

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1913.

MARRIAGES IN DECEMBER.

Unusually Large Number Marriage Licenses Issued by Register of Deeds During Month of December.

With the approach of the Christmas season and its accompanying pleasures, the little god Cupid waxes unusually diligent and begins to get in his fatal and deadly work with his bow and arrow with hearts for targets.

During the month of December, 1912, just passed there was an unprecedented number of licenses issued from the office of the register of deeds at the court house. The list follows:

- W. J. Beaty, Paw Creek, and Elia Anton, Gastonia.
J. R. Brown, Cherryville, and Edna Friday, Hardin.
W. L. Best, Cherryville, and Birdie Mauney, Cherryville.
A. R. Beauguard, Bristol, Tenn., and Mary G. Morris, Gastonia.
Clarence Cloninger and Guiness Heafner, Gastonia.
R. C. Dameron, Bessemer City, and Ada Eaker, Kings Mountain.
D. E. Elmore and Alma Price, of Gastonia.
M. R. Ellington and Annie Leeper, of Belmont.
Lloyd Flowers and Mattie Huffstetter, of Lowell.
K. M. Glass and Myrtle Nolen, of Gastonia.
Pink Huffstetter and Mary White, of Cherryville.
Thomas H. Holland, Dallas, and Ferrie Jenkins, Gastonia.
Cheley Helms, Mayesworth, and Edna Stone, of Gastonia.
Earl Hallman and Eva Ruppe, of Bessemer City.
A. T. Keener and Fannie Woods, of Gastonia.
T. B. Kendrick and Hattie Stroup, of Cherryville.
A. L. Little and Dora Branks, of Dallas.
Denver Lloyd and Blanche Sisk, of Gastonia.
Jacob Lemmons and Pearlie Perkins, of Bessemer City.
J. W. Martin and Belle Adams, of Bessemer City.
Hoyle Miller, Waco, and Annie Mae Blackwelder, of Cherryville.
Herbert McAllister and Eliza Hayes, of Gastonia.
J. M. Nelson, of Cheraw, S. C., and Jessie Smith, of Belmont.
M. P. Petty and Mary Brakefield, of Bessemer City.
Richard Philmon and Lizzie Rhyne, of New York.
Durham Queen and Lucinda Peaty, of Gastonia.
B. O. Robinson, of Lincoln county, and Carrie Nantz, of Alexis.
Sam Rodden and Pearl Lynn, of Gastonia.
Ernest Riley and Maggie Hedrick, of McAdenville.
Jeter Roberts and Elmi Maner, of Gastonia.
S. L. Stroup and Emma McGinnas, of Gastonia.
Flay L. Stubbs and Claudia Rhyne, of Gastonia.
O. W. Stowe and Estella Howard, of Belmont.
P. M. Stradley and Margaret Gilmore, of Gastonia.
C. A. Turner and Mamie Lay, of Gastonia.
R. P. Washam and Torrence Stowe, of Belmont.
Avery Wallace and Myrtle Robinson, of Dallas.
J. A. Wright and Edith King, of Bessemer City.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For as great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

HUNT'S CURE
Guaranteed Cure for all SKIN DISEASE
Sold by Torrence Drug Co. Belmont Drug Co., Belmont

Molly McDonald

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER
By Randall Parrish

CHAPTER V.

The Defense of the Stage.

There were times when Hamlin's mental processes seemed slow, almost sluggish, but this was never true in moments of emergency and peril. Then he became swift, impetuous, seemingly borne forward by some inspiring instinct. It was for such experiences as this that he remained in the service—his whole nature responding almost joyously to the bugle-call of action, of imminent danger, his nerves steadying into rock. These were the characteristics which had won him his chevrons in the unwarded service of the frontier, and when scarcely more than a boy, had put a captain's bars on the gray collar of his Confederate uniform.

