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Charlotte, N. C.

FAVORS NEWTON SITE?

Reported That Carolina & North-Western Has Its Eyes on Ridgeview Cotton Mill Property as Location for New Shops.

Charlotte Observer.

Newton, Oct. 12.—The town is deeply interested in a rumor heard yesterday that the Carolina & North-Western Railroad people regarded with a favorable eye the Ridgeview Cotton Mill property as a location for the new shops of the railroad. This property is ideal for such purpose. It is located just north of the corporation limits, between Newton and Conover on the Southern Railway. The cotton mill people erected a brick structure, but the panic came on and the machinery was never placed. It is reported as coming from official sources that the railroad people have been unable to decide on any of the propositions offered by Hickory, Lincolnton, Gastonia and Chester, and that they like this Ridgeview property better than any they have seen.

As a result of this report, the Newton boosters will hold an immediate meeting and start a campaign to produce as attractive an offer to the railroad people as possible.

[Gastonians are unable to understand the attitude of the Carolina & Northwestern in the matter of the new shops. The officials of the road were in a great hurry to get the propositions of the various towns in hand, stating that they wanted to decide the matter and begin the erection of shops immediately. It has been several weeks since the propositions were opened by the officials and up to the present time no intimation has been given out as to what they intend to do. Lincolnton, we understand, has withdrawn its offer. All sorts of rumors have been

afloat the past week or so, including one to the effect that the road had already begun to build shops in Chester; another was to the effect that, if they accepted Gastonia's offer and built the shops here, they would run special trains to and from Gastonia, affording their employees free transportation between this place and Chester, so they could continue to reside at the latter place. Other rumors along the same line have been heard. How much of truth there is in any of them we do not know. We give them for what they are worth.

Several facts stand out pre-eminently, among them the following:

Gastonia made the company by far the best offer of any town on the line, including \$8,500 in cash, a site and other considerations which made the offer total something like \$20,000.

Gastonia gives the road something like ten times the amount of business Chester gives it and three times as much as Hickory, which stands next to Gastonia in the point of business given the road.

In the month of July, if we were not misinformed, Gastonia gave the road 147 solid cars, both incoming and outgoing, while Chester gave them 17.

Gastonia wants the shops if they are to bring to Gastonia what our people were led to believe they would, viz: Five hundred people to begin with, an annual payroll of something like \$90,000 and eventually the head offices of the company. But Gastonia, having gone to the trouble and expense of getting up the cash and other requisites to make this offer, feels that she is entitled

JURY LIST.

Following is the list of Jurors for the November term of Gaston Superior Court. They were drawn by the county commissioners in session Monday:

- H. W. Allran,
- R. A. Beatty,
- R. C. Warren,
- Peter S. Beam,
- R. R. Mauney,
- Oscar Anderson,
- W. B. Morris,
- W. D. Craig,
- R. C. Whitesides,
- E. G. McLurd,
- David L. Pasour,
- J. L. Gates,
- D. A. Summey,
- C. G. Pasour,
- W. C. Lineberger,
- J. C. Pearson,
- E. J. B. Moore,
- Frank Bell.

to know what the road proposes to do without much further delay.

The Gazette has heard a number of prominent citizens suggest that Gastonia should withdraw her offer unless she gets something more satisfactory soon than has appeared so far. Looking at the matter from every standpoint it looks just a little bit like Gastonia is getting a raw deal.—[Editor Gazette.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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 fiance 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. XIV and XV—Party lands on Brazilian coast, Hozier and the others having consented to help Dom Corria regain his presidency.

CHAPTER XVII.

A COUP OF THE NAPOLEONIC ORDER.

CARMELA went back to a household that paid scant heed to her screaming. Dom Corria was there, bareheaded, his gorgeous uniform sword slashed and blood bespattered. General Russo, too, was beating his capacious chest and shouting:

"God's bones! Let us make a fight of it!"

