

Opportunity Knocking At Your Door

While we are giving exceptionally good values just now throughout our establishment. We have decided to go a bowshot beyond anything, so far as we know, ever projected in the way of bargain-giving in the town of Gastonia.

We have decided to throw on a bargain table on first floor a large lot of LADIES', MISSES and CHILDREN'S SHORT JACKETS to close out at a price that will certainly move them before our spring purchases begin to arrive. It isn't necessary to argue to you the convenience and comfort one derives by having one of these positive utility garments at hand. The colors are brown, tan, mode and black.

In the lot you will find the prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$10.00.

The sale prices will range from 50c. to \$4.50.

Come, whether you want to buy or not, and see what a little money would do if you were disposed to buy. A thorough examination of these garments will prove to you the values that are here.

Morris Brothers' Department Store

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1910.

Couldn't Signal It!

During some tactical operations one of the ships of the squadron had made some bad blunders, and at length the admiral completely lost his temper. He stormed about his quarter-deck and informed his bearers of his opinion of the officer in command of the erring ship. When he paused for want of breath he turned to the signaler and said to him, "And you can tell him that, sir?"

The man scratched his head meditatively. "I beg pardon, sir," he ventured, "but I don't think we have quite enough flags for your message."—London Answers.

Cannibalism.

Among regular cannibals the most varied motives have been found. There are Indians who are said to eat their enemies by way of insult and Australians who consume their deceased parents as a mark of affection. Some tribes devour the dead enemy to abolish him utterly, others to assimilate his virtues. Africa has revealed cannibalism of every sort, from the most solemn religious rite to the most prosaic gratification of appetite and taste.

Traced a Long Way.

She—How far can your ancestry be traced? He—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a country bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.—London Tit-Bits.

The Remedy.

"What do you think of a man with a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest?"

"He should either get married or divorced."—Boston Transcript.

How to Carry Books.

The Philadelphia free library permits patrons to take out six books at a time during certain months.

"If you are not going to wrap those books up let me show you how to carry them," said one of the assistants at the library recently.

Then the young woman slipped a cover of one book inside of a cover of one she placed on the top of it, building up a pile of six books in this fashion, and the man addressed, who was carrying the volumes home to please his wife, the reader of the family, found his difficulties were much lessened.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Much Like Work.

The happy mother of a seven-months-old baby, whose chief business seems to be making a noise in the world, was paying her sister a visit, and the other evening young Master Harry, aged seven years, was delegated to care for the baby while his elders were at dinner. So he wheeled it back and forth, forth and back, the length of the library, giving vent to his sentiments by singing, much to the amusement of the family.

"Gee whiz, I'm glad I'm free! No wedding bells for me!"

—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Expensive Production.

"You were very lavish with the snowstorm in the third act."

"Yes," explained the manager. "I bought that snow when white paper was not so high as it is now."—Kansas City Journal.

Domestic Note.

"Give the devil his due," he said.

"I'm willing to," she snapped, "but you're in pretty good health, and he'll have to wait."—Atlanta Constitution.

Life without liberty is joyless, but life without joy may be great. The greatness of life is sacrifice.—Ouida.

Tea drinking is coming to be more popular than ever before in Great Britain and Ireland. In 1908 there was imported 323,469,333 pounds of tea of the value of \$10,734,415. While the quantity was greater than in 1907, the value was about \$10,000 less. The increased imports in 1909 will be considerable over that of the previous year.

A NATURAL WONDER.

The Devil's Race Course in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

"The Blue Ridge mountains abound in natural wonders," observed an old resident of Pennar. "Most wonderful of them all, in my opinion, is the Devil's Race Course, which is but a short walk from Pennar."

"At first view this strange natural phenomenon appears like a broad roadway of great stones which extends away up the mountain in a path no human hand could ever build. Many of these great stones weigh tons, while others are only a few hundredweight. Lying close together by the thousand, they present an extraordinary spectacle."

"Tradition has it and scientists agree that a thousand or more years ago this strange track was the bed of an ancient river. The conclusion is drawn from the looks of the stones. They are all well rounded and worn smooth, showing the action of water, which had polished their rough edges no doubt for centuries."

"But the mystery is if this theory be true to explain how the great body of water was confined at the sides, for the course is not hemmed in by high banks, nor is it located in a ravine. In fact, it stands somewhat higher than the natural side of the mountain. The puzzle only intensifies interest in the queer place and multiplies the arguments and theories of its prehistoric origin."—Baltimore American.

THE ANIMAL MIND.

A Story About a Cow and the Calf She Licked.