Now, as he struggled to his knees, gripping the iron foot-rail with one hand, a single glance gave him a distinct impression of their desperate situation. With that knowledge, there likewise flashed over his mind the only possible means of defense. The Indians, numbering at least thirty, had ridden recklessly out from under the protection of the river bank, spreading to right and left, as their ponies' hoofs struck the turf, and were now charging down upon the disabled coach, yelling madly and brandishing their guns. The very reckless abandon of their advance expressed the conception they had of the situation—they had witnessed the flight of the two fugitives, the runaway of the wheelers, and believed the remaining passengers would be helpless victims. They came on, savage and confident, not anticipating a fight, but a massacre—shrieking prisoners, and a glut of revenge.

With one swing of his body, Hamlin was upon the ground, and had jerked open the inside door of the coach, forcing it back against the dirt of the bluff which towered in protection above. His eyes were quick to perceive the peculiar advantage of position; that their assailants would be compelled to advance from only one direction. The three within were barely struggling to their feet, dazed, bewildered, falling as yet to comprehend fully those distant yells, when he sprang into their midst, uttering his swift orders, and unceremoniously jerking the men into position for defense.

"Here, quick now! Don't waste time! It's a matter of seconds, I tell you! They're coming—a horde of them. Here, Moylan, take this rifle barrel and knock a hole through the back there big enough to sight out of. Hit it hard, damn you, it's a case of life or death! What have you got, Gonzales? A revolver? Into that window there, and blaze away; you've got the reputation of a gun-man; now let's see you prove it. Get back in the corner, miss, so I can slip past—no, lie down below the fire line!"

"But—but I will not!" and she faced him, her face white, but her eyes shining. "I can shoot! See!" and she flashed a pearl-handled revolver defiantly. The Sergeant thrust her unceremoniously aside and plunged across to the opposite window, gripping his Henry rifle.

"Do as I say," he growled. "This is our fight. Get down! Now, you terriers, let them have it!"

There was a wild skurrying of mounted figures almost at the coach wheels, hair streaming, feathers waving, lean, red arms thrown up, the air vocal with shrill outcries—then the dull bark of a Henry, the boom of a Colt. The smoke rolled out in a cloud, pungent, concealing, nervous fingers pressing the triggers again and again. They could see reeling horses, men gripping their ponies' manes to keep erect, staring, frightened eyes, animals flung back on their haunches, rearing madly in the air. The fierce yell of exultation changed into a savage scream, bullets crashed into the thin sides of the coach; it rocked with the contact of a half-naked body flung forward by a plunging horse; the Mexican swore wildly in Spanish, and then—the smoke blew aside and they saw the field; the dead and dying ponies, three motionless bodies huddled on the grass, a few dismounted stragglers racing on foot for the river bank, and a squad of riders circling beyond the trail. Hamlin swept the mingled sweat and blood out of his eyes, smiled grimly, and glanced back into the coach, instinctively slipping fresh cartridges into his hot rifle.

"That's one time those fellows ran into a hornet's nest," he commented quietly, all trace of excitement vanished. "Better load up, boys, for we're not through yet—they'll only be more careful next time. Anybody hurt?"

"Somethin' creased my back," replied Moylan, complainingly, and trying vainly to put a hand on the spot. "Felt like a streak o' fire." The Sergeant reached across, fingering the torn shirt cautiously.

"Seared the flesh, pardner, but no blood worth mentioning. They've got some heavy artillery out there from the sound—old army muskets likely. It is our repeating rifles that will win out—those red devils don't understand them yet."

"Senior, you tink we win out den?" and Gonzales peered up blinking into the other's face. "'Acree! dey vil fight deferent de nex' time. Ze Amerlicaine muskeet, eet carry so far—ess eet not so?"

Hamlin patted his brown barrel affectionately as if it were an old friend, and smiled across into the questioning eyes of the girl. "I'm willing to back this weapon

against the best of them for distance," he replied easily, "and it's accurate besides. How about it, Moylan?"

"I'd about as soon be in front as behind one of them cannon," answered the sutler soberly. "I toted one four years. But say, pardner, what's yer name? Yer a cavalryman, ain't yer?"

