

Millinery Special

You are Cordially Invited to See Our Mid-Summer Millinery Display

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 our 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 number 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 afternoon 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 written.

It relieves after dinner distress, belching of gas, foul breath, heartburn, etc., in five minutes.

It is guaranteed to permanently cure 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.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT would have been the emotions of Cherub Devine could he have known that the Countess Vecchi had risen before the sun was fairly up for the purpose of interviewing his prisoner?

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



"HELLO, HELLO!" CALLED THE COUNTESS.

"Hello, hello!" called the countess, rapping again with the stone. "Go away. I don't want my breakfast now. I-I-I—Then came a prolonged yawn.

"I haven't brought you breakfast," said the countess a little impatiently. "I just want to know why you are in our icehouse."

"This was sufficient to bring the unknown 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!

"Never mind who I am," reported the countess, "but please tell me who you are?"

"Oh, ho! So that's it, eh? Well, you wait a minute, will you, until I—I—I—But another sneezing fit 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 anger holes. She thought she could distinguish a smothered exclamation of surprise.

"Well," she observed, "can you see now?"

"Humph!" said the countess. "That's a mere guess."

"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 audible, but it was.

"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 anger holes in the thick door, she stared at them.

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

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

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

"Oh, oh—her husband! I don't believe a word of it, not a word! It—it'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 point."

"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."

and he had circled around Mrs. Timmins. 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 Eppings.

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 he hesitated. Then, unlimbering his long legs and hurling discretion to the winds, he threw 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 to earth.

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 asked.

"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 shoulder.

"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 around 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 whimsical look in his blue eyes, broke the spell.

"I suppose," he began, "you wonder why we had him shut up in—"

"I understand perfectly," said the countess. "He told me all about it himself."

"Oh, then you had a talk with him, eh?"

"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 that.

"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 I can hardly approve of your motives, I can wish you every success in your 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 Cherub.

As he gazed about the little group of mystified persons he saw Mr. Hewington, still somewhat dazed and a good deal ruffled as to appearance from his recent experience with the calf. The Cherub led Mr. Hewington down the driveway toward the waiting car and observed casually.

"Well, our count is loose again."

"Our count, sir? Why, what do you mean?"

"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 sooner had he been cap-

ured 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 you?"

"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 watched Mr. Hewington walk stiffly away.

(To be continued.)

State of Ohio, city of Toledo,

Lucas county,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo (County and State aforesaid), and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888

A. W. Gleason.

(Seal.)

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 constipation.

Our Honor Roll.

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. Faysoux, C. M. VanPelt, D. 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. Leonard, Miss Ann McCalland, E. H. Clark, A. J. Smith, J. R. Gaston, Mrs. Fannie Morrow, J. H. Sparr, 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. Rhyme, W. C. Lineberger, T. G. Hoffman, Thos. L. Rhyme, 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 Bass, 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. Luther 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 o'clock.



EPPINGS KURLED HIMSELF HEADLONG ACROSS THE ROAD.

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

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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 hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.