

To The Owners of Land On Gastonia Watershed.

There seems to be some misunderstanding about the rules sent out by the North Carolina Board of Health in regard to water sheds. The Health Officers of the town and county are making every effort to obey the law and to protect the water supply. But it is not the intention of such officers to place any hardship upon the land owners who live on the water sheds. And there is not any need for placing such hardships on the land owners. The fact of the business is, that it is to the advantage of every land owner on upper Long Creek to obey as nearly as possible the health regulations sent out by the State Board of Health. There are some rules in the circulars that do not apply to the Gastonia water shed. For instance, there are certain rules in regard to impounding reservoirs, as rules No. 1, 2 and 3 in circular "B." An impounding reservoir is a reservoir where the water is collected in a pond and carried into a town by what is known as gravity system. That is, where water is supplied to a town by its own head. Of course, it can be readily seen that this does not apply to Gastonia water shed. There are no regulations in regard to pasturing or cultivating the ground that need be a hardship on anybody. A thinking man can see that a pen or stable should not be made on the banks of a stream; and they can also understand that to be required to build a pen or stable 40 feet from the stream is not an unreasonable requirement. The rules set out by the State Board of Health do not mean that the land cannot be pastured or that the meadows cannot be mowed or cultivated. The thinking man knows that a dead horse in a stream is a bad thing, not only for the people who drink the water below, but for the whole neighborhood. They likewise know that it is to the advantage of the whole community to observe every reasonable health and sanitary regulation. That is all that is required. The Health Officers will always be glad to explain the rules to any one who inquires. There is no reason why any one should find any difficulty in following them or should in any way lose the use of his property.

Very respectfully,
THOS. L. CRAIG,
Mayor.

Greenville, N. C., suffered from a very disastrous fire last Thursday morning. The loss totalled about \$125,000 with \$42,000 insurance.

A dispatch from Atlanta Saturday says that S. R. Van Sant, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, gave out a statement there in which he made it plain that he does not approve the recent speech made in the United States Senate by Senator Heyburn in which the Idaho Senator criticized Confederate veterans and vehemently opposed the placing of the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee in stately hall in Washington.

TRUXTON KING

A Story of ...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I—Truxton King arrives in Edelweiss, capital of Graustark, and meets the beautiful niece of Spantz, a gunmaker. II—King does a favor for Prince Robin, the young ruler of the country, whose guardian is John Tullis, an American.

CHAPTER III
MANY PERSONS IN REVIEW.
TRUXTON KING witnessed the review of the garrison. That in itself was rather a tame exhibition for a man who had seen the finest troops in all the world. A thousand earnest looking soldiers, proud of the opportunity to march before the little prince, and that was all, so far as the review was concerned. Mr. King saw the court in all its glory scattered along the shady Castle

avenue—in carriages, in traps, in motors and in the saddle. His brain whirled and his heart leaped under the pressure of a new found interest in life.

If Truxton King had given up in disgust and fled to Vienna this tale would never have come to light. Instead of being the lively narrative of a young gentleman's adventures in faraway Graustark, it might have become a tale of the smart set in New York. For, as you know, we are bound by tradition to follow the trail laid down by our hero, no matter which way he elects to fare. He confided to his friend from Cook's that he could never have forgiven himself if he had adhered to his resolution to leave on the following day.

"I didn't know you'd changed your mind, sir," remarked Mr. Hobbs in surprise.

"Of course you didn't know it," said Truxton. "How could you? I've just changed it this instant. I didn't know it myself two minutes ago. No, sir, Hobbs—or is it Dobbs? Thanks. No, sir, I'm going to stop here for a week or two. Where the dickens do these people keep themselves? I haven't seen 'em before."

"Oh, they are the nobility—the swells. They don't hang around the streets like tourists and rubbernecks, sir," in plain disgust.

"I say, who is that just passing—the lady in the victoria?" King asked abruptly.

"That is the Countess Marlanx."

"Whew! I thought she was the queen."

Hobbs went into details concerning the beautiful countess.

"I was just going to ask if you know anything about a young woman who occasionally tends shop for William Spantz, the armorer," King finally asked.

Hobbs looked interested. "She's quite a beauty, sir, I give you my word."

"I know that, Hobbs. But who is she?"

