

Dress Goods Specials At Schneider's

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LACES AND FINE DRESS GOODS OF THE NEWEST EFFECTS AND ARE PREPARED TO FILL YOUR WANTS IN THESE LINES WHEN YOU ARE ON A SHOPPING TOUR. SEE US, FOR WE KNOW WE OFFER THE VERY BEST OF MERCHANDISE ON THE MARKET FOR THE LEAST PRICE.

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS OF ALL KINDS. BEAUTIFUL SILKS AND SATINS, YARD WIDE, ALL THE LEADING COLORS, \$1.50 KIND, OUR PRICE 92 CENTS. 50 AND 60 CENT CHINA AND OTHER FINE SILKS, ALL SHADES, OUR PRICE ONLY 39 CENTS. 48-INCH BLACK DRESS GOODS, PANAMA, \$1.50 KIND, OUR PRICE 95 CENTS. 52-INCH MOHAIR, \$1 VALUE FOR 75 CENTS. 50-INCH WIDE VERY BEST BLACK DRESS GOODS, \$2.50 KIND FOR \$1.65.

Schneider's Greater Store

DOCTORS

do not hesitate to say that Gowan's, King of External Preparations, does what is claimed for it. This wonderful remedy has been given the seal of approval by a public that has tested it and obtained the most gratifying results. This King of External Preparations is composed of stimulating, healing and antiseptic remedies which penetrate at once and give quick relief for troubles caused by inflammation and congestion. Have a bottle in the home. Keep it there. Buy it TO-DAY and be prepared. Pneumonia comes in the night. Croup overtakes and claims its victim in a few hours. Physicians write us that GOWAN'S will do the work and do it well. Take no substitute. There is nothing "just as good." Your druggist has it.

Three Sizes: \$1.00, 50c, 25c.

Have given Gowan's Preparation a thorough test and can say it is the best preparation on the market for the relief of Pneumonia, Croup, Coughs, Colds in head or chest.
JAS. P. SMITH, M. D. Augusta, Ga.

Nineteen and Ten MILLINERY

We have on display the newest and noblest creations in headwear for the Spring and Summer seasons of 1910 and we cordially invite all the ladies of Gastonia to come and inspect our goods before buying. We can please you, we are sure, and the price is right. Let us show you our hats whether you buy or not.

MISSES RUDDOCK

Upstairs in Singer Bldg. Gastonia, N. C.

APRIL

9th

WATCH

A large balloon, moving in a northerly direction, was seen passing over Greenville, S. C., about 4 p. m. last Friday. Some of the citizens say they could see an occupant in the basket of the balloon.

Mrs. Sarah Brandon, 109 years old, of Moundsville, W. Va., claims the United States record as the mother of the largest number of civil war soldiers. No fewer than 16 of her boys served in the battles of that war, 14 on the Union side and two with the Confederates, while her total family was 23. Her 23 children are also the parents of large families. The oldest Hiram, is 89 years old, while the youngest, Evan Brandon, is 72 years and works daily in a coal mine.

A \$25,000,000 drug trust has been launched against the cut-rate drug stores throughout the country.

TRUXTON KING

A Story of
...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR
M'GUTCHEON

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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. III—Baron Dangloss, minister of police, interviews King and warns him against Olga, the gunmaker's niece. IV—King invades the royal park, meets the prince and is presented to the lad's fascinating Aunt Lor-

aine. V—The committee of ten, conspirators against the prince, meets in an underground chamber, where the girl Olga is disclosed as one who is to kill Prince Robin with a bomb. VI—John Tullis calls on the beautiful Countess Ingomede, who warns him that her hated and notorious old husband, Count Marlanx, is conspiring against the prince. VII, VII, IX and X—King visits the house of the witch of Ganlook gap and meets the royal household there. He sees an eye gleaming through a crack in a door, and while searching for the person he is overpowered and dragged into a loft. He is confronted by Count Marlanx and then taken to the underground den of the committee of ten. XI—Olga defends King before the committee of anarchists. XII—Lorraine is brought to the den and thrown into the same room with King. XIII—King falls a jailer, dons his clothing and, disguised, carries Lorraine into a boat at night in which several of the anarchists are about to depart. XIV—King manages to get Lorraine, whom he loves, ashore, and they hide in a freight car. XV—Olga waits on a street corner with a bomb to kill Prince Robin as he passes in a parade. King and Lorraine are carried off into the country in the car. They start back in an ox cart and warn the prince when almost in front of the girl Olga.

