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Schneider's Greater Store

THAT "GROUNDHOG FOOD."

Mr. Smith Defends Himself Against Attacks of Messrs. Dixon and Huffstetler—Is Willing to Have the Six Candidates for Sheriff Pass on the Quality of His Cabbage and Will Abide by the Result.

To the Editor of The Gazette:

I notice in last Tuesday's issue of your paper that Mr. H. C. Huffstetler, substitute carrier on rural route No. 3, has been to see you with a specimen of vegetable which he called "Groundhog Food;" that he claimed it was grown by Mr. Jonas Dixon from a cabbage plant given him (Dixon) last fall by this writer. Now it is news to me that Mr. Dixon got any cabbage plants from me last fall, either given or otherwise. If Mr. Dixon got any cabbage plants from my place last fall he got them without the knowledge of me or any member of my family.

Perhaps you do not know all there is behind the question that Mr. H. C. H. and J. D. seem to be so deeply interested in. It is not this little weed or "groundhog food." In the language of the street, they have "got it in for me." They are sore and that bad too, and I will tell you some of the reasons why. Then I think you will understand why they are after me. To begin with last fall Mr. H. C. H., by way of conversation, told me he was going to order some cabbage plants. I informed him that I had a bed of several thousand and that I would sell them to him. No, he says, I would rather have the salt water plant (if anybody knows what that meant please tell us) than the ones that I had. As my disposition is always, when I find one of those fellows who will write a long letter to Rears & Snow-buck or Sears & Roebuck which ever it is for a box of shoe tacks priced in the catalogue at 4 cents, put two cents on the letter and add 2 more for return postage, making 8 cents in all, when he could have gotten them right here at home for 5 cents, I always let them alone. I don't know whether he got his cabbage plants from Mr. Shears & Sawbuck or not, rather think he did, and I believe when I am through with him you will think so.

But let's not lose Mr. Dixon from the game. Let's take him along, too. I also talked to him about selling him some plants, but he said no, he did not set out cabbage in the fall, or words to that effect. Consequently I sold him no plants. I let him alone, also. I think he had salt water plants in his head, too. But later, about the first of February, he came to me and told me he wanted some of my cabbage plants. Well, I had a few left over, so I let him have 350 plants (and did not give them to him either). Later, about the middle of March, I asked him how his plants were doing. He

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Eaten in every country; eaten by infants, athletes, young and old.

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Delicious and economical. Packed in regular size packages, and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.

informed me the he had not set them out yet (now mind you, a month and a half had passed and the plants were not reset). He said that he had a hired hand that was to set in work for him pretty soon and that he was waiting on him to set them out for him. Are you surprised at the results? Are you surprised that he has developed something and don't know what it is? And I want to tell him right now that the best plan for him would be to buy the cabbage from some one else who has it for sale and not be bothered trying to raise it, for I can see right now that he is not able physically to raise it himself.

Now as to Mr. H. C. H. and his Stears & Goebuck or salt-water plants. He comes along past my house about the 15th of March. I was out looking over my garden. "Well," says he, "you have the finest cabbage I have seen any where this year," (and I think he was telling the truth). "Well," says I, "how are your salt water plants doing?" Then as he looked at mine I noticed he began rubbing his eyes. He says, "let me tell you, I ordered 12,000 of those salt water plants and if there is one living I cannot find it" (Think of it, will you, 12,000 salt-water plants dead). I am going up town now," says he, "to order 14,000 more salt-water plants." So I expect he is going to be a little late with his spring cabbage, even if they are salt-water plants.

So I have come to the conclusion that if Mr. Groundhog has to depend on these two gentlemen for his food the public (who believe in ground-hogs) need not have any fear of him seeing his shadow and going back in his den, for he will be so poor he cannot make a shadow. Now it seems to me that Mr. H. C. H. ought to learn a good lesson in this case; that is, if he cannot raise his own plants the next best thing is to buy the Gaston county product and let Sears & Roebuck and his salt-water plants alone. Then and not until then will he be able to successfully raise "Groundhog Food" or any other kind of food.

There is something else behind this besides what I have already mentioned. Mr. H. and Mr. D. have a weather prophet that has given them considerable trouble this spring. He lives south of Gastonia, some where on R. F. D. No. 3. You remember Dr. Sloan and myself informed the public that spring had arrived the first week in March, (and we have stood pat). Well, here comes Mr. H. and Mr. D. proclaiming to the whole country that Dr. Sloan and myself were mistaken, that their weather prophet had furnished them with proof of the contrary and that they would stand pat on what he said in regard to the weather. Let's see whether he made good or not. He said that March was going to be a very bad month, that is the weather. In fact, it was to be worse than January and February in one respect that is he claimed that it would be a very wet and sloppy one. Now we are not surprised at this weather prophet's dismal forecast. Really, we did not expect anything better. But I am surprised at Mr. H. and Mr. D. to think that they would go about telling people that we were to have such weather as this and notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Sloan and myself had told them that it was all over, and more than that, they want to contend yet that the weather was very bad during March. On the other hand, everybody else will tell you that it has been the most beautiful weather we have had in years.

