

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1912.

Gastonia's city council is to be commended for passing an ordinance which removes all the obstructions from the sidewalks in the business part of town.

Remember the Wilson fund. The Democratic National Committee is in urgent need of money with which to conduct a winning campaign.

President Taft gave out an interview a few days ago in which he claimed that he believed he would be re-elected.

That old saying that a prophet is not without honor says in his own country does not always prove correct.

William Wilson is believed to be a healthy man. He is believed to be a healthy man. He is believed to be a healthy man.

SPENCER MOUNTAIN.

New Owners of Gaston County Peak Will Decide This Week as to What Disposition Will be Made of Property—Contains Vast Amount of Valuable Rock and This May be Quarried.

Charlotte Observer, 24th. Messrs. George Wadsworth and W. H. Taft who recently purchased Spencer Mountain from Gaston county owners will come to some decision this week as to the disposition of the tract which embraces about 167 acres.

Spencer Mountain presents a view from the east of an enormous boulder and nothing more. The scene from the west side is much more satisfactory to the aesthetic sense.

For business purposes, however, the mountain is believed to be a veritable mine for the establishment of a rock quarry or an elaborate automobile club house.

The owners here that the demand would justify such an extensive plant. One of the main reasons for this is that which has been used on the permanent streets of Charlotte.

Stomach Always Feels Fine

Eat and Drink What You Want Want Whenever You Want It. Don't you know that a whole lot of this indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis, catarrh of the stomach talk is all nonsense.

establishment is instant and will be permanent.

If the owners decide to crush away Spencer Mountain and convert that splendid elevation of nature into the material demands of the times, a spur track will be run to the line of the interurban which passes within a half-mile of the mountain and the rock will be marketed direct to Charlotte as a basic distributing point for the company's business.

ODD FELLOWS.

Twelfth District Meeting at Mt. Holly a Success.—Next Year's Session to be Held in Concord.

Mt. Holly Leader, 25th. The Twelfth District I. O. O. F. held their semi-annual meeting at Mount Holly on the 18th and 19th instant, with Mountain Island Lodge No. 29.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

My Lady of Doubt

—By Randall Parrish—

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY THEIDE

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Searching for Claire.

I was unconscious, yet not for long. The first touch of water served to revive me, and I became aware that an arm supported my head, although everything was indistinct before my eyes.

"More water, Mike," said a voice close at hand. "Yes, that will do. Where is Farrell? Oh, Dan, this is Major Lawrence."

"One of the Dragoons said he was in command. Hurt badly?" "No, I think not; but utterly exhausted, and weak from loss of blood. They put up a game fight."

"Only three on their feet when we got in. Hullo, Lawrence, getting back to the world, lad?"

"Yes," I managed to answer, feeling strength enough to lift myself, and vaguely noticing his features. "Is that you, Farrell?"

"It certainly is," cheerfully. "Duval has his arm about you, and the Camden boys are herding those devils down below. You had some fracas from the way things look. How many men had you?"

I rubbed my head, endeavoring to recollect, staring down into the hall. It was filled with dead and wounded men, and at the foot of the stairs was a pile of bodies.

"Twelve, altogether," I replied finally. "They—they were too many for us."

"Three to one, or more, I should judge. We got here just in time."

I was up now, looking into their faces, slowly grasping the situation.

"Yes," I said, feeling the necessity of knowing. "How did it happen? What brought you? Washington?"

"All natural enough. Clinton got away night before last with what was left of his army. Left fires burning, and made a forced march to the ships at Sandy Hook. Left everything to save his troops. Washington, realizing the uselessness of holding them longer, sent most of his militia home.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this means of extending our sincere thanks to all our friends and neighbors who were so kind and attentive in their ministrations during the illness and at the death of our dear wife and mother, Mrs. Margaret Ford. May God in His mercy, deal tenderly with all through their lives.

E. M. FORD and Children. Sept. 25th, 1912.

story, but we got out of him that there was a fight on here, and came over as fast as our horses would travel!" His eyes swept the hall. "Five minutes later would have been too late."

"But Farrell, the girl! Do you know anything about the girl?" "What girl? Do you mean Claire Mortimer? Is she here?"

"Yes, her father is lying helplessly wounded up stairs, and she must be with him. Eric is somewhere in the hall, either dead or wounded. I saw him fall just as we retreated to the stairs."

Farrell leaned over and called to some one below.

"Not yet, sir," was the answer. "Well, hunt for him. Now, we'll go up and find Claire. Major, can you climb the rest of the stairs? Help him, Duval."

I experienced no great difficulty, my strength coming back rapidly. There was a wounded Dragoon leaning against the wall, and half-way down the hall lay another body, face down. Without doubt this was the guard Fagin had stationed there.

