

Comes Back to Gastonia.

After residing for seven years in South Carolina, Virginia and Wilmington, N. C., Mr. Bruce Rhyne has returned to Gastonia to take up his residence permanently.

ed, set out after the tall figure, which was by that time scarcely more than an indistinct and retreating blur in the moonlight.

The chase led directly up the old spur, but it did not continue quite to the five-mile distant end of it. A few hundred yards short of the stockade inclosing the old buildings the shadowy figure took to the forest and began to climb the ridge, going straight up, as nearly as Judson could determine.

"Say," he ejaculated under his breath, "if that engine ain't a dead match for the old 216 pullin' a grade I don't want a cent! Double cylinder set on the quarter and choo-choo!"

But unhappily there was no time to spare. As it was, he had lingered too long, and when he came out upon the crest of the narrow ridge and attained a point of view from which he could look down upon the buildings clustering at the foot of the western slope he had lost the scent.

This, in Judson's prefiguring, was a small matter. The tall man, whom the ex-engineer had unmistakably recognized at the moment of train forsaking as Rankin Hallock, was doubtless on his way to Flemister's headquarters at the foot of the western slope.

Forecasting it thus, Judson lost no time on the summit of mysterious disappearances. Choosing the shortest path he could find which promised to lead him down to the mining hamlet at the foot of the westward fronting slope, he set his feet in it and went stumbling down the steep declivity, bringing up finally on a little bench just above the mine workings.

Making a detour to dodge the electric lighted tunnel mouth, Judson carefully reconnoitered the office end of the headquarters building. There was a door, with steps giving upon the downhill side, and there were two windows, both of which were blank to the eye by reason of the drawn down shades.

Judson stared, rubbed his eyes and stared again. It had never occurred to him before that the face of a man, viewed in blank profile, could differ so strikingly from the same face as seen eye to eye.

Between Silver Switch and the bridge station the main line of the railroad follows the base of the triangle, with the precipitous bluffs of the big hill on the left and the torrenting flood of the Timanyon on the right.

Along the western side of the triangle, with Little Butte station for its point of divergence from the main line, ran the new spur, built to accommodate Flemister after he had dug through the hill and ousted the rightful owner of the true Wire Silver vein and had transferred his labor hamlet and his plant, or the major part of both, to the western slope of the butte, at this point no more than a narrow ridge separating the eastern and western gulches.

Train 205, with ex-engineer Judson apparently sound asleep in one of the rearward seats of the day coach, was on time when it reached Little Butte. A moment later Judson had let himself silently into the rear vestibule of the day coach and was as silently opening the folding doors of the vestibule itself.

Hanging off by the handrails, he saw the engine's headlight pick up the switch stand of the old spur. The train was unmistakably slowing now, and he made ready to jump if the need should arise, picking his place at the track side as the train lights showed him the ground.

When his end of the day coach flicked past the switch stand he, too, dropped to the ground and, waiting only until he could follow without being detected,

the moonlight, he twice made the circuit of the occupied end of the building. There was a line of light showing under the ill fitting door, and, with the top step of the downhill flight for a perching place, one might lay an ear to the crack and overhear. But door and steps were sharply struck out in the moonlight, and they faced the mining hamlet, where the men of the day shift were still stirring.

Judson knew the temper of the Timanyon miners. To be seen crouching on the boss' doorstep would be to take the chance of making a target of himself for the first loiterer of the day shift who happened to look his way. Dismissing the risky expedient, he made a third circuit from moon glare to shadow, this time upon hands and knees. To the lowly come the rewards of humility. Framed level upon stony log pillars on the downhill side, the headquarters warehouse and office sheltered a space beneath its floor which was roughly boarded up with slabs from the log sawing. Slab by slab the ex-engineer sought for his rat hole, trying each one softly in its turn. When there remained but three more to be tugged at the loosened one was found. Judson swung it cautiously aside and wriggled through the narrow aperture left by its removal.

Almost at once he was able to verify his guess that there were only two men in the room above. At all events there were only two speakers. They were talking in low tones, and Judson had no difficulty in identifying the rather high pitched voice of the owner of the Wire Silver mine.

It was in spite of all this that the impression that the second speaker was trying to disguise his voice persisted. But the ex-engineer of fast passenger trains was able to banish the impression after the first few minutes of eavesdropping.

Judson had scarcely found his breath in the space between the floor timbers and had not yet overheard enough to give him the drift of the low toned talk when the bell of the private line telephone rang in the room above. It was Flemister who answered the bellringer.

