

Schneider's Greater Store Will be Closed Tuesday & Wednesday

Millinery and Dress Goods

It's a millinery season that should be a delight to all for the styles are so widely varied that every face and figure can be suited. There are the big hats and the little hats; brilliant colors and subdued shades, all are correct styles and the selection is a mere matter of individual taste. And then we trim hats to order from your own suggestions, so that you can be exactly pleased.

Feathers, flowers, plumes, aigrettes, ribbons and ornaments of different kinds and colors are to be had here. We have the finest millinery department in the city and hundreds of customers tell us it is the best.

Ladies Tailored Suits and Up-To-Date Dress Goods

We have never had a larger or better selected assortment of tailored suits to offer you. Come and look through our store. We are proud to show you the goods. Materials are the best. Workmanship is perfect. Style is authoritative. Our prices are \$12.50, \$18.00 and \$20.00.

Our Store will be Closed Tuesday and Wednesday. Doors will be re-opened THURSDAY

H. Schneider's Greater Store.

Big Stock Heating Stoves at Long Brothers

We have over 250 Heating Stoves in stock. We can fit you up from a \$1.25 Wood Stove to a \$65.00 Base Burner. Base Burners from \$25.00 to \$65.00.

LONG BROTHERS

The Stove House. - - 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.

Personal Mention.

—Mrs. W. D. Grist, of Yorkville S. C., was registered at the Falls House Saturday.

—The 14-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. James Walters is critically ill at their home on West Airline avenue.

—Mr. M. N. Black, a prominent farmer of Worth, and his son, Mr. Lee Black, were visitors to Gastonia Saturday and paid The Gazette office a pleasant call.

—J. P. Cates has resigned his position in the McAden Mills at McAdenville, N. C., to accept a position in the Locke Mills at Concord, N. C.—Textile Manufacturer, 29th.

—J. E. Hornbuckle, formerly overseer of the weaving in the Locke Mills at Concord, N. C., and whom it was reported was going to Bessemer City, N. C., has accepted a position with the Alavista Cotton Mills at Altavista, Va.—Textile Manufacturer, 29th.

—The Scottish Chief, published at Maxton, in its issue of the 29th, copies The Gazette's account of the

death of Mr. P. J. Dorsey and adds: "Mr. Dorsey moved from Maxton R. F. D. No. 1 to Gastonia the first of the year. 'Aunt Becky' has an appreciative notice of his death in this week's Chief. The bereaved have the deepest sympathy of a host of friends in this section." The same issue of The Scottish Chief contains a sketch and appreciation of the deceased signed "Aunt Becky."

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 con-

spiracy 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. 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 amazing fate and start for South America. XIII—Hozier, aboard the German ship, insists that he and Iris shall be married as soon as they reach Brazil, but the girl, who loves him, says she is honor bound to old Bulmer.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW ERA.

A SWAGGERING officer and a man habitually like a beggar lauded unobserved at a coal wharf, moored a ship's boat to a bolt and passed swiftly through a silent town till they reached the closed gates of an infantry barrack perched on a hill that rose steeply above the clustering roofs of Macelo. The officer knocked loudly on a small door inset in the big gates. After some delay it was opened. A sentry challenged.

"Capitano San Benavides," announced the officer, and the man stood to attention.

"Enter, my friend," said San Benavides to his ragged companion. The latter stepped within.

The colonel's house was in darkness, yet San Benavides rapped imperatively. An upper window was raised. A voice was heard, using profane language. A head appeared. Its owner cried, "Who is it?" with additions.

"San Benavides."
"Christo! And the other?"
"One whom you expect."

The head popped in. Soon there was a light on the ground floor. The door opened. A very stout man, barefooted, who had struggled into a pair of abnormally tight riding breeches, faced them.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed, striking an attitude.

Dom Corria spoke not a word. The three passed into a lighted apartment. De Sylva placed himself under a chandelier and took off a frayed straw hat which he had borrowed from some one on board the Unser Fritz. The colonel, a grotesque figure in his present deshabille, bowed low before him.

"My president, I salute you," he murmured.

