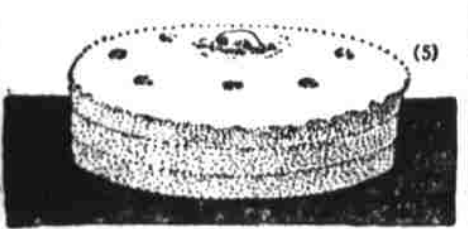


All-Around Flour

Light, wholesome bread-flaky pastry—cake that melts in your mouth—all out of one sack! That's William Tell Flour—equally good for every baking need. William Tell is the most economical flour, too—it makes more loaves to the sack than ordinary flour. That is because it is made from Ohio Red Winter Wheat—richest in bread making qualities. Order a sack from your grocer today.

William Tell Flour



F. D. BARKLEY & CO., Distributors

WOOD

Pine Stove Wood, cut and split ready for use, good big load for \$2. Pine Chunks for Wood Heaters, from \$1 up according to size of load. Also Oak Chunks for Wood Heaters.

Buy from me and save the worry and trouble of having your wood cut and split, also the waste of chips, bark, etc.

In the course of a year I will save you several dollars on your wood bill.

F. L. Wilson

PHONE 276 OR 285.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY RATES.

Via Seaboard Air Line Co. The Seaboard announces Christmas Holiday rates from all points to all points on their line, on sale December 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 30, and January 1st, good to return until January 8th, 1911, inclusive. For further information call on your nearest Agent or address the undersigned.

H. S. LEARD, D. P. A., Raleigh, N. C. JAMES KER, JR., T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

NOTICE.

The directors of the Gastonia Library Association will meet Wednesday, December 14th, at 8 p. m. in regular annual meeting for the election of a librarian for the ensuing year. Applications should be made to the president.

JOHN HALL, Pres.

13 c 2.

You need have no fear that your holiday pictures will not be delivered on time. Green delivers when promised.

In Mecklenburg Superior Court last Thursday Will Hall, a negro, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for attempted criminal assault on a ten-year-old girl of his own race. Had the girl been a few days younger, under ten, Hall would probably have gone to the electric chair.

Think how many homes you can gladden by sending a beautiful photograph of baby at Christmas time. Phone 147 or call in at Green's Studio.

Robert Miller, the Charlotte negro who, while crazed with cocaine a few months ago, shot and killed Hester Sowers, a negro, was tried in Mecklenburg Superior Court last week and was sentenced to fourteen years in the State penitentiary by Judge B. F. Long. The solicitor allowed him to plead guilty of murder in the second degree and the case did not go to a jury.

CUPID MAKES A CHRISTMAS CALL

SHE had written to him: "It will seem quite like old times to have you with us again at Christmas. It seems much longer than four years since you were here, but I am sure things will appear quite as usual to you. We make no change in our yearly program for Christmas. It is really the children's day, as it was when you and I first spent it together. (I hesitated when I went to write how many years ago. It must be eighteen.) But I think father and mother—and I—take quite as much interest in it as grown people do in the circus—quite for the children's sake, of course.

"I would ask you to dinner immediately on your arrival Christmas eve, but if I dared to suggest the presence of an outsider there would be a hub-bub among the powers that rule the nursery and—at this season—the entire household. I simply dare not say anything save that we should like to have you come at 9 precisely, so that we may have a little chat before the arrival of our other guests."

And indeed as he walked up the avenue with his long prairie stride Christmas eve he was depressed to find everything so little changed from the night four years since, when he had left New York for the west to make over his life in a new pattern of work and usefulness.

Here was the familiar door and the old bronze doorknob which had once been on a level with his eyes. And the old butler, whom the Stantons had had for twenty years, opened the door to him and answered his greeting with a respectful "Good evening, Mr. Burnside," giving him his Christian name as if he had called only the evening before. But the hall was hidden in a mass of evergreen and holly, and the electric bulbs glowed in their shades like huge berries in the greenery. And here he seemed suddenly a stranger, coming now on the old Christmas spirit to which his absence had made him an alien. It bewildered him; it saddened him.

He entered the front drawing room and saw the hem of a skirt disappear through the portieres which hung between that and the second drawing room behind it. Some one was placing a Christmas wreath in the middle window, a woman's figure. He did not know her. She turned to greet him with an eager, "Why, Burnside, I am so glad to see you!" and grasped his brown fingers with a warm clasp of a white hand.

She was not of that girlish fragility which he had remembered. She was the elder sister of her old self, but in the excitement and pleasure of seeing him her voice and manner were those of the girl whom he had loved—and lost—four years before. He smiled at her sadly. "How you have grown!" he said.

She arched her eyebrows at him. "And you?" she laughed. "Why, you're as broad and brown as a soldier. I shouldn't have known you. You have changed!"

