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Perfect Millinery is what we have—That is saying a great deal, but we have it perfect style, in material and in workmanship. In fact; perfection in millinery is reached in onr millinery department. Whether the hat is priced at \$4, \$5 or \$10, you secure splendid values.

Suits, waists and skirts, strictly high-class tailored skirts and suits for every occasion, dainty light-colored and light weight woolen skirts, also dark-colored skirts of voile, panama, in fact every kind. Prices from \$2.50 to \$10.00.

Our line of dress goods is the most complete of any stock carried in town as well as the latest. Our Goods cannot be matched in quality as well as prices. See us before buying.

Schneider's GREATER STORE

NOTICE.

The regular meeting of the Gastonia Chapter U. D. C., Club will be held with Mrs. D. A. Garrison Friday afternoon at 2:30. All members are urgently requested to be present.

MRS. R. C. WARREN, Sec.

CARD OF THANKS.

I take this method to thank all my friends and supporters in Gaston county who so loyally came to my aid in Saturday's primary. While failing to secure the nomination for sheriff my defeat is made easy by the realization of the fact that I have in the county such a large num ber of loyal friends.

W. N. DAVIS.

Mr. J. J. Mullis Dead.

Mr. J. J. Mullis, a Confederate veteran and a highly esteemed citizen of Riverbend township, residing on route two, Mount Holly, died Sunday morning at 2 o'clock. The "funeral and burial took place yesterday at Mount Holly, the services being conducted by the pastor of the deceased, Rev. D. E. Vipperman. Surviving the deceased are his widow, five sons and one daughter.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

If You Have it, Read This Letter-Mi-o-na is Guaranteed.

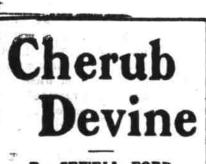
"I was taken last August with a severe stomach trouble. The doctor said it was nervous dyspepsia. I took his treatment four weeks, but did not feel any better. I took everything I heard of. The first day of December, 1908, I got a box of Mi-o-na. I took them that aftermoon and the next day and haven't had one bit of pain in my stomach since the 2nd of December. I took five boxes. Feel well now, and "sleep good."-Mrs. M. E. Maxfield, R. F. D. 2, Avoca, N. Y.

MI-O-NA is surely the best prescription for indigestion ever writ-

It relieves after dinner distress, burn, etc., in five minutes.

It is guaranteed to permanetnly eure indigestion, acute or chronic, or any disease of the stomach or money back.

MI-O-NA stomach tablets are sold by J. H. Kennedy & Co. and leading druggists everywhere at 50 cents a large box. M6-20.



By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER XIII. HAT would have been the emotions of Cherub Devine could be have known that the Countess Vecchi had risen before the sun was fairly up for the purpose of interviewing his pris-

decima The Countess Vecchi was beginning to wish that she badn't come, after all. Who could say what sort of prisoner she might be on the point of rousing? A man who was Cherub De-



"HELLO, HELLO!" CALLED THE COUNTESS.

vine's rival for some woman's affections, so her father had as good as said, but she could not believe that now. Perhaps the man was a criminal or a dangerous lunatic. The countess shrank away from the padlocked door and glanced anxiously about. It might have been wiser to have waited until later and then insisted upon Timmins coming with her.

But, no, she felt that she wanted no witnesses to this interview. Suppose her father's version should be correct? The countess lifted a determined chin and stepped briskly up to the heavy door. She doubled up one fist and tried to make a noise by hammering the wood. This was a failure, Then she looked around for a small stone, found it, wrapped her handkerchief about one end and proceeded to evoke a series of loud thumps. This proved effective, for an instant later she heard a creaking as of wire springs, and a beiching of gas, foul breath, heart- sleep laden voice murmured some indistinct reply,

"Hello, hello!" called the countess, rapping again with the stone.

"Go away. I don't want my breakfast now. I-I"- Then came a pro-

longed yawn. "I haven't brought you breakfast," said the countess a little impariently.