An absurd story is cited about a cow, showing what creatures of habit animals are. This particular cow would not stand to be milked unless she could lick her calf at the same time. For a long time she always had a calf of some age or other to lick, but at last by ill fortune one of her calves died.

There is no reason why a bereaved mother should mourn her loss just at milking time, but there was the fixed habit of making certain motions. The farmer, however, was a practical psychologist. He stuffed the skin of the calf with hay and let the cow have that to lick. To be sure, the hay calf had neither head nor legs, but a cow has no general ideas concerning the nature of calves nor any special reason for assuming that calves should have heads and legs. It felt right, and it smelled right. It enabled her to go through the customary motions at milking time. Therefore it was sufficient.

By dint of caressing and licking her little calf the tender parent one fine morning unripped it. The hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise or agitation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender. — E. T. Brewster in McClure's Magazine.

A Gentle Rebuke.

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am; very fine indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said some time later, examining carefully a basketful. "They look"—here she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

"There was," said the grocer respectfully. "but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't"—

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Beacon.—Youth's Companion.

Consul L. J. Keena reports that during the visit to Chihuahua of President Diaz last fall, after an absence of thirty years, a commemorative album was prepared by the authorities showing the growth in wealth and importance of the State during those years.

PLAYED WITH A LION.

A South African Child Who Ran to Meet the Big "Doggie."

The infant son of one of the Dutch settlers in South Africa had strayed away. After some time a search party discovered little footprints leading in the direction of the bush. Following up these, the search party came upon a large, open space, at the farther side of which they discovered the object of their search sitting hugging a little wooden doll and munching a piece of bread and butter. Bore they could make their way through the thick, tangled undergrowth a large lion sprang into the clearing. The little boy, far from being frightened, ran to meet the lion, holding up his bread and butter and said, "Take a bite, doggie."

The father stood powerless to move or speak through fear, expecting each instant to see the child crushed under the lion's paw, but instead of doing as he dreaded the lion turned himself over and lay on his back at the child's feet, looking up in his face as a cat would do at play. Watching his opportunity, the father raised his gun and fired, hitting the lion in the leg. The animal sprang up and, leaving the child, rushed on the party, injuring two of the number before it was finally killed. From this circumstance the child was immediately christened by the settlers "Dannel"—London Family Herald.

WAITED FOR HEALY.

An Incident of the Land League Agitation in Ireland.

One morning during the Land League agitation Mr. Parnell left Dublin by the early mail train for Roscommon to address a meeting. On arriving in the town he received a telegram from Dublin which ran:

Missed mail train. Will get down at 6 o'clock. Postpone meeting till I arrive. HEALY.

Mr. Parnell was pleased to learn that T. M. Healy, M. P., was coming down. Delighted, too, were the local promoters of the demonstration, and the meeting was gaily postponed for a few hours.

At 3 o'clock the railway station and its approaches were thronged with people with bands and banners, and the train from Dublin steamed in amid terrific cheering for Tim Healy.

The train pulled up, a carriage door opened, and the local reception committee rushed to it, when out stepped "Healy," but it was not T. M. Healy, M. P. It was W. Wallace Healy, a well known reporter on the staff of the Irish Times.

He had been assigned to the Roscommon meeting, had missed the mail train, and it was most important that his paper should have a report of Mr. Parnell's speech; hence the telegram. —Pearson's Weekly.

What Yeomen Were.

Yeomen were formerly considered to be by their title on a level with esquires, and they were called yeomen because, in addition to the weapons proper for close engagements, they fought in the wars with arrows and a bow which was made of yew; hence the word. After the conquest the name of yeoman, in reference to the original office in war, was changed to that of archer. The term, however, was continued with additions—the yeoman of the crown, of the chamber, yeoman usher, etc.—and we find that considerable grants were bestowed on some of them. In the legal view a yeoman is defined to be one that has fee land of the value of 40 shillings a year and is thereby qualified to serve on juries, to vote for knights of the shire and to do any other act which the law may require. The yeomen always took a leading part in whatever concerned the regulations or interests of the kingdom, and their renown as warriors is fully established by their numerous heroic achievements.—London Globe.

Fusel oils are by-products of the alcoholic fermentation, which are found, especially in the manufacture of brandy from potatoes, for the most part as an oleaginous liquid, swimming on the surface of the distilling apparatus, being the residuum in the process of the rectification of spirits.

FRAUD ORDERS.

The Way Our Postoffice Inspectors Protect the Public.