A sprinkling of soldiers, all dismounted cavalry or gunners, a few disbeveled officers, had accompanied De Sylva in his flight. With reckless bravery he and Russo had tried to rally the troops camped at headquarters. It was a hopeless effort. Half breeds can never produce a military caste. They may fight valiantly in the line of battle—they will not face the unknown, the terrible, the harpies that come at night, borne on the hurricane wings of panic. Unhappily De Sylva and his bodyguard were the messengers of their own disaster. The cowardly genius at Pesqueira had planned a surprise. He would not lead it, of course, but in Dom Miguel Barraca he found an eager substitute. It was a coup of the Napoleonic order. An infantry attack along the entire front of the Liberationist position cloaked the launching against the center of a formidable body of cavalry. The project was to thrust this lance into the rebel position, probe it thoroughly, as a surgeon explores a gunshot wound, and extract the offender in the guise of Dom Corria.

The scheme had proved eminently successful. The Liberationists were crumpled up, and here was Dom Corria making his last stand.

He deserved better luck, for he was magnificent in failure. Calm as ever, he tried to be shot or captured when the reserves in camp failed him. Russo and the rest dragged him onward by main force.

"They want me only," he urged. "My death will end a useless struggle. I shall die a little later, when many more of my friends are killed. Why not die now?"

They would not listen. "It is night!" they cried. "The enemy's horses are spent. A determined stand may give us another chance."

But it was a forlorn hope. As San Benavides lurched into the patto the horses of the first pursuing detachment strained up the slope between the house and encampment.

Carmela, all her fire gone, the pallid ghost of the vengeful woman who would have shattered her lover's skull were the revolver loaded, was the first to see him. She actually crouched in terror. Her tongue was parched. If she uttered some low cry none heard her.

Dom Corria, striving to dispose his meager garrison as best he could, met his trusted lieutenant. His face lit with joy.

"Ah, my poor Salvador!" he cried. "I thought we had lost you at the ford!"

"No," said San Benavides. "I ran away!"

Even in his dire extremity De Sylva smiled.

"Would that others had run like you, my Salvador!" he said. "Then we should have been in Pernambuco tomorrow."

The Brazilian looked around. His eye dwelt heedlessly on the cowering Carmela. He was searching for Iris, who had been compelled by Coke and Bulmer and her uncle to take shelter behind the score of sailors who still remained at Las Flores.

"It is true nevertheless," he said ironically. "I knew the game was lost, so I came here to try to save a lady."

"Ah—our Carmela? You thought of her?"

"No!"

Then the spell passed from Carmela. She literally threw herself on her lover.

"Yes, it is true!" she shrieked. "He came to save me, but I preferred to die here—with you, father, and with him."

Dom Corria did not understand these fireworks, but he had no time for thought. Bullets were crashing through the closed venetians. Light they must have or the defense would become an orgy of self destruction, yet light was their most dangerous foe when men were shooting from the somber depths of the trees.

The assailants were steadily closing around the house. Their rifles covered every door and window. Each minute brought up fresh bands in tens and twenties. At last Barraca himself arrived. Some members of his staff made a hasty survey of the situation. There were some 300 men available, and in all probability Dom Corria could not muster one-sixth of that number. It was a crisis that called for vigor. The cavalry lance was twenty miles from his base, and there was no knowing what accident might reunite the scattered Liberationists. One column at least of the Nationalists had failed to keep its rendezvous or this last desperate stand at Las Flores would have proved a sheer impossibility.

So the house must be rushed, no matter what the cost. This was a war of leaders. Let Dom Corria fall and his most enthusiastic supporters would pay Dom Miguel's taxes without further parley. A scheme of concerted action was hastily arranged. Simultaneously five detachments swarmed against the chosen points of assault. One crossed the patto to the porch, another made for the stable entrance, a third attacked the garden door, a fourth assailed the servants' quarters, and the fifth, strongest of all and inspired by Dom Miguel's presence, battered in the shutters and tore away the piled up furniture of the ballroom.

The Nationalist leader's final order was terse:

"Spare the women; shoot every reb-

el; do not touch the foreigners unless they resist!"

With yells of "Abajo De Sylva!" "Morto por revoltados!" the assailants closed in. Neither side owned magazine rifles, so the fight was with machetes, swords and bayonets when the first furious hail of lead had spent itself. No man thought of quarter nor ceased to stab and thrust until he fell.