"I just want to know why you are in our icehouse." This was sufficient to bring the un-

known to his feet. "What-why-well, I like that! What am I doing in your icehouse, eh? Do you suppose I-I-a-a-at-choo-o-o-o! A-a-a-atchoo-o-o-o! There, blast it! Do you imagine I would lock myself in such a hole from choice? Say, who the deuce are you out there anyway?" "Never mind who I am," retorted the countess, "but please tell me who you

"Oh, ho! So that's it, eh? Well, you wait a minute, will you, until I-I"-But another sneezing ht interrupted this sentence. When it was over the countess heard him moving something against the door and was soon conscious that some one was gazing at her through the auger holes. She thought she could distinguish a smoth-

ered exclamation of surprise, "Well," she observed, "can you see

"Oh, yes; quite well, thank you!" "But you don't know any more about who I am than before, do you?"

"Don't L though?" And the auknown chuckled. "You're the Countess "Humph!" said the countess. "That's

"Is it? Then I dare you to deny that you aren't. Come, am I not right, my dear Adele?"

The countess started and tossed her head angrily.

"It doesn't matter in the least about my name. Perhaps you will tell me why you are in there.' "A stout, pink faced person who is

widely known. I believe, as Cherub Devine locked me in." "Ah!" The countess did not mean

to allow this exclamation to be audi-

"So he hasn't told you about it yet, eh?" commented the unseen prisoner. "Stupid of me, wasn't it, to allow him to trick me so easily? You wait! Your Mr. Devine is going to regret that he was so clever."

"But why did he do it?" "You might have guessed anyway. There's a lady in the case."

"A-a lady!", gasped the countess. "Some one that—that Mr. Devine"-

"Exactly. I found out only recently." The arched lips of the Countess Vecchi were pressed tightly together; her chin was held very firmly. Although she could see nothing but the auger holes in the thick door, she stared at

"And you." she went on, after a pause-"you are interested in her also?"

"Naturally," came the rejoinder. "But why should Mr. Devine wish

explain all that. When he found that I happened to be the lady's husband he decoyed me here and locked me un."

"Oh, ob-her husband! I don't believe a word of it, not a word! Itit's a mistake, all a mistake. Why should you think that Mr. Devine cares enough for her to-to be so unjust to you as this?"

"Only because he as good as told me so himself. You see, my wife and I have been living apart. He thought I was dead. When I appear he finds me in the way. So he locks me up. But if there's any mistake I wish you'd point it out to Mr. Devine. Think there is, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know what to think." The Countess Vecchi was determined to hold back her tears at the unexpected revelations, though, until she had put a few more questions. They

were the ones she had been longing to

ask from the first. "This-this other- No; I mean this lady of whom you speak-is she young?"

"Just twenty-three."

"My own age." thought the countess. Then she added aloud, "And she is quite pretty, I suppose?"

"Oh, she's pretty enough. But it's chiefly her cute ways which make her fascinating to men."

"Oh!" The countess caught her breath sharply. "Then she is fascinating? Is she a blond?"

Not a bit-lovely dark hair, big dark eyes. Her eyes are her strong

"Oh, I see!" commented the countess, then to herself: "It's because I look something like her. And she's young and fascinating. Humph!"

"Glad I could tell you about her." observed the prisoner, "but if you don't mind I think I'll climb down off this cot. It's rather rickety, and I feel another sneezing fit coming on. Was there anything more?"

"I beg your pardon," she said earnestly. "Listen. You must go away from here at once."

"Nothing would please me better, but I can't crawl through these holes."

"I know, and I haven't a key to the padlock. But I shall get one. If I can't get the key I shall demand that you be set at liberty. I'll go to my father, to Mr. Devine, and"-

"Oh, I wouldn't bother them about it. Just you say nothing at all, but find the key, undo the lock and then slip away. Perhaps you'd better wait until afternoon."

"But it's such a shame, keeping you shut up here like a criminal."

"That's so. I told them it was an outrage. And I've caught a frightful cold for. Think you can find the key, don't you?"

"I'm sure f can. I'll send Timmins on an errand and look in his desk." "I'm greatly obliged, you know.

You're a trump. It's mighty good of

"It isn't at all. I couldn't do less, and if I ever speak to Mr. Devine again it will be only to tell him what I think of such cruel treatment. Good-

by. I'm going now." "Goodby and good luck," came faintly through the air holes in the door.

Perhaps it was best that the countess could not see the grimare of satisfaction which accompanied the words as she departed to get the key to that padlock on the icehouse door.

