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Notice to Tax-Payers

I will be at the following places on the dates named for the purpose of collecting your taxes. You had better pay your tax now and save the costs.

Mount Holly, Cannon-Torrence Co's. Store, Friday, December 10th, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Gastonia, City Hall, Saturday, December 17th, all day.
Belmont, Drug Store, Monday, December 19th, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Bessemer City, Drug Store, Tuesday, December 20th, 9 to 3:30 p. m.
Stanley, Carpenter's Store, Wednesday, December 21st.

You had better meet me and pay your taxes. This is my third and last round, all that the law requires. I will be at Dallas on all other days except those named above.

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Gaston Man Honored.

An Associated Press dispatch sent out from Washington under date of the 13th says: "Giles L. Wilson, State bank examiner of South Carolina, was today appointed a national bank examiner and will have charge of all South Carolina and northern Georgia. Mr. Wilson is secretary and treasurer of the National Association of Supervisors of State Banks." Mr. Wilson is a native of Gaston county and formerly lived here. He has been residing in Spartanburg, S. C., for the past ten or twelve years. He is a brother of Mrs. J. K. Dixon, of Gastonia. Mr. Wilson's many friends here and elsewhere in the county will be delighted to learn of the deserved promotion which has come to him.

The SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH, Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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CHAPTER XII.

A HALF mile from Captain Peasley's ship the rival company tenders were loading rapidly with union labor. The next day Emerson and Clyde drove down to the dock with Cherry in a closed carriage, experiencing no annoyance beyond some jeers and insults as they passed through the picket line. Boyd had barely seen them comfortably established on board when up the ship's gangway came "Fingerless" Fraser radiantly attired, three heavily laden hotel porters groaning at his back, the customary thick waisted cigar between his teeth.

"Are you going with us?" Boyd inquired.

"Sure."

"See here! Is life one long succession of surprise parties with you?"

"Why, I've figured on this right along."

"But the ship is jammed now. There is no room."

"Oh, I fixed that up long ago. I am going to bunk with the steward."

"Well, why in the world didn't you let us know you were coming?"

"Say, don't kid yourself. You know I couldn't stay behind." Fraser blew a cloud of smoke airily. "I never start anything I can't finish. I keep telling you, and I'm going to put this deal through now that I've got it started."

With a half embarrassed laugh and a complete change of manner, he laid his hand upon Boyd's shoulder, saying: "Pal, I ain't much good to myself or anybody else, but I like you and I want to stick around. Maybe I'll come in useful yet—you can't tell."

Emerson had never glimpsed this side of the man's nature, and it rather surprised him.

"Of course you can come along, old man," he responded heartily. "We're glad to have you."

The decks of the big, low lying tramp steamer were piled high with gear of every description. Ready now to sail, Boyd went out to the dock office to wire Mildred of his success.

"Fingerless" Fraser soon ran in upon him. "They've come to grab you for killing that striker!" he began breathlessly. "There's a couple of 'square toes' on the dock now. Better take it on the 'lam'—quick!"

"God! So Marsh had withheld this stroke until the last moment."

"You'd better 'beat' it, quick!"

"How? I couldn't get through that crowd. They know me. Listen!"

Outside the street broke into a roar at some taunt of the fishermen high up in the rigging. "I can't run away, and if those detectives get me I'm ruined."

Boyd clinched his hands in desperation. "I guess they've got me," he said bitterly. "There's no way out."

"From what they said I don't think they know you," Fraser continued. "Anyhow, they wanted Peasley to point you out. When they come off maybe you can slip 'em."

Boyd seized eagerly upon the suggestion. "The wharf is empty—see! I'll have to cross it in plain sight."

Through the rear door of the office that opened upon the dock proper they beheld the great floor almost entirely clear. Save for a few tons of freight at which Big George's men were working it was as unobstructed as a lawn, and, although it was nearly the size of a city block, it afforded no more means of concealment than did the little office itself, with its glass doors, its counter and its long desk, at the farther end of which a bill clerk was poring over his task.

They saw at the foot of the gangplank two men talking with Big George. They saw Balt point the strangers carelessly to the office, whence he had seen Boyd disappearing a few moments before, and turn back to his stevedores. Then they saw the plain clothes men approaching.

"Here! Gimme your coat and hat, quick!" cried Fraser in a low voice, his eyes blazing at a sudden thought. He stripped his own garments from his back with feverish haste. "Put mine on. There! I'll stall for you. When they grab me, take it on the run. Understand?"

