THE TRIBUNE. MY

W. F. RUCKER, EDITOR. L. D. MILLER, MANAGER.

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QUEEN VICTORIA STILLLIVES.

The latest dispatches in regard to the condition of England's queen, tell us that she is still alive, but the anxious watchers about her bedside and throughout her kingdom, look for her dissolution at any moment. Her and prosperous to the English people. For sixty-four years she has sat upon the greatest throne on earth and has been ruler over a great and mighty people; she has been a sovereign who has possessed the love and sympathy of her people, and whose love and sympathy have been given them in return; and to day, as she is fast approaching the end of her earthly reign, the grief and sympathy manifested by her subjects throughout the British kingdom, is the most beautiful and touching tribute a great people could pay their dying queen.

The following pathetic picture, which we get from the Charlotte Observer, has been sketched by one of the army correspondents engaged along with the rest of world, in the death watch outside the palace of the good queen. It is like this:

"On his way to his mother's death-bedside, at a railroad station in London, waiting to be joined by one of his royal sisters, the Prince of Wales paced up and down on a sad, rainy English day. A gray haired man of 60, with bowed head and bleeding heart, he won the genuine sympathy of every by-stander, Not coming to his kingdom in the zeal and ardor and glow of youth, this old man, heir to earth's mightiest throne, has lived long enough to learn how, indeed, 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown' and that Kings and Queens have At- wood. lantean burdens on their backs and inward sorrows that break their hearts."

LATER

on January, 22nd. Queen Victoria breathed her last while the her death was quiet and peaceful.

A Mexican war veteran and prominent editor writes; "Seeing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholea and Diarrhoea Remedy, I am reminded that as a soldier in Mexico in '47 and '48, I contracted Mexican diarrhoe and not reply. Her lips were set firmly, but ter it would be for us, as it gave us exthis remedy has kept me from getting her cheeks were growing paler and act warning of their approach. They an increase in my pension, for on every paler, and she seemed to be white to the did not seem to be gaining upon us, renewal a dose of it restores me." It is hair. I tugged at my bonds, but I could unequalled as a quick cure for diarrhoea | not move them. and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Twitty & Thompson, druggists.

We are requested by the officers of the Library Association, to ask all persons having in his possession either of the following books, belonging to the library, to not fail to return them on next Wednesday afternoon: John Gray, My Lady, To Have and to Hold, Eben Holden, The Master Christian, Monsieur Beancaire, N. C. Sketches.

I wish to thank all who rendered me assistance in protecting my property on the night of the fire, and take this opportunity to do so. J. W. HARRIS.

LOTA NUMBER ONE two-horse wagen, fodder cutter, serry and an in- to the British camp. Tarleton will re- let passed so close to my head that I cubator for sale. Apply to Mrs. S. Cau- ward you well." EIELD, Rutherfordton, N. C.

NOTICE

NORTH CAROLINA, In Superior Count And we won't hang him tonight. Maybe Rutherford County. Before the Clerk. we will do it in the morning anyhow, McD. Ray Administrator de bonis of but that's no reason why we should stop | them there." James. M. Justice, deceased, vs. M. Levi the fun now. A soldier's life is hard,

James R. Justice, James H. Mendentled action, will take notice that a spe- of them wild with drink. cial proceeding has been commenced in It was an orgy of savages. The fire half of defiance, to our pursuers and assets, and that said homestead allotted more closely. The girl was as immovais situate in Rutherford county; and the ble as a statue. Her tawny hair shone said defendants will take notice that in the dim light, and I could see that him alongside of Old Put. they are required to appear before the her face was still white, but that was Clerk of the Superior Court for Ruther- all. ford county at his office in Rutherfordton, N. C., on February 16th, 1901, and from sheer exhaustion. answer or demur to the petition now on file, or the relief demanded will be grant-

sleep as well there as anywhere." ed. This December 7th, 1900. M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER. Author of "A Soldier of Manhattan," "The Sun of Saratoga," Etc.