"Who are you? Quick, now!" he quavered. "I've shot one, and I'm good for more."

"You know me, Colonel," and Farrell stepped inside. "I am 'Bull' Farrell; this is Major Lawrence." He looked at us with dull eyes, his hand falling weakly.

"Farrell—Farrell—surely, the blacksmith. What Lawrence? The—the officer Claire knows?"

"Yes; he's a rough-looking object I admit, but there has been a fight down below, sir, in which he had a share. We've just cleaned out Red Fagin's gang. We came up here to tell the good news to you and your daughter."

The Colonel's head sank back upon the matted pillow.

"My daughter—Claire—she is not here."

"Not here!" I cried, aroused by the admission. "Did she not return to you?"

"No; they came for her to go down stairs—a tall man with a black beard, and two others. They took her away an hour ago, and I have seen nothing of her since. I—heard the shots, the sound of fierce fighting, but could not move from the bed. Tell me, Major, what has become of my little girl?"

"I do not know," I confessed, gazing about in bewilderment. "She came up the stairs, I am sure. It was just as the fight began, and I had scarcely a moment to observe anything before we were at it fiercely. She shot Fagin down, and then ran."

"Shot Fagin! Claire!" "Yes; she was justified. Had she not acted so quickly I would have done so myself. He was forcing her into marriage."

"Into marriage! With whom?" "Captain Grant," I answered passionately. "It was a deliberate plot, although he pretended to be innocent, and a helpless prisoner. Later the man fought with the outlaws against us; after Jones was killed he even assumed command."

"He has been hand and glove with those fellows from the first, Colonel," chimed in Farrell hoarsely. "I've known it, and told Lawrence so a month ago. I only hope he was killed down below. But what can have become of Claire?"

"She never passed along here," insisted Mortimer, "for I haven't taken my eyes from that door."

"Then she is hiding somewhere in those front rooms. Come on, Lawrence, and we'll search them."

We went out hurriedly, leaving the wounded man lying helplessly on the bed, and stepped carelessly across the dead sentinel lying in the hallway. The memory of Peter recurred to me. He was not the kind to desert his mistress at such a time. Stopping Farrell, I stepped back to inquire. The Colonel opened his eyes wearily at sound of my voice.

"He is not here," he explained slowly. "Both Peter and Tonepah were sent away to find a surgeon, and have not returned. We anticipated no danger here with Captain Grant present."

I ground my teeth savagely together, recalling the treachery of the latter, his insults to Claire, his deceiving of Eric, his stealing of papers, hoping thus to ruin his own Colonel, his alliance with Fagin, his selling of British secrets. Here was a villain through and through and I hoped he had already paid the penalty. If not, I vowed the man should never escape. But the thought of the missing girl came back, driving all else from my mind. She was in none of those rooms we searched, nor did we discover the slightest evidence of her having been there. As I stood in the door of the deserted music-room staring helplessly about, a sudden possibility occurred to me. Ay! that must be the truth, the full explanation of her vanishing. She had come flying up the stairs, frightened, desperate—so far as she knew, alone against Fagin's unscrupulous band. She had not returned to her father, or escaped by way of the hall. Where then could she have gone? The secret staircase, down which she had hurried me, and which was known only to herself, Eric and Peter. I gripped Farrell's arm eagerly.

"You know this house well—did you ever hear of secret passages in it?" "I have heard it whispered in gossip," he answered, "that such were here in the old Indian days. Why?"

"Because it is true. The girl hid me here from Grant. And that is where we will find her. The opening is there by the false chimney, but I

have no conception of how it works; she made me turn my back while she operated the mechanism."

He stooped down, and began search along the fireplace, and I joined him. Together our hands felt over every inch of surface. There was no response, not even a crack to guide us. At last he glanced aside, and our eyes met.

"Who knew of this beside Claire?" he asked.

"Eric and the servant Swanson. She told me she and her brother discovered it by accident through reading an old memoranda."

"And the colonel is not aware of its existence?"

"I understand not. Do you know if the boy lives?"

He left the room, and I heard his voice calling down the stairs, but did not distinguish the words of reply. I was still on my knees when he returned.

"He is alive, but unconscious. Lawrence. Do you consider it impossible for her to escape from here alone, providing she took refuge in this place?"

"I could find no opening, except underground, and that is blocked now." I shuddered at the thought. "Besides, she must be in utter darkness, for I used all the candles."

"Then we must get axes, and cut our way in. Wait here, and I will bring up some of the men."