"That won't do. Everybody knows me." Boyd cast an apprehensive glance at the arched back of the bill clerk, but Fraser, quick of resource in such a situation, forced him swiftly to make the change, saying:

"Nix. It's your only 'out.' Stand here, see?" He indicated a position beside the rear door. "I'll step out the other way where they can see me," he continued, pointing to the wagon way at the right. "Savvy? When they grab me you beat it and don't wait for nothing."

"But you—"

"Already they could hear the footsteps of the officers."

"I'll take a chance. Goodby."

There was no time even for a handshake. Fraser stepped swiftly to the door, then strolled quietly out into the view of the two men, who an instant later accosted him.

"Are you Mr. Boyd Emerson?"

The adventurer answered brusquely. "Yes, but I can't talk to you now."

"You are under arrest, Mr. Emerson."

Boyd waited to hear no more. The glass door swung open noiselessly under his hand, and he stepped out just as the bill clerk looked up from his work, staring out through the other entrance.

"Fingerless" Fraser's voice was louder now, as if for a signal. "Arrest me? What do you mean? Get out of my way."

"You'd better come peaceably."

Boyd heard a sharp exclamation—"Get him, Bill!"—and then the sound of men struggling. He ran, followed by a roar from the strikers. In whose full view Fraser's encounter with the plain clothes men was taking place. A backward glance showed him that Fraser had drawn his pursuers to the street.

Scarcely had Boyd reached Big George when a wing of the besieging army swept in through the unguarded entrance and down the dock like an avalanche, leaving behind them the battling officers and the hungry pack clamoring for the prisoner.

"Drop that freight and get aboard the best way you can!" Boyd yelled at the fishermen, and, with a bound, was out into the open, crying to Captain Peasley on the bridge:

"Here they come! Cast off, for God's sake!"

The dozen men who had been slinging freight on the dock hastened up the gangplank or climbed the fenders, while the signalman clung to the lifting tackle and, at the piping cry of his whistle, was swung aloft out of the very arms of the rioters.

Above, on the flying bridge, Captain Peasley was bellowing orders. At last the Bedford Castle was under way.

Even after they were miles down the sound Boyd remained at his post, sweeping the waters astern in an anxious search for some swift harbor craft, the appearance of which would signal that his escape had been discovered.

"I won't feel safe until we are past Port Townsend," he confessed to Cherry, who maintained a position at his side. "The police can wire on from Seattle to stop us and take me off at that point."

"If they find out their mistake,"

"They must have found it out long ago. That's why I've got Peasley forcing this old tub. She's doing 10 knots, and that's a breakneck speed for her. Once we're through the straits I'll be satisfied."

"What will happen to Fraser?" she queried.

"Nothing serious, I am sure. You see, they wanted me and nobody else. Once they find they have the wrong man I rather believe they will free him in disgust."

A moment later he went on: "Just the same, it makes me feel depressed and guilty to leave him. I—I wouldn't desert a comrade for anything if the choice lay with me."

"You did quite right," Cherry warmly assured him.

"You see, I am not working for myself. I am doing this for another."

It was the girl's turn to sigh softly, while the eyes she turned toward the west were strangely sad and dreamy.

"Two hours more," he told her as the ship's bell sounded, "then I can eat and sleep—and sing."

Captain Peasley was pacing the bridge when later they breasted the glare of Port Townsend and saw in the distance the flashing searchlights

SEARCHLIGHTS GUARD STRAITS

of the forts that guard the straits. They saw him stop suddenly and raise his night glasses. Boyd laid his hand on Cherry's arm. Presently the captain crossed to them and said:

"Yonder seems to be a launch making out. See! I wonder what's up. By Jove! They're signalling."

The two boats were drawing together rapidly, and soon those on the bridge heard the faint but increasing patter of a gasoline exhaust. Carrying the same speed as the Bedford Castle, the launch shortly came within hailing distance. The cyclopean eye of the ship's searchlight blazed up, and the next instant out from the gloom leaped a little craft, on the deck of which a man stood waving a lantern. She held steadfastly to her course, and a voice floated up to them:

"Aho! What ship?"

"The Bedford Castle, cannery tender, for Bristol bay," Peasley shouted back.

The man on the launch relinquished his lantern and, using both palms for a funnel, cried more clearly now:

"Heave to! We want to come aboard."

With an exclamation of impatience, the commanding officer stepped to the telegraph, but Emerson forestalled him.

"Wait. They're after me, captain; it's the Port Townsend police, and if you let them aboard they'll take me off."

Turning, the skipper bellowed: "Who are you?"

"Police!"

"What did I tell you?" cried Emerson.

"What do you want?"

"One of your passengers—Emerson. Heave to. You're passing us."

"That's bloody hard luck, Mr. Emerson; I can't help myself," the captain declared. But again Boyd blocked him as he started for the telegraph.

