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Schneider's GREATER STORE

Wagons Buggies



Wagons Buggies

We take this method to inform the public that we have doubled the capacity of our plant so as to take care of our growing business. Our business has grown beyond our expectation, and we are thankful to our patrons who so kindly entrusted their business to us and helped us to make our business what it is.

We want you to know that we are the only people in town who are prepared to build you just the kind of wagon that you want on short notice.

We give special attention to repainting and repainting all kinds of buggies, hacks, etc. We employ only men who are skilled in their particular lines of work, therefore we can give you the best for the money. We are better prepared to do your repairing than anybody in the county.

Shoing is a specialty with us. Send us your work. We can furnish any and all parts of buggies, as we keep in stock tops, dashes, whip-sockets, etc.

Rubber tires, none but the best, furnished and put on neatly. Prices reasonable. GIVE US A TRIAL.

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J. H. Coffey Wagon Works
North Marietta Street : : Gastonia, N. C.

EVENTS AT ERSKINE.

Year Now Closing One of the Most Successful in History of the College—Erskine Students Win Honors in Oratory and Athletics.

Correspondence of The Gazette.

DUE WEST, S. C., May 8.—This has been a remarkably successful season for Erskine College. Friends of the college everywhere are extremely gratified at the showing the institution has made. Erskine began her good record by opening with a large student body in September and by going directly to the work of the year. The work was facilitated by the fact that text books were purchased in the summer, thereby obviating the usual delay of ten days for procuring texts.

It was in November that Erskine began to add to her list of trophies by defeating the fast tennis teams from the colleges of South Carolina in the inter-collegiate tourney held on Erskine campus. Messrs. Grier and Watson, of the Erskine team, won the handsome silver cups given by the city of Greenville to the winner of the annual meet. Erskine won the cups in both singles and doubles, and this was the third time she had done the same. Later in November the same team defeated the fast tennis team from Davidson College, composed of Messrs. MacClintock and Crawford.

Yesterday, May the seventh, the college baseball team completed the most successful season Erskine has yet had. She played a total of sixteen games, winning thirteen and losing three. Perhaps the most re-

markable feat of the past season was the winning streak against Clemson College. Erskine took three games out of four from the Clemson team. Two of these games were played on the occasion of the State Oratorical Contest at Greenwood, in the latter part of April.

It was at this oratorical contest that Mr. M. G. McDonald, a son of Judge McDonald, of Wainsboro, represented Erskine and took the second medal in a competitive contest against the speakers of the different colleges of the State. Mr. McDonald spoke on the "Crusade Against Christianity," pointing out the dangers that lie in the modern philosophy which some would make take the place of true religion. Although the subject has received considerable comment in recent years, notably by Mr. Bolce in his magazine articles on "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," Mr. McDonald put much fresh thought and life into his speech. Altogether, it was one of the best speeches, certainly from the standpoint of English composition, that an Erskine man has presented at Greenwood. The reason Erskine didn't win the first medal lay in the fact that another of the sons of "Hardin" took the first honor. It will be remembered that Mr. Grady Hardin, the brother of Messrs. Edward K., James and L. L. Hardin, is from Clover. He is the third brother to take first honor at Greenwood. Erskine is blessing her stars, so to speak, that there will not be another of the family at Greenwood next year, unless indeed Mr. L. L. Hardin, our friend in Gastonia, lets the books of the Arlington go for a

season and goes down to Wofford to represent his college, just to keep the medal in the family. On the whole the contest this year at Greenwood was a success—for Erskine, indeed, a great success; for she sent to Greenwood a good baseball team, a good speaker, and a good delegation of students.

This leads us to another story. Two of the students of Erskine, both of them from western States, walked from Due West to Greenwood and back in a day. The whole distance is 40 miles. The Charleston News and Courier rightly thinks that young men with the zeal and pluck which these students showed will have no trouble getting along in the world. The boys left Due West at 4 a. m. on the down trip. On returning they left Greenwood at midnight, reaching Due West in time for breakfast. It is not known whether the dormitory cooks found enough for them to eat or not.

The High Cost of Living.

Increases the price of many necessities without improving the quality. Foley's Honey and Tar maintains its high standard of excellence and its great curative qualities without any increase in cost. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes.—J. H. Kennedy & Co.

Asheville has let contracts for street paving to the Atlantic Bitulithic Paving Company and the Southern Paving and Construction Co., of Chattanooga. The Atlantic Co. will pave 20,000 yards and the Chattanooga company 8,000 yards.

