

Gaston County

Has 40,000 people, sixty-one cotton mills, \$360,000 worth of macadam roads and thousands of prosperous farmers.

Gastonia

50,000 people, sixteen cotton mills, a \$60,000 court house nearing completion, a \$45,000 appropriation for postoffice building, new passenger depot in prospect; is on the new York-Atlanta National Auto Highway and the Piedmont Traction Company's line.

There is only one sure way to reach these people, viz: through the advertising columns of The Gazette. Issued semi-weekly, on Tuesdays and Fridays. Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application. Carries several times as much advertising as all other Gaston county papers combined. Write for sample copy. Address

Gazette Pub. Co.

236 W. Main Avenue, Gastonia, N. C.

SEABOARD AIR LINE SCHEDULE.

These arrivals, departures and connections with other companies are given only as information. Schedule taking effect May 15, 1910, subject to change without notice.

Trains leave Charlotte as follows: No. 40, daily, at 4:50 a. m., for Monroe, Hamlet and Wilmington connecting at Monroe with 33 to Atlanta, Birmingham; with 38 to Raleigh, Weldon and Portsmouth with 66 at Hamlet for Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, New York.

No. 133, daily, at 9:50 a. m., for Lincolnton, Shelby and Rutherford ton.

No. 44, daily, at 5 p. m., for Monroe, Hamlet, Wilmington and all local points, connecting at Hamlet with 43 for Columbia, Savannah and all Florida points.

No. 47, daily, at 4:45 p. m., for Rutherfordton and all local points. No. 132, 7:15 p. m., connecting at Monroe for all points North, carries Portsmouth sleeper.

Trains arrive in Charlotte as follows: No. 133, 9:50 a. m., from all points North, brings Portsmouth sleeper.

No. 45, daily, at 12:01 p. m., from Wilmington and all local points North.

No. 132, 7 p. m., from Rutherfordton, Shelby, Lincolnton and C. & N. W. Railway points, Johnson City. No. 46 arrives 10:30 a. m., from Rutherfordton and all local stations.

No. 29, daily, at 10:50 p. m., from Wilmington, Hamlet and Monroe also from points East, North and Southwest, connecting at Hamlet and Monroe.

Cafe cars on all through trains. Ticket office Selwyn hotel. All trains run daily. For further information call on or address

James KER, JR., T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

H. S. LEARD, D. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.

C. B. RYAN, G. P. A., Portsmouth, Va.

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Of All Kinds

Warranty Deeds, Mortgage Deeds, Quitclaim Deeds, Executor's Deeds, Chattel Mortgages (North and South Carolina), Bonds to Make Title, Agricultural Liens, Attachment Blanks, and others. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Gazette Pub. Co.

236 Main Ave., Gastonia, N. C.

LADIES LOOK

Do you cut your own stencil patterns? It's much cheaper than buying them already cut and you can find more desirable designs. We have the stencil cardboard, 20x24 inches, at 25 cents a sheet. Also carbon paper about same size for 10 cents a sheet.

GAZETTE PUB. CO.

236 W. Main Ave. Phone 50.

STATE Warrants added to our list of legal blanks, 25 cents per dozen. Mail orders receive prompt attention. Gazette Publishing Co., Gastonia, N. C.

HAIR HEALTH.

If You Have Scalp or Hair Trouble, Take Advantage of This Offer.

We could not afford to so strongly endorse Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and continue to sell it as we do, if it did not do all we claim it will. Should our enthusiasm carry us away, and Rexall "93" Hair Tonic not give entire satisfaction to the users, they would lose faith in us and our statements, and in consequence our business prestige would suffer.

We assure you that if your hair is beginning to unnaturally fall out or if you have any scalp trouble, Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will promptly eradicate dandruff, stimulate hair growth and prevent premature baldness.

Our faith in Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is so strong that we ask you to try it on our positive guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if it does not do as we claim. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store. The Abernethy-Shields Drug Co.

NOTICE.

The Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of Main Street Methodist church will have their annual Week of Prayer services beginning next Monday afternoon and continuing through the week. Interesting programs are being prepared and it is hoped that the attendance will be large at every service. The meetings will be held in the Epworth League room at 3 o'clock every afternoon.

You want good pictures, of course, and of course we want to make them. Let's get together on this proposition. Green's Studio.

The SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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CHAPTER II.

"Who is she?" asked Emerson. "You heard, didn't you? She's Miss Malotte, and she's certainly some considerable lady," answered the crook.

"Yes, but who is she? What does this mean?" Emerson pointed to the provisions and fittings about them. "What is she doing here alone?"

"Maybe you'd better ask her yourself," said Fraser.

For the first time in their brief acquaintance Emerson detected a strange note in the rogue's voice.

The Indian girl summoned them, and they followed her through the long passageway into the other house, where, to their utter astonishment, they seemed to step out of the frontier and into the heart of civilization. They found a tiny dining room perfectly appointed, in the center of which, wonder of wonders, was a round table gleaming like a deep mahogany pool, upon the surface of which floated gauzy hand worked napery, glistening silver and sparkling crystal, the dark polish of the wood reflecting the light from shaded candles. It held a delicately figured service of blue and gold, while the selection of thin stemmed glasses all in rows indicated the character of the entertainment that awaited them. The men's eyes were too busy with the unaccustomed sight to note details carefully, but they felt soft carpet beneath their feet and observed that the walls were smooth and harmoniously papered.

"This is marvelous," murmured Emerson. "I'm afraid we're not in keeping."

"Indeed you are," said the girl, "and I am delighted to have somebody to talk to. It's very lonesome here."

"This is certainly a swell tepee," Fraser remarked. "How did you do it?"

"I brought my things with me from Nome."

"None!" ejaculated Emerson quickly. "Yes."

"Why, I've been in Nome ever since the camp was discovered. It's strange we never met."

"I didn't stay there very long; I went back to Dawson."

Again he fancied the girl's eyes held a vague challenge, but he could not be sure, for she seated him and then gave some instructions to the Aleut girl. Boyd, becoming absorbed in his own thoughts, grew more silent as the signs of refinement and civilization about him revived memories long stifled. This was not the effect for which the girl had striven. Her younger guest's tactfulness, which grew as the dinner progressed, piqued her, so at the first opportunity she bent her efforts toward rallying him. He answered politely, but she was powerless to shake off his mood.

At last he spoke: "You said those watchmen have instructions not to harbor travelers. Why is that?"

"It is the policy of the companies. They are afraid somebody will discover gold around here. You see, this is the greatest salmon river in the world. The 'run' is tremendous and seems to be unfailing; hence the cannery people wish to keep it all to themselves."

"I don't quite understand."

"It is simple enough. Kalvik is so isolated and the fishing season is so short that the companies have to send their crews in from the States and take them out again every summer. Now, if gold were discovered hereabouts the fishermen would all quit and follow the 'strike,' which would mean the ruin of the year's catch and the loss of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Why, this village would become a city in no time if such a thing were to happen. The whole region would fill up with miners, and not only would labor conditions be entirely upset for years, but the eyes of the world, being turned this way, other people might go into the fishing business and create a competition which would both influence prices and deplete the supply of fish in the Kalvik river. So, you see, there are many reasons why this region is forbidden to miners. You couldn't buy a pound of food nor get a night's lodging here for a king's ransom. The watchmen's jobs depend upon their unbroken bond of hospitality, and the Indians dare not sell you anything, not even a dog-fish, under penalty of starvation, for they are dependent upon the companies' stores."

"So that is why you have established a trading post of your own?"

"Oh, dear, no. This isn't a store. This food is for my men."

"Your men?"

"Yes. I have a crew out in the hills on a grub stake. This is our cache. While they prospect for gold I stand guard over the provisions."

Fraser chuckled softly. "Then you are bucking the salmon trust?"