[Copyright, 1900, by Joseph A. Altaheler.] (CONTINUED FROM FNURTH PAGE.)

"Look at them, " I repeated. "I con-

gratulate you on your company." They drank deeply and replaced their bottles in their pockets, where I was sure they were not destined to remain long. The red fled from the girl's face, but she said nothing, and giving me the same curious look of mingled triumph and defiance went back to her old place on the log There she sat, staring straight into the fire, as if she were wholly oblivious of me and the other

men around her. The partisans were in great glee. They laughed and cracked rough jokes, and presently, as I had expected, pulled rule has been long, beneficent out the bottles again and took a long, deep draft, once, twice, thrice. Their faces flushed from the effect of the stant. strong spirits, and the loudness and roughness of their talk increased. Crowder, the leader, was the loudest and roughest of them all.

"That was a fine song you sang to that fellow there when you set him a-napping for us to catch, Miss Howard," he said presently, "and we like music, too, don't we boys?"

"Yes, yes!" they roared, all together "And won't you kindly sing that song or another as good for us. Miss Howard?" he continued.

She made no answer, staring straight 8 the red embers, her cheeks pale. "I say, Miss Howard, don't you hear?" exclaimed Crowder roughly. "Yes, I hear," she replied, "but I'm

porry I can't oblige you. I can't sing any more. "If you can sing for that d-d rebel there," continued Crowder, "I should

think you could sing for us, who are good and loyal English like yourself." She was silent again. "Didn't we rescue you?" he con-

tinued. "Aren't we your saviors? Don't 90u owe us gratitude?" Still unanswered, he swore an oath and said to his comrades: "Here's gratitude for you, lads. Well,

if she won't sing for us, we can sing for her. How do you like this, my lady? It's called 'I'll Owre the Muir to Maggy,' and it goes very well with the song that you sang."

Then he sang the old song, which, like the girl's, was Scotch: "And I'll owre the muir to Maggy-Her wit and sweetness call me-There to my fair I'll show my mind,

Whatever may befall me. If she loves mirth, I'll learn to sing, Or, likes the Nine to follow, I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring And invocate Apollo. "If she admire a martial mind, I'll sheath my limbs in armor: If to the softer dance inclined,

If she love grandeur day and night I'll plot my nation's glory, Find favor in my prince's sight And shine in future story. "Beauty can work wonders with ease

With gayest airs I'll charm her;

Where wit is corresponding, And bravest men know best to please With complaisance abounding My bonnie Maggy love can turn Me to what shape she pleases If in her breast that flame shall burn

Which in my bosom blazes. His voice was not unmusical, and he bad some idea of rhythm and measure. His comrades joined him, and they roared out a chorus which must have penetrated to the farthest edge of the

"I'll not only sing for you, Miss Howard, "said Crowder, "but I'll dance for you too."

It was plain enough that the man was drunk and was relapsing into his natural condition of savagery. I hoped that he would fall into the fire, but he At exactly half past six o'clock did not. His drunken head swayed from side to side, but he kept step to the beat of the song.

One of the men drew his empty botbishop was praying. Around her knife blade. It made a lively tinkle bedside was gathered almost eve- that sounded like music, and the others, seeing his success, imitated him. Crowery decendant of her line. and der had not only a vocal but an instrumental chorus as well. His zeal increased, and he danced like an Indian Beat Out of an Increase of His Pen- at a scalp dance, while the men roared out the song and beat their bottles with

"Again I congratulate you on your company, your glorious band of res-cuers, Miss Howard," I called out to

I know she heard me, but she did

Crowder, looking around for further amusement, spied me. "A good song, boys, and good fun,"

he cried, "but here's better fun. Let's hang the prisoner and see him squirm." The others, as drunk as their leader. shouted their approval, but the girl

"You shall not do that!" she cried. "And why not, miss?" asked Crowder. "He is our prisoner."

