

DR. FRANCIS S. PACKARD

OF GREENSBORO, N. C.

Expert Physician, Surgeon and Specialist

Will visit Gastonia on Wednesday, April 13th.

Hotel Falls House, and every month thereafter

One Day Only - Returning Every Four Weeks

British Canadian Medical Expert, Surgeon and Diagnostician.

Dr. Packard has been educated in and graduated from the best hospitals and colleges of Europe and America.

Special Examiner United States Pension Bureau.

Consultation and Examination Free, Invited & Strictly Confidential.

No cases taken or treated without a personal examination consultation or interview.

No mail order business done or correspondence solicited.



Consultation & Examination at all times FREE and Invited.

I cure or stay cured every case I take for treatment. Surgical cases treated without operation or suffering. Without Ether or Chloroform, without detention from Business or Pleasure. This North Carolina Doctor, registered and licensed by the State for the Cure of all Nervous, Special and Chronic Diseases of Men, Women and Children. Treats all his Patients in person. No hired Assistants to split the responsibility. He treats the following Diseases only: All Nervous Diseases such as Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Migraine, Nervous Debility, Spinal Irritation, Hysteria, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Fits or Falling Sickness, Chorea, Dizziness, Bileptis, Headache of Migraine, Heart Disease like palpitation, general Weakness or sinking spells, Diseases of the Blood or like Anemia, Scrofula Eruptions, Ulcers, Tumors, Growths, Swellings, Pimples, etc. He wants to meet all sick persons who suffer from Chronic Constipation, Obstruction, Intestinal Irritation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Ulceration or Dilatation of the Stomach or Intestines, Hernia, Rupture of the Bowels, Appendicitis, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Stricture, Gonorrhea, or any other disease of the Urinary System, Sexual Impotence, weakness or irritability, Diseases of the bladder, Catarrh in all its forms, Purulent, discharging or Dry Catarrh of the Bladder, Trachea, Lungs or Bronchial tubes, Stomach, Bladder, Kidney or Systemic. This enemy of the human race. He is now able to cure in a short time by an original and new method of Osmosis or absorption. Asthma in all its forms. Consumption of the lungs in all its stages. A Cure guaranteed if in the early stages, before destruction of tissue has set in. Deafness caused by it. I have cured frequently in 30 minutes. Sometimes accompanied by Headaches. Cured to stay Cured. Diseases of Women, Uterus, or Ovarian are most successfully treated. Displacements in any form are immediately reformed in a very few minutes.

Medical Expert in Treatment of Chronic Diseases of Men, Women and Children.

Dr. Packard has made more remarkable cures in the Southern States than any living physician.

No incurable cases taken or treatment.

All cases taken for treatment will be guaranteed a cure.

I see all patients in person. No substitutes or assistants employed or trusted.

Minors without their parents or wives without their husbands will not be admitted to consultation unless accompanied by their legal physician.

ward, more majestic race, and toward the middle of the twentieth century we shall see magnificent couples, such as those which astonished the Roman conquerors in the barbarian provinces at the time of Caesar."

But you are mistaken. It is not the race which is growing taller. It is woman—woman alone. Her companion remains stationary, or is even inclined to grow smaller. Thus the difference in height, which was the pride of the masculine sex, is little by little disappearing. When the average woman shall be five feet eight or even five feet ten, the masculine sex shall have lost this advantage for good and ever, and the young man will have to look up to meet his sweetheart's eye.

The Up-to-date Butcher. affny Ledger.

A butcher who cannot convince a buyer that a four-year-old rooster is spring chicken, or cut a porter house steak from a link of bologna, isn't up to the twentieth century ruff.

Mr. J. Z. Green, who has been editor and proprietor of Our Home, Asheville, since its establishment eighteen years ago, has sold his interest in that paper to Messrs. L. E. and J. B. Huggins. Mr. L. E. Huggins will edit the paper, and he is of a new man in the editorial chair or he has been for the past year or more doing the editorial work of Our Home and has in every way made good. Mr. Green, who has made a success as a newspaper man, will devote his time to farming and editing The Carolina Union Farmer.