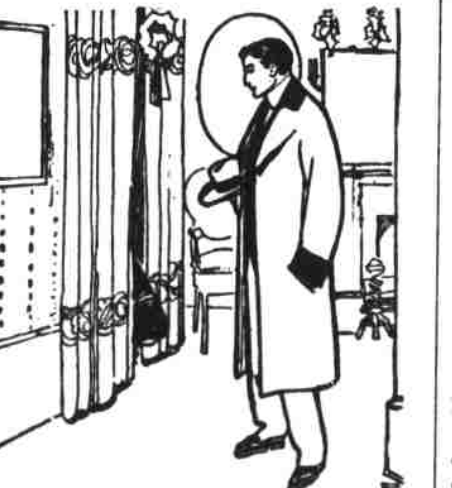
"Have I?" He caught at it eagerly. She saw the trouble in his eyes. "They'll all be delighted to see you looking so well!"—she avoided it—"so big and strong."

He saw the picture of himself which she carried in her memory of him, and it pained him. He had thought that his letters would have told her.

She held the wreath up to him. "I was pretending to hang it in the window," she confessed, "so that I should be the first to see you. And I didn't know you when you passed."

He smiled again, and they sat down together. "How are they all?"

"As well as ever," she said and began to tell him of them—how the children had been growing; how her mother was aging. "And father," she whispered, "is so deaf. You mustn't



HERE HE SEEMED SUDDENLY A STRANGER. let him see you notice it. It was the grip last winter." As for herself, her life was the old round. "I keep it full. I ride—with a groom. It isn't as jolly as when we used to ride together. But you—you must be a famous horseman by this time?"

He remembered those rides. What a fool he had been to forfeit all that!

"Yes," he said vaguely. "What an age I have been away!"

"And what a lot you have done," she reminded him. "You don't know how proud we have been of you. I used to read your letters and Stewart's out to father as soon as they came." She had risen. She went over to the window to hang the wreath, with her back to him. "He used to watch for them almost as eagerly as I did."

"Yes, you were all very good," he sighed. It was unkind, though, for her to say such things when she meant nothing by them.

"Did you meet any nice girls out

west?" she asked in another voice, fussing busily with the wreath.

He shook his head. "Not that I remember."

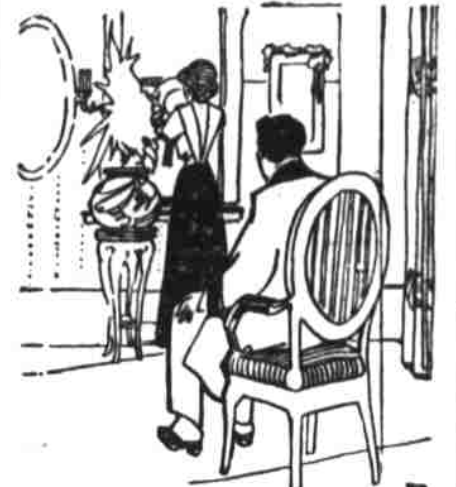
"How did you spend last Christmas?"

"In a railroad train. I had to make a trip to Frisco." He spoke abstractedly. "I haven't had a real Christmas since I went away. I felt like—I don't know what—when I saw the old hall."

She caught her breath at his tone. "Oh, did you?" she said sympathetically. "We fixed it in the old way just for you—to make it seem like old times." She had come back to him, distressed by his manner. She looked down at him helplessly.

"That was just it," he said. "Nothing has changed."

She guessed what he had left unsaid. He needed encouragement, consolation,



SOME ONE WAS PLACING A CHRISTMAS WREATH IN THE WINDOW.

tion, the assurance that his life in the west had cleaned the blot from his escutcheon. She began to busy herself about the room, pinning sprigs of Christmas green on the hangings. "Do you remember how we used to decorate together?" she asked him.

"Do I?" he said. "Don't you let the servants do it yet?"

"No," she laughed. "It'd spoil the fun. I have to do it alone now."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized, coming over to her eagerly. "Can I help you?"

"Well," she said, "if you haven't forgotten how—"

"Forgotten!" he exclaimed. "I remember the proper place for every berry."

"Get the holly, then," she ordered. "We'll have to hurry. They'll be in on us in a few minutes."

He brought the branches to her and they went to work together, putting twigs of it among the bric-a-brac and in the vases, drooping clusters over the tops of the pictures and twining them in the chandeliers and electric brackets. She saw him smile with something of his old boyishness and was encouraged.

They stood in the center of the room at last and looked around at their work. "I have one sprig left," he said. "Where can I put it?"

"There's not a corner left," she said, searching the walls with a most innocent eye. He could see none either. "Why," she exclaimed, "there's the old place over the mantel."

He looked up at the carving. "I can't reach it without a ladder, even yet." She measured his height with a glance. "Stand on the arm of a chair."

"With my weight?" he laughed. She studied the situation. "I'll do it if you'll steady—the chair."

He drew over a corpulent chair of puffed upholstery, with an arm as broad as a cushioned window seat. She hopped into the ample seat of it with a show of dainty slippers and put her hand on his shoulder. "You will have to catch me if I fall," she smiled down on him.

He reached up and took her hand. "Be careful," he said and closed a firm grasp on her fingers, which were trembling despite herself.

She stepped up, swaying, on the arm; he held the chair with his knee and handed a sprig of holly to her. He had forgotten the four years that had passed.

She straightened up slowly. "Oh, I can't," she said and fell back to him again. "I'm afraid you can't hold me."