Thus it happened something after this fashion: The time was late afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock, when the golden nuttimn day was about to end in a blake of sapphire light that was soon to fade into an empty arch of turquoise blue. The Countess Vecchi was reading on the upper veranda. It had become well understood in the servants' wing that the brief but disturbing reign of that Devine person was over. Twice he had impudently offered his hand wild fortune to the Countess Vecchi, and twice he had been scornfully refused. The parlor maid knew will the details.

Just how Timmins appeared up the left carriage drive. He was on foot and leading a half grown Jersey calf. He had been sent to purchase the calf from the Wilbur-Tremway's head dai-

ryman. Suddenly the Icehouse door swung gently outward on its hinges, while a man, wearing a wrinkled frock coat and a silk hat whose luster was somewhat dimmed by a drapery of cobwebs, stepped cautiously out. Next he glanced in the direction of the

Above the shrubbery he could see only the roof and the dormer windows of the upper story, but apparently he was satisfied. Then he turned and looked toward the stables. No one was in sight there, but the man in the silk hat shook his fist at the sunset reddened windows,

Had he cast a glance directly behind him he would have seen Timmins and the calf just coming into view over the crest of a little rise in the rolling driveway. But he cast no such glance. Evidently he knew of only one exit from Hewington Acres, the right gateway, by which he had entered, and he at once struck a businesslike gait in making for it.

The discreet Timmins was both startled and puzzled. He did not wish to shout and alarm the folks in the house, for that would reveal the secret of the prisoner. Neither did he wish to release the calf. Yet he could not stand there and watch the man escape. That would never do. What would Cherub Devine say? Timmins' sharp little eyes narrowed menacingly. With the free end of the rope he gave the Jersey calf a smart whack on the ribs, rudely rousing it from its peaceful promenade. The calf jumped ahead. So did Timmins. Yanking and whacking, running and leaping, the pair of them careered impetuously across the velvety lawn, crashing through shrubbery, dodging between trees and making a straight course for the right hand driveway.

We have all we can manage to picture the consternation of the escaping prisoner when he saw himself headed off by this incongruous tandem. No doubt he instantly recognized Timmins as his jailer, for after a moment's astouished hesitation he doubled on his

In spite of his lack of knowledge of the geography of the grounds, the fleeing prisoner was not to be caught easlly. He dashed down one of the garden paths. So the placid meditations of Mr. Hewington, who was in the garden, were interrupted by the noise of rapidly approaching footsteps. The next moment he had a glimpse of an individual in a frock coat who was sprinting toward him at top speed.

Involuntarily Mr. Hewington raised his arms and stepped directly into the middle of the path. That was quite sufficient. The runner dug his beels into the gravel, checked his flight long enough for one dazed look and promptly dashed into a clump of golden glow, reappearing to the view of Timmins a second later headed toward the house. Evidently the man was bewildered or else he would not have failed to observe the by no means inconspicuous figure of Mrs. Timmins looming large in the kitchen door.

"Stop 'im. Maggie! Stop 'im!" shouted Timmins, abandoning all secrecy now.

Mrs. Timmins was not one to wait for explanations at such a time. Timmins wanted somebody stopped, and stopped he should be. With surprising agility she got her huge bulk in motion and moved imposingly and at right angles upon the refugee. As she did this Timmins, dragging the calf and followed by Mr. Hewington, closed in on the other side. But the bossie was tired of the game or else he was winded. He no longer bounded merrily upon his wabbly legs, now ahead, now just behind Timmins. He stuck his forefeet straight out and

sawed balkily at the lead rope. This left a gap of some ten yards in the line of offense, and through it the hunted man bolted bravely, the tails of his frock coat fluttering a taunting salute as he spurted toward freedom. The sedate Eppings was just in time to view the escape with open mouth and staring eyes.

"Tyke after 'im, you blooming chump!" screamed the disgusted Timmins. "W'y don't you tyke after "im ?"

Thus exhorted, the butler did break into a stiff trot, which was so patently ineffective that Timmins might have laughed had the occasion been less serious. As it was, he only gasped out an exclamation of disapproval, threw the calf's lead rope to Mr. Hewington, with the suggestion, "Here, you 'old 'im, governor," and darted after his prisoner.

