

# Big Bargains Schneider's Greater Store

It will pay you to visit our store and get your share of the Big Bargains we are offering.

- Ladies' \$3.50 to \$5 White Linen Tailored Suits for only ..... \$1.75
- Ladies' \$7.50 White Linen Tailored Suits for only ..... \$3.75
- Ladies' \$9.00 White Linen Tailored Suits for only ..... \$5.00
- Good Gingham, Checks and Dress patterns for only ..... 3 1-3c
- Good White Sheeting for only ..... 8 1-2c
- Good quality 10c Lawns for only ..... 5c
- Good quality 10 and 15c Dotted Swiss for only ..... 10c
- Good quality 48-Inch. Persian Lawn 50c kind, for only ..... 25c
- Good quality 50-Inch Brilliantine for only ..... 49c
- Good quality 44-Inch Panama for only ..... 29c

## H. Schneider

122 West Main Avenue - Gastonia, N. C.

### "B & L"

The Twelfth Series Gastonia Mutual Building and Loan Association Stock

## Is Now Open

You May List Your Subscription

### NOW

First Payment Due July 2. Get in the "Push" early.

S. N. BOYCE, President, E. G. McLURD, Sec. & Treas.

#### KINGS MOUNTAIN NEWS.

The Herald, 21st.

Misses McArver and Spencer, of Gastonia, spent Sunday at Mr. Walter Dilling's. The latest news from Mrs. Dovie Welr, Kings Mountain, route five, who has been ill, is that she is some better.—Capt. F. Dilling who is spending the summer at Black Mountain, is home for a few days, but will return to the mountains in a few days.—Miss Vida Mauney, of Cherryville, spent a few days with Miss Daisy Carpenter this week.—Mrs. B. R. Hunter left last Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. George Falls, at Crowders Creek.

We learn that Mr. J. N. Smith has sold the Logan gold mine property, situated on the south side of Kings Mountain, to H. A. Beard, of Battle Creek, Mich., and John Golding, of Eustis, Fla. These people have bought the mineral right and have installed machinery to put the mine in operation at once. The ore is heavy sulphate ore and it is believed the outlook is good for pay dirt. The ore will be concentrated at the mine. Mr. Smith, who will remain with the new owners as superintendent, left with his two boys, Tuesday, for Richmond and Baltimore, to procure other mining machinery to complete the plant.

Mr. Lorenzo Beam, of Texas, an old time citizen of this community, was back on a visit to relatives and friends recently. Mr. Beam has been absent from Kings Mountain 43 years. He and his old-time companion, Mr. M. M. Carpenter, had an affectionate meeting on his return, recalling many pleasant incidents of young manhood. Mr. Beam said changes in faces and landscape had been so great as to render recognition impossible in most instances. He said, however, that vast improvement was evident on all sides. Mr. Beam returns to his Texas home soon.

Loaning a Friend Whiskey Constitutes Sale Under Law.

Charlotte Observer.

Raleigh, July 19.—A new rule hereabouts in the operation of the State prohibition law is just laid down by Judge Cooke in that he directed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty of retailing on the admission set up as an offense by Ransom Baker, of Wake Forest, that he loaned a friend a bottle of whiskey.

The judge holds that the act of loaning the whiskey really constitutes a sale. Prof. N. Y. Gully, dean of law at Wake Forest College, was defending the negro when the rule was made. It is probable that the case will go to the Supreme Court to test this issue.

## CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington AND Harry Leon Wilson  
Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by W. B. M. Ferguson

Copyright, 1909, by the Alnoles Magazine Company

#### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—John Randall, southern planter, engages in a poker game for large stakes on a Mississippi river steamer with Colonel Moreau, a smooth, polished swindler and professional gambler. II.—Cameo Kirby, a young man of good family, who has gone in with bad companions, joins in the game to save Randall from Moreau's trickery. Randall loses all his money and his plantation, Kirby winning the latter. Randall kills himself. Moreau shoots Kirby in the back because the latter won a large share of the spoils. III.—Larkin Bunce takes care of Kirby. Moreau meets Randall's son Tom and says that Cameo Kirby robbed his father and caused him to commit suicide. Kirby recovers and plans to return to Randall's family the deed for the plantation. He and Bunce vow vengeance on Moreau. IV.—Randall's family at Moreau's prompting plan to secure revenge on Kirby for their father's death, which was actually caused by the seeming Moreau. V.—Bunce finds Moreau and tells him Kirby will meet him in the piece of forest known as the dueling oaks to settle their differences with pistols. VI.—The duel occurs. Kirby kills

the despicable Moreau. Pursued, led by young Tom Randall, who seeks Kirby's life, chase the latter, and he jumps through the open window of a house.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THE General looked up gravely. "Dele, I wish you would read some more to me, for there are words here that are too long. Both the pieces are just about the best heroes I ever heard of. One is a good prince and the other a bad prince. Which would you rather be, Anatole?"

"Oh, but the good prince, of course," replied M. Veaudry, good humoredly concealing his vexation at being constantly interrupted in his snatched tete-a-tete with the child's sister. "Both of 'em have so many hairbreadth escapes I just can't tell whether I'd rather be the good one or the bad one," sighed the General. "Think of this: The good prince is in a secret passage, and the bad prince gets it walked up at both ends, but the good prince has got a slow fuse leading through a crack to a barrel of gunpowder under the bad prince's throne where he's sitting, but he doesn't know about it. What kind of time was that to tell anybody he couldn't hear the rest till after breakfast?"

"Drink your milk or you shall never hear any more," threatened Mme. Davezac. And the child obediently but unwillingly seized the huge glass and attempted to drain it at a draft. "You are pale like the camellia," murmured M. Veaudry, resuming his tete-a-tete with Miss Randall. "It is only the air of the plantation you need to make you the rose, and we are go'n' to make you renounce these black; we go'n' to persuade you to wear both the rose and the camellia in your dress once more."

"Not yet," said the girl sternly, fingering her black dress. "I know what you mean," he returned, with deep significance. "Yet I tell you I think you are go'n' to take off your mourning at the plantation. When you do then you will listen to what I have kept in my heart so long—" "I will not listen to any other man before then," she interrupted listlessly. "Why is Colonel Moreau not to come with us?" she added abruptly, turning to her aunt. "I have such impatience to meet him. Are we not to see him?"

"Oh, yes. Possibly he may come in time to start with us," returned Mme. Davezac, rescuing the General from strangulation as he again attempted to drain his milk at a draft in order to the sooner return to "The Two Princes—A Romance."

"If Colonel Moreau doesn't come," said Ann Pleydell, "that leaves an empty seat in the carriage. Adele, won't you ask Anatole to take it instead of riding on horseback?" "Certainly, I do," replied Miss Randall in the same pleasant, lifeless voice. And, although the young creole impulsively kissed her hand, she remained as strangely emotionless and expressionless.

"Come," she added colorfully; "you and I, Ann, have our packing to finish." "And there is a packing case in the courtyard," sighed Mme. Davezac. "Will you see for me if it is secure, dear Anatole?" Then as the two girls left the room she added gravely: "Adele has always been fonder of you, Anatole, than of any other man. You must help to rouse her from this gloom. She wears that mourning now more than a year. Ugh! She broods; she is so bitter, so strange; so impulsive, so full of morbid impulse. Because her father had no one to protect him the poor child thinks she should befriend all the world which is in trouble. Last week one day coming home from the cathedral she has given her warm cloak to a ragged woman in the street. That was in the rain. You must help to rouse her, cher Anatole, from this gloom."

"It is no secret from all what I would give to make 'er happy once more," he replied, with gloomy sincerity.