"Eecause I will not permit it!" she They roared with laughter. "If you do," she said, "I will report your act to Colonel Tarleton. This man is an important prisoner. He can guide

Tarleton to Morgan, and he will do it to save his life. He must be taken safely "All right, if you say so, Miss Howard," he said. "Anything to oblige, especially one as handsome as you are.

He took a large flask from his haverhall, Roxy L. Mendenhall and Hattie sack and shared it with his men. Then and vine sped into the open as a volley Mendenhall, defendants in above inti- they began to sing and dance again, all of pistol shots whistled after us.

One of the men fell down presently "Let him lie," said Crowder. "He'll

The man never moved but began to

snore, and a second one yielded to exertion and whisky and, stretching himself out on the ground, went to instant sleep Crowder himself was the third and was followed speedily by the others, including the sentinel, who had joined without objection in the orgy. The six men were sound asleep in a slumber heavy with weariness and liquor.

A last brand fell over in the coals and blazed up. The girl rose from the log, and by its light I could see that her face had turned from white to red. She walked quickly over to me and said in a voice shaking with excitement and alarm:

"Take me away from here, Mr. Marcel! Take me away at once! I would ears. rather be with you than these men, these savages, these brutes! Nor is your

life safe here!" "They wear the British uniform. They must be loyal British soldiers," I could not keep from saying. "I do not know what they are," she

replied, with alarmed insistence, "but let's go. Pray take me at once." She pulled at my shoulders as if she would have me rise and go on the in-

"Untie my wrists," I said. She tugged at the cords, but could do nothing. They were tied too tight. "Take a knife from that drunken

She took the knife from the man's belt and cut my bonds. I rubbed my King's Mountain?" wrists together for a few minutes to take out the stiffness and to restore the circulation. Again she urged me to may happen again." start without delay.

"Wait a minute," I said. "We must provide ourselves.'

when they bound me, and I recovered pistol and some ammunition Then I in numbers, far inferior in equipment, turned to the horses

the orgy and my rescue with attention | sion took its place.

and understanding. "We'll bid farewell to these beasts now, old comrade," I said in a whisper, patting his nose.

He was too cautious to whinny a reply. The brown hack was near him, but I saw another among those belonging to the guerrillas which I fancied much more than he. I hastily changed Miss her to mount and sprang upon Old Put.

ward the northwest, but as the woods | could not see its end. before us were dense and interlaced

a hasty pistol shot in our direction, the him back into the true course, we galbullet clipping the dry twigs above our loped on. heads, and then shouted to his comrades to awake, giving emphasis to his cries with many sturdy kicks.

"Look out for your head!" I shouted might prove fatal. And be sure you stay | neigh, or rather a cry or a great sigh, with me.

"I'll not leave you," she said.

He curved his long neck in the darkeyes. I let the reins fall loose, and he lips. A dark red clot of blood appeared judgment that was never at fault. The of the bullets which I thought would other horse kept close at his side. Be- | fall short had struck him and the wound hind us we could hear the cries of the was mortal awakened men as they leaped upon their horses and rode after us, shouting to us to stop. Two or three more pistol shots were fired, but the air received

If the men could see at all, it was but dimly, though they could follow us by the hoof beats of our horses and the tearing of the vines and slapping of the bushes as we passed. They made such a prodigious cursing and swearing that we were never in any doubt as to where they were. I had a mind for a moment to send toward them a pistol ball which would stop their fuss, but I concluded that the more noise they made the betwhich was a satisfaction for the present. Out on the plain they would see us The song stopped for a moment, and | more distinctly, but I believed that our horses could leave them there.

I sawn beam of light shining through cry of dismay, but in a moment the horse was steady on his feet again, and we went on. The beams grew more numerous and fused into a broad shield of moonlight. Two minutes more and the cleared ground, with the fields rac-

But the light had its evil for us. Against its broad silver disk we were silhouetted like the man in the moon, and the popping of pistols told us that we had become good targets. One bulin its passage, and I took it as a warning to hurry.