"Thank you, general," said Dom Corria, smiling graciously. "I knew I



"MY PRESIDENT, I SALUTE YOU," HE MURMURED.

could depend on you. How soon can you muster the regiment?"

"In half an hour, excellency."

"See that there is plenty of ammunition for the machine guns. What of the artillery?"

"The three batteries stationed here are with us heart and soul."

"Colonel San Benavides, as chief of the staff, is acquainted with every detail. You, general, will assume command of the army of liberation. Some trunks were sent to you from Paris, I believe."

"They are in the room prepared for your excellency."

"Let me go there at once and change my clothing. I must appear before the troops as their president, not as a jail bird. For the moment I leave everything to you and San Benavides. Let

Senhor Pondillo be summoned. He will attend to the civil side of affairs. You have my unqualified approval of the military scheme drawn up by you and my other friends. There is one thing—a gunboat lies in the harbor. Is she the Andorinha?"

The newly promoted general smote his huge stomach with both hands, and the rat-tat signified instant readiness for action.

"The guns will soon scare that bird," he exclaimed. As the dawn was about to peep up over the sea twelve guns lumbered through the narrow streets, waking many startled citizens. A few daring souls who guessed what had happened rushed off on horseback or bicycle to remote telegraph offices. These adventurers were too late. Every railway station and postoffice within twenty miles was already held by troops.

General Russo drew up his three batteries on the wharf opposite the unsuspecting Andorinha and endeavored to plant twelve shells in the locality of her engine room without the least hesitation. There was no thought of demanding her surrender or any quixotic nonsense of that sort.

As it was, every gun scored, though the elevation was rather high. The shells made a sad mess of the superstructure, but left the engines intact. Though winged, she still could fly. The second salvo of projectiles was less damaging. Again the gunners failed to reach the warship's vitals. Her commander got his own armament into action and managed to demolish a warehouse and a grain elevator. Then he made off down the coast toward Rio de Janeiro.

The sudden uproar stirred Macelo from roof to basement. Its inhabitants poured into the plaza. Every man vied with his neighbor in yelling: "The revolution is here! Viva Dom Corria!"

The one incident of a political nature in which the victors of the tussle on Fernando Noronha were publicly concerned was the outcome of a message cabled by Dom Corria while the smoke of Russo's cannon still clung about the quay.

It was written in German, addressed to a Hamburg shipping firm and ran as follows: "Have sold Unser Fritz to Senhor Pondillo of this port as from Sept. 1 for 175,000 marks. If approved cable confirmation and draw on Paris branch Deutsche bank at sight. Franz Schmidt, care German consul, Macelo."

This harmless commercial item was read by many officials hostile to De Sylva, yet it evoked no comment. Its first real effect was observable in the counting house of the Hamburg owners. There it was believed that Captain Schmidt had either become a lunatic himself or was in touch with a rich one. Schmidt was so well known to them that they acted on the latter hypothesis. They cabled him their hearty commendation, "drew" on the Paris bank by the next post and awaited developments. To their profound amazement the money was paid. As they had obtained \$8,750 for a vessel worth about one-quarter of the sum they had good reason to be satisfied. It mattered not a jot to them that the sale was made "as from Sept. 1" or any other date. They signed the desired quitance, cabled Schmidt again to ask if Senhor Pondillo was in need of other ships of the Unser Fritz class, and the members of the firm indulged that evening in the best dinner that the tiptop restaurant of Hamburg could supply.

They were puzzled next day by certain statements in the newspapers and were called on to explain to a number of journalists that the ship had left their ownership.

Hozier, of course, had forgiven Iris for her aloofness, and Iris, with that delightful inconsistency which ranks high among the many charms of, her sex, found that "Phillip, dear," though she might not marry him, was her only possible companion. He, having acquired an experience previously lacking, took care to fall in with her mood. She, weary of a painful self repression, cheated the frowning gods of "just this one night." So they looked at the twinkling lights, spoke in whispers lest they should miss any tokens of disturbance on shore, elbowed each other comfortably on the rails of the bridge and uttered no word of love or future purpose.