"Sergeant—forgot I wasn't properly introduced," and he bent his head slightly, glancing again toward the girl. "Hamlin is the rest of it."

"'Brick' Hamlin?" "Sometimes—delicate reference to my hair, miss," and he took off his hat, his gray eyes laughing. "Born that way, but doesn't seem to interfere with me much, since I was a kid. You've heard of me then, Moylan? So has our little friend, Gonzales, here."

The sober-faced sutler merely nodded, evidently in no mood for pleasantry.

"Oh, ye're all right," he said finally. "I've heard 'em say you was a fighter down round Santa Fe, an' I know it myself now. But what the hell are we goin' to do. This yere stagecoach



"Do As I Say," He Growled. "This Is Our Fight."

ain't much of a fort to keep off a bunch o' redskins once they git their mad up. Them musket bullets go through like the sides was paper, an' I reckon we ain't got no oversupply o' ammunition—I know I ain't fer this Winchester. How long do yer reckon we kin hold out?"

Hamlin's face became grave, his eyes also turning toward the river. The sun was already sinking low in the west, and the Indians, gathered in council out of rifle-shot, were like shadows against the glimmering water beyond.

"They'll try us again just before dark," he affirmed slowly, "but more cautiously. If that attack fails, then they'll endeavor to creep in, and take us by surprise. It's going to be a clear night, and there is small chance for even an Indian to hide in that buffalo-grass with the stars shining. They have got to come up from below, for no buck could climb down this bluff without making a noise. I don't see why, with decent luck, we can't hold out as we are until help gets here; those fellows who rode away will report at Canon Bluff and send a rider on to Dodge for help. There ought to be soldiers out here by noon tomorrow. What troops are at Dodge now?"

"Only a single company—infantry," replied Moylan gloomily. "All the rest are out scouting 'long the Solomon. Damned if I believe they'll send us a man. Those two cowards will likely report us all dead—otherwise they wouldn't have any excuse for runnin' away—and the commander will satisfy himself by sendin' a courier to the fellows in the field."

"Well, then," commented the Sergeant, his eyes gleaming, "we've simply got to fight it out alone, I reckon, and hang on to our last shots. What do you make of those reds?"

The three men stared for some time at the distant group over their rifles, in silence.

"They ain't all Arapahoes, that's certain," said Moylan at last. "Some of 'em are Cheyennes. I've seen that chief before—it's Roman Nose."

"The big buck humped up on the roan?"

"That's the one, and he is a bad actor; saw him once over at Fort Kearney two years ago. Had a council there. Say! In surprise, 'ain't that an Ogalla Sioux war bonnet bobbin' there to the right, Sergeant?"

Hamlin studied the distant feathered head-dress indicated, shading his eyes with one hand.

"I reckon maybe it is, Moylan," he acknowledged at last gravely. "Those fellows have evidently got together; we're going to have the biggest scrap this summer the old army has had yet. Looks as though it was going to begin right here—and now. See there! The dance is on, boys; there they come; they will try it on foot this time."

He tested his rifle, resting one knee on the seat; Moylan pushed the barrel of his Winchester out through the ragged hole in the back of the coach, and the little Mexican lay flat, his eyes on the level with the window-casing. The girl alone remained motionless, crouched on the floor, her white face uplifted.

The entire field stretching to the river was clear to the view, the short, dry buffalo-grass offering no concealment. To the right of the coach, some fifty feet away, was the only depression, a shallow gully leading down from the bluff, but this slight advantage was unavailable. The sun had already dropped from view, and the gathering twilight distorted the figures, making them almost grotesque in their savagery. Yet they could be clearly distinguished, stealing silently forward, guns in hand, spreading out in a wide half-circle, obedient to

the gestures of Roman Nose, who, still mounted upon his pony, was traversing the river bank, his every motion outlined against the dull gleam of water behind him. From the black depths of the coach the three men watched in almost breathless silence, gripping their weapons, fascinated, determined not to waste a shot. Gonzales, under the strain, uttered a fierce Spanish curse, but Hamlin crushed his arm between iron fingers.