CHAPTER XVI THE THROWING OF THE BOMB.

THE scene that followed beggars all description. A score of men and horses lay writhing in the street; others crept away screaming with pain; human flesh and that of animals lay in the path of the frenzied, panic stricken holiday crowd; blood mingled with the soft mud of Regenetz circus, slimy, slippery, ugly!

Olga Platanova—there was nothing left of her! We draw a veil across the picture of Olga Platanova after the bomb left her hand. No one may look upon the quivering, shattered thing that was once a living, beautiful woman.

Down in an alley below the tower a trembling, worn team of oxen stood



THE DESPERATE AMERICAN TOSSED HER INTO THE COACH.

for a day and night, awaiting the return of a master who was never to come back to them. God rest his simple soul!

Truxton King picked himself up from the street, dazed, bewildered, but unhurt. The revolutionists had begun the assault on the paralyzed millions of the government.

He looked back toward the gory entrance to the circus. There was Marlanx, mounted and swinging a saber on high. Ahead was a mass of carriages, filled with the white faced, pained prey from the court of Graustark. From somewhere near the spot where Olga Platanova fell came a harsh, penetrating command:

"Cut them off! Cut them off from the castle!"

It was his cue. He dashed into the street and ran toward the carriages, shouting with all his strength:

"Turn back! It is Marlanx! To the castle!"

Then it was that he saw the prince. The boy was standing on a seat on the royal coach of state, holding out his eager little hands to some one in the thick of the crowd that surged about him. He was calling some one's name, but no one could have heard him.

Truxton's straining eyes caught sight of the figure in gray that struggled forward in response to the cries and the extended hand.

"Aunt Lorraine! Aunt Lorraine!" He now heard the name the boy cried with all his little heart.

Two officers struck at the uncouth, desperate American as he lifted the girl from the ground and deliberately tossed her into the coach.

"Save him! Save Truxton King!" From the sidewalks swarmed well armed hordes of desperadoes, firing wildly into the ranks of devoted guardsmen. Truxton fled from the danger zone as fast as his strained ankle would permit him. Bullets were striking all about him.

Some one was shouting his name behind in the scurrying crowd. He turned for a single glance backward. Little Mr. Hobbs, pale as a ghost, his cap gone, his clothing torn, was panting at his elbow.

Soldiers came riding up from behind, turning to fire from their saddles into the throng of cutthroats, led by the grim old man with the bloody saber. In the center of the troop there was a flying carriage. The Duke of Perse was lying back in the seat, his face like that of a dead man.

"The prince is safe!" shouted King joyously. "They'll make it! Thank God!"

Colonel Quinnox turned in his saddle and searched out the owner of that stirring voice.

"Come!" he called.

Even as King rushed out into the roadway a horseman galloped up from the direction of the castle. He pulled his horse to his haunches almost as he was riding over the dodging American.

"Here!" shouted the newcomer, scowling down upon the young man. "Swing up here! Quick, you fool!"

It was Vos Engo, his face black with fury. Quinnox had seized the hand of Mr. Hobbs on seeing help for King and was pulling him up before him. There was nothing for Truxton to do but to accept the timely help of his rival. An instant later he was up behind him and they were off after the last of the dragoons.

"If you don't mind, count, I'll try my luck," grated the American. Holding on with one arm, he turned and fired repeatedly in the direction of the howling crowd of rascals.

"Ride to the barracks gates, Vos Engo!" commanded Colonel Quinnox. "Be prepared to admit none but the royal reserves, who are under standing orders to report there in time of need."

Over his shoulder Vos Engo hissed to his companion: "It was not idle heroics, my friend, nor philanthropy on my part. I was commanded to come and fetch you. She would never have spoken to me again if I had refused."

"She! Ah, yes, I see! She did not forget me!" cried Truxton.