There is right much talk about Baxter Shemwell and his shooting. After all there seems to be only one question involved and that is "what's the use of having a law if you do not enforce it?"—Franklin Times.

TRUXTON KING A Story of Graustark By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON Copyright, 1909, by George Barr M'UTCHEON Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company SYNOPSIS. CHAPTER I—Truxton King arrives in Edelweiss, capital of Graustock, 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 Lorraine. 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, VIII, 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 anar-chists. 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 anachists 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. XVI—The bomb is thrown, but the prince escapes to the castle. Marlanx is in control of the city. XVII and XVIII—King goes from the castle to notify Tullis of the prince's danger, Tullis being absent in the hills with a force of soldiers. He finds Tullis

CHAPTER XIX. THE RETURN.

FROM the highlands below the Monastery Captain Haas and his men were able to study the situation in the city. The impracticability of an assault on any one of the stubborn, well guarded gates was at once recognized. A force of 700 men, no matter how well trained or how determined, could not be expected to surmount walls that had often withstood the attack of as many thousands. The wisdom of delaying until a few thousand loyal though poorly armed countrymen could be brought into play against the city appeared at once to Prince Dantan and John Tullis.

Squads of men were sent without delay into the hills and valleys to call the panic stricken, wavering farmers into the fold. John Tullis headed the company that struck off into the well populated Ganlook district. Marlanx, as if realizing the nature of the movement in the hills, began a furious assault on the gates leading to the castle. The watchers in the hills could see as well as hear the conflict that raged almost at their feet, so to speak.

The next morning Captain Haas announced to his followers that Marlanx had begun to shell the castle. Big guns in the fortress were hurling great shells over the city, dropping them in the park. On the other hand, Colonel Quinnox during the night had swung three Gatling guns to the top of the wall; they were stationed at intervals along the wall, commanding every point from which an assault might be expected.

That night recruits from the farms and villages began to straggle into the camp. They were armed with rifles, ordinary shotguns and unique blunderbusses, swords, staves and aged lances. All were willing to die in the service of the little prince. By the close of the second day nearly 3,000 men were encamped above the city. Late that night John Tullis rode into camp at the head of a great company from the Ganlook province. He had retaken the town of Ganlook, seized the fortress and recruited the entire fighting strength of the neighborhood. More than that, he had unhindered and conveyed to the provisional camp two of the big guns that stood above the gates at the fortress.

Marlanx trained two of his big guns on the camp in the hills. From the fortress he threw many futile shells toward their place of shelter. They did no damage; instead of death, they brought only laughter to the scornful camp. Under cover of night the two Ganlook cannons were planted in a position commanding the southeastern city gate. It was the plan of the new besiegers to bombard this gate, tearing it to pieces with shot.

The knowledge that Marlanx had no big guns except those stationed in the fortress was most consoling to Tullis and his friends. He could not destroy the castle gates with shells, except by a purest chance. He could drop shells into the castle, but to hit a gate twenty feet wide? Never!

Truxton King was growing haggard from worry and loss of sleep. He could not understand the abominable, criminal procrastination. He was of a race that did things with a dash and on the spur of the moment. His soul sickened day by day. John Tullis, equally unhappy, but more philosophical, often found him seated upon a rock at the top of the ravine, an unlighted pipe in his fingers, his eyes intent upon the hazy castle.

"Cheer up, King. Our time will come," he was wont to say. Then came the night before the proposed assault on the gates. The guns were in position, and the cannonading was to begin at daybreak. Truxton was full of the bitterness of doubt and misgiving. Was she in love with Vos Engo? Was the count's suit progressing favorably under the fire of the enemy? Was his undoubted bravery having its effect upon the wavering susceptibilities of the distressed Lorraine?

The sound of a voice in sharp command attracted his attention. There was a bright moon, and Truxton could see other pickets hurrying to join the first. A few moments later several trespassers were escorted through the lines and taken directly to headquarters—a man and two women. King observed.

John Tullis was staring hard at the group approaching from the roadway. One woman walked ahead of her companions. Suddenly he sprang forward with a cry of amazement. It was the Countess Ingomede.