"Keep still, you fool!" he muttered, never glancing around. "Let your gun talk!"

The assailants came creeping on, snakes rather than men, appearing less and less human in the increasing shadows. Twice the Sergeant lifted his Henry, sighting along the brown barrel, lowering the weapon again in doubt of the distance. He was conscious of exultation, of a swifter pulse of the heart, yet his nerves were like steel, his grip steady. Only a dim fleeting memory of the girl, half hidden in the darkness behind, gave him uneasiness—he could not turn and look into her eyes. Roman Nose was advancing now at the center of that creeping half circle, a hulking figure perched on his pony's back, yet well out of rifle range. He spread his hands apart, clasping a blanket, looking like a great bird flapping its wings, and the ground in front of him, the red flare splitting the gray gloom. The speeding bullets crashed through the leather of the coach, splintering the wood; the Mexican rolled to the floor, uttering one inhuman cry, and lay motionless; a great volume of black smoke wavered in the still air.

"Wait! Wait until they get to their feet!" Hamlin cried eagerly. "Ah! there they come—now unlimber."

He saw only those black, indistinct figures, leaping out of the smoke, converging on the coach, their naked arms uplifted, their voices mingling in savage yells. Like lightning he worked his rifle, heart throbbing to the excitement, oblivious to all else; almost without realization he heard the deeper bellow of Moylan's Winchester, the sharp bark of a revolver at his very ear. Gonzales was all right, then! Good! He never thought of the girl, never saw her grip the pistol from the Mexican's dead hand, and crawl white-faced, over his body, to that front seat. All he really knew was that those devils were coming, leaping, crowding through the smoke wreathes; he saw them stumble, and rise again; he saw one leap into the air, and then crash face down; he saw them break, circling to right and left, crouching as they ran. Two pitched forward, a revolver bullet between his eyes, his head wedged in the spokes of the wheel; the other Hamlin struck with emptied rifle-barrel as his red hand gripped the door, sending him sprawling back into the dirt. It was all the

work of a minute, an awful minute, intense, breathless—then silence, the smoke drifting away, the dark night hiding the skulking runners.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLEASE RENEW.

Several hundred subscriptions to THE GAZETTE will expire next Wednesday, January 1st, and during the month of January. To all of these due notice has been given or will be given, and we hope that we may have a renewal from every subscriber now on our lists. It is impossible for us to see every person, even in the town and county, and we must rely upon the individual subscriber to bring or send us his subscription. Remember that when we fail to hear from you at all we discontinue your paper promptly when the time is out. Send us your renewal NOW.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Mrs. Laura Hand, late of Gaston county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present same, duly authenticated, to the undersigned at Belmont, N. C., on or before

DECEMBER 16TH, 1913.

or this notice will be pleaded in bar of any recovery thereon. All persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt settlement of same.

This 14th day of December, 1912. JOHN F. LEEPER, Executor of the will of Mrs. Laura Hand. J-24 c6w

COMMISSIONERS RE-SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Gaston County, North Carolina, made in the special proceeding entitled, "Jennie Lineberger et al vs. Mrs. L. E. Friday et al," I, the undersigned Commissioner, will on

Thursday, January 16th, 1913,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, M., at the front door of the Postoffice in the town of Mount Holly, Gaston county, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described land, lying and being in the town of Mount Holly, Riverbend township, Gaston county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Thomas Gardner, Andrew Clemmer and others, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stake, a street corner of lot known as No. seven (7) in the original survey or plan of the town of Mount Holly, and runs with the street line N. 87 W. 16 poles to Gardner's corner; thence with his line N. 3 E. 5 poles to a

stake in Gardner's line, Andrew Clemmer's corner; thence with Clemmer's line dividing said lot No. seven (7) S. 87 E. 16 poles to a stake on the street line, Clemmer's corner; thence with said line S. 2 W. 5 poles to the beginning. Containing one-half (1-2) acre, more or less.

This the 16th day of Dec., 1912. CARL E. CARPENTER, Commissioner. J10c4w

SALE OF LAND.