"Understand, it is not for you that I risk my life."

"I understand," murmured Truxton, a wry smile on his pale lips. "You mean, she is going to pay you in some way for picking me up, eh? Well, I'll put an end to that. I'll drop off again. Then you can ride on and tell her—I wouldn't be a party to the game. Do you catch my meaning?"

"You would, eh?" said the count angrily. "I'd like to see you drop off while we're going at this!"

"I've got my pistol in the middle of your back," grated Truxton. "Slow up a bit or I'll scatter your vertebrae all over your system. Pull up!"

"As you like," cried Vos Engo. "I've done my part. Colonel Quinnox will bear witness." He began pulling his horse down. "Now you are quite free to drop off."

Less than a hundred yards behind loped a riderless horse. The dragoon who had sat the saddle was lying far back in the avenue, a bullet in his head. Hopping to the middle of the road, the American threw up his hands and shouted briskly to the bewildered animal. Five seconds later King was in the saddle and tearing along in the wake of the retreating guard.

"We need such men as King!" KING WAS IN THE CRIED Colonel QUINNOX AS HE WAITED INSIDE THE GATES FOR THE WILD RIDER.

General Braze, with a few of his men, bloody and heartick, was the last of the little army to reach safety in the castle grounds.

The fortress, with all guns, stores and ammunition, was in the hands of the Iron Count and his cohorts.

Baron Dangloss had been taken prisoner with a whole platoon of fighting constables. This was the last appalling bit of news to reach the horrified, disorganized forces in the castle grounds.

A wise as well as a cruel man was Marlanx. He lost no time in issuing a manifesto to the stunned, demoralized citizens of Edelweiss. Scores of criers went through the streets during the long, wretched afternoon, announcing to the populace that Count Marlanx had established himself as dictator and military governor of the principality pending the abdication of the prince and the beginning of a new and substantial regime. All citizens were commanded to recognize the authority of the dictator.

Toward evening, after many consultations and countless reports, Marlanx removed his headquarters to the tower. He had fondly hoped to be in the castle long before this.

The cells and dungeons in the great old tower were now occupied by bruised, defeated officers of the law. Baron Jasto Dangloss, crushed in spirit and broken of body, paced the blackest and narrowest cell of them all.

the very spot on which Olga Platanova died. An old man began haranguing the constantly growing crowd. In the group might have been seen most members of the committee of ten.

In the midst of his harangue the hand of William Spantz was arrested in one of its most emphatic gestures.

Peter Brutus was approaching at the head of a group of aliens, all armed.

"One moment!" called out Peter Brutus, lifting his hand imperatively. The speaker ceased his mouthings.

"Count Marlanx desires the immediate presence of the following citizens at his office in the tower. I shall call off the names." He began with William Spantz. The name of each of his associates in the committee of ten followed.

Ten minutes later every member of the committee of ten, except Peter Brutus, was behind lock and bar, together with their shivering associates, all of them dumbly muttering to themselves the awful sentence that Marlanx had passed upon them.

"You are to die at sunset. Graustark still knows how to punish assassins. There is no room in Graustark for anarchy. I shall wipe it out today."

"Sir, your promise!" gasped William Spantz. "We are your friends—the true party of—"

"Enough! Do not speak again! Captain Brutus will send criers abroad to notify the citizens that I, Count Marlanx, have ordered the execution of the ringleaders in the plot to dynamite the prince, at sunset in the square. Away with the carrion!"

Then it was, and not till then, that the committee of ten found him out! Then it was that they came to know Peter Brutus:

The unrecognizable corpse of Olga Platanova had been buried in quicklime outside the city walls. There was something distinctly greswome in the fact that half a dozen deep graves were dug alongside hers hours before death came to the wretches who were to occupy them.

At 8 o'clock the Iron Copnt coolly sent messengers to the homes of the leading merchants and bankers of the city. They, with the priests, the doctors, the municipal officers and the manufacturers, were commanded to appear before him at 5 o'clock for the purpose of discussing the welfare of the city and its people.

Marlanx stated his position clearly. He left no room for doubt in their minds. The strings were in his hands. Without hesitation he informed the leading men of the city that he was to be the Prince of Graustark.

