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The home will cost at the start about \$15,000. The bids of both Shelby and Greensboro represent about \$20,000 in land and cash. It is planned to have the main edifice so constructed that it can be added to it at any time in the future.

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 Adromeda 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 Adromeda, 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 Adromeda 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. X and XI—Hozier gets Iris aboard. Party picked up from launch at sea by a German vessel, of which they take possession. XII—Meanwhile in Liverpool Iris' uncle and her aged fiancé read of vessel's razing fate and start for South America.

CHAPTER XIII. THE LURE OF GOLD.

"PHILIP, I want to tell you something."
"Something pleasant?"
"No."
"Then why tell me?"
"Because, unhappily, it must be told. I hope you will forgive me, though I shall never forgive myself. Oh, my dear, my dear, why did we ever meet? And what am I to say? I—well, I have promised to marry another man."
"Disgraceful!" said Philip.
"Philip, dear, this is quite serious," said Iris, momentarily withdrawing her wistful gaze from the faraway line where sapphire sea and amber sky met in harmony. Northeastern Brazil is a favored clime. Bad weather is there a mere link, as it were, between unbroken weeks of brilliant sunshine. At her present pace the Unser Fritz would enter the harbor at Pernambuco on the following morning.
Iris, her troubled face resting on her hands, her elbows propped on the rails of the poop on the port side, looked at Philip with an intense sadness that was seemingly lost on him.
"I really mean what I say," she continued in a low voice that vibrated with emotion. "I have given my word—written it—entered into a most solemn obligation. Somehow the prospect of reaching a civilized place tomorrow induces a more ordered state of mind than has been possible since—since the Adromeda was lost."
"Who is he?" demanded Hozier darkly. "Coke is married. So is Watts. Dom Corria has other fish to fry than to dream of committing bigamy. Of course I am well aware that you have been flirting with San Benavides."
"Please don't make my duty harder for me," pleaded Iris. "Before I met you, before we spoke to each other that first day at Liverpool, I had promised to marry Mr. Bulmer, an old friend of my uncle's."
"Oh—he? I am sorry for Mr. Bulmer, but it can't be done," interrupted Hozier.
"Philip, you do not understand. I—I cared for nobody then, and my uncle said he was in danger of bankruptcy, and Mr. Bulmer undertook to help him if I would consent."
He turned and met her eyes. There was a tender smile on his lips.
"So you really believe you will be compelled to marry Mr. Bulmer?" he cried.
"Oh, don't be horrid!" she almost sobbed. "I can't—can't help it."
"I have given some thought to the problem myself," he said, "and I appreciate exactly how well it would serve Mr. David Verity's interests if his niece married a wealthy old party like Bulmer. By the way, how old is Bulmer?"
"Nearly seventy."
"It is a pity that Bulmer should be

patriarch, because his only hope of marrying you is that I shall die first. Even then he must be prepared to espouse my widow. By the way, is it disrespectful to describe him as a patriarch? Isn't there some proverb about three-score years and ten?"
"Philip, if only you would appreciate my dreadful position!"
"I do. It ought to be ended. The first parson we meet shall be commanded. Don't you see, dear, we really must get married at Pernambuco."

Iris clinched her little hands in despair. Why did he not understand her misery? Though she was unwavering in her resolution to keep faith with the man who had twitted her with taking all and giving nothing in return, she could not wholly restrain the tumult in her veins. Married in Pernambuco! Ah, if only that were possible!

"I am sure we would be happy together," she said, with a pathetic confidence that tempted him strongly to take her in his arms and kiss away her fears. "We must forget what happened in the land of dreams. I will never love any man but you, Philip. Yet I cannot marry you."
"You will marry me in Pernambuco."
"I will not because I may not. Oh, spare me any more of this! I cannot bear it! Have pity, dear!"

"Iris, let us at least look at the position calmly. Do you really think that fate's own decree should be set aside merely to keep David Verity out of the bankruptcy court?"
"I have given my promise, and those two men are certain I will keep it."
"Ah, they will release you. What then?"

"You do not know my uncle or Mr. Bulmer. Money is their god. I owe everything to my uncle. He rescued my mother and me from dire poverty. He gave us freely of his abundance. We have had our hour, dear. Its memory will never leave me. I shall think of you, dream of you, when, it may be, some other girl—oh, no, I do not mean that! Philip, don't be angry with me today. You are wringing my heart!"

"I shall never give you up to any other man," he said. "I have won you by the sword, and, please God, I shall never give you up! Not while I live! Why, you yourself dragged me away from certain death when I was lying unconscious on the Adromeda's deck. A second time you saved me alone, but the ten others who are left out of the twenty-two, by bringing us back to Grand-pere in the hour that our escape seemed to be assured had we put

at Pernambuco. Our only danger at either place will be encountered at the actual moment of landing. At Macelo there is practically no risk of finding a warship in the harbor. That is why we are going there."
"And not because you are more likely to find adherents there?"
"It is a much smaller town than Pernambuco, and my strength lies outside the large cities, I admit. But there can be no question as to our wisdom in preferring Macelo, even where the young lady's well being is concerned."

"I see that, whether willing or not, we are to be made the tools of your ambition," interrupted Hozier curtly. "It is also fairly evident that I am the only man of the Adromeda's company whom you have not bribed to obey you. Well, be warned now by me. If circumstances fall to justify your change of route I shall make it my business to settle at least one revolution in Brazil by cracking your skull."

"Let me understand," said De Sylva. "You hold my life as forfeit if any mischance befalls Miss Yorke?"
"Yes."
"I accept that. Of course you no longer challenge my direction of affairs?"
"I am no match for you in argument, senator, but I do want you to believe that I shall keep my part of the compact."