He came around to the other side of her. "Put your hand on my shoulder," he directed. It was the way they had done it before, and he longed for the old touch. When she stood up on the arm of the chair he put his arm about her and held her there. She reached the branch of holly into its place in the carving slowly and then lowered her hand to his shoulder.

There were tears in his eyes. He took her fingers and put them to his lips. "Thanks," he said huskily.

She slipped down to him in a sudden wave of weakness. "Oh, Burnside," she whispered, "how—how you frightened me!"

She was such a little thing in his arms. The blood choked in his throat. "Have you forgiven me?" he asked quickly.

Her hand stole up, trembling to flutter a touch of pity on his brown cheek. "Forgive you?" she whispered. "I forgave you the day you went away and cried all night for you to come back."

He gazed into eyes that were swimming in tenderness. "God bless you," he said to them—"dearest," to her lips.

The butler coughed in the hall. "The mistletoe has come, Miss Frances," he announced.

"Bring it in," she cried. "We'll have some on the chandelier."

"And a piece over the mantel," Burnside suggested slyly. She looked at him with a sidelong smile.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

ENDORSES FLYING MACHINES

Secretary of War Dickinson Wants Them for Use by the Army—Congress Asked to Spend Nearly Twenty Million Dollars to Fortify Panama Canal.

An Associated Press dispatch from Washington under date of the 9th says that Secretary of War Dickinson, in his annual report just made to Congress, strongly endorses flying machines for army use and recommends to Congress an appropriation to provide the signal corps with a reasonable number of the better type of machine for instruction purposes and field work.

The report called attention to the fact that the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, one of the most important points strategically on the Atlantic coast, is wholly unfortified. With this and possibly one or two other exceptions, our coast defenses are in good shape.

Congress is asked to authorize an expenditure of \$19,546,843 for the fortification of the terminal of the Panama canal, including the construction of ports for the permanent garrison, and \$7,000,000 of this sum should be made available immediately in order to complete the project within three years. The additional sum of \$2,000,000 is also wanted immediately to be applied towards the creation of naval establishments in the canal zone as a necessary part of the defense of the canal.

The Secretary notes with gratification a reduction by 30.6 per cent in the number of desertions last year, compared with the preceding year. Altogether there were 3,464 desertions or a percentage of 3.66 of the strength of the army, which was less than any fiscal year since 1899. The decrease was most marked in the engineers, field artillery and cavalry.

This is believed to be the result of extraordinary effort made by the department in the direction of prompt and vigorous pursuit of a deserter by means practically certain to result in his apprehension and subsequent punishment as a military convict under the hard and rigorous conditions of prison discipline.

The death rate in the army last year was the lowest that has ever occurred, the total number being 370 of which 228 were from disease and 142 from injuries, 6 of the latter being killed by hostile Moros in action or while on sentry duty. Tuberculosis claimed the greatest number of victims, numbering 43 and there were 51 deaths from gunshot wounds. There were 33 suicides and 15 homicides.

Come in now and look over our latest work and be convinced of the possibilities a few photographs have during the holiday season, Green's Studio.

Don't Forget the Old Man.

Statesville Landmark.

Mother deserves all that has ever been said in her behalf and more, but about this season it's dad who should have the prayers of the church. In addition to the care of the family, a serious problem in the average household, dad will have to "come across" extra for Christmas. Don't forget the old man when you ask help for those who need it most.

GO RIGHT AT IT.

Friends and Neighbors in Gastonia Will Show You How.

Get at the root of the trouble.

Rubbing an aching back may relieve it.

But it won't cure it.

You must reach the root of it—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right at it. Reach the cause, relieve the pain.

They cure, too, so Gastonia people say.

Mrs. G. W. Taylor, 221 Lory Mill House, Gastonia, N. C., says:

"I received so much benefit from Doan's Kidney Pills that I am pleased to testify in their favor. My kidneys were disordered and my back ached so severely at times that I could hardly get about to attend to my housework. There was also a lameness through my kidneys and often pains radiated throughout my body. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I procured a supply at the Abernethy-Shields Drug Co., and after using them a short time, I was cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

SALE! SALE!

The Greatest of ALL Sales

A sale that is of intense interest to the entire community. The wonderful bargains should command the immediate attention of every person. Visit our store. You will find better goods and for less money

H. Schneider Sacrifice Sale

122 West Main Avenue - Gastonia, N. C.

READ THIS

It Will Make You Money

Myers & Tate have decided to close out their winter stock of goods, to move out West. Everything will be sold at and below cost. They do this to move the goods, as they want to close out at once

All Xmas Toys at Cost

Dolls, Doll Carriages, Mechanical Toys of all kinds, Doll Furniture and Beds, Glass Novelties; in short all holiday goods in our store to go at cost. Don't fail to see them now

MYERS & TATE

Next door to Abernethy-Shields Drug Co. : GASTONIA, N. C.



We Have Had Many Hard Jobs to Tackle but it's a waste of words to talk about our facilities for successful carriage and wagon repairing to old customers—they know all about them and us. This card only reminds them. To you it is a courteous request to let us try our hands and heads over your next job in our line. We'll do it right.

Robert C. Warren Near the Court House