"I really can't say, sir. She's his niece, I've heard. Been here a little over a month. I think she's from Warsaw."

"Well, I'll say goodbye here. If you've nothing on for tomorrow we'll visit the castle grounds and—ahem!—take a look about the place. Come to the hotel early. I'm going over to the gunshop."

He was whistling gayly as he entered the little shop, ready to give a cheery greeting to old Spantz and to make him a temporizing offer for the broadsword. But it was not Spantz who stood behind the little counter. Truxton flushed hotly and jerked off his hat. The girl smiled.

"I beg pardon," he exclaimed. "I'm looking for Mr. Spantz. I—"

"He is out. Will you wait." She turned to the window, resuming the wistful, preoccupied gaze down the avenue.

"Beg pardon," he said politely. "I wanted to have another look at the broadsword there."

Very quickly—he noticed that she went about it clumsily despite her supple gracefulness—she withdrew the heavy weapon from the window and laid it upon the counter.

"I am not—not what you would call an expert," she said frankly.

"What's the price?" he asked, his courage faltering under the cool, impersonal gaze.

"I do not know. My uncle has told you. I am quite new at the trade. I hope you will excuse my ignorance. My uncle will be here in a moment." She was turning away with an air that convinced King of one thing—she was a person who in no sense had ever been called upon to serve others.

"So I've heard," he observed. The halt took effect. She looked up quickly. He was confident that a startled expression flitted across her face.

"You have heard? What have you heard of me?" she demanded.

Mr. King was inspired to fabricate in the interest of psychological research. "I have heard that you are not the niece of old man Spantz." He watched intently to catch the effect of the declaration.

"You have heard nothing of the kind," she said coldly.

"Well, I'll confess I haven't," he admitted cheerfully. "It pleases me to deduce that you are not related to the armorer. You don't look the part."

Now she smiled divinely. "And why not, pray? His sister was my mother."

"In order to establish a line on which to base my calculations, would you mind telling me who your father is?" He asked the question with his most appealing smile, a smile so frankly impudent that she could not resent it.

"My father is dead," she said seriously, "and my mother is dead. Now can you understand why I am living here with my uncle? Even an amateur may rise to that. Now, sir, do you expect to purchase the sword? If not I shall replace it in the window."

"That's what I came here for," said he, resenting her tone and the icy look she gave him.

"I gathered that you came in the capacity of Sherlock Holmes or something else." She added the last three words with unmistakable meaning.

She was leaning toward him, her hands on the counter, a peculiar gleam in her dark eyes, which now for the first time struck him as rather more keen and penetrating than he had suspected before.

"I simply want to tell you, Mr. King,

that unless you really expect to buy this sword it is not wise in you to make it an excuse for coming here."

"My dear young lady, I—"

"My uncle has a queer conception of the proprieties. He may think that you come to see me. Young men may chat with shopgirls all the world over. But in Edelweiss, no, unless they come to pay most honorable court to them. My uncle would not understand."

"I take it, however, that you would understand," he said boldly.

"I have lived in Vienna, in Paris and in London, but now I am living in Edelweiss. I have not been a shop-girl always."

"I can believe that. My deductions are justified."

"My uncle is returning," she remarked suddenly. "I must not talk to you any longer." She glanced uneasily out upon the square and then hurriedly added, a certain wistfulness in her voice and eyes: "I couldn't help it today. I forgot my place. But you are the first gentleman I've spoken to since I came here."

When Spantz entered the door the girl was going listlessly from the window and Truxton King was leaning against the counter with his back toward her, his arms folded and a most impatient frown on his face. Spantz's black eyes shot from one to the other. "What do you want?" he demanded sharply.

"The broadsword. And, say, Mr. Spantz, you might assume a different tone in addressing me. I'm a customer, not a beggar."

The girl left the window and walked slowly to the rear of the shop, passing through the narrow door, without so much as a glance at King or the old man. Spantz was silent until she was gone.

"You want the broadsword, eh?" he asked, moderating his tone considerably. "It's a rare old—"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars—not another cent," interrupted King, not yet over his resentment. There followed a long and irritating argument, at the conclusion of which Mr. King became the possessor of the weapon at his own price.

"I'll come in again," he said indifferently.