"After a fashion, yes. I knew this country had never been gone over, so I staked six men, chartered a schooner and came down here from Nome in the early spring. We stood off the watchman, and when the supply ships arrived we had these houses completed, and my men were out in the hills where it was hard to follow them. I stayed behind and stood the brunt of things."

"But surely they didn't undertake to injure you?" said Emerson, now thoroughly interested in this extraordinary young woman.

"Oh, didn't they!" she answered, with a peculiar laugh. "You don't appreciate the character of these people. There is no real code of financial morality, and the battle for dollars is the bitterest of all contests. Of course, being a woman, they couldn't very well attack me personally, but they tried everything except physical violence, and I don't know how long they will refrain from that. These plants are owned separately, but they operate under an agreement with one man at the head. His name is Marsh—Willis Marsh—and of course he's not my friend."

"Sort of united we stand, divided we fall."

"Exactly. That spreads the responsibility and seems to leave nobody guilty for his evil deeds. The first thing they did was to sink my schooner. In the morning you will see her spars sticking up through the ice out in front there. One of their tugs 'accidentally' ran her down, although she was at anchor fully 300 feet inside the channel line. Then Marsh actually had the effrontery to come here personally and demand damages for the injury to his towboat, falsely claiming

"The music was a great treat," he said, looking beyond her and holding aloof, "a very great treat. I enjoyed it immensely. Good night."

Cherry Malotte had experienced a new sensation, and she didn't like it. She frowned angrily that she disliked men who looked past her. Indeed, she could not recall any other who had ever done so. Her chief concern had always been to check their ardor. She resolved viciously that before she was through with this young man he would make her a less listless adieu. She assured herself that he was a selfish, sullen boor, who needed to be taught a lesson in manners for his own good if for nothing else. She darted to the table, snatched up the magazine and skimmed through it feverishly. Ah, here was the place!

A woman's face with some meaningless name beneath filled each page. Along the top ran the heading, "Famous American Beauties." So it was a woman! She skipped backward and forward among the pages for further possible enlightenment, but there was no article accompanying the pictures. It was merely an illustrated section devoted to the photographs of prominent actresses and society women, most of whom she had never heard of, though here and there she saw a name that was familiar. In the center was that tantalizingly clean cut edge which had subtracted a face from the gallery—a face which she wanted very much to see.

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly. Then, in a sudden access of fury, she flung the mutilated magazine viciously into a far corner of the room.

The travelers slept late on the following morning, for the weariness of weeks was upon them, and the little bunk room they occupied adjoined the main building and was dark. When they came forth they found Chakawana in the store and a few moments later were called to breakfast.

"Where is your mistress?" inquired Boyd.

great deal to me, and, besides, I will not be beaten"—the stem of the glass with which she had been toying snapped suddenly—"at anything."

The unsuspected luxury of the dining room and the excellence of the dinner itself had in a measure prepared Emerson for what he found in the living room. One thing staggered him a piano. The bearskins on the floor, the big sleepy chairs, the reading table littered with magazines, the shelves of books, even the basket of fancy work all these he could accept without further parleying, but a piano—in Kalvik!

Again Boyd withdrew into that silent mood from which no effort on the part of his hostess could arouse him, and it soon became apparent from the listless hang of his hands and the distant light in his eyes that he had even become unconscious of her presence in the room.

After an hour, during which Emerson barely spoke, she tired of Fraser's anecdotes, which had long ceased to be amusing, and, going to piano, shuffled the sheet music idly, inquiring:

"Do you care for music?" Her remark was aimed at Emerson, but the other answered: "My favorite hymn is the 'Maple Leaf Rag.' Let her go, professor."

Cherry settled herself obligingly and played ragtime. She was in the midst of some syncopated measure when Boyd spoke abruptly. "Please play something."

She understood what he meant and began really to play, realizing very soon that at least one of her guests knew and loved music. Under her deft fingers the instrument became a medium for musical speech. Gay roundelays, swift, passionate Hungarian dances, bold Wagnerian strains followed in quick succession, and the more her utter abandon the more certain she felt the younger man respond. Then her dream filled eyes widened as she listened to his voice breathing life into the words. He sang with the ease and flexibility of an artist, his powerful baritone blending perfectly with her contralto.