When 300 desperadoes meet fifty of like caliber in a hand to hand conflict, when the 300 mean to end the business and the fifty know that they must die, fighting for choice, but die in any event, the resultant encounter will surely be both fierce and brief.

By one of those queer chances which sometimes decide the hazard between life and death the window nearest that end of the room where the sailors strove to protect a few shrieking women had not been broken in. Here, then, was a tiny bay of refuge. From it the men of the Adromeda and the Unser Fritz, Bulmer, Verity, Iris and such of the Brazilian ladies as had not fled to the upper rooms at the initial volley looked out on an amazing butchery. De Sylva, no longer young and never a robust man, had been dragged from mortal peril many times by his devoted adherents. Carmela had snatched a machete from the fingers of a dying soldier and was fighting like one possessed of a fiend.

Once when a combined rush drove the defenders nearly on top of the non-combatants Iris would have striven to draw the half demented girl into the little haven with the other women.

But Coke thrust her back, shouting:

"Leave 'er alone! She'll set about you if you touch her!"

Dickey Bulmer, too, who was displaying a fortitude hardly to be expected in a man of his years and habits, thought that interference was useless.

"Let 'er do what she can," he said. "She doesn't know wot is 'appenin' now. If she was only watchin' she'd be a ravin' lunatic. God 'elp us all! We've got ourselves into a nice mess!"

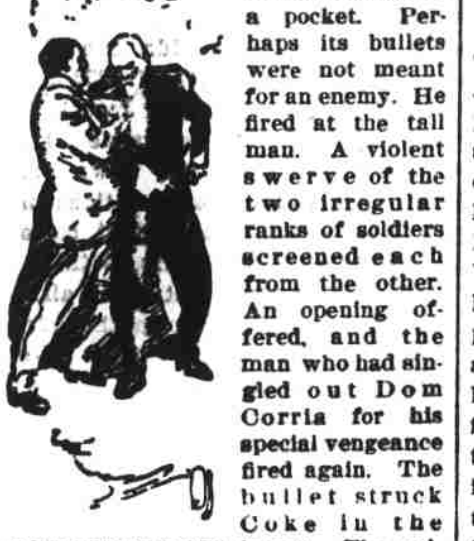
But if Dickey Bulmer's simple words exalted him into the kingdom of the heroic David Verity occupied a lower plane. Prayers and curses alternated on his lips. He was stupefied with fear.

A tall, distinguished looking man, wearing a brilliant uniform, his breast decorated with many orders, now appeared on the scene. He shouted something, and the attacking force redoubled its efforts. He raised a revolver and took deliberate aim at Dom Corria. Coke saw him, and his bulldog pluck combined with avarice to overcome his common sense. Without thought of the consequences he sprang into the swaying mob and pulled De Sylva aside. A bullet smashed into the wall behind them.

"Look out, mister!" he bellowed.

"Ere's a blighter 'oo wants to finish you quick!"

De Sylva's glance sought his adversary. He produced a revolver which



HE PULLED DE SYLVA ASIDE.

hitherto had remained hidden in a pocket. Perhaps its bullets were not meant for an enemy. He fired at the tall man. A violent swerve of the two irregular ranks of soldiers screened each from the other. An opening offered, and the man who had singled out Dom Corria for his special vengeance fired again. The bullet struck Coke in the breast. The valiant little skipper staggered and sank to the floor. His fiery eyes gazed up into Verity's.

"Dammed if I ain't hulled!" he roared, his voice loud and harsh, as if he were giving some command from the bridge in a gale of wind.

David dropped to his knees.

"For Gawd's sake, Jimmie!" he moaned.

"Yes, I've got it. Serve me dam well right too! No business to go ag'in me own pore old ship. Look 'ere, Verity, I'm done for! If you get away from this rotten muss see to my missus an' the girls. If you don't—blast you!"

"Fire!" shouted a strong English voice from without. A withering volley crashed through the open windows. Full twenty of the assailants fell, Dom Miguel de Barraca among them. There was an instant of terrible silence, as between the shocks of an earthquake.

