

Annual Display

Wednesday and Thursday Sept. 28, 29



Everybody cordially invited to attend

MILLINERY OPENING

Wednesday and Thursday, September 28th and 29th

Tailored suits and up-to-date dress goods. Our new stock is practically all in and we never had a larger or better selected assortment to offer you. COME and look through our store. You will be welcome to come and see the new things whether you buy or not.

You are cordially invited to attend our millinery opening WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, September 28th and 29th, and to inspect our beautiful line of dress goods and tailored suits. Our garments are such as we are proud to show and you will be proud to wear. Materials are the best, workmanship is perfect, style is authoritative. Our Price is only \$12.50, \$18 and \$20.

H. Schneider's

Greater Store

122 West Main Avenue - Gastonia, N. C.

See Us

For Auto Oils, Greases, Spark Plugs, Carbide, Soap, Etc. Auto tubes vulcanized. All work and material guaranteed satisfactory.

See us for anything in steam or water fittings. Machine and foundry work a specialty. Give us a trial.

Yours to please,

Gaston Iron Works

Gastonia, N. C.

For Sale On Chester Street

Only one more desirable lot, 75 X 175, alley in rear, suitable for home builder or investor, in attractive neighborhood, near projected traction line.

Just \$300 secures deed, balance arranged by long time loan. Be quick and see

J. WHITE WARE FIRE INSURANCE
Citizens National Bank Building. Phone 54.

NOTICE: THE FARMERS' UNION GIN.

COME to the new Ginnery in Dallas. Best equipped Ginnery in the County—everything new and up-to-date and the best work guaranteed. Will treat you right Brother Farmer. Will have meal and hulls for sale or exchange for seed. S30c1mo

W. S. ROBINSON.

—Miss Blanche Carson left last week for Concord to enter the Laura Sunderland school.

Taken to Asylum.

It is learned here that Mr. Jonathan Harvey, a farmer living at Crouse, was taken about two weeks ago to Morganton and placed in the State Asylum, he having become mentally unbalanced by reason of ill health. Mr. Harvey has been a resident of that section for many years, having had charge for a long time, up to a year or so ago, of ex-Sheriff M. H. Shufford's plantation near Crouse. His friends here will regret to hear of his misfortune.

Mrs. Jacob Wilmert, Lincoln, Ill., found her way back to perfect health. She writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble and backache and my appetite was very poor at times. A few weeks ago I got Foley Kidney Pills and gave them a fair trial. They gave me great relief, so continued till now I am again in perfect health." J. H. Kennedy & Co.

Columbia, S. C., is to have a new morning daily paper which will be friendly to the Bleese administration.

SAFE MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

Foley's Honey and Tar is a safe and effective medicine for children as it does not contain opiates or harmful drugs. Get only the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. J. H. Kennedy & Co.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railway will expend \$22,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building for its employees at Rocky Mount, N. C.

THE GRATITUDE OF ELDERLY PEOPLE

Goes to whatever helps give them ease, comfort and strength. Foley Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder diseases promptly, and give comfort and relief to elderly people. J. H. Kennedy & Co.

The Atlantic fleet returned to Hampton Roads Sunday after more than two weeks battle practice.

Stubborn As Mules

are liver and bowels sometimes; seem to balk without cause. Then there's trouble—Loss of Appetite—Indigestion, Nervousness, Despondency, Headache. But such troubles fly before Dr. King's New Life Pills, the world's best Stomach and Liver remedy. So easy. 25c. at all druggists.

President Taft returned to Washington Sunday from Cincinnati and will hold daily meetings of his cabinet all this week to consider important matters.

The
Stowaway
By LOUIS TRACY,
Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Overhearing a conspiracy between her uncle and the captain of his ship to sink the vessel and collect insurance, Iris Yorke secretes herself aboard the Andromeda just before it sails for southern seas. Her uncle, who is her guardian and has commanded her to wed old Dickey Bulmer, thinks she has run away to avoid the distasteful marriage. II—Philip Hozier, young and handsome second officer of the Andromeda, discovers Miss Yorke aboard. III—Iris tells Hozier of the plot to sink the vessel, and he keeps watch on Captain Coke. Mysterious defect in the steering gear discovered, causing the ship to veer from her course. Coke treats the matter lightly. IV While putting into a harbor at an unknown island the Andromeda suddenly is shelled by a mysterious foe on shore. V—Shots wreck ship. Hozier is wounded and his life saved by Iris. VI—Survivors are hauled up on a cliff by ropes let down by a party of refugees, the leader proving to be Dom Corria de Sylva, deposed president of Brazil. VII, VIII and IX—Rescued and rescuers escape from detached cliff to main island, and ship's crew and refugees together attack Brazilian soldiers, who seek to capture Dom Corria. They capture a launch in which to escape to mainland of Brazil.