"I'm going to have a nap," Coke announced. "Either you or Watts must take 'old. Which is it to be?"
"No need to ask Mr. Hozier any such question," said the suave Dom Corria. "You can trust him implicitly. He is with us now—to the death."

Soon after sunset Iris reappeared. She walked on the after deck with San Benavides and seemed to be listening with great attention to something he was telling her.

When Hozier was relieved and summoned to a meal in the saloon with Norrie and some of the ship's own officers Iris was nowhere visible. He went straight to her cabin and knocked. "Who is it?" she asked.
"I, Philip. Will you be on deck in a quarter of an hour?"
"No."
"But this time I want to tell you something."

"Philip, dear, I am weary. I must rest—and I dare not meet you."
"Dare not?"
"I am afraid of myself. Please leave me."
He caught the sob in her voice, and it unmanned him. He stalked off, raging. While off duty he kept strict watch and ward over the gangway in which Iris' cabin was situated. It was useless. She remained hidden.

As Coke had told Iris she might expect to be ashore about 2 o'clock, she waited until half past 1 ere coming on deck. Despite her unalterable decision to abide by the hideous compact entered into with her uncle and Bulmer, her first thought now was to find Hozier.

Iris was thoroughly wretched and not a little disturbed by the near prospect of landing in a foreign country which would probably be plunged into civil war by the mere advent of De Sylva. It need hardly be said that under these circumstances Hozier was the one man in whose company she would feel reasonably safe. But she could not see him anywhere.

At last she traced one of the Adromeda's men whom she met in a gangway.
"Mr. Hozier, miss?" said he. "Oh, he's forrard, right up in the bows, keep'n a lookout."
This information added to her distress. She ought not to go to him. Full well she knew that her presence might distract him from an all important task. So she sat forlornly on the fore hatch, waiting there until he might leave his post.

The steamer crept on lazily, and Iris fancied the hour must be nearer 5 o'clock than 2 when she heard Hozier's voice ring out clearly:
"Buoy on the port bow!"
There was a movement among the dim figures on the bridge. A minute later Hozier cried again:
"Buoy on the starboard bow!"
She understood then that they were in a marked channel. Already the road was narrowing. Soon they would be ashore. At last Hozier came. He saw her as he jumped down from the forecastle deck.

"Why are you here, Iris?" was all he said. She looked so bowed, so humbled, that he could not find it in his heart to reproach her for having avoided him earlier.
"I wanted to be near you," she whispered. "I—I am frightened. Philip, I am terrified by the unknown. Somehow on the rock our dangers were measurable; here we shall soon be swallowed up among a whole lot of people."

They heard Coke's gruff order to the watch to clear the falls of the jollyboat. The Unser Fritz was going dead slow. On the starboard side were the lights of a large tow, but the opposite shore was somber and vague.
"Are we going to land at once in a small boat?" said Iris timidly.
"I fancy there is a new move on foot. A gunboat is moored half a mile downstream. You missed her because your back was turned. She has steam up and could slip her cables in a minute. They saw her from the bridge, of course, but I did not report her, as there was a chance that my half might be heard, and we came in

so confidently that we are looked on as a local trader."
He took her by the arm with that masterful gentleness that is so comforting to a woman when danger is rife. They reached the bridge. Some sailors were lowering a boat as quietly as possible.
Dom Corria approached with outstretched hand.
"Goodby, Miss Yorke," he said. "I am leaving you for a few hours, not longer. When next we meet I ought to have a sure grip of the presidential ladder, and I shall climb quickly. Won't you wish me luck?"
"I wish you all good fortune, Dom Corria," said Iris. "May your plans succeed without bloodshed."
"Ah, this is South America, remember. Our conflicts are usually short and fierce. Au revoir, Mr. Hozier. By daybreak we shall be better friends."

San Benavides also bade them farewell with an easy grace not wholly devoid of melodramatic pathos. The dandy and the man of rags climbed down a rope ladder, the boat fell away from the ship's side, and the night took them.
"Mr. Hozier!" cried Coke.
"Yes, sir."
"Is all clear forrard to let go anchor?"
"Yes, sir."
"Give her thirty. You go and see to it, will you?"
Hozier made off at a run.

Iris recalled the last time she heard similar words. She shuddered. Would that placid foreshore blaze out into a roar of artillery and the wornout Unser Fritz, like the wornout Adromeda, stagger and lurch into a watery grave?

But the only noise that jarred the peaceful night was the rattle of the cable and winch. The ship fell away a few feet and was held. There was no moving light on the river. Not even a police boat or customs launch had put off. Macelo was asleep. It was quite unprepared for the honor of a presidential visit.

(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.
Mr. Glenn to Richmond.
The many Gastonia friends of Mr. C. M. Glenn will be interested in the following item from Wednesday's Charlotte News: "Mr. Charles M. Glenn, was formerly in the brokerage business on College street, but who has lately been engaged in the insurance business, left yesterday for Richmond, Va., where he goes to take charge of a branch office of the brokerage firm of T. S. Southgate & Company. This company has its home office at Norfolk, Va., with a number of branches in different parts of the country."
—Miss Minnie Herman, of Lowell, route two, left Monday for Lenoir where she will enter Davenport College.
—Mrs. Samuel Robinson and little daughter, Miss Frances Robinson, who have been spending several weeks in the city as the guests of Mrs. A. M. Herron, on North Church street, returned home this morning.—Wednesday's Charlotte Chronicle.

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