped on the brink Running across the track, I looked for Bartholomew. He wasn't there. I knew he must have gone down with

his engine. Throwing off my gloves, I dived jus as I stood, close to the tender, which hung half submerged. I am a good bit of a fish under water, but no self respecting fish would be caught in that yellow mud. I realized, too, the instant I struck the water that I should have dived on the upstream side. The current took me away whirling. When I came up for air I was fifty feet below the pier. I felt it was all up with Bartholomew as I scrambled out, but to my amazement as I shook my eyes open the train crew were running forward, and there stood Bartholomew on the track above me looking at the refrigerators. When I got to him he explained to me how he was dragged in and had to tear the sleeves out of his

blouse under water to get free. The surprise is how little fuss me make about such things when they are busy. It took only five minutes for the conductor to hunt up a coil of wire and a sounder for me, and by the time he got forward with it Bartholomew was halfway up a telegraph pole to help me I rigged a pony and began calling the McCloud dispatcher. It was a rocky send, but after no end of pounding I got him and gave orders for the wrecking gang and for one more of Neighbor's rapidly decreasing supply of loco-

Bartholomew, sitting on a strip fence which still rose above water, looked forloru. To lose the first engine he ever handled in the Beaver was tough, and he was evidently spec-ing on his chances of ever getting other. If there weren't tears in his eyes, there was storm water certainly. But after the relief engine had pulled what was left of us back six miles to a siding I made it my first business to explain to Neighbor, nearly beside him self, that Bartholomew was not only not at fault, but that he had actually

arved the frain by his nerve.
"I'll tell you, Neighbor," I suggested when we got straightened around.
"give us the 100 to go shead as pilot and run the stuff ar division with Poley and the 216."

instantly. "We've got this silk on our hands now, and I'd move it if it tied up every passenger train on the di-vision. If we can get the infernal

river division.

Foley was always full of mischie He had a better engine than ours, an way, and he took astisfaction the reof the afternoon in crowding us. Every mile of the way he was on our

the Beverly bill, and we took it at a lively pace. The strikers were not on our minds then. It was Foley who

When the long parallel steel line of the upper yards spread before us, flashing under the arc lights, we were away above yard speed. Running a locomotive into one of those big yards is like shooting a rapid in a canoe. There is a bewildering mase of tracks lighted by red and green lamps to be watched the closest. The hazards are multiplied the min pass the throat, and a yard wreck is dreadful tangle. It makes everybody, from roadmaster to flagmen, furious and not even Bartholomew wanted to face an inquiry on a yard wreck. On the other hand, he couldn't afford to be caught by Foley, who was chasing him out of pure caprice.

I saw the boy holding the throttle a a half and fingering the air anxiously as we jumped through the frogs, but the roughest riding on track so far beats the ties as a cushion that when the 109 suddenly stuck her paws through an open switch we bounce against the roof of the cab like footballs. I grabbed a brace with one hand and with the other reached instinctively across to Bartholomew's side to seize the throttle be held, but as I tried to shut him off he jerked it wide open in spite of me and turned with lightning in his eye,

"No?" he cried, and his voice rang hard. The 100 took the tremes shove at her back and leaped like a frightened horse, Away we went across the yard, through the cinders and over the ties. My teeth have nev er been the same since. I don't belong on an engine anyway, and since then I have kept off. At the moment I was convinced that the strain had been too much, that Bartholomew was stark crazy. He sat bouncing clear to the roof and clinging to his levers like

But his strategy was dawning on me. In fact, he was pounding it into me. Even the shock and scare of leaving the track and tearing up the yard had not driven from Bartholog noddle the most important feature of our situation, which was, above everything, to keep out of the way of the silk train.

I felt every moment more mortifie at my attempt to shut him off. I had done the trick of the woman who grabs the reins. It was even better to tear up the yard than to stop for Foley to smash into and scatter the allk over the coal chutes. Bartholomew's decision was one of the traits which make the runner-instant perception coupled to instant resolve. The ordinary dub avoid disaster after it is all over. Bartholomew thought before.