For the first time she felt the man's personality, his magnetism, as if he had dropped his cloak and stood at her side in his true semblance.

"Oh, thank you," she breathed.

"Thank you," he said. "I—that's the first time in ages that I've had the heart to sing. I was hungry for music; I was starving for it. I've sat in my cabin at night longing for it until my soul fairly ached with the silence."

He took a seat near the girl and continued to talk feverishly, unable to give voice to his thoughts rapidly enough.

Fraser ambled clumsily into the conversation. Emerson listened tolerantly, idly running through the magazines at his hand, his hostess watching him covertly. Suddenly the smile of amusement that lurked about his lip corners and gave him a pleasing look hardened in a queer fashion. He started, then stared at one of his pages, while the color died out of his brown cheeks. Cherry saw the hand that held the magazine tremble. He looked up at her and, disregarding Fraser, broke in harshly:

"Have you read this magazine?"

"Not entirely."

"I'd like to take one page of it."

"Why, certainly," she replied.

He produced a knife and with one quick stroke cut a single leaf out of the magazine, which he folded and thrust into the breast of his coat.

"Thank you," he muttered, then fell to staring ahead of him, again heedless of his surroundings. This abrupt relapse into his former state of sullen and defiant silence tantalized the girl. He offered no explanation and took no further part in the conversation until, noting the lateness of the hour, he rose and thanked her for her hospitality in the same deadly, indifferent manner.

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"She go see my sick broder," said the Indian girl, recalling Cherry's mention of the child ill with measles. "She all the time give medicine to Aleut babies." Chakawana continued, "all the time give, give, give something. Indian people love her."

They were still talking when they heard the jingle of many bells, and the door burst open to admit Cherry, who came with a rush of youth and health as fresh as the bracing air that followed her. The cold had reddened her cheeks and quickened her eyes.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" she cried, removing the white fur hood which gave a setting to her sparkling eyes and teeth. "Oh, but it's a glorious morning! We did the five miles from the village in seventeen minutes."

"And how is your measty patient?" asked Fraser.

"He's doing well, thank you." She stepped to the door to admit Chakawana, who had evidently hurried around from the other house and now came in, bareheaded and heedless of the cold, bearing a bundle clasped to her breast. "I brought the little fellow home with me. See!"

"I dare say Kalvik is rather lively during the summer season," Emerson remarked to Cherry later in the day.

"Yes, the ships arrive in May, and the fish begin to run in July. After that nobody sleeps."

"It must be rather interesting."

"It is more than that; it is inspiring. Why, the story of the salmon is an epic in itself. You know they live a cycle of four years, no more, always returning to the waters of their nativity to die. And I have heard it said that during one of those four years they disappear, no one knows where, reappearing out of the mysterious depths of the sea as if at a signal. They come by the legion, in countless scores of thousands, and when once they have tasted the waters of their birth they never touch food again, never cease their onward rush until they become bruised and battered wrecks, drifting down from the spawning beds. When the call of nature is answered and the spawn is laid they die. They never seek the salt sea again, but carpet the rivers with their bones. When they feel the homing impulse they come from the remotest depths, heading unerringly for the particular parent stream whence they originated. If sand bars should block their course in dry seasons or obstacles intercept them they will hurl themselves out of the water in an endeavor to get across. They may disregard a thousand rivers one by one, but when they finally taste the sweet currents which flow from their birthplaces their whole nature changes, and even their physical features alter. They grow thin, and the head takes on the sinister curve of the preyling bird."