"Haste, Miss Howard!" I said. "We want to be beyond pistol shot in the cleared ground, for the light will help

She was riding well, and her expresand he ought to make merry while he sion was firm and courageous. We shook the reins against the necks of our

I uttered a shout half of pleasure, looked like a strong animal, and he certainly had a clean, fast gait that kept

I regarded our escape as assured, and the case. Relief showed in her eyes "Miss Howard," I said cheerfully I not held her.

and egotistically, "I congratulate you on the improvement in your company." _"At any rate, you are still a rebel.

with a rope around your neck." "I seem to have been preferred to the British behind us, who do not have

at your own invitation.

prisoner?'

"Oh, I am yours; but, whether one or used as a fastening in such frontier the other, I am to be guide." The men behind us were silent, we were sure of gaining upon them. I ram could break in that door now! could see their figures rising out of the them to take us in this fort!" plain in the misty gray light, gigantic and distorted in shape, and the thud, thud of their horses' hoofs, as regular

as the ticking of a clock, came to our "Which way do we go?" asked the

"To Morgan, of course." "Then I shall soon be with my father and friends again."

"Why do you think so?" "Because Tarleton will certainly take Morgan, and of course I shall be retaken.

She looked at me with much of the old sparkle and defiance and the absolute faith in British valor that British defeats seemed unable to shake. I was annoyed, and my patrictic pride was hurt.

"You seem to take it for granted that fool's belt," I said, indicating one of Tarleton will win if he should overtake the men. "Don't be afraid. He won't Morgan." of do

"Yet you have heard the news from "A chance, an accident,"

"The same chance, the same accident Never.

I could not say her nay, for were we not retreating steadily before the ad-They had taken my arms from me vance of Tarleton, a retreat that seemed to all to be the part of wisdom, for them, adding to my supply Crowder's again let it be said that we were fewer and more than half of our little army Old Put's great dark eyes flamed were raw troops, farmers! The exhilawith approval and gladness. He had ration of the flight and escape disapstood at his halter's length, watching | peared for the time, and a heavy depres-

CHAPTER VL

IN A STATE OF SIEGE. Old Put stretched his neck, and the regular, steady beat of his flying hoofs was music to a man who loves a good | could see the guerrillas dismounted be- | to us. horse. But the new horse, too, length- youd pistol shot and holding a conferened his stride and kept by my side. 1 ence. Howard's saddle to his back, assisted judged that he was a good comrade for Old Put. The plain, grassy and undu-I turned the heads of our horses to- lating, rolled away before us, and I

Cur pursuers bung on, and I distrustwith wiry bushes and creeping vines ed their silence. It betokened resoluwe dared not attempt more than a walk | tion, a determination to follow us mile The horses stamped and neighed as we after mile, to hang to the chase like left them. The girl's mount stepped on hounds after a deer. I judged that a large, dry branch, which broke with among Crowder's motives chagrin at a crack like a pistol shot. Nor did ill having made such a fool of himself generous to the conqueror. luck stop at that. The abandoned and a desire to repair the error were horses, frightened by the report, neighed | the strongest. The men did not spread and stamped again, creating a great up out fan shape, but followed us in a close group I was still sure that we The sentinel, who was the least were gaining, though very slowly, and drunk of the party, sprang to his feet. they seemed to think so, too, for pres-He was yet half dazed with sleep and ently they fired two or three shots, as if liquor, but he saw the dim figures of a they hoped to frighten us with spent man and a woman riding away from the balls. The girl's horse swayed a bit to little encampment, and he knew that, one side, and I thought he had stumaccording to the plans of Captain Crow- bled again, but she said he was merely der, it was not what should be. He fired startled by the pistol shots, and, pulling

We crossed a swell of the earth, and far out on the plain I saw the dim outlines of a small house, or rather log cabin, rising from the earth. The girl's to Miss Howard. "An untoward bough | horse threw up his head and uttered a for it was almost like that of a human being, and staggered from side to side, "Now, Old Put," I said, "lead us his pace sinking quickly from a sure gallop to a shaky trot The horse's great eyes were distended with pain and ness and looked ahead with sharp brown | fear, and blood and foam were on his wound about among the trees with a upon his side, and I knew then that one