Saves an Iowa Man's Life.

The very grave seemed to yawn before Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Iowa, when, after seven weeks in the hospital, four of the best physicians gave him up. Then was shown the marvelous curative power of Electric Bitters. For, after eight months of frightful suffering from liver trouble and yellow jaundice, getting no help from other remedies or doctors, five bottles of this matchless medicine completely cured him. Its positively guaranteed for Stomach, Liver or Kidney troubles and never disappoints. Only 50c at all drug stores.

The twelfth annual meeting of the North Carolina Bar Association will be held at Wrightsville Beach June 28-30.

Foley's Kidney Pills contain concentrated form ingredients of established therapeutic value for the relief and cure of all kidney and bladder ailments.—J. H. Kennedy & Co.

Subscribe for The Gazette.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER IX.

ON Friday the countess received this communication from Mr. Devine: "Wait. Coming up tonight. Important."

As a result Hewington Acres hummed with anticipation. What could it mean? What had happened? What was going to happen?

Eppings was certain that Mr. Devine was bringing home some titled guest, possibly a duke or a lord, and he prepared dinner accordingly. The countess was puzzled. Even Mr. Hewington emerged from his study and wanted to know why every one seemed so disturbed.

"It's because of Mr. Devine, sir," said Eppings. "He's coming up on a special train, sir, and I must see about the table at once, sir."

Surely the particular frame of mind which Mr. Devine had conjured up for himself was quite worthy of a better audience than he gave it, although he was neither serene nor filled with confident joy. But he was very much alive. He bubbled, sparkled, scintillated. His mental faculties, never dull, were at their keenest. His spirits seemed to be lashed by a veritable storm of animation, one moment soaring to kiddy heights, the next sinking to dark depths.

Young Mr. Walloway, who was his sole companion, was somewhat disgusted with this illogical behavior. Much against his will he had been dragged from his office to accompany the Cherub just when there was much work to be done.

"Oh, the railroad boys, Nick! Lots of time to attend to that. Forget it."

Yet now that they were well started

toward Hewington Acres the Cherub evinced a desire to talk, although the precise topic at which he was aiming was not clear. It was unrelated to railroads, for the opening was of an intimate and personal nature.

"Nick, you rascal," he suddenly exclaimed, "why aren't you married?"

"Why aren't you, Cherub?" he retorted.

"Me?" Mr. Devine affected to be profoundly surprised at such a question. "Now, come, Nick, what sort of a fine woman would have Cherub Devine?"

"You're too modest, Cherub. You underrate yourself. I suppose you never tried?"

"Never had a chance, my boy. Why, see here, Nick, there's never been a time in all my life that I've had even a speaking acquaintance with a real good woman, such as you know by the dozen—that is, leaving out the last few days, of course. Now, with you it's been different. You've had a chance to pick and choose."

"Ah, have I?"

Cherub Devine caught the subdued note of pain in the quick rejoinder.

"You don't mean, Nick, that you got a turn-down?"

Brusque as were the words, they carried a message of sympathetic feeling which rang true, and that was the quality which made so many friends for Cherub Devine. Young Mr. Walloway was certainly not the one to make offhand confidences, but he nodded his head in assent.

Unexpectedly finding himself an intruder on private grounds, Mr. Devine curbed his buoyancy and gazed with embarrassed emotion at the proprietor thereof.

"Oh, well," he observed, "maybe you're just as well off. Guess it was some time ago, when you were young and vealy, eh?"

"I was a young ass, if that's what you mean," cynically responded Nicholas. "I was too sure of her and played the fool. You see, we were youngsters together, playmates. It was one of those affairs that everybody understood was settled from the time we were a dozen years old. I took it as a matter of course that I was the only person she could ever care for. In time she resented it, and before I knew it I had lost her."

"Went off with some one else, did she?"

Again young Mr. Walloway inclined his head. He got up, took a seat on the other side of the car and unfolded a newspaper.

It was less than an hour's ride at best, but before it was half over Cherub Devine was consulting watch and time table and had again shifted his seat to the forward chair, where he could watch for the name boards on the stations.

Perceiving this unusual agitation of a mind normally free from such disturbances, you might suspect that Mr. Devine was about to make some great venture. It was a fact. His plans, however, were somewhat vague. About the only definite part of his program was his decision to turn himself out of house and home immediately upon reaching Hewington Acres. This detail was already prepared. The Countess Vecchi should buy back the place at her own terms. She now had the means, and he was well assured of her desire to do so.