When the young creole and his hostess joined the others at their packing the General, unnoticed and temporarily forgotten, had taken his book and secreted himself under the table, in which city of refuge he hoped to follow without interruption the further adventures of his two heroes. With all a child's adaptation to environment it was not long before he became completely absorbed in the romance. Presently vague and disturbing cries came stealing in through the open window, and these he impatiently shook off, for natural inquisitiveness as to their origin was trivial compared to the fate of the two princes. But the voices refused to be thus lightly dismissed. Excited cries of: "He went this way! Look in that courtyard! He turned this corner!" certainly merited the earnest attention and searching inquiry of every healthy eight-year-old whose native inquisitiveness cannot be dampened by being dragged from bed before dawn or discouraged by the prospect of an all day journey. After all, exciting fact is superior to exciting fiction for the former is but temporary, while the latter is comparatively permanent—to be used as a stimulant or sedative when real life is lacking in appeal.

Turning around and looking up from under the table, the General's inquiring eyes met those of Cameo Kirby, who, standing motionless by the curtains, was warily scanning the room. For a long moment man and boy mutually estimated each other, too surprised to speak. "Come; cheer up," said Kirby at length, unconsciously employing his characteristic phrase. "Don't be afraid."

General, creeping cautiously from under the table.

"Does the roof of this house touch the roof of the house next door?" pursued the gambler, with a reassuring smile.

"No," said the child, round eyed. "Are there people upstairs?"

"Yes, there are." Kirby considered, no hint of his dilemma in voice or bearing. He felt that he could rely upon this child, who, with all the composure of a self possessed adult, evinced no alarm or amazement at the sight of an overbeaten and disarranged young man entering a strange house via the window.

"Does that lead to the street?" he asked, pointing to a door on his right. The General nodded. He was breathless and terrified with joy. "Are you somebody making a hairbreadth escape?" he stated rather than asked. "I hope so," admitted Kirby, with a smile. "Do you want to be somebody helping me to do it?"

"Yes, of course. What do I do?" "Go out on the balcony," Kirby gravely explained, "and look as if nothing was the matter. Lean your elbow on the railing and tell me what you see." He drew aside the curtain as the child, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, obeyed.

"There are men up on that corner," announced the General at length.

"Don't point," warned the man in the room. "How many men?"

"Five. Two of them all got guns."

"All right. Don't turn your head when you speak to me."

"There's more men hunting through the garden across the street," piped up the boy, wallowing in the satisfying knowledge that at last, by some miraculous intervention of a beneficent providence, he had become an indispensable character in a very real adventure which promised to eclipse the most thrilling hairbreadth escape he had ever read.

"Are any of the men looking up here?" whispered Kirby. "No? Come in, then—quick!" The boy obeying, he cautiously closed one part of the window, but refrained from drawing the curtain.

"I think," impressively announced the General, approving of these preliminary maneuvers, "that this is better than where the good prince's trusty friend cuts his bonds. Which one are you?"

"Which what am I?" asked Kirby, with a perplexed smile.

"I mean are you the good prince or the bad prince?"

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll try to be the good prince for a few minutes if you'll help me to get away. Suppose you find me a hat, eh?"

The General, with that lively disregard for another's property which every loyal servitor of unfortunate princes must possess, instantly seized M. Veaudry's hat, which was reposing on an adjacent chair.

"Thank you," said Kirby gravely, covertly examining the pistol in his breast pocket. "This door leads to the street, you say? And there are five men on the corner, two with guns?"

"Yes. What do we do now?" briskly asked the boy.

The other gravely offered his hand. "Why, now," he said gently, "we shake hands, and I say thank you. And next we say goodby."

"All right. Wait till I get my hat."

"But we just said goodby," remonstrated Kirby.

"Yes, but I'm going with you. You don't know what minute you may need a trusty friend. Besides, I've got to see what happens next."

"That's just what you mustn't," replied Kirby, shaking his head. "Don't you look out of that window when I've gone, and don't you come near the door. What do they call you?"

"General."