CHAPTER XII.

A LIVELY MORNING IN EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.

COKE and his merry men became pirates during the early morning of Thursday, Sept. 2. On Monday, Sept. 6, David Verity entered his office in Exchange buildings, Liverpool, and ran a feverish glance through his letters to learn if any envelopes bearing the planetary devices of the chief cable companies had managed to hide themselves among the mass of correspondence. There was no cablegram, of course. Dickey Bulmer, who had become a waking nightmare to the unhappy shipowner, had said there wouldn't be—said it twelve hours ago after wringing from Verity the astounding admission that Iris was on board the Andromeda. It

was not because the vessel was overdue that David confessed. Bulmer, despite his sixty-eight years, was an acute man of business. Moreover, he was blessed with a retentive memory, and he treasured every word of the bogus messages from Iris concocted by her uncle.

The storm had burst unexpectedly. Bulmer came to dinner, ate and drank and smoked in quiet amity until David's laboring muse conveyed his niece's latest "kind love an' good wishes," and then—

"Tell you wot," said Dickey, "there's another five thousand due tomorrow on the surveyor's report."

"There 'is," said Verity, knowing that his guest and prospective partner alluded to the new steamer in course of construction on the Clyde.

"Well, it won't be paid. You are lyin' about Iris. You've been lyin' ever since she disappeared from Bootle. Show me 'er letters an' their envelopes, an' I'll find the money. But of course you can't. They don't exist."

Then David set down the untasted wine and told the truth. Not all—that was not to be dreamed of. In the depths of his heart he feared Bulmer. The old man's repute for honesty was widespread. He would fling his dearest friend into prison for such a swindle as that arranged between Coke and the shipowner.

Dickey rose from the table. His movements showed his age that night.

"I'll think it over, David," he said. "There's more in this than meets the eye."

So here was Verity with no shred of hope in his mind that his one time crony would raise a finger to save him from bankruptcy.

The office boy announced a visitor, evidently not the terrible Bulmer, since he said:

"Gennelman to see yer, sir."

"Oo is it?" growled the shipowner.

"Gennelman from the shipowner."

A quiet mannered young man appeared.

"May I ask if you have received any private news of the Andromeda?" he began.

David creaked round in his chair.

"Is she lost?" said he in a strangely subdued tone.

"I—I fear she is. But there is much more than an ordinary shipwreck at issue. Several telegrams of the gravest import have reached us this morning. Perhaps before I ask you any questions you ought to read them. They are in type already, and I have brought you the proofs. Here is the first."

David took from the interviewer's outstretched hand a long strip of white paper. For an appreciable time his seething brain refused to comprehend the curiously black letters, for this is what he read:

REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL. SERIOUS POSITION. STARTLING ESCAPE OF A BRITISH SHIP.

Rio de Janeiro, Sept. 5. A situation of exceptional gravity has evidently arisen on the island of Fernando do Noronha, whence, it is said, ex-President de Sylva recently attempted to escape. A battleship and two cruisers have been dispatched thither under forced draft. No public telegrams have been received from the island during the past week, and the authorities absolutely refuse any information as to earlier events, though the local press hints at some extraordinary developments not unconnected with the appearance of the island of a British steamship known as the Andromeda.

Later—De Sylva landed last night at the small port of Macelo, in the province of Alagoas, a hundred miles south of Pernambuco. It is currently reported that Fernando Noronha was captured by a gang of British freebooters. De Sylva's return is unquestionable. Today he issued a proclamation, and his partisans have seized some portion of the railway. Excitement here is at fever heat.

Verity glared at the journalist. He laughed almost hysterically.

"The Andromeda!" he gasped. "Wot rot! Wot silly rot!"

The shipowner grasped another printed slip. This time he was able to read more lucidly:

Pernambuco, Sept. 4. Public interest in the abortive attempt to reinstate Dom Corria de Sylva as president was waning rapidly when it was fanned into fresh activity by news that reached this port today. It appears that on the 31st ult. a daring effort was made to free De Sylva, who, with certain other ministers expelled by the successful revolution of two years ago, is a prisoner on the island of Fernando do Noronha. Lloyd's agent on that island reports that the British steamer Andromeda, owned by David Verity & Co. of Liverpool, put into South bay, on the southeast side of Fernando do Noronha, early on the morning of Aug. 31, and it is alleged that her mission was to take De Sylva and his companions on board. The garrison, forewarned by the central government and already on the qui vive owing to the disappearance of their important prisoners from their usual quarters, opened fire on the Andromeda as soon as she revealed her presence by a puff of smoke.