"Hello! Yes, this is Flemister. What's that? A message about Mr. Lidgerwood? All right; fire away." "Who is it?" came the inquiry in the grating voice which fired and yet did not fit the other man.

"It's Goodie, talking from his station office at Little Butte," replied the mine owner. "The dispatcher has just called him up to say that Lidgerwood left Angels in his service car, running special, at 8:40, which would figure it here at about 11 or a little later."

"Who is running it?" inquired the other man, rather anxiously. Judson decided.

"Williams and Bradford. A fool for luck every time. We might have had to wipe out a couple of our friends."

"There is no such thing as luck," rasped the other voice. "My time was short—after I found out that Lidgerwood wasn't coming on the passenger. But I managed to send word to Matthews and Lester, telling them to make sure of Williams and Bradford. We could spare both of them, if we have to."

"Good!" said Flemister. "Then you had some such alternative in mind as that I have just been proposing?"

"No," was the crusty rejoinder. "I was merely providing for the hundredth chance. I don't like your alternative."

"Well, for one thing it's needlessly bloody. We don't have to go at this thing like a bull at a gate. I've had my finger on the pulse of things ever since Lidgerwood took hold. The dope is working all right in a purely natural way. In the ordinary run of things it will be only a few days or weeks before Lidgerwood will throw up his hands and quit, and when he goes out I go in. That's straight goods this time."

"You thought it was before," sneered Flemister, "and you got beautifully left." Then, "You're talking long on 'naturals' and the 'ordinary run of things,' but I notice you schemed with Bart Rufford to put him out of the fight with a pistol bullet."

Judson felt a sudden easing of strains. He had told McCloskey that he would be willing to swear to the voice of the man whom he had overheard plotting with Rufford in Cat Biggs' back room. Afterward, after he had sufficiently remembered that a whisky certainty might easily lead up to a sober perjury, he had admitted the possible doubt. But now Flemister's taunt made assurance doubly sure. Moreover, the arch plotter was not denying the fact of the conspiracy with "the killer."

weakness. He can't call a sudden bluff. Rufford's play—the play I told him to make—was to get the drop on him, scare him up good and chase him out of town—out of the country. He overran his orders and went to jail for it."

"Well?" said the mine owner. "Your scheme as you outlined it to me in your cipher wire this afternoon was built on this same weakness of Lidgerwood's, and I agreed to it. As I understood it, you were to tell him up here with some lie about meeting Grofield, and then one of us was to put a pistol in his face and bluff him into throwing up his job. As I say, I agreed to it. He'll have to go when the fight with the men gets hot enough, but he might hold on too long for our comfort."

"Well?" said Flemister again, this time more impatiently. Judson thought. "He queried your layout by carefully omitting to come on the passenger, and now you propose to fall back upon Rufford's method. I don't approve."

"Azah! The mine owner said, 'Why don't you?' And the other voice took up the question argumentatively. "First, because it is unnecessary, as I have explained, Lidgerwood is officially dead right now. When the grievance committees tell him what has been decided upon he will put on his hat and go back to wherever it was that he came from."

"And secondly?" suggested Flemister, still with the nagging sneer in his tone. "The secondly is a weakness of mine, you'll say. Flemister, I want his job, partly because it belongs to me, but chiefly because if I don't get it a bunch of us will wind up breaking stone for the state. But I haven't anything against the man himself. He trusts me; he has defended me when others have tried to put him wise; he has been white to me, Flemister."

"Is that all?" queried the mine owner in the tone of the prosecuting attorney who gives the criminal his full length of the rope with which to hang himself.

"No, Lidgerwood is Ford's man if he throws up his job of his own accord I may be able to swing Ford into line to name me as his successor. On the other hand, if Lidgerwood is snuffed out and there is the faintest suspicion of foul play—Flemister, I'm telling you right here and now that that man Ford will neither eat nor sleep until he has set the dogs on us."

"You say it is unnecessary, that Lidgerwood will be pushed out by the labor fight," said Flemister. "My answer to that is that you don't know him quite as well as you think you do. If he's allowed to live he'll stay, unless somebody takes him unawares and scares him off, as I meant to do tonight when I wired you. If he continues to live and stay you know what will happen sooner or later. He'll find you out for the double faced cur that you are, and after that the fireworks."