"Well, General, I've only known you about two minutes, but I'd hate to get you into any trouble. Now, we both would be in trouble if anybody came in here, so I've got to get out pretty quick, and we'll be in worse trouble if you try to follow me into the street. So I put it to you this way: If you really want to be my trusty friend just shake hands with me again and say goodby."

"Will you promise I can be your trusty friend?" said the boy earnestly. "No matter whether you turn out to be the good prince or the bad prince, I'll always be your trusty friend—always."

"Always," pledged Kirby, with the utmost sincerity.

"Then shake hands," said the General.

They did so gravely. "Thank you, General," said Kirby. "T—"

He turned sharply at the sound of a softly closing door. A girl had entered the room, a girl whose clear pallor was accentuated by the deep black of dress and hair. She had overheard the boy's last words, had estimated the tableau, and now as Kirby's eyes met her own, the warm blood crept into throat and cheek, and she said impulsively, a little catch in her voice:

"It is entirely true, madam," he said lightly. Unhappily it isn't a story at all. I have not the honor to be here by appointment, as you evidently infer, but simply by accident—by virtue of the only open window in the street."

"And he doesn't know yet whether he's going to be the good prince or the bad prince," triumphantly added the General, proudly eyeing his hero.

Adele drew back, frightened, unnerved, her hand creeping to the door-knob. "It—it is a mistake," she breathed, wide eyed with sudden fear. "You are a stranger."

"Please don't be afraid of my being the bad prince," smiled Kirby in his most reassuring and light hearted manner. "If you will permit me, madam, to take this hat, I will vanish as I intended."

"There are men watching the streets," she said steadily, holding him with her eyes. "I saw them from my window. Is—is it that?"

All fear had vanished, and in her voice there was but apparent a concern for him, the stranger and interloper.

He nodded and turned to the listening child. "General, do you want to be my trusty friend once more? Good! Then do just what you did before—out there on the balcony." When the child, with eager alacrity, had obeyed, Kirby added in an earnest and steady voice: "I don't know whether or not you can believe a stranger on his bare word, but I'll try. Last night I heard that the worst scoundrel I know was in New Orleans. I met him at sunrise this morning at the oaks. I went alone, and he came alone. It was a fair meeting. We fired together; he missed, but I didn't, so I had the good luck to come away. Ten minutes later they tried to arrest me for murder. I got away, but I didn't have a long start. When I turned into this street I heard them coming from both directions. There was only one chance to get out of sight—the open window of a strange house. I took it and," he finished with a faint smile, "that's where I am."

She was silent. Then, "But you said it was a fair meeting. Why, then, should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

think I shot down an unarmed man because they found no weapon upon him."

"You mean it was stolen?" she asked wonderingly.

He smiled, shaking his head. "No common thief would have dared to. Whoever did it must hate me worse than did the dead man. Stealing that pistol finishes me if I don't get away. That's all, and all I can say. If you can't believe me," he added quietly, "there's only one thing for you to do—go to that window and call those men in here for me. But if you can believe me—well, permit me to take this hat."

There was a pause, during which they looked each other in the eye, he calmly waiting for her decision, she as calmly estimating him. Then she quietly left the room, quickly returning with a black felt planter's hat.

"Take this instead," she said evenly, tendering it. "It is my brother's."

Thanking her, he turned to go. But now she was at the window, and after one hurried glance she confronted him with white, drawn face and eager, restraining hand.

"Do you know they are still there, watching?" she cried. "How cruel to hunt a man down like that! You will never be able to get by them. They will kill you."

"If I start they'll know somebody tried to get by," he returned lightly, "and they'll probably finish me one way or the other. This way doesn't involve any legal procrastinations. That's why I prefer it."

"Don't try it, please don't," she whispered, pushing back her heavy hair. "I cannot let you make the attempt. It is suicide!"

