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SALE OF PROPERTY FOR CITY TAXES

The following property within the corporate limits of Forest City will be sold for taxes at the courthouse door in Rutherfordton, on

Monday, September 7, 1925
at 12 o'clock:

Charlie Beam, 2 lots, Davis & Weathers	\$1.78
Jess Jackson, 1 house and lot	8.75
C. M. Yelton, 1 house and lot, Church street	18.04
D. F. Beachboard, 1 lot East Main street	4.65
B. A. Lowrance, 20 acres Alexander Road	20.50

W. P. HARDIN
City Tax Collector

The Courier, your county Paper, per year **\$1.50**

"THEN AND NOW"

Reminiscences and Historic Romance, 1856 to 1865

BY JUDGE D. F. MORROW

Rutherfordton, N. C.

Notice Copyright

CHAPTER 19

Plotting Of Pope Ganes, Sid Gitsome and the Negroes, 1856 to '65.

Notwithstanding fire, brimstone, sulphur, clouds, storms, wars, haunts, liquor, witchcraft and Parson Loudlung's preaching then, and radio, telephone, telegraph, autos, Fords, jazz, evolution and the modern dance, nowadays, people then, and people now, courted, fell in love, and sometimes would fall out, fight and get divorced, yet it goes on just the same. And so it was with Mat and Bill, for they had their ups and downs then in their courtship as bad or worse than do folk today. The night the spinning bee at Mattie's, Bill had spent the night so he could tell Uncle Johnny all about the fighting at the front. But Uncle Johnnie did not sit up long, Tom said, for he got sleepy and left Bill and Mat in parlor and they stayed up till late, Tom said. They sang songs, talked for a long time and then whispered a while like they were afraid the haunts would hear them, but they were not scared for they were in the house, sitting right close together on the lounge, Tom said.

But late in the night they quarreled about Mat going with Tad Cannahan, while Bill was gone to the army. Bill told Mat she should not allow Tad to come for he was a Unionist. He and his daddy were both against the Rebels and he believed they were aiding and abetting Sid, Ganes and old Tobe and such folk to incite the negroes to rise. And that he was not good enough for Mat for Tom said he did. For, you know, boys often, then, would listen in on their sisters when they were courting and they do sometimes now, you know, except when they go courting of nights out in the Ford car, you know, for then the brothers can't hear for they are not close like when they are in their beds and there is a door opening into the parlor and Tom could hear through his door, you know and look through the key hole, too, sometimes.

Now Bill Sniffles had come with one hand gone as a souvenir for States rights, but he looked well. He was shingled and shaved and did not look much like he did when he went off. Of course his hand being gone he was discharged and would not have to go back, but said he was going to join the Home Guard and help hunt deserters and specially he wanted to hunt Sid Gitsome. For Bill said when they went into the fight at Bull Run, that Sid, at the first firing, just threw down his gun and ran right toward the Yankee lines and when they saw Sid coming holding up a white handkerchief, the Yankees didn't shoot at all until Sid got to them. And now "by grabs" Bill said Sid had come back South as a spy. If he did not have but one hand, if he ever laid eyes on Sid he would get him, for Bill said he hated a traitor and this is what Sid was for he had went to the Yankees and was trying to betray us. This was bad enough Bill said. But it was worse when he had come back spying around and inciting negroes to rise and kill white folk. Now this is what Bill told Uncle Johnnie at breakfast that morning. Mat was at the table and all dressed up too, for Tom said she was. And she said Sid must be a bad man. Bill said he was not worth the name of a man at all and he considered him nothing but a low-down dog. At this Uncle Johnnie said, "Well he may be or it might be so." For as you know he never was positive about anything. But Aunt "Julie" said, "yes, he is lower down than the animal you just remarked about Mr. Sniffles. For William Buster was here yesterday morning and he said no such a man had ever lived in these parts and that he was going to have his scalp before the thirteenth of December. And was getting his men ready to make a raid on Sid's cave and the Cannahan fort where old Tobe, Pope Ganes and others were supposed to be in hiding."

Just at this time as Mattie, Bill and Aunt Julie had seated themselves on the front porch for a confab. Away down the Island Ford road they espied a horse and rider coming with the speed of the wind. They could see long before he got to them that the rider had on a gray uniform and slung over his shoulder was a "musket" and on the saddle underneath him flapped the saddle bags. The horse was a big roan with long flowing mane and tail. His head was high in the air and neck bowed as if the rider was trying to hold him back. His feet could be heard

pounding the hard road as nearer he came to them. Not a word was spoke by the watchers for several minutes as the horse and rider sped up the road. Aunt Julie, looking out over her glasses, broke the silence. "Upon my life, it's William Buster," she said, "and I know there is something in the wind, for he never rides that way unless there be." Bill said, "By grabs it is him for I know that horse." Mattie said, "Yes, Mr. Sniffles you are right. I know that horse anywhere. He is the finest horse I ever saw and there are lots of them round here, but I think he is the finest of all." Bill said, "Yes, he is, and he knows that William wants him to go this morning and he is on the job, as they say in camp."

The rider dashes up, dismounts and with cap in hand, made his way to the porch with outstretched hand and in his jovial way said, "Halo folks, how's everybody?" "Come in," said Aunt Julie, but William turned his gaze on Bill Sniffles and said, "If I'm alive, if here ain't my boy back from the war, looking spick and span," and extended his big hand for a shake. Bill rose and extended his left to William for the shake. William took it in both of his big hands and said, "Bill, what's the matter with your other hand?" He said, "Nothing, it's buried in Virginia." Then it was tears came into William's eyes. William Buster was a man of deep sympathy and as kind hearted as a good woman. He felt for Bill for Bill had done his part for states rights and buried his hand in the moorlands of Virginia and the heather blossoms were now growing over the grave of his hand, spoke William. When William said this Mattie tried to say something too, but could not, for tears were in her eyes as well as William's. Aunt Julie, like mothers do sometimes, came to Mat's rescue and said, "Well William what is the news? I know you have something for I never saw you ride so unless there was something wrong. I did see you one time not many moons ago pass here going to Rutherfordton after the doctor for your father when he was thrown from his horse, but it didn't seem you were going as fast then as you were riding coming up the road just now. Be it good or bad news let us have it." William released Bill's hand, turned rather slowly to face aunt Julie and in that deep tone voice, said, "Well Julia, I am sorry to have to tell you there is nothing good. It is true as you know that Pope Ganes whom I took to be a gentleman, when I first met him and but for the caution I received from my captain, he would no doubt have taken me in. And I am sorry to tell you that I just came by Cap's home and he is down again with rheumatism and can't do duty but I always seek his advice. And with what information I have and what he just now gave me, I am sure there is a plot going on between Sid Gitsome, Pope Ganes and others. For I am informed from reliable sources, that there are nightly gatherings down in the moorlands of the river just below Sam Cannahan's farm. You know there are large tracts of unoccupied territory down there along the river. These scoundrels have chosen this place for their hiding place and it's a good one. Ganes is the brains of this movement. But I must go to see Annie, for Ganes is after her, I believe." Bill Sniffles said, "I'll go too."

(To Be Continued)

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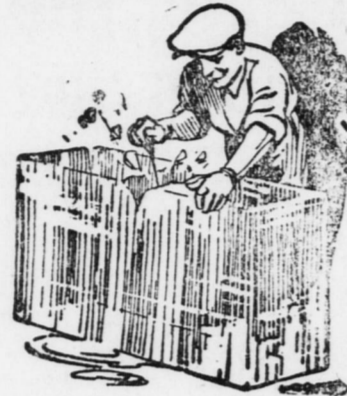
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