Small wonder, then, that Cherub Devine in a brief period of time forgot all about the revived wretchedness

ahead the lighter smile. Nick was a good fellow and all that, but if he chose to mope inactive in the background let him stay there. He (Cherub Devine) would show him how to play the game boldly—perhaps how to win.

And then came the thought. Would that be absolutely just to the Countess Vecchi? She and Nicholas had been spongy on each other for years, and she must have liked Nick. He was a likable fellow, clean, sturdy, substantial, one of her own class, and—oh, the Cherub winced at that—one whom she would call a gentleman. Yes, Nick would measure up to all her demands as to what a gentleman should be.

And had it been really she who had broken off the match, or was it due to the ambitious plans of her father? Then after she had come back, humbled in spirit, the Hewington fortune dissipated, had she perhaps held Nick at arm's length because of her pride? Was this the reason of his seeming inaction? Had he been all the time waiting in the hope that some day she would relent, and might she not do so, now that in some measure her fortune had been restored? Ought not she to have the chance? Was not the opportunity for a free choice due to her? Shouldn't Nick have another show too?

Floundering through some such maze of reasoning, the Cherub at last came to this brilliant conclusion, with only a faint suspicion that he was about to make an astonishing chump of himself. He even experienced a glow of satisfaction as he hastily mapped out his new program. You would almost have thought by the cheerful manner in which he laid it before young Mr. Walloway that he thought he was attaining a long desired end.

"Well, Nick," he began, this time giving young Mr. Walloway due warning of his approach, "we're almost there. Now, the first thing on the docket is for you to fix up this business about the house with the countess."

"I?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Why, sure! You know her better than I do. You go up and have a talk with her; tell her how you sold the stocks and what she can buy back the property for."

"But—but—why don't you?"

"Me! Oh, I've got to skip back to town on this train. Just wanted to get you started straight. You can do it so much better than I can, being one of her own kind, and all that. Aren't afraid of the countess, are you?"

"Why, no. But see here, Cherub—"

"Now, that's all right, Nick. You can do this fine. But say, you call me up on the phone at my hotel tonight and let me know how you come out, eh? Don't forget that, about 9 o'clock. Just give me a line on how she takes it and so on. You'll have some report or other to make, I'll bet. Needn't make too much of my share in the business. Just talk like I'd handed it over to you, as I have. You're equal to that job, aren't you?"

Now, just what sort of mental process went on in the brain of Nicholas Walloway it would be vain to try to trace. He was a complex product whose character had been molded not only by circumstances of birth and breeding, but by the strong stamp of heredity.

He was a young man chiefly distinguished by a reserved stiffness of manner, a quality which often inspires a confidence that obvious genius fails to command. If, in hesitating to accept the advantage offered him by the impulsive Mr. Devine, he was troubled by problems of an ethical nature, he allowed them to be easily swept away. For many months he had wanted to see the Countess Vecchi. Earnestly he had wished for a chance to talk to her alone, and now this very opportunity was thrust upon him.

"Well, Cherub, if you think you had better leave this to me, why, I!"

"Good! And don't forget about calling me up tonight to let me know what luck you have."

No hint of this altered program, of course, had reached Hewington Acres, so it happened that when Timmins finally did bring up the lathered cobs with a fine flourish the whole household was assembled to witness the Cherub's much heralded return.

The Countess Vecchi had at the last moment abandoned her angelic pose and yielded to curiosity. Mr. Hewington was even more eager to learn what it was all about. Mr. Devine never knew just what he missed by backing out.

In his stead there stepped from the carriage Mr. Nicholas Walloway, outwardly cool and self possessed, but secretly very much at loss to know just how he should proceed. For a moment he regarded the expectant group with some astonishment. Then Mr. Hewington voiced the common thought in one question:

"Why, Nicholas, where is Mr. Devine?"

"Mr. Devine is on his way back to town."

"But he sent word"—began the countess, only to be stopped by Mr. Walloway's hasty explanation.

"He has asked me to transact some business with you, countess. Might I—er—"

And he glanced significantly at the door.

The Countess Vecchi promptly led him into the library.

"Well, Nicholas?" she asked.

Mr. Walloway had seated himself at the library table and was sorting some documents. It had been years since she had called him Nicholas. Well, this was an auspicious beginning. He smiled indulgently, straightened his shoulders and placed his finger tips together in a judicial manner. It was rather an effective pose, indicating the patiently receptive mood of a superior mind.

"My dear Adele"—

"Mr. Walloway!" The Countess Vec-

chi could be a most explosive young person, and her brown eyes could simulate indignation very convincingly.