In conclusion, Mr. H. and Mr. D. I will make this proposition to those that bought cabbage plants of me

(you two excepted) and they did not give satisfaction. Tell them to come to me and I will make good and I want you to try Mr. Rears—Snow-buck or who ever you got yours from and see if he will do that much for you. I feel sorry for you, but you are to blame. You wouldn't listen to me. Not boasting, but I believe I have the finest cabbage in Gaston county, and I am going to leave it to six of the best men in the county to say whether I have or not, namely, our six candidates for sheriff. I know they have seen more cabbage patches than any other six men in the county. T. C. SMITH.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—A large number of farmers were in town today to get their supplies of guano for cotton planting. No less than 86 wagons from all sections of the county were lined up at the farmers union warehouse in East Gastonia yesterday morning, so The Gazette is informed. In fact so large was the demand that the supply gave out and many were compelled to return to their homes without any fertilizer.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield of Charlotte Will Be in Gastonia at the Falls House THURSDAY, APRIL 28th One Day Only

His practice is limited to the medical and surgical treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and Fitting Glasses.

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TRUXTON KING

A Story of ...Graustark By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS. CHAPTER I—Truxton King ar-

ives in Edelweiss, capital of Graustock, and meets the beautiful niece of Spants, 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, 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 tells 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. 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. XIX—King returns to the castle again, risking his life.

CHAPTER XX. THE LAST STAND.

SOON after 5 o'clock a man in the topmost window of the tower called down that the forces in the hills were moving in a compact body toward the ridges below the southern gates.

One hundred picked men were to be left inside the castle gates with Vos Engo, prepared to meet any flank movement that might be attempted. Three hundred mounted men were selected to make the dash down Castle avenue straight into the camp of the sharpshooters. It was the purpose of the house guards to wage a fierce and noisy conflict off the avenue and then retire to the castle as abruptly as they left it, to be ready for Marlanx should he decide to make a final desperate effort to seize their stronghold.

The dash of the 300 through the gates and down the avenue was the most spectacular experience in Truxton's life. He was up with Quinnox and General Braze, galloping well in front of the yelling troops. These mounted carabineers, riding as Bedouins, swept like thunder down the street, whirled into the broad, open arena beyond the duke's palace and were upon the surprised ruffians before they were fully aware to the situation.

They came tumbling out of barns and sheds, clutching their rifles in nerveless hands, aghast in the face of absolute destruction. The enemy, craven at the outset, threw down their guns and tried to escape through the alleys and side streets at the end of the common. Firing all the time, the attacking force rode them down as if they were so many dogs.

After ten or fifteen minutes of this desultory carnage it was reported that a large force of men were entering the avenue from Regenetz circus. Quinnox sent his chargers toward this great horde of foot soldiers, but they did not falter, as he had expected. On they swept, 2,000 or 3,000 of them. At their head rode five or six officers. The foremost was Count Marlanx.

Quinnox saw now that the Iron Count was determined to storm the gates and gave the command to retreat. Waving their rifles and shouting defiance over their shoulders, the dragons drew up, wheeled and galloped toward the gates.

Scarcely were the massive portals closed and the great steel bars dropped into place by the men who attended them when a low, dull explosion shook the earth as if by volcanic force. Then came the crashing of timbers, the cracking of masonry, the whirling of a thousand missiles through the air. Before the very eyes of the stunned, bewildered defenders, dismounting near the parade ground, the huge gates and pillars fell to the ground.

The gates had been dynamited. Then it was that Truxton King remembered. Marlanx's sappers had been quietly at work for days drilling

from the common to the gates. It was a strange coincidence that Marlanx should have chosen this day for his culminating assault on the castle. The skirmish at daybreak had hurried his arrangements no doubt, but none the less were his plans complete. The explosives had been laid during the night. The fuses reached to the mouth of the tunnel across the common. As he swept up the avenue at the head of his command, hawk faced and with glittering eyes, he snarled the command that put fire to the fuses.

A moment later his vanguard streamed through the aperture and faced the deadly fire from the driveway.

At last they began to advance across the grassy meadow. When one man fell under the fire of the guardsmen another rushed into his place. Three times the indomitable Graustarkians drove them back and as often did Marlanx drag them up again, exalted by the example he set.

"God, he is a soldier!" cried Truxton. "Hello! There's my friend Brutus. He's no coward either. Here's a try for you, Brutus."

He dropped to his knee and took deliberate aim at the frenzied heathman. The discovery that there were three bullets in Brutus' breast when he was picked up long afterward did not affect the young man's contention that his was the one that had found the heart.