"Why, you just ought to witness the 'run.' These empty waters become suddenly crowded, and the fish come in a great silver horde, which races up, up toward death and obliteration. They come with the violence of a summer storm; like a prodigious, gleaming army they swarm and bend forward, eager, undeviating, one purposed. It's quite impossible to describe it, this great silver horde. They are entirely defenseless, of course, and almost every living thing preys upon them. The birds congregate in millions, the four footed beasts come down from the hills, the Apaches of the sea harry them in dense droves, and even man appears from distant coasts to take his toll, but still they press bravely on. The clank of machinery makes the hills rumble; the hiss of steam and the sighs of the soldering furnaces are like the complaint of some giant overgorging himself."

"How long does it all last?"

"Only about six weeks; then the furnace fires die out, the ships are loaded, the men go to sleep, after which Kalvik sags back into its ten months' coma, becoming, as you see it now, a dead, deserted village, shunned by man."

"But I don't see how those huge plants can pay for their upkeep with such a short run."

"Well, they do, and, what's more, they pay tremendously, sometimes 100 per cent a year or more."

"Two years ago a ship sailed into port in early May loaded with an army of men with machinery, lumber, coal, and so forth. They landed, built the plant and had it ready to operate by the time the run started. They made their catch and sailed away again in August with enough salmon in the hold to pay twice over for the whole thing. Willis Marsh did even better than that the year before, but of course the price of fish was high then. Next season will be another big year."

"How is that?"

"Every fourth season the run is large; nobody knows why. Every time there is a presidential election the fish are shy and very scarce; that lifts prices. Every year in which a president of the United States is inaugurated they are plentiful."

Emerson rose.

"I had no idea there were such profits in the fisheries up here."

"Nobody knows it outside of those interested. The Kalvik river is the most wonderful salmon river in the world, for it has never failed once. That's why the companies guard it so jealously."

It was evident that the young man was vitally interested now.

"What does it cost to install and operate a cannery for the first season?"

"About \$200,000, I am told. But I believe one can mortgage his catch or borrow money on it from the banks, and so not have to carry the full burden."

"What's to prevent me from going into the business?"

"Several things. Have you the money?"

"Possibly. What else?"

"A site."

"That ought to be easy," Cherry laughed. "On the contrary, a suitable cannery site is very hard to get, because there are natural conditions necessary, fresh flowing water for one, and, furthermore, because the companies have taken them all up."

"Ah! I see." The light died out of Emerson's eyes; the eagerness left his voice. He flung himself dejectedly into a chair by the fire, moodily watching the flames licking the burning logs. All at once he gripped the arms of his chair and muttered through set jaws, "God, I'd like to take one more chance."

(To be Continued.)

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Toledo, O.

Reside Druggists, Toledo, O. Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

D. W. Cochrane, formerly of Astoria, but now living at Greenville, S. C., spent Tuesday here as guest of Col. and Mrs. R. N. Cochrane.

Mr. Cochrane was en route home from Star, N. C., to replace he was called on the mission of attending the funeral of his sister, Miss Bessie Cochrane, who was killed Saturday.

The unfortunate young lady was in a buggy and was killed at the crossing. Mr. Cochrane has the sympathy of numerous friends here in his great bereavement.

pictures cost money—but they're worth it. Let's prove it to you. Green's Studio.

F. D. ENVELOPES.

Living on rural free delivery should use return envelopes. Safer and insures return letters if addressees don't answer. We have them printed by route in Gaston county; quality of envelope, the kind of paper, 10 cents per package of 25 envelopes blank. Only 30 cents per 100. Mail orders receive attention. Use them once, and you'll be up. Gazette Publishing Co., No. 236 Main Avenue, Gastonia, N. C.

W. & N.-W. RAILWAY.

Train in Effect Sunday, June 12, 1910.

NORTHBOUND. Train No. 10 (Passenger) Leaves Gastonia daily 9:30 a. m.

Train No. 60 (Mixed) Arrives Gastonia daily, (except Sunday), 5:40 a. m., leaves 5:40 p. m.

SOUTHBOUND. Train No. 9 (Passenger) Arrives Gastonia daily 4:40 p. m., leaves 4:40 p. m.

Train No. 61 (Mixed) Arrives Gastonia daily (except Sunday) 11:20 a. m., leaves 12:25 p. m.

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