"But—but you called me Nicholas," he protested.

"I didn't call you my dear Nicholas, did I? I want to know why Mr. Devine sent you instead of coming himself."

Mr. Walloway proceeded to state not at all in the way he had meant to put it his errand. He told the countess the amount for which the stocks had been sold and of her opportunity to buy back Hewington Acres. The Countess Vecchi heard him with widening eyes.

"And I really have all that?"

"The check is drawn for the full amount, I believe, less the brokerage commission. Here it is." A little awed, she accepted the slip of pink paper and stared at it incredulously.

"You are sure there's no mistake?"

Mr. Walloway was quite sure. He explained that the shares had brought \$1,000 each and that there were a hundred of them.

"I don't in the least understand," said the countess, referring once more to the check, "but I hope that whoever paid that much for them could afford—why, here is Mr. Devine's name."

"Yes, he bought the shares, and he could well afford to at that price."

"Could he? Oh, and those horrid men you were talking about! Did he smash them?"

Mr. Walloway indulged in a faint smile.

"He did smash them."

"But did he smash them hard—as hard as I told him to?"

"He made a very thorough job of it—quite thorough."

"Oh, goody!" The Countess Vecchi's hands were shut tight; her little figure was held very erect; her eyes were alight with exultation.

(To be continued.)

What Everybody Wants.

Everybody desires good health which is made possible when the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, and a serious illness may be averted. Foley's Kidney Remedy will restore your kidneys and bladder to their normal state and activity.—J. H. Kennedy & Co.

John H. Converse, former president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, died suddenly last Tuesday at Philadelphia.

For More Than Three Decades.

Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. For infants and children it is best and safest as it contains no opiates and no harmful drugs. None genuine but Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Refuse substitutes. J. H. Kennedy & Co.

Mr. Robert L. Gray, one of the State's best-known newspaper men, has retired as editor of The Wilmington Star to become chief editorial writer on The Virginian, at Richmond.

Will Promote Beauty.

Women desiring beauty get wonderful help from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It banishes pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils. It makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures sore eyes, cold sores, cracked lips, chapped hands. Best for burns, scalds, fever sores, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at all drug stores.

The Senate last Monday confirmed the nomination of Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, to succeed the late Justice David J. Brewer on the United States Supreme Court bench. Mr. Hughes will take the oath of office in the fall before the next sitting of the court.

Shall Women Vote?

If they did, millions would vote Dr. King's New Life Pills the true remedy for women. For banishing dull, fagged feelings, backache, colds, imparting appetite and toning up the system, they're unequalled. Easy, safe, sure. 25c at all drug stores.

Mail Carrier With a Record.

Greensboro Patriot.

Frank Day, of Jonesville, Yadkin county is the champion mail carrier of the State and ought to be placed on the retired list and given a pension for the balance of his life. At the age of 14 years he lost his right arm. The year after the war closed he secured a job as mail carrier on the route from Elkin to Huntsville, a distance of 25 miles, and he has been in the service ever since, traveling a distance of 87,648 miles. During these 45 years of service he never burst a mail lock, was never more than 15 minutes behind schedule time and more than half the time was made on foot. He is now 60 years old and still tramps the road three times each day, except Sunday, from Elkin to Jonesville. Correspondence of The Gazette.



THE PICTURE WAS A LIKENESS OF THE COUNTESS VECCHI.

of young Mr. Walloway. A question suddenly occurring to the Cherub, he abruptly walked back to where young Mr. Walloway still sat, intently gazing at something he held shielded in his two hands. It was nothing more than the gold oval which he wore as a watch fob. Dozens of times the Cherub had seen it dangling from the breast pocket of Nick's coat without specially remarking it. Now he noted that it was really a locket, for it was open. Glancing carelessly over Nick's shoulder, he saw it contained a picture, a miniature on ivory. And the picture on which young Mr. Walloway was gazing with such rapt pathos was a likeness of the Countess Vecchi. And in an instant it was made clear to him that the woman whom Nicholas Walloway had loved and lost and still continued to love was the Countess Vecchi.

Fortunately Mr. Devine had not spoken, and the roar of the car wheels had withdrawn. Then he sat down to ponder on the situation. Quite abruptly the Cherub now came upon the realization of his own purposes. He was a little staggered by the discovery of his audacity, but this was no new sensation. His audacious flights were always more or less of an impromptu nature. In a moment he was smiling confidently, as was his custom when once he had decided upon a line of action, however unpromising might be the future. The heavier the clouds