"I won't stand it, sir. It's a conspiracy to ruin me."

"But, my dear young man—"

"Don't touch that instrument!"

From the launch came cries of growing vehemence, and a startled murmur of voices rose from somewhere in the darkness of the deck beneath.

"Stand aside!" Peasley ordered gruffly. But the other held his ground, saying quietly:

"I warn you. I am desperate."

"Shall I stop her, sir?" the quartermaster asked from the shadows of the wheelhouse.

"No!" Emerson commanded sharply, and in the glow from the binnacle light they saw he had drawn his revolver, while on the instant up from the void beneath heaved the massive figure of Big George Bait, a behemoth, more colossal and threatening than ever in the dim light. He wrenched open the door and with one sweep of his hairy paw flung the helmsman from his post, panting.

"Keep her going, cap, or I'll run them down!"

The launch was abreast of them now and skimming along so close that one might have tossed a biscuit aboard of her. The sputter of the craft alongside was now punctuated by a volley of curses.

The police launch sheered off, and the sound of her exhaust grew rapidly fainter and fainter. But not until it had wholly ceased did Big George give over his post at the wheel. Even then he went down the ladder reluctantly and without a word of thanks, of explanation or of apology. With him this had been but a part of the day's work. He saw neither sentiment nor humor in the episode.

From the crow's nest of the Bedford Castle a week later the lookout stared down upon a white expanse that stretched beyond the horizon. At dawn they began their careful search, feeling their way eastward through the open lanes and tortuous passages that separated the floes, now laying to for the northward set of the fields to clear a path before them, now stealing through some narrow lead that opened into freer waters.

Captain Peasley did all the navigating in person, but eventually they were hemmed in so closely that for a day and a night they could do nothing but drift with the pack. In time, however, the winds opened a crevice through which they retreated to follow the outer limits farther eastward until they were balked again.

Late one evening they discerned smoke on the horizon, and the next morning's light showed a three masted steamship fast in the lee a few miles to the westward.

"That's the Juliet," Big George informed his companions, "one of the North American Packers' association tenders."

"She was loading when we left Seattle," Boyd remarked.

"It is Willis Marsh's ship, so he must be aboard," supplemented Cherry. "She's a wooden ship and built for this business. If we don't look out he'll beat us in after all."

"What good will that do him?" Clyde questioned. "The fish don't bite—I mean run—for sixty days yet."

Emerson and Balt merely shrugged. To Cherry Malotte this had been a voyage of dreams, for once away from land Boyd had become his real self again—that genial, irrepressible self she had seen but rarely—and his manner had lost the restraint and coolness which recently had disturbed their relations. Of necessity their cramped environment had thrown them much together, and their companionship had been most pleasant.

Two days after sighting the Juliet they raised another ship, one of the sailing fleet which they knew to be hovering in the offing, and then on the 5th of the month the capricious current opened a way for them. Slowly at first they pushed on between the floes into a vast area of slush ice, thence to a stretch as open and placid

as a country mill pond. The lookout pointed a path out of this, into which they steamed, coming at length to clear water, with the low shores of the mainland twenty miles away.

At sundown they anchored in the wide estuary of the Kalvik river, the noisy rumble of their chains breaking the silence that for months had lain like a smother upon the port.

(To be Continued.)

BALDHEADED MEN.

Ignorance of the Hair Causes Much Baldness Among Men.

Early plety doesn't cause baldness, neither does any kind of plety. Some baldheaded men console themselves with the idea that baldness is caused by a superabundance of gray brain matter, and would have the world believe that a baldhead is a sign of great intellect.

Such, however, is not the case. Ninety-nine times in one hundred, baldness is caused by dandruff germs which dig down deep into the roots of the hair, destroy its vitality and cause it to fall out.

All this may come gradually and take time, but as an up-to-date humorist would say "what's time to a dandruff germ?"

If you have dandruff, the little invisible, persistent devils called dandruff germs are at work. Destroy them at once, or sooner or later they will cause your hair to fall out and you will be compelled to take your place in the baldheaded class.

In France baldheads are few because men understand how to care for the hair. Parisian Sage is a hair grower and invigorator that is guaranteed by J. H. Kennedy & Co. to grow hair if the hair root is not already destroyed, to eradicate dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, or money back.

50 cents for a large bottle at J. H. Kennedy & Co's. and druggists everywhere on money back plan.

2-16.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Hovis, of Bessemer City, route two, were in the city Tuesday morning. Mr. Hovis having come up to meet Mrs. Hovis on her return from Blackstock, S. C., where she has been for some time on a visit to her mother, Mrs. M. J. Lewis.

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