"But you are leaving tomorrow, sir."

"I've changed my mind."

"Then you have discovered something in Edelweiss to attract you?" grinned the old armorer.

"I dare say you're right. Clean that sword up a bit for me, and I'll drop in tomorrow and get it. Here's 60 gawds to bind the bargain—the rest on delivery. Good day, Mr. Spantz."

"Good day, Mr. King."

"How do you happen to know my name?"

Spantz put his hand over his heart and delivered himself of a most impressive bow. "When so distinguished a visitor comes to our little city," he said, "we lose no time in discovering his name. It is a part of our trade, sir, believe me."

"I'm not so sure that I do believe you," said Truxton King to himself as he sauntered up the street toward the hotel.

Mr. Hobbs, from Cook's, was at his elbow, his eyes glinting with eagerness.

"I say, old Dangloss is waiting for you at the Regentz, sir. Wot's up? Wot you been up to, sir?"

"Up to—up to, Hobbs?"

"My word, sir, you must have been or he wouldn't be there to see you."

"Who is Dangloss?"

"Minister of police. Haven't I told you? He's a keen one, too, take my word for it. I heard him ask for you."

He lost no time in getting to the hotel. A well remembered, fierce looking little man in a white linen suit was waiting for him on the great piazza.

Baron Jasto Dangloss was a polite man, but not to the point of procrastination. He advanced to meet the puzzled American, smiling amiably and swirling his imposing mustache with neatly gloved fingers.

"I have called, Mr. King, to have a little chat with you," he said abruptly. "He enjoyed the look of surprise on the young man's face. 'Won't you join me at this table? A julep will not be bad, eh?' King sat down opposite to him at one of the piazza tables in the shade of the great trailing vines. A waiter took the order and departed.

"Now, to come to the point," began the baron. "You expected to leave tomorrow. Why are you staying over?"

"Baron, I leave that to your own distinguished powers of deduction," said Truxton gently. He took a long pull at the straw, watching the other's face as he did so. The baron smiled.

"You have found the young lady in the gunshop to be very attractive," observed the baron. "Where have you known her before?"

"I beg pardon?"

"It is not unusual for a young man in search of adventure to follow the lady of his choice from place to place. She came but recently, I recall."

"You think I knew her before and followed her to Edelweiss?"

"I am not quite sure whether you have been in Warsaw lately. There is a gap in your movements that I can't account for."

King became serious at once. He saw that it was best to be frank with this keen old man.

"Baron Dangloss, I don't know just what you are driving at, but I'll set you straight, so far as I'm concerned. I never saw that girl until the day before yesterday. I never spoke to her until today."

"She smiled on you quite familiarly from her window casement yesterday," said Dangloss coolly.

"She laughed at me, to be perfectly candid. But what's all this about?"

Dangloss leaned forward and smiled sourly.

"Take my advice—do not play with fire," he said enigmatically.

"You—you mean she's a dangerous person? I can't believe that, baron."

"She has dangerous friends out to the world. She is Olga Platanova. Her mother was married in this city twenty-five years ago to Professor Platanova of Warsaw. The professor was executed last year for conspiracy. He was one of the leaders of a great revolutionary movement in Poland. They were virtually anarchists, as you have come to place them in America. This girl Olga was his secretary. His death almost killed her. But that is not all. She had a sweetheart up to fifteen months ago. He was a prince of the royal blood. He would have married her in spite of the difference in their stations had it not been for the intervention of the crown that she and her kind hate so well. The young man's powerful relatives took a hand in the affair. He was compelled to marry a scrawny little duchess, and Olga was warned that if she attempted to entice him away from his wife she would be punished. She did not attempt it, because she is a virtuous girl. Her uncle, Spantz, offered her a home."

"Baron, are you sure that she is a red?" asked King.

"Quite. She attended their councils."

"She doesn't look it. 'pon my word. I thought they were the scum of the earth."

"The kind you have in America are. But over here—oh, well, we never can tell."

"I'm much obliged. And I'll keep my eyes well opened. I suppose there's no harm in my going to the shop to look at a lot of rings and knickknacks he has for sale?"

"Not in the least. Confine yourself to knickknacks, that's all."

"Isn't Spantz above suspicion?"