Her arrival created a sensation. In a moment she was in the center of an amazed circle of men. Tullis, after his first low, eager greeting at the edge of the fire circle, drew her near to the warmth giving flames. Prince Dantan and Captain Haas threw rugs and blankets in a great heap for her to sit upon. Every one was talking at once. The countess was smiling through her tears. "Make room for my maid and her father. They are colder and more fatigued than I," she said, lifting her tired, glorious eyes to John Tullis, who stood beside her. "We have come from Balak. They suffered much that I might enjoy the slender comforts I was so ready to share with them."

"Thank God, you are here!" he said in low, intense tones. She could not mistake the fervor in his voice nor the glow in his eyes. "I knew you were here, John. I am not going back to Count Marlanx. It is ended."

"I knew it would come, Ingomede. You will let me tell you how glad I am some day."

"Some day, when I am truly, wholly free from him, John. I know what you will say, and I think you know what I shall say in reply." Both un-

derstood and were exalted. No other word passed between them touching upon the thing that was uppermost in their minds.

Food was provided for the wayfarers, and Tullis' tent was made ready for the countess and her maid.

The countess' story was soon told. Sitting before the great fire, surrounded by eager listeners, she related her experiences. She had been seized on the night of the ball as she started across her father's garden, and escape had become possible only through the aid of Josepha and the girl's father. Farmers' wives told them of the newly formed army and of its leaders. She determined to make her way to the camp of those who would destroy her husband, eager to give them any assistance that her own knowledge of Marlanx's plans might provide.

One bit of information she gave created no end of consternation among the would be deliverers of the city. It had the effect of making them all the more resolute; the absolute necessity for immediately regaining control in the city was forced upon them. She told them that Count Marlanx had lately received word that the Grand Duke Paulus was likely to intervene before many days, acting on his own initiative, in the belief that he could force the government of Graustark to grant the railway privileges so much desired by his country. Marlanx realized that he would have to forestall the wily grand duke. If he were in absolute control of the Graustark government when the Russian appeared he, and he alone, would be in a position to deal with the situation.

"The grand duke may send a large force of men across the border at any time," said the countess in conclusion. "Count Marlanx is sure to make a decisive assault as soon as he hears that the movement has begun. He had hopes of starving them out, thus saving the castle from destruction, but as that seems unlikely his shells will soon begin to rain in earnest upon the dear old pile."

Truxton King was listening with wide open ears. As she finished this dreary prediction he silently arose to his feet and, without a word to any one, stalked off in the darkness. Tullis looked after him and shook his head sadly. "I'll be happy on that fellow's account when daybreak comes and we are really at it," he said to Prince Dantan, who knew something of King's affliction.

But Truxton King was not there at daybreak. When he strode out of the camp that night he left it behind forever.

The unfortunate lack of means to communicate with the occupants of the castle had been the source of great distress to Captain Haas. If the defenders could be informed as to the exact hour of the assault from the outside they could do much toward its speedy success by making a fierce sortie from behind their own walls. A quick dash from the castle grounds would serve to draw Marlanx's attention in that direction, diminishing the force that he would send to check the onslaught at the gates.

Truxton King had all this in mind as he swung off down the mountain road, having stolen past the sentries with comparative ease. The danger from Marlanx's scouts outside the city was not great; they had been scattered and beaten by Haas' recruiting parties. He stood in more danger from the men he would help, they who were the watchful defenders of the castle.

It must have been 2 o'clock when he crossed the king's highway, a mile or more above the northern gates, and struck down into the same thick undergrowth that had protected him and Hobbs on a memorable night not long before.

At 3 o'clock a dripping figure threw up his hands obligingly and laughed with exultation when confronted by a startled guardsman inside the castle walls and not more than fifty yards from the water gate. He shouted a friendly cry as he advanced toward the man, calling out his own name.

Ten minutes later he was standing in the presence of the haggard, nerve racked Quinnox, pouring into his astonished ears the news of the coming attack. The colonel lost no time in routing out the sleeping guardsmen and reserves and in sending commands to those already on duty at the gates.