Suddenly a lightning blaze leaped from the somber shadows of some buildings on the quay lower down the river. Again, and many times again, the sudden jets of flame started out across the black water. Iris, or Hozier, for that matter, had never seen a fieldpiece fired by night, but before the girl could do other than grip Phillip's arm in a spasm of fear the thunder of the artillery rolled across the harbor, and the worn plates of the Unser Fritz quivered under the mere concussion.

"By Jove, they're at it!" cried Phillip.

"Oh!" she gasped and clung to him more tightly.

Under such circumstances it was only to be expected that his arm would clasp her round the waist.

Hozier strained his eyes through the gloom to discover the effect of the cannonade on the gunboat. He was quickly alive to the significance of the answering broadside. Then the black hull grew dim and vanished. His sailor's sympathies went with the escaping ship.

"She has got away! I am jolly glad of it," he cried. "It was a dirty trick to open fire on her in that fashion. Just how they served the Andromeda, the hounds, only we had never a gun to fiddle them up in return."

About 8 o'clock a grand review was held in the plaza, or chief square. Dom Corria, a resplendent personage on horseback, made a fine speech. He was vociferously applauded by both troops and populace. General Russo,

also mounted, assured him that Brazil was pining for him. In effect when he was firmly established in the presidency the people would be allowed to vote for him.

"We have borne two years of misrule," vociferated the commander in chief, "but it has vanished before the fiery breath of our guns. We hail your excellency as our liberator. Long live Dom Corria! Down with—"

The fierce "Vivas" of the mob, combined with the general's weight, proved too much for his charger, which plunged violently. Russo was held on accidentally by his spurs. There was a lively interlude until an orderly seized the bridle, and the general was able to disengage the rowsels from the animal's ribs. When tranquillity was restored the soldiers marched off to their quarters, and Colonel San Benavides boarded the Unser Fritz. He invited Iris, Schmidt, Coke and Hozier to breakfast with the president at the principal hotel.

On the way to the hotel Iris saw a large building labeled "Casa do Correlô e Telegraphia." It was not surprising that she had not thought earlier of the necessity of cabling to Liverpool. She blushed and looked involuntarily at Hozier.

"I must send a message to my uncle," she said.

San Benavides, of course, was anxious to oblige Iris in this as in every other respect. He procured the requisite form, told her the cost, which led to a condensed version of the original draft; smoothed away the slight hindrance of foreign money tendered in payment and arranged the due delivery of a reply. Perhaps he smiled when he read what she had written. The words were comprehensible even to one who did not understand English.

"Andromeda lost. Arrived here safely. Address, Yorke, Macelo."

Among the four people, therefore, who entered the Hotel Grande in the Rua do Sul there were two whose feelings were the reverse of cheerful. But convention is stronger than the primal impulses—sometimes it triumphs over death itself—and convention was all powerful now. It led Iris away captive in the train of the smiling and voluble Senhora Pondillo, and it immersed Hozier in a tangle of fearsome words which turned out to be the stock in trade of a clothier. The mere male of Macelo decks himself with gay plumage. Phillip was hard put to it before he secured some garments which did not irresistibly recall the heroes of certain musical comedies popular in England.

The appearance of Iris caused something akin to a sensation. The Dona Pondillo could not create English clothes nor bad copies of French, but

her own daughters dressed in the height of local fashion, and Dom Corria's earnest request had made them generous. The dark eyed, olive complexioned women of Alagoas are often exceedingly beautiful, but few of those present had ever seen a brown haired, brown eyed, fair faced Englishwoman. Iris was remarkably good looking, even among the pretty girls of her own county of Lancashire. Her large, limpid eyes, well molded nose and perfectly formed mouth were the dominant features of a face that had all the charm of youth and health. Her smooth skin, brown with exposure to sun and air, glowed into a rich crimson when she found herself in the midst of so many strangers. The slightly delicate semblance induced by the hardships and loss of rest which fell to her lot since the Andromeda went to pieces on the Grand-pere rock in nowise detracted from her appearance. She wore the elegant costume of a Macelo belle with ease and distinction. If she was furried by the undisciplined murmur of admiration that greeted her she did not show it beyond the first rush of color.