At this the other voice took its turn at the savage sneering. "You can't put it all over me that way, Flemister; you can't, and you shan't. You're in the hole just as deep as I am, foot for foot."

"Oh, no, my friend," said the cooler voice. "I haven't been stealing in carload lots from the company that hires me. I have merely been buying a little disused scrap from you. You may say that I have planned a few of the adverse happenings which have been running the loss and damage account of the road up into the pictures during the past few weeks. Possibly I have, but you are the man who has been carrying out the plans, and you are the man the courts will recognize. But we're wasting time sitting here jawing at each other like a pair of old women. It's up to us to obliterate Lidgerwood, after which it will be up to you to get his job and cover up your tracks as you can. If he lives he'll dig, and if he digs he'll turn up things that neither of us can stand for. See how he haags on to that building and loan ghost. He'll tree somebody on that before he's through, you mark my words, and it runs in my mind that the somebody will be you."

"But this trap scheme of yours," protested the other man. "It's a frost, I tell you. You say the night passenger from Red Butte is late. I know it's late now. But Cranford's running it, and it is all downhill from Red Butte to the bridge. Cranford will make up his thirty minutes, and that will put his train right here in the thick of things. Call it off for tonight, Flemister. Meet Lidgerwood when he comes and tell him an easy lie about your not being able to hold Grofield for the right of way talk."

Judson heard the creak and snap of a swing chair suddenly righted, and the floor creaked jarred through the cracks upon him when the mine owner sprang to his feet.

"Call it off and let you drop out of it? Not by a thousand miles, my cautious friend. I'm about ready to freeze you anyway for the second time—mark that, will you?—for the second time. No; keep your hands where I can see 'em or I'll knife you right where you sit. You can bully and browbeat a lot of railroad buckies when you're playing the boss act, but I know you. You come with me or I'll give the whole snap away to Vice President Ford. I'll tell him how you built a street of houses in Red Butte out of company material and with company labor. I'll prove to him that you've scrapped first one thing and then another—condemned them so you might sell them for your own pocket. I'll—"

"Shut up!" shouted the other man hoarsely. "Get your tools and come on. We'll see who's got the yellows before we're through with this."

"He Lost Out. "Yes, sir, he wuz afraid o' the banks bustin' on him, an' so he buried his money!" "Has he got it yet?" "No; he forget to blaze the tree whar it wuz, an' the man who owned the land put up a sign. 'No Trespassing on These Grounds.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Among the Filers. "I took a flier in Wall street." "And the result?" "Name old aviation news—a fine start and all of a sudden a fearful bump."—Exchange.

Waste not—fresh tears over old griefs.—Euripides.

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GOLF IN THE SOUTH.

The Game Was Played in Charleston as Early as 1788.

Golf was played in Charleston as far back as 1788. In the City Gazette or Daily Advertiser of Sept. 27, 1791, appears the following notice: "Anniversary of the South Carolina Golf club will be held at Williams' coffee house on Thursday, 29th inst., when members are requested to attend at 2 o'clock precisely, that the business of the club may be transacted before dinner."

For several years following may be found calls for the anniversary meetings to be held at "the clubhouse on Charleston's green," a tract of land south of Boundary (now Calhoun) street, between the present, Coming and Rutledge streets.

The fact that it was the anniversary meeting in 1791 would show that the club had been organized before that date, but unfortunately the file of newspapers in the Charleston library is not complete for some years just prior, and one finds no earlier notices of meetings or mention of the club. But in the same journal of Sept. 18, 1788, there is an advertisement of an auction sale of a farm on Charleston Neck, between three and four miles from the city, adjoining Cochran's shipyard, bounding in part on Shipyard creek, which, after describing the different items of property included in the sale, states that "there is lately erected that pleasing and genteel amusement, the golf baan." This certainly indicates that golf was one of the local amusements of that day.

The word "baan" (English-Dutch dictionary) means path, walk, way, etc., and golf, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is derived from the Dutch "kolf," a club, and the game is doubtless of Dutch origin and introduced into Scotland about 1450.—Charleston News and Courier.

RIGHT ON THE JOB.

He Didn't Believe in Letting the Place Seek the Man.

A little story of success starting with the use of what ads. is contained in Business and the Bookkeeper. A Minneapolis manufacturer explains his liking for men who, even if they lack certain important qualities, have "initiative and originality."