When the sun peeped over the lofty hills he saw inside the gates a restless, waiting company of dragoons ready for the command to ride forth. Meantime King had crossed the grounds with Colonel Quinnox on the way to the castle. He was amazed, almost stupefied, by the devastation that already had been wrought. A dozen or more balls had crashed into the facade, yawning fissures, gigantic holes, marked the path of the ugly messengers from Marlanx. Nearly all of the windows had been wrecked by riflemen who shot from the roofs of palaces in and about the avenue. Two of the smaller minarets were in ruins. A huge pillar in the lower balcony was gone. The terrace had been plowed up by a single ricocheting shell.

"Great God!" gasped King. "It is frightful!" "They began bombarding yesterday afternoon. We were asked to surrender at 3 o'clock. Our reply brought the shells, Mr. King. It was terrible. After the first two or three shells we found places of shelter for the prince and his friends. They are in the stone tower beyond the castle. The most glorious courage is shown. Count Vos Engo guards the prince and the ladies of the household. Alas, it was hunger that we feared the most. Today we should have resorted to horse's flesh. There was no other way. We knew that relief would come some day. John Tullis was there. And now it is

today! This shall be our day, thank God!"

Attendants sped to the tower, shouting the battle tidings. The prince came tumbling down the narrow iron stairs from his room above, shouting joyously to Truxton King. No man was ever so welcome. He was besieged with questions, handshakes and praises. Even the Duke of Perse, hobbling on crutches, had a kindly greeting for him. Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks when King told him of his daughter's safe arrival in the friendly camp.

But just now Truxton was staring at the narrow staircase. Vos Engo and Lorraine were descending slowly. The former was white and evidently very weak. He leaned on the girl for support.

Count Halfont offered the explanation. "Vos Engo was shot last week through the shoulder. He is too weak to give up, as you may see. It happened on the terrace. There was an unexpected fusillade from the house-tops. Eric placed himself between the marksmen and Miss Tullis. A bullet that might have killed her instantly struck him in the shoulder.

King never forgot the look in Lorraine's eyes as she came down the steps. Joy and anguish seemed to combine themselves in that long, intense look.

She gave him her hands. The look in her tired eyes went straight to his heart. Vos Engo drew back, his face set in a frown of displeasure.

"My brother?" she asked, without taking her gaze from his eyes.

"He is well. He will see you today."

"And you, Truxton?" was her next question, low and quavering.

"Unharmful and unchanged, Lorraine," he said softly. "Tell me, did Vos Engo stand between you and the fire from the—"

"Yes, Truxton," she said, dropping her eyes as if in deep pain.

"And you have not—broken your promise to him?"

"No; nor have I broken my promises to you."

"He is a brave man. I can't help saying it," said the American, deep lines suddenly appearing in his face. Swiftly he turned to Vos Engo, extending his hand. "My hand, sir, to a brave man!"

Vos Engo stared at him for a moment and then turned away, ignoring the friendly hand. A hot flush mounted to Lorraine's brow.

Vos Engo's response was a short, bitter laugh.

(To be continued.)

Bloodine Ointment Itching and Bleeding Cures Piles, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Rash, Dandruff and Falling Hair. Mrs. H. W. Allen, Gaffney, S. C., says: "I have used Bloodine Ointment for Eczema and find it a most effective remedy."

ABERNETHY-SHIELDS DRUG CO., SPECIAL AGENTS.

SPRING.

(Written for The Gazette.) How welcome is lovely spring. After winter with all its gloom; How sweet the breeze From the budding trees, And the flowers' sweet perfume.

The birds are with us again; And their melody makes us glad, As their clear sweet notes On the still air float, The heart forgets to be sad.

All nature is busy and gay, As if beginning life anew. From the oak on the hill, To the grass by the rill, All are striving their work to do.

Dame Nature a lesson hath taught, On waking from her winter's sleep; That the work of our youth Is indeed and in truth, To sow, for others to reap.

The ox will feast on the tender grass, And rest in the oak's broad shade. Birds nestled 'mong the boughs, May list to love's vows, When the day is beginning to fade.

We should use the means God has given, For good—though we may not hope to see; But that those who shall come, After we have gone on, May find the world better than we.