"Why, that's about all that's left to me—to make a good try," he smiled. Then, suddenly serious and diffident, he added: "May I tell you something? Perhaps the circumstances might excuse it if it sounds overbold for a stranger to say. But it is something mighty precious that the last thing I heard before going out to make my try was the voice of a merciful lady speaking kindly to me and, more precious still, somehow, that it was you. I only wish I was going to have a chance to remember it longer."

"It isn't kindness," she returned simply. "I know that you told me the truth. I believe you are an honorable gentleman wrongly in great danger. I—I have suffered so much myself that

It is enough for me to know about you. Listen! Would it be safe for you to cross from our front door to a carriage?"

"Don't try to do anything for me that—"

"If it were a closed traveling carriage—just by the door?" she persisted steadily.

"My story is true, and you have believed it—somehow. But nobody else would," he said grimly. "Please do not try to do anything for me. I don't know your family, but I'm mighty certain that they'd turn me over to—"

"You really must permit me to do as I think best," she interrupted, with an imperious little gesture softened by her eyes. "We must make the best plan possible under the circumstances. It is out of the question for you to boldly leave the house, and that settles it. I couldn't let you make the attempt if you were my worst enemy. Now, I will see that the General promises to keep entirely secret the method of your entrance and on no account to mention the word 'escape.' I know he will promise faithfully, and we can rely upon it. Meanwhile we must think of some plan. There must surely be some way—" She stopped and assumed an unconcerned expression as Poulette, one of the servants, entered.

The French mulatto hesitated and then, pointing straight at Kirby, inquired: "Shall I take the colonel gentleman's portmanteau to the carriage?"

Adele turned, sudden inspiration in her eyes. "Yes, yes!" she cried, breathless with excitement. "And, Poulette, tell them to lift the top and let the carriage be closed."

The servant obeyed, picking up the late Colonel Moreau's green portmanteau, and when she had gone Miss Randall cried:

"Now I know! Now I have found the way!"

"But—I don't understand," stammered Kirby. "I cannot permit you to



HEYER  
ADELE DREW BACK, FRIGHTENED, UNNERVED.



"NO, MADAM, COLONEL MOREAU WON'T CHANGE HIS PLANS AGAIN."

make any effort on my behalf. And, then, there is your family!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Here comes the family now."

Kirby unconsciously started, then drew himself up as the door opened, disclosing Mme. Davezac, Ann Pleydell and Anatole Veaudry.

"Anatole," cried Adele as they paused, astonished, "we must ask you to give up your seat in the carriage. You see, our friend has come, after all."

"Our friend?" echoed Mme. Davezac, coming eagerly forward. "What—is it possible? You mean, Adele, that this gentleman—"

"Yes," cried Adele, her eyes smoldering with excitement. "Quite possible, as you see. Aunt Davezac, Miss Pleydell, M. Anatole Veaudry, I wish to present—Colonel Moreau. The colonel's plans have changed. He rides with us to the plantation."

"Eh bien! Delightful," exclaimed Mme. Davezac, while the others expressed their astonishment and pleasure—"that is," she added playfully, with an arch glance at the pseudo Moreau. "If Colonel Moreau will not change his plans again."

Accustomed to such astounding turns of fortune, Kirby quickly recovered the composure shattered by the totally unexpected and amazing introduction of Adele. "No, madam," he replied gravely, bowing to the still archly smiling Mme. Davezac. "Colonel Moreau won't change his plans again."

And in this unbridled manner, under false colors which had been hoisted by the protecting, merciful and ignorant hand of one who had known his identity would have been the last to act as his savior, came Cameo Kirby to the house of his enemies.

Prompted by jealousy Mollie Gaston killed Hattie Brown in front of a negro vaudeville house in Charlotte Saturday night by stabbing her in the throat with a knife. The jugular vein was severed and the woman died in a very few minutes.

Both were negroes. The slayer was promptly placed in jail. The Brown woman had been keeping company with the Gaston woman's husband.

While playing golf at Kibo, near Ellsworth, Me., Saturday President Taft sprained his right ankle. He was reported yesterday as getting along very nicely.

(To be Continued.)