The fall of Brutus urged the Iron Count to greater fury. His horse had been shot from under him. He was on his feet, calling to his men to follow him as he moved toward the stubborn row of green and red. Bullets hissed about his ears, but he gave no heed to them.

The commander of the guard gave the command to fall back slowly toward the castle.

Firing at every step, they crossed the parade ground and then made a quick dash for the shelter of the long balconies. Marlanx, down in the parade ground, was fairly pushing his men into the jaws of death.

Truxton King's chance to pay his debt to Vos Engo came after one of the fiercest, most determined charges. The young count had been fighting desperately for some time. His weakness seemed to have disappeared. As the foe fell back in the face of desperate resistance Vos Engo sprang down the steps and rushed after them, calling others to join him in the attempt to complete the rout. Near the edge of the terrace he stopped. His leg gave way under him, and he fell to the ground. Truxton saw him fall.

He leaped over the low balustrade, dropping his hot rifle, and dashed across the terrace to his rival's assistance. A hundred men shot at him.

"It's my turn!" shouted the American. "I'll square it up if I can. Then we're even!"

He seized the wounded man in his strong arms, threw him over his shoulder and staggered toward the steps.

"Release me, curse you!" shrieked Vos Engo, striking his rescuer in the face with his fist.

"I'm saving you for another day," said King as he dropped behind the balustrade with his burden safe.

There were other witnesses to Truxton's rash act. In a lofty window of the north wing crouched a white faced girl and a grim old man. The latter held a rifle in his tense though feeble old hands. Now and then the old man would sight his rifle and fire. The girl who crouched beside him was there to designate a certain figure in the ever changing mass of humanity on the bloody parade ground. Her clear eyes sought for and found Marlanx; her unwavering finger pointed him out to the old marksman.

She saw Vos Engo fall. Then a tall, well known figure sprang into view, dashing toward her wounded lover. Her heart stopped beating. With her hands to her temples she leaned far over the window ledge and



"YOU ARE SHOT!" SHE CRIED. "TRUXTON! TRUXTON!"

screamed—screamed words that would have filled Truxton King with an endless joy could he have heard them above the rattle of the rifles.

The corner of the building had shut out the picture. It was impossible for her to know that the man and his burden had reached the balcony in safety. Even now they might be lying on the terrace, riddled by bullets. The old man roused her from the stupor of dread. He called her name. Dully she responded. Standing bolt upright in the window, she sought out the figure of Marlanx and pointed rigidly.

"Ab," groaned the old man, "they will not be driven back this time!"

They will not be denied. It is the last charge! God, how they come! Our men will be annihilated in—Where is he? Now! Ah, I see! Yes, that is he! He is near enough now. I cannot miss him!"

Marlanx was leading his men up to the terrace.

At the top of the terrace the Iron Count suddenly stopped. His long body stiffened and then crumpled like a reed. A score of heavy feet trampled on the fallen leader, but he did not feel the impact.

A bullet from the north wing had crashed into his brain.

"At last!" shrieked the old man at the window. "Come, Miss Tullis; my work is done."

"He is dead, your grace?" in low, awed tones.

"Yes, my dear," said the Duke of Perse, a smile of relief on his face. "Come, let me escort you to the prince. You have been most courageous."

A group of terrified women were huddled in the far corner of a nearby room. The Duke of Perse held open the door for Lorraine Tullis, but she did not enter. When he turned to call she was halfway down the top flight of stairs, racing through the powder smoke toward the landing below.

At every step she was screaming in the very agony of gladness:

"Stand firm! Hold them! Help is coming! Help is coming!"

A last look through the window at the end of the hall had revealed to her the most glorious of visions.

Red and green troops were pouring through the dismantled gateway, their horses surging over the ugly ground riffs and debris as if possessed of the fabled wings.

Her brother was out there, and all was well. She was crying the joyous news from the head of the grand stairway when Truxton King caught sight of her.

He was powder stained and grimy. There was blood on his face and shirt front.

"You are shot!" she cried, clutching the post at the bend in the stairs. "Truxton! Truxton!"

"Not even scratched!" he shouted as he reached her side. "It's not my"— He stopped short even as he held out his arms to clasp her to his breast. "It's some one else's blood," he finished resolutely. She averted toward him, and he caught her in his arms.

"I love you—oh, I love you, Truxton!" she cried over and over again. He was faint with joy. His kisses spoke the adoration he would have cried out to her if emotion had not clogged his throat.

"Eric," she whispered at last, drawing back in his arms and looking up into his eyes with a great pity in her own. "Is he—Is he dead, Truxton?"

"No," he said gently; "badly hurt, but—"

"He will not die? Thank God, Truxton. He is a brave—oh, a very brave man!"

Leaderless between the deadly fires, the mercenaries gave up the fight after a brief stand at the terrace.

The prince reigned again.

(To be continued.)

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