Then do in the spring time of life, Whatever the hands may find; And He who stands guard, Will surely reward, According to His All-wise mind.

—MRS. E. O. WEBB.

Ex-Governor Glick, of Kansas, and the only Democrat ever chosen chief executive of that State, is seriously ill in Lakeland, Fla., having a broken hip and weak action of the heart.

SEABOARD AIR LINE

SCHEDULE.

These arrivals, departures and connections with other companies are given only as information. Schedule taking effect February 6, 1910, subject to change without notice.

Trains leave Charlotte as follows: No. 40, daily, at 5:00 a. m., for Monroe, Hamlet and Wilmington, connecting at Monroe with 33 for Atlanta, Birmingham; with 38 for Raleigh, Weldon and Portsmouth. With 66 at Hamlet for Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, New York.

No. 133, daily, at 10:35 a. m., for Lincolnton, Shelby and Rutherfordton.

No. 44, daily, at 5 p. m., for Monroe, Hamlet, Wilmington and all local points, connecting at Hamlet with 43 for Columbia, Savannah and all Florida points.

No. 47, daily, at 4:45 p. m., for Rutherfordton and all local points. No. 132, 7:15 p. m., connecting at Monroe for all points North, carries Portsmouth sleeper.

Trains arrive in Charlotte as follows: No. 133, 9:50 a. m., from all points North, brings Portsmouth sleeper.

No. 45, daily, at 11:55 a. m., from Wilmington and all local points North.

No. 132, 7 p. m., from Rutherfordton, Shelby, Lincolnton and C. & N. W. Railway points, Johnson City. No. 46 arrives 10:30 a. m., from Rutherfordton and all local stations.

No. 39, daily, at 10:50 p. m., from Wilmington, Hamlet and Monroe; also from points East, North and Southwest, connecting at Hamlet and Monroe.

Cafe cars on all through trains. Ticket office Selwyn hotel.

All trains run daily. For further information call on or address James KER, JR., T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

H. S. LEARD, D. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.

C. B. RYAN, G. P. A., Portsmouth, Va.

A Correction.

Two young men from Yorkville, well loaded with whiskey, were driving two wild horses last Sunday morning and collided with a bicycle down at the Holland place on the Yorkville road. When the dust cleared away the horses were loose from the buggy, the tongue was turned back under the buggy and the men were on their heads in front of the buggy. No one was

hurt.—Gastonia Gazette, March 29.

Editor of The Gastonia Gazette:

The foregoing paragraph is probably intended to refer to us, as we had the misfortune to collide with a bicycle at the time and place mentioned with results more or less inconvenient and fearsome; but we assure you that we were not "loaded with whiskey," or in any sense boisterous or disorderly, and we hope you will print this in justice to us for the benefit of any of your readers who may feel inclined to further inquire into the identity of the people described.

Respectfully, W. H. MATTHEWS, J. L. TEMPLETON, Yorkville, S. C.

Not a Dull Line in It.

Of "Cherub Devine," The Gazette's serial story which will begin in an early issue, The Chicago Evening Post has this to say: "Cherub is closely related to Shorty McCabe and the family likeness is strong. He is up to the minute in slang, quick witted, wholesouled and of the kind which the sporting editor would say, 'will not be denied.' He is a stock market millionaire who buys the country seat of an aristocratic family broken in fortune. On taking possession he finds hidden away in a wing of the mansion part of this family and—a girl. She undertakes to teach him to be a 'gentleman.' In describing the process Mr. Ford delivers himself of excellent satire on the ideas some people have of the signification of that word and their views of unpolished manliness."

Women Growing Taller.

Marcel Prevost, in The New York American.

Strange news comes to us from England. Women are growing.

This does not mean that the sex is widening its sphere of influence or that women are strengthening their hold upon society, nor that they are developing intellectually, but that they are ever growing taller than they used to be. Not this or that particular woman, but the whole sex in general or at least women in civilized countries. The average woman is steadily growing taller. Young girls of from fifteen to eighteen are even now three inches taller than their mothers. In 1895 the average height of a young girl was only five feet three inches. Now she is at least five feet five, and the growth continues. "So much the better," you may say. "This is making a more ro-