Do you wonder, then, at the amazement of the Countess Vecchi when into the calm of the sunset hour burst this animated procession-first, a man swinging a silk hat in his right hand and panting as he ran; next, Timmins, his elbows close to his sides and his jaw thrust out in approved Marathon style; third, Mrs. Timerins, very red of face and her ample chest billowing up and down like a stormy sea, but getting over the ground quite rapidly; fourth, Eppings, his solemn eyes almost popping out of his head. and at the rear her father, vainly trying to urge the reluctant calf into a

livelier gaft? The face between Timmins and his elusive prisoner was progressing very prettily. They were keeping to the driveway now, and the smooth macadam offered fine footing. At once there came to the ears of all concerned the sharp, imperious honk-honk of an automobile horn.

The next instant a big red car whiried in through the gates and at sight of the advancing procession in the roadway was brought to a sudden stop. From the back seat of the tonneau stepped forth Cherub Devine. It was the most dramatic and opportune entrance he had ever made in all his

career. The panting fugitive halted, stared apprehensively at the Cherub, then cast a burried look over his shoulder at Timmins. Quickly be made his choice. Turning like a flash, he dodged Timmins neatly. Another moment

and he had circled around Mrs. Tim-

Perhaps he would have been doubling and dodging yet had there not occurred a diversion. The calf in its excitement had begun running in a circle and had wound Mr. Hewington up with the rope so that he could move neither hands nor feet. Mr Hewington was loudly calling for Ep-

Just then, however, it was Eppings' turn to try stopping the prisoner. He was already jumping from one side of the road to the other in order to confuse the enemy when Mr. Hewington's cries for assistance distracted his attention from the game. Years of training showed there. Eppings abandoned his post and started for his master. A yell of rage from Timmins reached his ears. Eppings saw the fugitive about to speed past him. For a second be besitated. Then, unlimbering his long legs and throwing discretion to the winds, he hurled himself headlong across the road, wrapped his long arms midway about the frock coat, and, amid a cloud of dust, captor and captive came desperately

As such things go it was rather a stirring finish-for it was all over.

"As fine a tackle as I ever saw made," declared the Cherub. "Eppings, you're a winner. But how did it all happen? How did he get out?"

The Countess Vecchi, who, with the help of Mrs. Timmins, had separated Mr. Hewington from the calf, came up just in time to hear this question

"I think I can best answer Mr. Devine," said she, with just a suspicion of sarcasm in her tone. "It was I who released this gentleman from the icehouse. Timmins, will you please step one side?"

"But, miss, 'e's such a"-"Timmins!" reproved the countess. "You want to let him go, do you, countess?" queried the Cherub. "I do."

"Then scoot," and Cherub Devine pointed a chubby, thumb over his "Thanks," said the ex-prisoner, and,

with a faint grimace in the very face of the baffled Timmins, he started off. Not until he had disappeared a ound the first curve of the driveway was a word spoken. Then Cherub Devine, who had been regarding the averted face of the countess with a whimsica! look in his blue eyes, broke the spell.

why we had him shut up in"-"I understand perfectly," said the countess. "He told me all about it

"Oh, then you had a talk with him,

"I did." The countess was looking steadily at him, and she paused as if to invite criticism of her action.

The Cherub shrugged his shoulders. He was beginning to realize that something more than the mere escape of this Count Vecchi had occurred.

Could there have been a reconciliation? The Cherub could not credit

"I expect he didn't tell you, though, just why I got so interested in him. did he?" and Mr. Devine favored the countess with one of those instantaneous winks of his by which he was wont to express mirthful audacity.

"He made everything quite clear, Mr. Devine," said the countess, with significant emphasis. "And, while 1 can hardly approve of your motives. I can wish you every success in your



EPPINGS BURLED HIMSELF HEADLONG ACHOSS THE HOAD.

new enterprise. Only please do not use our icehouse as a prison again," and she walked away.

"Whew! Now I ought to be good, I guess!" exclaimed the bewildered Cher-

As he gazed about the little group of mystified persons he saw Mr. Hewington, still somewhat dazed and a good deal rumpled as to appearance from his recent experience with the caif. The Cherub led Mr. Hewington down the driveway toward the wait-

ing car and observed casually. "Well, our count is loose again." "Our count, sir! Why, what do you

"Now, see here, Hewington, don't you go to being mysterious. I'm twisted up enough as it is. You saw Count Vecchi walk off just now, didn't you?" "Count Vecchi! Where? When?"