The steamer, being unarmed, made no attempt to defend herself and was speedily disabled. She sank within five minutes off the Grand-pere rock with all on board. With reckless bravado her commander ran up the vessel's code signals and hoisted a white flag as she was actually going down, thus establishing her identity beyond a shadow of doubt. A note of pathos is added to the tragedy by the undoubted presence of a lady on board, probably De Sylva's daughter, though it was believed here that the ex-president's family were in Paris. Telegrams from the island are strictly censored, and the foregoing statement is unofficial, but your correspondent does not question its general accuracy. Indeed, he has reason to credit a widespread rumor that the island is still in a very disturbed condition. No one knows definitely whether or not De Sylva has been recaptured. It is quite certain that he has not landed in Brazil, but the reticence of the authorities as to the state of affairs on Fernando Noronha leads to the assumption that he and a few staunch adherents are still in hiding in one of the many natural fastnesses with which the island abounds.

The British community on the littoral is deeply stirred by the drastic treatment received by the Andromeda. It is pointed out that another ship, the Andros-y-Mela, believed to have been chartered by the insurgents, is under arrest at Bahia, and the similarity between the two names is regarded as singular, to say the least. Were it not that Lloyd's agent, whose veracity cannot be questioned, has stated explicitly that the Andromeda put into

South bay, a point significantly far removed from the regular track of trading vessels, it might be urged that a terrible mistake had been made. In any event, the whole matter must be strictly inquired into, and one of his majesty's ships stationed in the south Atlantic should visit the island at the earliest date possible. Delayed in transmission.

Something buzzed inside Verity's head and stifled all sense of actuality. He gazed at the reporter unblinkingly, as though thought itself refused to act.

"Is that the lot?" he inquired mechanically.

"Nearly all, at present. Here, however, is a short telegram from Paris which is of minor interest."

And Verity read again:

Paris, Sept. 5. The members of Dom Corria de Sylva's family, seen early this morning at the Hotel Continental, deny that any lady connected with the cause of Brazilian freedom took part in the attempted rescue of the ex-president. They are much annoyed by the unfounded report and hold strongly to the opinion that the revolution would now have been a fait accompli had not a traitor revealed the destination of the Andros-y-Mela and thus led to that vessel's detention at Bahia.

The lady! Iris Yorke! At last David's supercharged mind was beginning to assimilate ideas. The journalist's voice came to him as through a dense screen.

"You will observe that the former president's relatives tacitly admit that there was a plot on foot," the other was saying. "It is important to note, too, that the long message from Pernambuco, marked 'delayed in transmission,' seems to imply a prior telegram which was suppressed. It alludes to a revolt of which nothing is known here. Now, Mr. Verity, I want to ask you—"

The door was flung open. In rushed Dickey Bulmer. In his hands he held a crumpled newspaper.

"You infernal blackguard, have you seen this?" he roared.

David stood up. He held on to the table to steady himself. Even Bulmer, white with rage, could not fail to see that he was stunned.

But Dickey was not minded to spare him on that account.

"Answer me, you scoundrel!" he shouted. "You are glib enough when it suits your purpose. Were you in this? Is this the reason you didn't tell me Iris was on board till I forced the truth out of you last night? Now let's have it! No more of your flamin'

"Iris is alive!" murmured Bulmer. "An' now, David, I'll tell you wot I 'ad in me mind in comin' 'ere this mornin'. You're hard up. You don't know where to turn for a penny. If you're agreeable I'll put a trustworthy man in this office an' give 'im full powers to pull your affairs straight. Mind you, I'm doin' this for Iris, not for you. An' now that we know wot's 'appenin' in South America you an' I will go out there and look into things. A mail steamer will take us there in sixteen days, an' before we sail we can work the cables a bit so as to stop Iris from startin' for 'ome before we arrive."

"Wot's bitten David? 'E must 'ave gone stark, starlin' mad."

"Iris is alive!" murmured Bulmer. "An' now, David, I'll tell you wot I 'ad in me mind in comin' 'ere this mornin'. You're hard up. You don't know where to turn for a penny. If you're agreeable I'll put a trustworthy man in this office an' give 'im full powers to pull your affairs straight. Mind you, I'm doin' this for Iris, not for you. An' now that we know wot's 'appenin' in South America you an' I will go out there and look into things. A mail steamer will take us there in sixteen days, an' before we sail we can work the cables a bit so as to stop Iris from startin' for 'ome before we arrive."



"YOU INFERNAL BLACKGUARD, HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?" HE ROARED.

made up tales. Wot took you to shove the Andromeda into a rat trap of this sort?"

David seemed to be laboring for breath.