"No one is in my little world. By the way, I am very fond of your father. He is a most excellent gentleman and a splendid shot."

Truxton stared harder than ever. "What's that?"

"I know him quite well. Hunted wild boars with him five years ago in Germany. And your sister! She was a beautiful young girl. They were at Carlsbad at the time. Was she quite well when you last heard?"

"She was," was all that the wondering brother could say.

The baron left the American standing at the head of the steps, gazing



"TAKE MY ADVICE—DO NOT PLAY WITH FIRE," HE SAID.

after his retreating figure with a look of admiration in his eyes.

Truxton fared forth into the streets that night with a greater zest in life than he had ever known before. A man with a limp cigarette between his lips was never far from the side of the American—a man who had stopped to pass the time of day with William Spantz and who from that hour was not to let the young man out of his sight until another relieved him of the task.

(To be continued.)

Capt. Bogardus Again Hits the Bull's Eye.

This world famous rifle shot who holds the championship record of 100 pigeons in 100 consecutive shots is living in Lincoln, Ill. Recently interviewed, he says: "I have suffered a long time with kidney and bladder trouble and have used several well known kidney medicines all of which gave me no relief until I started taking Foley's Kidney Pills. Before I used Foley's Kidney Pills I was subjected to severe backache and pains in my kidneys with suppression and oftentimes a cloudy voiding, while upon arising in the morning I would get dull headaches. Now I have taken three bottles of Foley's Kidney Pills and feel 100 per cent better. I am never bothered with my kidneys or bladder and once more feel like my own self. All this I owe solely to Foley's Kidney Pills and always recommend them to my fellow sufferers." J. H. Kennedy & Co.

It Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swenson, of Watertown, Wis. "Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it, sound and well." Infallible for Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Boils, Fever Sores, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Piles. 25c. at all druggists.

THE AGILE ESKIMO.

Habit Enables Him to Scale Ice Clad Heights With Ease.

"In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than in Ellesmere Land," writes Harry Whitney in Outing. "Ordinarily I should have believed these mountain sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow, quite unscalable.

"In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm set bowlders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

"In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber.

"As if by magic and with little apparent effort the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath.

"I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back, and one look robbed me of any desire to try it.

"The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain artistic instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line with which he is thoroughly familiar, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point to another. Often when Eskimos told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand it developed that we were far from it. This they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

"The Eskimos have a white man 'stung to death' from every point of view. They not only can go to sleep promptly, but sleep soundly and well as they travel when circumstances permit. They get sustenance, too, by eating hard frozen walrus and seal meat or blubber. This I could never do, for it is so strong in flavor that it invariably nauseated me, though I did succeed very well with raw hare or deer's meat when I had it."

BLUNDERING REPORTERS.

Mistakes That Mangled the Speakers' Words and Feelings.

"Drunkness is folly!" earnestly exclaimed Bishop Magee in the house of lords on a celebrated occasion. How horrified was the prelate to read in the papers next morning that he had given utterance to the very bacchanalian sentiment, "Drunkness is jolly!"

Lord Salisbury was a master phrasemaker, but one of his best points was spoiled when a careless reporter turned his reference to "manacles and Manitoba" into the meaningless "manacles and men at the bar."

Sir William Harcourt was badly misquoted once. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" he exclaimed upon the platform, but a country paper had it: "Great Dinah! What a farce is this!" Lack of knowledge of familiar quotations is a prolific source of misreporting. For instance, a speaker once made use of the well known lines from Milton's "L'Allegro":

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yept Euphrosyne.

The country reporter deputed to "take him down" was in despair. He could not make head or tail of this mysterious utterance. But, following the sound as far as possible, he seized his pen and produced the following gem:

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven she crept and froze her knee.

The speaker was taken down in more senses than one.—London Answers.

Knew Where He Was.

"When I was studying in Boston," said a musician, "they used to tell a tale about a man named Harper, an odd old character, who played a trombone in one of the small theaters there. One time they were rehearsing a new overture. Throughout the piece Harper was a little behind the rest of the men. Before they started it a second time the leader reproved Harper for not coming in more regularly with the other players. When they attempted it again Harper came in, as usual, two or three beats behind time. The leader stopped and, after letting loose a lot of profanity, demanded to know if the trombonist knew he was playing about half a dozen notes behind the others.