When a person or firm that is unknown to the postoffice inspectors begins to receive large quantities of letters the inspectors begin to investigate. They visit the office of the concern and learn what they can if it is a legitimate and honest business it is not interfered with. But if it looks "shady," if it happens to be a mining or land scheme that offers large returns upon the investment of money, the inspectors abstract a dozen or so of the incoming letters from the mail, get the names and addresses of the writers and then resent the letters and permit them to be delivered.

The next move for the inspectors is to visit the persons whose names and addresses were taken from the letters and to get from them the correspondence of the supposed fraudulent concern. With this the inspectors "make" a case and either cause the arrest of the dishonest persons or cause a "fraud order" to be issued against it.

A "fraud order" is simply an order made by the postal authorities at Washington declaring that such a business is fraudulent and warning the public against sending money to it. After that each letter coming addressed to that concern is stamped "fraud" in red ink across its face and returned to the sender.

Thousands of schemes for defrauding the public has been stopped by the postal authorities, and they are always on the watch for them.—Kansas City Star.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

The Discovery Made by a Poor French Peasant Boy.

A shepherd boy with a poor appetite discovered the secret of making Roquefort cheese. True as gospel: They swear by that story today in Roquefort, France, and if they only knew the lad's name they'd raise a monument to him. He was out tending sheep, and the sun shining down hard, he went into a cavern to eat his cheese and rye bread. He failed to get away with all of it and threw a hunk of the cheese off to one side. It happened to drop on a natural shelf, and a few months later the boy found the cheese still there. He saw that it had undergone a constitutional change, for instead of being dry and hard it was moist and creamy. Besides, there were veins of greenish mold running through it. The boy took a nip, and the taste was so pleasing he carried a crumb home to his mother. She must have been a woman of intelligence, for no sooner had she tasted than she took one of the largest rolls of cheese from her dairy, and her son guide her to the cavern and placed it on the shelf. In due time the same change was wrought, and Roquefort cheese had arrived as an article of commerce. All the natural caverns around the quaint old town now are used for ripening cheese, and the women work in them with small oil lamps strapped around their chests.—New York Press.

Hood and His Aunt.

While still a boy Thomas Hood went to Scotland for a holiday trip and stayed with his aunt, who was a rigid Sabbatarian. He describes how upon one occasion the old lady was too indisposed to go to her beloved kirk, but found entertainment in the description of the passersby furnished by her irrepressible "peevy." "Tammy, my man, keep out—wha's that?" "That's the Bailie So-and-So's daughter, aunt, and isn't she making desperate love to young Somebody, who's walking by her side?" "The graceless blazie! I'd wauk her, gin I were her maminie! Keep out again, Tam." "There's Mrs. Blank, aunt, and she's got on a grand silk gown and such a velvet mantle!" "Set us up, laddie! She, indeed, the sille wasterife bodie! She'd better far pay a' she's owing. Wha's next?" And so they would go on, the crabbed old Scotchwoman's little suspecting half the "stour" proceeded from the active imagination of her "peevy" to heighten the fun and draw her out.

—Mr. P. T. Heath, of Atlanta, was in town yesterday on business.

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

Ruskin's Adoration of the Lovely Rose La Touche.

In 1858, when Ruskin was in his fortieth year, he was asked by a friend to give some lessons in drawing to a child named Rose La Touche, whose name, indeed, was French, but whose family were Irish. There sprang up between Ruskin and this young girl a very charming friendship, which, of course, at the time could be nothing but a friendship. They wrote each other letters and exchanged drawings, and then for awhile they did not meet.

Ten years passed by before they saw each other. Meanwhile the child whom he had remembered as a blue-eyed, saucy, clever little blond with ripe red lips and hair like fine spun gold, had become a very lovely young woman of nineteen. They resumed their old acquaintance, but in a very different way. Though Ruskin was now nearly fifty, he gave to Rose La Touche an adoration and a passion such as he had never felt before. On her side she no longer thought of him as "very ugly," but was singularly drawn to him despite the difference in their years.

The two met often. They took long strolls together in the pleasant fields of Surrey, and at last Ruskin begged her to make him happy and to be his wife. Oddly enough, however, she hesitated, not because he was so much older than herself, but because he had ceased to be what she regarded as "a true believer." Some of the things that he had written shocked her as being almost atheistic. She was herself, underneath all her gaiety of manner, a rigid and uncompromising Protestant. She used phrases from the Bible in her ordinary talk, and when she spoke of marriage with John Ruskin she said that she could not endure to be "yoked with an unbeliever."

Yet her heart was torn at the thought of sending him away, and so for several years their intimacy continued, he pleading with her and striving hard to make her see that love was everything. She, on the other hand, read over those passages of the Old Testament which seemed to bar all compromise.