"I will rule Graustark or destroy her. Those of you who do not expect or desire to live under my rule, which, I promise you, shall be a wise one, may leave the city for other lands," he said calmly, "just as soon as my deputies have completed the formal transfer of all your belongings to the crown treasury—all, I say, even to the minutest trifle. Permit me to add in that connection, gentlemen, the transfer will not be a prolonged affair."

They glared back at him and subsided into bitter silence.

"I am well aware that you love little Prince Robin. Now, respecting young master Robin, I have no great desire to kill him."

handful, less than 300 men all told, counting the wounded. Count Marlanx heads an army of several thousand. He—

"He wants to get in here so he can kill me. Is that so, Colonel Quinnox?" The prince was very pale, but quite calm.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way, your—"

"Oh, I know! You can't fool me! I've always known that he wants to kill me. But how can he? Nobody can. He ought to know that. He must be awful stupid."

"We must get word to Tullis!" cried several in a breath. A dozen men volunteered to risk their lives in the attempt to find the American in the hills. Two men were chosen—by lot. They were to venture forth that very night.

"My lords," said the prince as the council was on the point of dissolving, "is it all right for me to ask a question now?"

"Certainly, Rob—"

"HE'S SAFE, YOUR HIGHNESS," said the prime minister.

"Well, I'd like to know where Mr. King is."

"He's safe, your highness," said Quinnox.

"Well, you run in and tell Aunt Lorraine this minute that Mr. King sends his love to her and begs her to rest easy. See if it doesn't cheer her up a bit."

At night two attempts were made by Haddan and another subaltern to leave the castle to reach Tullis, but both sorties proved failures. A day later Marlanx sent two men under a flag of truce to offer his infamous ultimatum. His offer of a safe conduct of the prince to America was refused, for the inmates of the castle knew full well the count would doom the lad to instant death if he should get him in his possession.

A single distant volley at sunset had puzzled the men on guard at the castle. They had no means of knowing that the committee of ten and its wretched friends had been shot down like dogs in the public square. Peter Brutus was in charge of the squad of executioners.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW RULES COMMITTEE.

Representative Currier Reports the Resolution Naming the Committee and It is Adopted by viva Voce Vote of the House—Dalzell Chosen Chairman by Strict Party Vote. Washington, March 25.—By a unanimous vote the House today adopted a resolution, naming a committee on rules, composed of six Republicans and four Democrats, in pursuance of the provisions of the Norris resolution.

Mr. Currier of New Hampshire reported a resolution naming as a committee on rules Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Walter I Smith of Iowa, Boutwell, of Illinois, Lawrence of Massachusetts, Fassett of New York, Smith of California, Republicans, and Clark of Missouri, Underwood of Alabama, Dixon of Indiana and Fitzgerald of New York, Democrats.

After a brief discussion, which made it a matter of record that the members named in the session had been selected in party caucuses, the House by a viva voce adopted the resolution.

Soon after the election of the "reformed" rules committee, the members retired to the ways and means committee room and proceeded to organize. Mr. Dalzell was chosen chairman as had been expected. Five Republicans voted for Dalzell and three Democrats for Champ Clark, both Mr. Dalzell and Mr. Clark refraining from voting.

There was a brief informal discussion about the future work of the committee by several members, but nothing was determined upon.

The selection of the new rules committee means the loss of \$1,000 annually to L. White Busby, secretary to speaker Cannon, who was clerk of the old rules committee and drew that amount in salary as clerk. The new committee will have a new clerk.

—We are sending out a few sample copies of each issue of The Gazette now. If one falls into your hands and you are not a subscriber, we ask that you examine it carefully and ask yourself candidly if it would not be worth \$1.50 to have the paper come to your address 104 times a year. If you reach such a conclusion, why not send us a check or money order for that amount and let us send it to you twice every week?

A dispatch from Atlanta says the women of the Southern Methodist Church are preparing for the battle in the coming quadrennial conference at Asheville, N. C., for a recognition in the Church. They are demanding the same rights granted to laymen in the councils of the Church and their organization is confident that their demands will be granted.