> Without my hand pulling upon his rein Old Put stopped and looked at the other horse with eyes of pity and sorrow, for he knew what was going to happen-he knew he was going to lose one who had been proving himself a

worthy running mate and comrade I leaped from Old Put's back and snatched the girl from the saddle just as her horse reeled and fell and gave up his honest life with one great groan I half lifted, half pushed, the girl upon Old Put's back, where she sat securely despite the man's saddle. Once she protested, but I roughly bade her be silent and obey me and we would escape yet Then she said no more.

"See the house vonder?" I said We will reach that and beat them off Maybe we will find allies there. This should be a patriot region.'

I rested one arm on Old Put's shoulder. The girl was on the horse's back, and I, partly supported by him, ran by the latticework of the boughs and then his side. It is a trick that the borderers another and another and knew that we will tell you is common and useful would soon be in the open. The girl's enough Old Put gave me great assisthorse stumbled, and she uttered a little ance, for he understood, and as we flew along my feet at times seemed not to touch the ground

Our pursuers reached the crest of the swell and raised a shout of triumph as they saw the dead horse in the path and we would be out of the wood and into the single horse running on, carrying one of the fugitives and half carrying the other.

I took one quick look backward and calculated that we would reach the but in time. Our pursuers evidently did not think so, for they fired no more shots The girl was silent, her hands folded upon the pommel of my saddle and her thought it must have cut a lock of hair face all white again. She left the direction of everything to me

The cabin continued to rise from the plain, the corners, the eaves and the roof appearing until it stood before us distinct and near at hand.

"Now, Put, old comrade, greatest of horses," I cried, "we are nearing the goal! Show them how much strength she asked as she turned away from the and speed you have kept in reserve for window. this last effort! Show them what you can do when you try your best!"

swung through the air as we raced straight to the cabin I expected some won't be long, I hope," I replied. the Superior Court of Rutherford coun. had died down and ceased to blaze; bade Old Put show them what it was tousled head to appear, roused by the "Why, the horse is gone!" she said. ty before the Clerk to sell the homestead only the red embers glowed in the dark- for a real horse to run his best. I had thunder of so many hoofs, but none I laughed, laughed in her face, which of James M² Justice, deceased, to create assets, and that said homestead allotted assets, and that said homestead allotted assets. fence around either it or the house.

as if he knew what was wanted of him, with good cause, too, so I had begun to which, in fact, he did, and stopped five believe, and yet after passing a day and the girl seemed to take a like view of feet in front of it so abruptly that the girl would have shot over his head had

She sprang to the ground. I slipped the bridle off Old Put's head, gave him

a slap and cried:

He galloped around the house and ropes around their necks, but deserve disappeared, his hoof beats dying away them. Remember that I ride with you in the darkness. Then I shoved the door open and rushed in, dragging the girl Then you consider me still your after me. I slammed back the door and looked for the bar that is commonly houses. There it was, and I shoved it and into its place. Nothing but a battering "Safe for the time!" I cried. "I defy

> Then I looked around me. The girl, half fainting, had staggered against the wall and was leaning there. It was a house of but a single room. On a wide brick hearth a fire was still burning, or rather smoldering, yet it threw out enough light to disclose the contents of the room. No human being was there. Everything of value except the heavy furniture, which was of the rudest description and worth not much more than raw lumber, had been removed, and the whole appearance of the place indicated that its occupants had taken a hasty departure. It was easy enough to guess the cause. Some poor family, frightened by the converging of the armies upon this region, and with good reason, too, for no other state was harried in this war as was ours of South Carolina, had gathered up their portable goods and fled to safer quarters and perhaps not an hour before our arrival, as the fire still burning proved.