"'Arf a mo'. No need to yowl at me like that," he protested.

He fumbled with the lock of a corner cupboard, opened it and drew forth a decanter and some glasses.

"Ah," he said, smacking his lips with some of the old time relish, "that puts new life into me. The story is all moonshine on the face of it."

"I think otherwise, Mr. Verity, and Mr. Bulmer, I take it, agrees with me," said the reporter.

"Wot!" barked David, into whose mind had darted a notion that dazzled him by its daring. "D'ye mean to insinuate that I lent my ship to this 'ere Dom Wot's-is-name? D'ye sit there an' think that I'd allow a bonnie lass like my Iris to take a trip that might end in 'er belin' blown to bits. It's cool, that's wot it is, reel cool."

"The lady referred to was Miss Iris Yorke, then?"

"'Oo else? I've on'y one niece. My trouble is that she went without my permission, in a way of speakin'. 'Ere, you'd better 'ave the fax. She was engaged to my friend, Mr. Bulmer; but, belin' a slip of a girl an' fond o' romancin', she just put herself aboard the Andromeda without sayin' 'with your leave' or 'by your leave.' She wrote me a letter, w'ich sort of explains the affair. D'ye want to see it?"

"If I may."

"No," said Bulmer.

"Look 'ere, Dickey," went on David, "this dashed fairy tale won't hold water. You know Coke. Is 'e the kind o' man to go bumpin' round like a stage 'ero an' hoisting Union Jacks as the ship stinks? I ax you, is 'e? It's nonsense—stuff an' nonsense. An' if the Andromeda was scrapped at Fernando Noronha, 'oo were the freebooters that collared the island, an' 'ow did this 'ere De Sylva get to Macelo? Are you listenin'?"

"Yes," said Bulmer, turning at last and devouring Verity with his deep set eyes.

"Well, wot d'ye think of it?"

"Did you send the ship to Fernando Noronha?"

It is needless to place on record the formula of David's denial. It was

forcible and served its purpose. That should suffice.

"If-ir Iris is alive the partnership goes on," said Bulmer. "If she's dead it doesn't."

"D'ye mean it?"

"I always mean wot I say."

The click of an indicator on the desk showed that Verity's private telephone had been switched on from the general office. By sheer force of routine David picked up a receiver and placed it to his ear. The subeditor of the newspaper whose representative had not been gone five minutes asked if he was speaking to Mr. Verity.

"Yes," said David. "Wot's up now?" and he motioned to Bulmer to use a second receiver.

"A cablegram from Pernambuco states specifically that the captain and crew of the Andromeda fought their way across the island of Fernando Noronha, rescued Dom de Sylva, seized a steam launch, attacked and captured the German steamship Unser Fritz and landed the insurgent leader at Macelo. The message goes on to say that the captain's name is Coke and that he is accompanied by his daughter. Eh? What did you say? Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm 'ere, or I think I am," said David with a desperate calmness. "Is that all?"

"All for the present."

"It doesn't say that Coke is a ravin', tearin', 'owlin' lunatic, does it?"

"No. Is that your view?"

Bulmer's hand gripped David's. Their eyes met.

"I was thinkin' that the chap who writes these penny novelette wires might 'ave rounded up his yarn in good shape," said Verity aloud.

"But there is not the slightest doubt that something of the kind has occurred," said the voice.

"It's a put up job!" roared David.

"Them bloomin' Portygees 'ave sunk my ship, an' they're whackin' in their flim now so as to score first blow."

To Bulmer David said savagely:

"Wot's bitten Coke? 'E must 'ave gone stark, starlin' mad."

"Iris is alive!" murmured Bulmer. "An' now, David, I'll tell you wot I 'ad in me mind in comin' 'ere this mornin'. You're hard up. You don't know where to turn for a penny. If you're agreeable I'll put a trustworthy man in this office an' give 'im full powers to pull your affairs straight. Mind you, I'm doin' this for Iris, not for you. An' now that we know wot's 'appenin' in South America you an' I will go out there and look into things. A mail steamer will take us there in sixteen days, an' before we sail we can work the cables a bit so as to stop Iris from startin' for 'ome before we arrive."

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(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. 1886.

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.

The British steamer Mariner cleared last week from the Wilmington port with a cargo of 9,991 bales of new crop cotton for Bremen, Germany.

How Good News Spreads.

"I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes B. F. Tolson, of Elizabethtown, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters, because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They effect a cure every time." They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigor and health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by all druggists.

The Nashville American and the Nashville Tennessean, two daily papers of Nashville, Tenn., have been merged into one paper to be called The Tennessean and American, which will support W. Hooper Republican and fusion candidate for governor.

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