"Oh, come!" said the Cherub. Didn't you help chase him all over the lot?" "My dear sir, that person was not Count Vecchi."

"Wha-a-at! Say, let's have that again, will you? Wasn't the count. did you say?" "Most certainly not, sir. I will admit that at first I supposed it was the

count, but no sooper had he been cap-

tured than I perceived that some one had made a most stupid blunder."
"But he said he was the count—told

me so himself," insisted the Cherub. "My dear Mr. Devine," and Mr. Hewington assumed his most dignified attitude, "if you doubt that I cannot recognize the man who"-

"There, there! I'll take your word for it. You say he isn't the count, do

"Positively, sir, he is not the count!" "Then who the devil is he?" exploded the Cherub.

"That, sir, is a matter in which I am not deeply interested." "Well, I'll be hanged!" was the Cherub's only comment as he watch-

ed Mr. Hewington walk stiffly away. (To be continued.)

State of Ohio, city of Toledo,

Lucas county.

Frank L Cheney makes outh that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., to or business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid, and that sa i firm will pay the sum of ON ? HUNDRED DOL-ARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presencee, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886 A. W. Gleason.

Frank J. Cheney.

Notary Public Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for con-

Our Honor Roll.

stipation.

Since our last report we have received payments on subscription from the following persons: W. S. Mauney, John E. Sarvice, M. A. Carpenter, L. L. Hardin, J. M. Blackwood, E. H. Hahn, B. F. Carpenter, Mrs. N. W. Lumpkin, W. T. Storey, J. R. Fayssoux. C. M. VanPelt, D. "I suppose," he began, "you wonder H. Cox, I. N. Price, B. J. Hoffman, T. M. Ferguson, T. C. Smith, Sam L. Wilson, I. M. Roberts, V. E. Long, W. A. Wallace, J. T. Cox, John J. Johnson, Falls House, J. P. Mason, G. F. McKee, Thomas N. Alexander. Dr. Frank Robinson, H. L. Wright, J. F. Thomas, H. L. Lineberger, J. F. Pursley, T. B. Leonhardt, Miss Ann McGalliand, E. H. Clark, A. J. Smith, J. R. Gaston, Mrs. Fannie Morrow, J. H. Separk, H. E. Conrad. C. D. Barnes, W. E. Hull, J. I. Green, L. L. Jenkins, Thomas H. Adams, G. R. Spencer, H. H. Spencer, O. B. Carpenter, B. F. Martin, T. G. Rhyne, W. C. Lineberger, T. G. Hoffman, Thos. L. Rhyne, Jr., J. F. Flowers, P. J. Maxwell, L. A. Lineberger, John L. Smith, Blair McLaughen, L. H. Long, Sr., A. M. Propst, Cherryville Hardware Co., Mrs. A. B. Williams, Eli Kendrick, Miss Mae Stuart, K. D. McCullough, J. Flay Bess, J. F. Jackson, Rev. J. J. Beach. Miss Maggie Matthews, Mrs. M. J. Adams, S. A. Robinson, Miss Carrie McLurd, E. G. McLurd, P. W. Hand, W. S. Eaker.

Cherryville Chat.

Correspondence of The Gazette.

CHERRYVILLE, May 21 .- Mr. Benjamin Braddy, an aged gentleman of this place, died this morning at his home in north Cherryville.

Mr. Boyd Sides, of Danville, Va., is spending some time among friends here.-Mrs. Maggie Lytton, of Gastonia, spent a few days in town this week,-Mrs. L. H. J. Houser and children are visiting in Gastonia today .- Mr. Lüther Mauney was in Charlotte this Week on business .-Quite a good crowd of bur young people attended the celebration at Charlotte yesterday .- Miss Pearl Harrelson is visiting at Mount Holly this week .- Mrs. Craig Harrelson, who has been in Asheville for the past several months for her health, passed through town this morning en route to Mr. Harrelson's father's, a few miles north of town.—The 14-months-old child of Mr. M. C. Dellinger, of this place, died last night and will be buried at Mt. Zion Baptist church tomorrow at two

A big bowl of

Quaker Oats is the best dish you

can serve. Delicious and nourishing

Good for all ages and all conditions.

> Economical and strengthening.

Packed in regular size packages, and in her-metically sealed tins for hot climates. Si-