"Harper nodded. 'That's all right,' said he. 'I can catch up with the others any time I want to.'—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Great Loss.

"Well, Garge," exclaimed the farmer as he greeted one of his laborers on New Year's day, "and 'ow did 'ee get on last year?"

"Aye, maister," was the reply, "it wur a bad year for I. I did lose my missus. I did lose my canary, and I did lose my dog. And it wur a good dog too."—London News.

Self Protection.

"You didn't really need a wig."

"I was driven to it. Now the barber won't try to sell me any tonics or hair restorer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Never add the burden of yesterday's trouble to that of tomorrow. The one is past; the other may never come.

THE CADE TYPE-SETTER.

Remarkable Invention of Rev. Bayliss Cade Now Being Manufactured by Philadelphia Engineer.

Lexington Dispatch.

For several hours Wednesday a few of his friends entertained a most interesting visitor in the person of Rev. Bayliss Cade, of Boiling Springs, Cleveland county, who was on his way to Philadelphia to supervise the construction of a machine which he has invented to set type, or, more strictly speaking, to compose and cast solid lines of type somewhat after the manner of the Mergenthaler linotype machine.

For some time past the press has carried comment on the subject of this invention which, if it pans out, and there is no reason for believing that it will not, will work a revolution in the newspaper world as great and perhaps greater than that which the linotype wrought, for the Cade machine will be within reach of the smallest weekly paper in the land.

The machine will stand 6 feet 1 inch in height, will be 16 inches wide and 22 deep. It will weigh scarcely 500 pounds and can be carried easily by two men. It will do one-fifth more work than the linotype, will not injure matrices in the least, and it will be impossible for matrices to become transposed as is the case with the linotype when the operator is faster than the machine. Lines up to 10 inches in length can be cast and the operator without leaving his chair commands any face of type from 6 to 36 point. Moreover the operator can very much more easily read his proof in the lines of "mats," being colored in such a way as to be as plain as type lines appear on the paper. There is no finger spacing and the justifying machinery is absolutely perfect in operation.

One of the most attractive features of the machine is that any printer can operate it. The keyboard may be arranged to correspond with the standard keyboard of a typewriter, even if same should be a dainty miss with "rats," chewing gum and glad raiment, may operate the machine, learning in a few moments. No machinist is required and anybody with sense enough to use a screw driver can attend to the machinery, which is visible throughout and infinitely less complicated than the many-jointed linotype. There are no cams or eccentric. One-half horse-power is sufficient to operate and the machine is controlled by compressed air. The pressure of a key justifies a line, of another, casts a line and a third key returns the mats to their places. The Cade invention will sell for from \$500 to \$750, or thereabouts. The linotype price is over \$3,000.

The announcement some months ago by the inventor that he had done this thing stirred the printing world. The inventor has been deluged with communications, all asking, "When will it be out?" Dr. Cade is absolutely unable to answer all the letters he gets. Moreover he doesn't know when the machine will be finished. Being something of which a model could not be made without simply making a complete machine, life size, the inventor placed the invention with a Philadelphia engineer who is working on it, and from now on till it is completed the inventor will stay with it.

The linotype today is perhaps the most satisfactory type-setting machine, but it costs a small fortune, is complicated, heavy and intricate. The "Inocade" is simple, light, inexpensive, faster, of greater capacity, and can be operated by anybody. If it makes good there is not a newspaper in the United States that cannot afford to own it and set its stuff by machinery instead of the tedious, cutworn, irrational hand-setting method.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of Kidney or Bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. J. H. Kennedy & Co.

The "beef trust" of the United States, embracing six great packing companies and twenty-one packers, some of them multimillionaires, socially and industrially prominent, were indicted by a grand jury in Hudson county, New Jersey, Friday, charged with conspiracy in limiting the supply of meat and poultry.

Pneumonia follows a cold but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar which stops the cough, heals the lungs and expels the cold from the system. J. H. Kennedy & Co.

Jesse Bailey, son of Rev. A. J. Bailey and a brother of the late J. W. Bailey, who was killed by a negro about three years ago while discharging his duty as a policeman at Asheville, committed suicide at his home near Marshall, Madison county, last Thursday.