The manufacturer, who at the time of which he spoke was just out of college, in Chicago and out of work, answered an advertisement offering a position, addressing, as instructed, "T24." He inclosed his reply in a large red envelope that could be seen and recognized at a distance. He was in the newspaper office early the following morning in one of the boxes in which replies to advertisements were kept he saw his red envelope. He waited three hours until the letter in that box was given to a man calling for them. He followed the man to a west side factory. As the messenger laid the bunch of letters on the manager's desk the job hunter was standing by it.

"I'm ready to go to work," he said. The manager's reply was not "elegant," but in addition to being exclamatory was interrogatory. How did he manage to present himself on the scene? The young man in need of the job pointed to his red envelope. The manager looked at it and looked at him. Then he turned to the messenger: "Find out who this young fellow is and put him to work," he said.

Discretion the Better Part. Mr. Callahan had received a long tongue lashing from Mr. Hennessey, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor with his fists.

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Callahan dubiously, "and look at the size of 'em."

"Sure an you don't want folks to be sayd, 'Terry Callahan is a coward?' demanded a reproachful friend.

"Well, I guano," and Mr. Callahan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that to 'ave 'em sayin' day after tomorrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"—Metropolitan Magazine.

How a Hindu Uses Clocks. The Hindu places a clock in his bedrooms not because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead, therefore, of contenting himself with one good clock he will perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs of his wealth, but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo lengths the sun has traveled above the horizon.

Too Many Numbers. "You have forgotten your name?" said the kind policeman. "Yes," said the victim of aphasia. "You see, I overtaxed my memory trying to remember my name and my house number and my telephone number and my automobile number and the number of my dog's license all at once."—Washington Star.

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TO HOLD FOR 15 CENTS.

Farmers Have Funds to Finance the South's Crop—One Syndicate Guarantees \$75,000,000—Government Crop Reports Condemned by Montgomery Convention.

The following extracts from the Associated Press' account of the cotton growers convention at Montgomery, Ala., from yesterday morning's papers will be of especial interest to a large number of The Gazette's readers:

Five hundred farmers and as many bankers, Congressmen, United States Senators and business men representing every cotton-growing State in America, declared in convention today that the farmer's cotton is worth 15 cents a pound, and resolved that the farmer should hold his cotton for that price. The resolution followed a committee report that the crop in America would be 12,500,000 bales. For financing the crop of this year, a resolution was adopted to the effect that the farmer should deposit his cotton in a warehouse and use his receipt as collateral until he could sell his production at not less than 15 cents. There was also a resolution that the several State Legislatures provide for bonded warehouses.

Declaring that organization among the farmers and co-operation among them with the bankers and farmers was the solution of the problem, the convention resolved itself into a permanent organization to be known as the Southern Cotton Congress, and adjourned to meet in Atlanta at the call of the president, E. J. Watson, Commissioner of Agriculture of South Carolina.

The meeting in Montgomery is to be followed by a similar convention in every Southern State, to be called by the Commissioner of Agriculture of each State. By these conventions the action of the congress is to be ratified and reinforced by further steps toward securing a better price for cotton.

Among the speakers at the convention today were Senator E. D. Smith of South Carolina, who received the thanks of the congress for his attitude in Congress toward the government cotton report; Congressman J. Thomas Hefflin of Alabama, Congressman Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, and Dudley M. Hughes, Congressman from the 3rd Georgia district.

As the result of a conference in Montgomery yesterday afternoon, President C. S. Barrett of the Farmers' Union announced today that a French-English syndicate has guaranteed any amount of money up to \$75,000,000 to finance the South's cotton crop. The deal was made through a personal representative of the syndicate. The money is to be loaned at 6 per cent and the cotton is to be put up as collateral. Details of the plan are to be perfected by a committee to be composed of one Southern banker and two members of the Farmers' Union.

The estimate of this year's cotton crop, recommended by the committee on statistics, and adopted by the convention at the morning session, is approximately 12,500,000 bales.

This estimate was based on figures represented to the committee by the call of States, each State being represented by its agricultural commissioner or his authorized assistant, and by figures furnished by the National Farmers' Union from its recent convention at Shawnee, Okla., and by revised figures submitted by President Charles S. Barrett of the Farmers' Union.

FIGHTING DISEASE IN SCHOOLS.

Charlotte News, 9th. A meeting was held in the city hall in Gastonia on Thursday night in the interest of better health. Plans for medical inspection and examination of all children in the public schools were made, and in addition to this course of lectures on the more common diseases have been provided for. Several local physicians have volunteered their services. The idea is to give each child a thorough knowledge of diseases which occur frequently and teach how to prevent and cure the same. Teachers, also, are to be urged to "study up" on this subject, that they may the more intelligently guard their pupils against the ravages of disease.