I straightened up as he left the room, and my eyes looked into a small mirror above the open grate. Good Heavens! Could that be my reflection? Bareheaded, my face streaked with blood and dirt, my coat rags, my shirt ripped to the waist. I scarcely looked human. In sudden burst of anger I reached out and gripped the mirror, jerking it savagely. Then I sprang back. Slowly, with a faint click of the mechanism, the mantelpiece was swinging open.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A joke never gains an enemy, but often loses a friend.

New Phones.

Add the following new telephones to your directory: 241-L—Millen Grocery Co., Flint Hill.

322-L—Todd, N. G., residence. 348—Glenn, W. W., residence. 379-L—Adams, W. T. & Co., store. 425—White, R. W., residence. 438—Ray, Dr. Ralph, office. 461-J-2—Mauney, D. A., residence, Ozark.

491-L—Bush, J. L., store, Flint Hill. 494—Randolph & Co., cotton office. 465—Loftin, C. L., residence.

Flower Bulbs

Just received—Paper White Narcissus, Chinese Lilies, Roman and Dutch Hyacinths and Freesia Bulbs.

Start them now if you want early blossoms. All of our bulbs are large, strong and sure bloomers.

Torrence Drug Co.

"On The Corner."



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IT IS DURING the period of sleep that the body recuperates and it necessarily follows that the better the surroundings, the better and more easily this will be performed. Over one-third of your life is spent in the bedroom and good furniture here properly arranged means much toward your health.

Rankin-Armstrong Furniture Company

To Our Customers

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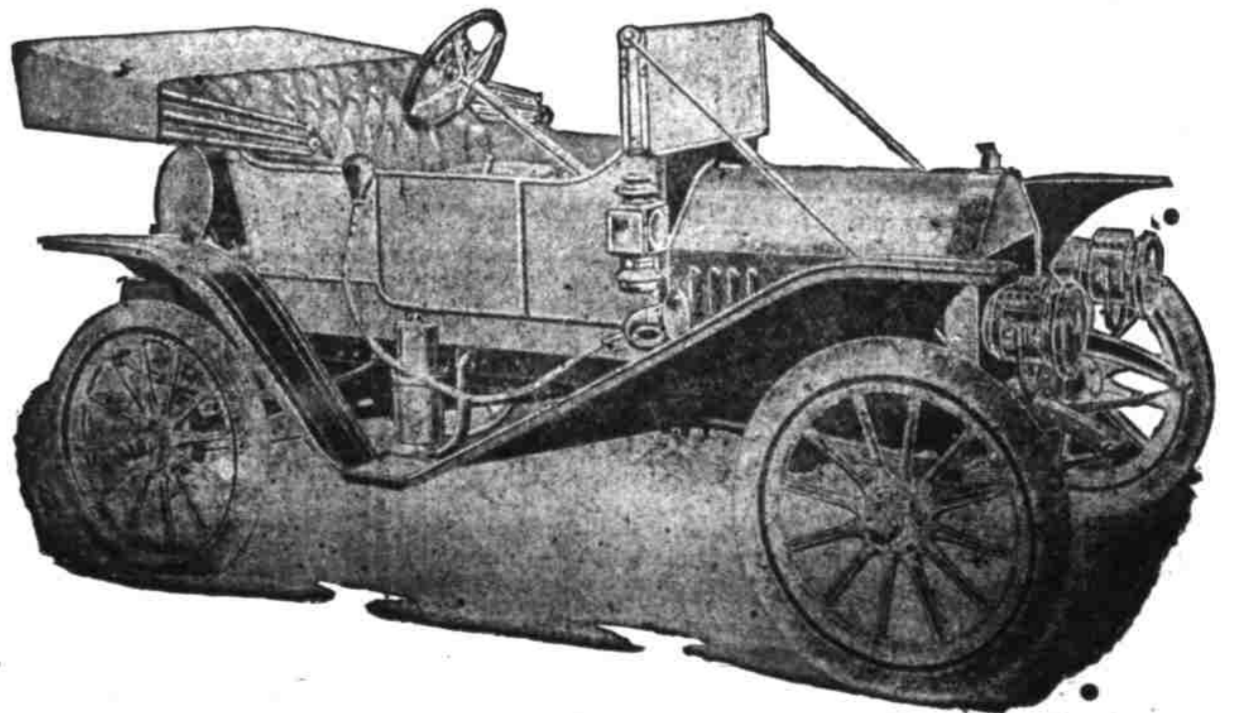
PHONE 63

"The Home of Cream Bread"

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Wednesday, October 2nd, will be Smoker's Day at Adams Drug Co's. On that day 100 extra votes will be given in our big automobile contest with every five cents spent for smoking material.

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Every Wednesday there will be a bonus vote on purchases of some special article. Watch our advertisement every week for announcements of these. You will save money and increase your chances at this fine auto by buying your goods from us.

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