"Now, come on!" shouted the same voice, and Philip Hozier rushed into the ballroom, followed by his scouts and a horde of Brazilian regulars. No one not actually an eyewitness of that thrilling spectacle would believe that a fight waged with such determined malevolence could stop so suddenly as did that fray in Las Flores. It was true now as ever that men of a mixed race cannot withstand the unforeseen. Dom Miguel fallen and his cohort decimated by the leaden storm that tore in at them from an unexpected quarter, the rest fled without another blow. They raced madly for their horses, to find that every tethered group was in the hands of this new contingent. Then the darkness swallowed them. Dom Miguel's cavalry was disbanded.

At once the medley within died down. Men had no words as yet to meet this astounding development. Dom Corria went to where his rival lay. Dom Miguel was dying. His eyes met De Sylva's in a strange look of recognition. He tried to speak, but choked and died.

Then the living president stooped over the dead one. He murmured

something. Those near thought afterward that he said:

"Is it worth it? Who knows?"

But he was surely president now. Seldom have power and place been more hardily won.

His quiet glance sought Philip.

"Thank you, Mr. Hozier," he said. "All Brazil is your debtor. As for me, I can never repay you. I owe you my life, the lives of my daughter and of many of my friends and the success of my cause."

Philip heard him as in a dream. He was looking at Iris. Her eyes were shining, her lips parted, yet she did not come to him. By her side was standing a white haired old man, an Englishman, a stranger. Bending over Coke and wringing his hands in incoherent sorrow was another elderly Briton. A fear that Philip had never before known gripped his heartstrings now. He was pale and stern, and his forehead was seamed with foreboding.

"Who is that with Miss Yorke?" he said to Dom Corria.

The president had a rare knack of answering a straight question in a straight way.

"A Mr. Bulmer, I am told," he said.

(To be Continued.)

BUTLER A DESERTER.

A Man Without a Principle and Should be Shunned by All—Some Observations on Political Topics by Bob Peak.

To the Editor of The Gazette.

We hope to be indulged again, though it looks a little like intrusion. We wish it fairly understood that we are not attacking the rank and file of any party or creed because we are aware that there are good and evil doers in all churches and political parties and therefore cannot afford to arraign the rank and file but the leaders. It is expected of the leaders to keep their skirts clean, and in proper trim, that others seeing their good works may be enabled to honor the cause in which they may engage. Watch your bell sheep with a critic's eye, if he gets out of the straight path criticize him and if he fail to heed you down him at once, the sooner the better, try another, treat him likewise ad infinitum; but never desert. You have a principle which, if unchanged, you can't carry with you and you can't make a successful fight against principle, you can only play hypocrite.

Marion has deserted twice and how does he stand today? A condemned traitor and, according to Joseph Daniels, condemned in the Greensboro court of libelous slander against Judge Adams, we suppose an honest Republican. This is sufficient cause to drive him off of North Carolina soil, the home of the brave. A man of the Butler type, without principle, can do as he has done, desert every party but one. We know of no man anywhere of note that is laboring under so severe criticism as Marion and we guess deservedly. What do you say, Zeek? Not an honest man ought to attend his appointment of any party. Treat him as his acts deserve. Following such leaders has brought about the down fall of the Republican party all over the union, though it may culminate in the redemption of our great nation. The old adage says, "Experience teaches a dear school but fools will learn in no other."

Roosevelt set out to win the presidency by his brilliant charge up Kettle Hill at the head of his roughriders and not a Spainard there. They were away on his right and were engaged by the late lamented little fighting General Joe Wheeler who drove them from their stronghold and won the day after General Shafter had about given it up. With both eyes on a third term he made the celebrated African bear hunt, but since his return has lost more than he gained. Teddy has played out. The present administration has proven a curse not only to the Republican party, but to the entire nation. How is that, Zeek?

Now to the Ninth Congressional District. Taking Republican statements as facts, for we are satisfied they are, we have the cleanest representative and one who is an honor to his supporters as well as to himself. He must have a majority of at least 15,000 in this district.

Now to Mr. McNinch. You, yes you deserted the Democrats possibly through magnificent promises sought and obtained the nomination for congress against Hon. E. Y. Webb the gentleman you always supported (and we believe will do it again) for notoriety's sake and are getting it. How, now, Zeek?

BOB PEAK.

Cherryville, N. C., Oct. 10, 1910.

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