In our opinion this is a pronounced step forward. The fact has been proven over and over again that the majority of physical afflictions which beset mankind may be avoided by adopting precautionary measures. And even with the more serious diseases, such as tuberculosis, it is known that the death rate may be reduced at least fifty per cent. If the public could ever be brought to the point where it would ponder carefully these facts there would be a popular clamor for better sanitary and health laws. Much sickness generates in the school room. A child with an infectious disease drinks from the same glass used by others and the sickness spreads like wildfire. With proper precaution this menace to health may be checked. Another point: often times a child's eyesight is impaired for life because, through ignorance or inattention, it was allowed to strain its eyes in school. Children will be examined carefully and every effort will be made to preserve them against those ills which may be avoided through caution.

Children in Charlotte schools are examined and the same when should be taken by school boards throughout the state.

Quits Dairy Business. Mr. W. D. Anthony, of route one, will discontinue his dairy business September 30th and advertise his cows, wagon, etc., for sale. Mr. Anthony has conducted this business for the past fourteen years and has built up a large trade. In fact he is not able to supply the demand for milk and butter. He prefers to sell to some party who will take over his customers. Anyone interested in this proposition would do well to see or communicate with Mr. Anthony.

The Taming of Red Butte Western

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOWGRAPH.

FORTY-TWO miles southwest of Angels, at a point where all further progress seemed definitely barred by the huge barrier of the great mountain range, the Red Butte Western, having picked its devious way to an apparent cul-de-sac among the foothills and hogbacks, plunges abruptly into the echoing canyon of the eastern Timanyon.

For forty added miles the river chasm, throughout its length a narrow, tortuous crevice, affords a precarious footing for the railway embankment. At its western extremity the canyon forms the gateway to a shut in valley of upheaved hills and interior mountains isolated by wide stretches of rolling grass land. To the eastward and westward of the great valley rise the sentinel peaks of the two inclosing mountain ranges.

Red Butte, the center of the evanescent mining excitement which was originally responsible for the building of the railroad, lies high pitched among the shoudering spurs of the western boundary range. On the south bank of the river, at a point a short distance beyond the stream fronting cliffs, lies the landmark hill known as Little Butte, and at the station of the same name is the bridge across the Timanyon.

On the engineering maps of the Red Butte Western the outline of Little Butte appears as a roughly described triangle with five mile sides, the three angles of the figure marked respectively by Silver Switch, Little Butte station and bridge and the Wire Silver mine.

Between Silver Switch and the bridge station the main line of the railroad follows the base of the triangle, with the precipitous bluffs of the big hill on the left and the torrenting flood of the Timanyon on the right. Along the eastern side of the triangle and leaving the main track at Silver Switch ran the spur which had formerly served the Wire Silver when the working opening of the mine had been on the eastern slope of the ridge-like hill. For some years previous to the summer of overturnings this spur had been disused, though its track, ending among a group of the old mine buildings five miles away, was still in commission.

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Hanging off by the handrails, he saw the engine's headlight pick up the switch stand of the old spur. The train was unmistakably slowing now, and he made ready to jump if the need should arise, picking his place at the track side as the train lights showed him the ground. As the speed was checked Judson saw what he was expecting to see. Precisely at the instant of the switch passing a man dropped from the forward step of the smoker and walked swiftly away up the disused track of the old spur. Judson's turn came a moment later, and when his end of the day coach flicked past the switch stand he, too, dropped to the ground and, waiting only until he could follow without being detected,



JUDSON BACED AWAY AND STARED AGAIN.

shade was Rankin Hallock he could not doubt. The bearded chin, the puffy lips and the prominent nose were all faithfully outlined in the exaggerated shadowgraph. But the hat was worn at an unfamiliar angle, and there was something in the erect, bulging figure that was still more unfamiliar. Judson backed away and stared again, muttering to himself. If he had not traced Hallock almost to the door of Flemister's quarters there might have been room for the thin edge of the doubt wedge. The unfamiliar pose and the rakish tilt of the soft hat were not among the chief clerk's remembered characteristics; but, making due allowance for the distortion of the magnified facial outline, the profile was Hallock's.

Having definitely settled for himself the question of identity, Judson renewed his search for some eavesdropping point of vantage. Risking

(To be continued.)