At last, in 1872, when she was twenty-four and he was fifty-three, she gave him her final answer. She would not marry him unless he could believe as she did. His honesty forbade him to deceive her by a pretended conversion, and so they parted, never to see each other again. How deeply she was affected is shown by the fact that she soon fell ill. She grew worse and worse until at last it was quite certain that she could not live. Then Ruskin wrote to her and begged that he might see her. She answered with a note in which she feebly traced the words:

"You may come if you can tell me that you love God more than you love me."

When Ruskin read this his very soul was racked with agony, and he cried out:

"No, no; then I cannot go to her, for I love her even more than God!"

When she died, as she did soon after, the light of his life went out for Ruskin.—Lyndon Orr in Munsey's Magazine.

The Ocean's Age.

The ocean, of course, is not as old as the earth, because it could not be formed until the surface of the globe had sufficiently cooled to retain water upon it, but it seems chimerical to try to measure the age of the sea. Nevertheless Professor Joly undertook the task, basing his estimate upon the ratio of the amount of sodium it contains to that annually contributed by the washing from the continents. He thus reached the conclusion that the ocean has been in existence between 80,000,000 and 170,000,000 years. This does not seem a very definite determination, but then in geology estimates of time in years are extremely difficult because of the uncertainty of the elements of the calculation. The most that can be said for such results is that they are probable.

His Status.

Truth Seeker. "Well, my little man," inquired a visitor pleasantly "who are you?" "I'm the baby's brother," was the ingenuous reply.

A MERCHANT OF FEZ.

Description of His Rise and His Ignominious Fall.

The merchants of Fez are to be found all over Morocco. In due course All Mahmoud launches out into business on a large scale. He prospers exceedingly and presently purchases a black female slave to assist his wife in her duties. All Mahmoud takes a house in the Medina quarter of Fez, overlooking the pleasant olive groves. In course of time he buys two more slaves and is fairly set up as a householder.

When his first daughter is born there is great rejoicing. The baby is immediately stained all over its little body with henna and then smeared liberally with butter and wrapped in woolen cloths. On the seventh day these are removed, and the child is washed for the first time. When the girl has reached her first year her head is shaved, leaving a little tuft by which Mohammed could catch her up to heaven if he were so disposed. In her seventh year her hair has grown long again. She is then veiled, and her proud father sets about looking for a husband for her. It is still the custom to betroth children from infancy.

All Mahmoud prospers, and, save for a few domestic troubles, his life runs smoothly. In the evenings All will sit and smoke in the bosom of his family. On Thursdays and Saturdays he visits his friends. They pass the time in simple games of cards or in listening to the weird efforts of itinerant musicians. Our merchant gets stout as he approaches middle age. One day his world tumbles about him. Such is the uncertainty of fate in Morocco.

He was serving in his shop when the customer suddenly raised his voice and cried out that he was getting false weight. The accusation was terrible, and All vehemently protested his innocence. It was an arranged charge by "an enemy of the merchant, who philosophically bowed his head with the saying: "Kismet! Mine enemy has found me, and the serpent requires milk." The arbitrators are called, and, having been bribed previously, they find Mahmoud guilty and sentence him to the usual punishment meted out to givers of false weights. He is dragged to the southern wall of the city, to a place where a tall gibbet is erected. By the irony of fate it is within sight of his own house. A rope is made fast to his right wrist and hoisted up until his toes can just touch the ground. Here he is left till sunset.—The Idlers Jer at him, and the gamins of the quarter pelt him with stones and refuse. At sundown his friends carry him home, a poor, bruised and senseless body. Broken and disgraced, thus ended his career as a respectable merchant.—Morocco Cor. London Graphic.

Oil Bathing.

Oil bathing is a regular institution among the Hindoos. An experienced masseur rubs the oil on his patrons, friends or relatives generally once a week. And it is a fact that moles, warts and such faults of the surface of the skin are very rare among them. The newborn infant gets the oil bath daily for forty days. The intervals are then gradually lengthened, but he will be considered a very naughty boy who during his school days tries to shirk the oil bath at least once a week. As a youngster he yells all the time he is being bathed. Perhaps it is good for his lungs. Anyhow, nobody thinks of finding fault with the nurse for the hallooing of her charge, and generally speaking it may be said that Indians have better lungs and better pectorals as compared to the body weight than the Europeans, and the feminine bust is decidedly fuller and more perfect.—C. N. Saldanha in Lancet.

LAND POSTED NOTICES.

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