By virtue of the powers of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed and delivered to M. A. Carpenter by John Little and wife, Annie Little, dated November 1st, 1911, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Gaston County in Book No. 90 at page 559, and a certain mortgage deed executed and delivered by John Little to O. F. Mason, dated April 10th, 1912, and registered in Book No. 95 at page 65, default having been made in the payment of the debts secured by said deed of trust and by said mortgage deed, we will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the COURT HOUSE door in GASTONIA, N. C., at noon, on

MONDAY, FEB. 3RD, 1913.

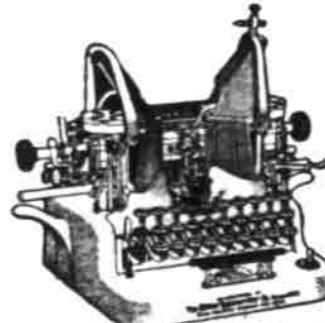
that certain parcel of land situate in Dallas township, Gaston County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of John C. Puett, J. Alonzo Rhyne, Mrs. Julia Holland's estate and others, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at an Ash on the bank of Little Long Creek, Mrs. Julia Holland's corner, and runs thence north 82 west 36 poles to an Ash on the bank of the creek; thence north 57 west 180 poles to a post oak, now down and gone; thence south 33 west 155 poles to a stake on the bank of said creek; thence south 42 east 26 poles to a stake; thence south 62 east 17 poles to a stake; thence south 59 east 10 poles to a stake; thence south 67 east 32 poles to a stake; thence north 54 east 54 poles to a Water oak, down; thence south 76 east 90 poles to a stake; thence south 32 west 30 poles to a stake; thence south 31 east 26 poles to a stake; thence north 52 east 24 poles to a stump; thence south 80 east 32 poles to a Hickory, formerly A. Groners corner; thence north 59 east 85 poles to a rock on the side of the C. & N-W Railway; thence north 17 west 24 poles to a rock; thence north 44 west 62 poles to the beginning, containing 200 acres, more or less, saving and excepting about 9 acres sold by J. C. Puett to Mary Clemmer.

All that portion of said lands lying south of Little Long Creek will be first offered for sale, and, if it does not bring enough to pay off all the indebtedness, then that portion lying north of said creek will be sold.

This December 27th, 1912. M. A. CARPENTER, Trustee. O. F. MASON, Mortgagee. J-31 c 5 w.

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Send \$5 for The Oliver Typewriter—the machine will come a-flying. The newest Model—No. 5—the regular \$100 machine—with no extra charge for Printype. For the price of a good fountain pen you secure the World's Greatest Typewriter. You can pay the balance at the rate of 17 cents a day. This irresistible "\$5 offer" is sweeping everything before it. The era of universal typewriting is coming. The triumph of the typewriter over primitive pen-and-ink has been brought about by the same machine that introduced visible writing. The STANDARD VISIBLE WRITER. This is the typewriter whose high efficiency has made it the choice of the greatest firms and corporations. It is the simplest of all standard typewriters, yet the swiftest and by far the most versatile. The moving parts work freely in a solid metal frame work, making the machine so strong that the hardest usage has no effect upon it. No Extra Charge For "Typeprint". Most people prefer to have the machine equipped to write in Printype. This beautiful type is obtainable only on The Oliver Typewriter. It is the greatest style improvement ever evolved for typewriters—the most easily read type in existence—the type which conforms to that in universal use on the world's printing presses! self a great convenience and an actual money-maker. It stands for order and system and success. It is the visible evidence of the progressiveness of its owner. Young people with brains, ambition and Oliver Typewriters are succeeding everywhere. Can you afford to let \$5 stand between you and success? Send for Circular and Art Catalog. Full details regarding the Oliver Easy-Purchase-Plan, beautiful catalog and a specimen letter written in Printype will be sent you on request. Let this \$5 offer awaken you to your need of The Oliver Typewriter and the ease with which you may own it. Remember—\$5 only and on comes The Oliver Typewriter!



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