Dom Corria, dragging Schmidt with him, hurried to meet her. Surprise at his gala attire helped to conquer her natural timidity, for the president was gorgeous in blue and gold.

"My good wishes are soon changed into congratulations, senator," she said.

"Ah, my dear young lady, I am overjoyed that you should be here to witness my success," he cried. Then, as if

she had waited for this moment, he turned to the assembled company and delivered an eloquent panegyric of the Andromeda's crew and their deusa deliciosa—for that is what he called Iris—a delightful goddess.

Hozier, though by no means indifferent to the good fare provided, was wondering how many hours would elapse before Iris' cablegram reached Verity's office, when some words caught his ear that drove all other considerations from his mind.

"I am sorry to say that, in my opinion, there is not the slightest chance of your message reaching England today, Miss Yorke," the president was saying.

"But why not?" she asked, with an astonishment that was not wholly the outcome of regret.

"The cable does not land here, and the transmitting stations will be closely watched, now that my arrival in Brazil is known. Even the simplest form of words will be twisted into a political significance. No, I think it best to be quite candid. Until I control Pernambuco, which should be within a week or ten days, you may rest assured that no private cablegrams will be forwarded."

"Oh, dear, I fully expected a reply today!" she said, and now that she realized the effect of a further period of anxiety on the Bootle partnership she was genuinely dismayed.

"You may be sure it will not come," said Dom Corria. "Indeed, I may as well take this opportunity of explaining to you and to my other English friends—with the interpolated sentence his glance dwelt quietly on Hozier and Coke—"the exact position locally. You see, Macelo is a small place and easily approached from the sea. A hostile fleet could knock it to pieces in half an hour, and it would be a poor reward for my supporters' loyalty if my presence subjected them to a bombardment. I have no strong defenses or heavy guns to defy attack, and my troops are not more than a thousand men, all told. It is obvious that I must make for the interior. There I gather strength as I advance, the warships cannot pursue, and I can choose my own positions to meet the half hearted forces that Dom Miguel will collect to oppose me. In fact, I and every armed man in Macelo march up country this afternoon."

Iris by this time was thoroughly frightened, and Hozier, who read more in De Sylva's words than was possible in her case, was watching the speaker's calm face with a fixity that might have disconcerted many men. Dom Corria seemed to be unaware of either the girl's distress or Phillip's white anger.

"You naturally ask how I propose to safeguard the companions of my flight from Fernando Noronha," he went on. "I answer at once—by taking them with me. The Senhora Pondillo and her family will accompany her husband and my quints at Las Flores. A special train will take all of us to the nearest railway station this afternoon. Thence my estate is but a day's march. You and my other friends from both ships will be quite safe and happy there until order is restored. You must come. The men's lives, at any rate, would not be worth an hour's purchase if my opponent's forces found them here, and I feel certain that one or more cruisers will arrive off Macelo tonight. For you this excursion will be quite a pleasant experience, and you can absolutely rely on my promise to send news of your safety to England at the very first opportunity."

(To be Continued.)

LOCAL GLEANINGS

To New York on Business.
Mr. R. B. Babington, general manager of the Piedmont Telephone & Telegraph Co., left last night on No. 30 for New York on business, accompanying Mr. W. T. Gentry, of Atlanta. They will be absent for a week.

Farmers Union Meeting.
The Gazette is requested to state that there will be a meeting of the Gaston County Farmers Union at Duilas next Saturday, the 8th, and that a full delegation from each local in the county is desired.

Prospecting in Florida.
Messrs. J. S. and W. G. Torrence are in Florida where they are looking over some land with a view to investing in property in the Land of Flowers. They left Gastonia last Tuesday going to Tampa and will visit a number of towns before returning. It is probable that they will reach Gastonia the latter part of the week.

Colored Association Meets.
The Gazette publishes the following by request: The Ebenezer Baptist Association, colored, convened near Waco, in the Washington church September 22nd to 25th. This body is composed of about 23 churches and represents more than fifteen hundred members. The sum of \$255 was raised for education. This association, with the aid of a few others, operates a high school at Rutherfordton.