On we bumped, across frogs, through switches, over splits and into target rods, when-and this is the miracle of it all-the 109 got her fore feet on a split switch, made a contact, and, after a slew or two like a bogged horse, she swung up sweet on the ralls again. tender and all. Bartholomew shut off with an under cut that brought us up double and nailed her feet, with the air, right where she stood.

We had left the track, plowed a hundred feet across the yards and jumped on to another track. It is the only time I ever heard of its happening anywhere, but I was on the engine with Bartholomew Mullen when it was done.

Foley choked his train the instant he saw our hind fights bobbing. We climbed down and ran back. He had stopped just where we should have stood if I had shut off. Bartholomew ran to the switch to examine it. The contact light, green, still burned like a false beacon, and lucky it did, for it showed the switch had been tampered with and exonerated Bartholomew Mullen completely. The attempt of the strikers to spill the silk right in the yards had only made the reputation of a new engineer. Thirty minutes later the million dollar train was turned over to the eastern division to wrestle with, and we breathed, all of us, a good bit easier.

Bartholomew Mullen, now a passen ger runner, who ranks with Kennedy and Jack Moore and Foley and George



neelf, got a pe from the general manager compliment ing blm on his pretty wit, and he wa

poles, but his sending to like a hoy's enving wood—sort of uneven.

However, though I am not much or running rards. I claim to be able to take the wildest ball that was ever thrown along the wire, and the chair was tendered me at once to catch Neighbor's extraordinary passes at the MicCiond key. They came something like this.

_CLEVELAND CULLINGS.

Items of Interest From an Ad joining County. Cleveland Star, 22nd.

Shelby's building boom continues without apparent intercarpenter's saw and hammer is a continuous chant of industrial and permanent progress.

A deal fraught with much in-terest to Shelby people generally was consumated a few days ago whereby Messrs Hugh G. Miller and A. W. McMurry proprietors of the Shelby Electric Light Co. disposed of the plant to Mr. S. A. McMurry, one of Shelby's most progressive and influential young business men. The price, while not given, was a good round sum, and satisfactory to the parties concerned in the deal. The new owner assumes control on the 24th instant. The change of transmission power from steam to electricity has already been consumated, being furnished by the Lilly Mill & Power Co. and is working admir-ably. There is a decidedly better service being rendered by reason of this change.

Mr. Arthur Cole, a young man living near Shelby met with a serious accident at Wallace and Jenkins saw mill, Tuesday evening. It seems that the unfortunate young fellow, although warned of the danger, was in the habit of riding the log carriage while the mill was in operation, unfortunately rode once too of ten, his foot coming in contact with the rapidly revolving saw, resulting in fearfully lacerating the member.

That our worthy Mayor and his equally faithful board of aldermen propose to make as few mistakes as possible in the inthinks what he should have done to stallation of a complete and upto-date system of water works is evidenced by the cautious and conservative manner with which they have begun the great task laid out for tnem by the practically unanimous vote of the progressive citizens of progressive Shelby. After consultation with various engineers, they have contracted with Mr. Henry Knox, of Charlotte, an engineer of wide experience and recognized as an authority in his line, to locate the water. The contract calls for a supply of not less than 200,000 gallons of water per day

the quality of water to be the very best, the same to stand the test of a most careful and rigid analysis. We learn that the British American Monazite Co., whose extensive plant is situated two miles north-east of Shelby, has suspended operations for the reason that the operating expenses have been for some time in excess of the receipts. The London Gas Co., which corpora-

tion has the contract, as we are informed, to light the great city of London. From the golden sand is extracted thorium, which after undergoing certain chemical processes is used in the manufacture of some part of the gas fixtures. Of course this technical explanation is as clear as mud-but we will let it go at that. But to get back to familiar ground—the mine was first owned by Mr. E. C. White who first leased, then sold it. Afterwards it passed into the hands of Mr. L. U. Campbell, of Gaffney, a miner of experience, and was sold by him to the present owners, it is said, for \$50,000. They installed the latest and most improved machinery at a cost apeximating \$150,000. They employed quite a number of operatives and the output which was of a fine quality was shi to the parent corporation in Lon-

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