> "They might have made things a little more comfortable for us," I said cheerfully, for my spirits had gone up with a leap, "but it's good as it is, and we haven't any right to complain Mr. South Carolina farmer, whoever you are and wherever you are, we thank you." The girl smiled faintly and walked

down on a rude stool and spread out her fingers before the coals as if she were in her home. "Take a little of this," I said, for I saw that she was half dazed. There was vet a little whisky left in my flask, and

mechanically to the fire, where she sat

I handed it to her. She obeyed me like a child and drank it. Then I turned my attention to the a heavy but ill fitting shutter, some wandering moonbeams finding a way through the cracks. Peeping out, I

"They are talking, but let 'em talk, my dear," I said to the girl. "They can't get us in this cabin What a neat, stout little place it is!"

I really began to have a friendly feeling toward her. We had been through so many dangers together, and besides she was my prisoner. It is much easier for the conqueror to be generous to the conquered than for the conquered to be

She did not reply either to my words flushed with pink, but I could not tell whether it was the fire or not. She seemed to me to be in a state of collapse, natural to a girl, even the strongest and bravest, after so much.

"Now set the table for us," I said "We must eat a little after our long. hard ride, for we will need our strength. See if you can't find a candle in that cupboard And, here, take my bundle and get out the food."

I handed her the wallet of bread and meat which I had snatched from Old ance of Old Put. Put's back almost with the same mobridle. Sho took it, drew the rough pine over there to the left in that field, surtable to the center of the room and spread the food upon it. Then, sure rather the rails of what used to be a enough, she found in the cupboard a fence?" piece of old tallow candle, which she lighted and stuck in the middle of the table. These simple household duties seemed to revive her. Her eyes brightened, her color came back, and her first thought was half to defend, half to apologize, for her previous collapse.

did not lose courage. Don't think that I'm an English girl." "I never said you lost courage," I replied. "I think that you have borne

American girl would have done in the same situation." "Show me the one who would have done better," she said, with a snap of

for the army to take a seat and enjoy itself," she said in a light tone. 'Come and take a look at our enemies first," I said, noticing how her a cavalryman.

strength and courage had come back and how well they became her. She put her eyes to one of the cracks and looked out. Crowder and his men, unconsciously imitating us, had begun to make themselves comfortable, first by building a great bonfire and then by sitting around it and keeping themselves warm. They had tethered their horses near, and from their position they could

if we came forth. "Why do they follow us so persistently?" the girl asked 'For a variety of reasons," I replied. campfire.

'I might mention for one that they are anxious to take me. You know you told them that I was the bearer of very important news which I would tell under proper pressure to Tarleton." 'But that was not true." 'They do not know that it was not.'

"I wish they were real British soldiers, "she said. "I do not believe that Thomas C. Reese. any of them ever saw England. I believe they are American Tories, maybe American rebels in British uniforms." I did not care to argue with her, such is the strength of prejudice founded on teaching and training, especially British prejudice and most especially the

prejudice of British women. "Why did you take off his bridle?"

I had hung up Old Put's bridle on a nail in the wall. He replied by deed, and I fairly "In order that I may have it when I want to put it on him again, which

was a woman who prided herself on her Old Put dashed straight for the door, intelligence and quickness of mind, and she knew so little about him! "Why do you laugh?" she asked red-

ly and angrily. "I laugh at your ignorance," I said, "the fact that you know so little of our

comrade, in many respects the shrewdest and ablest of us three, as he is certainly the swiftest and the strongest That horse has not left us. I merely took his bridle off in order that he might not be troubled with it, that he might eat better, for no doubt he will find somewhere around here, even in winter, a bit of grazing on some sheltered and sunny southern slope. He will take care of himself and come back to us when we need him."

"But suppose the guerrillas take "I wish I was as sure that they

would not take us," I said. Then I led the way to the table. drew up the stool for the lady and an old pine box that I found in a corner for myself. A little water was left in the canteen. She drank part of it and "Here's to the health of King

George!" "Yes," I said as I drank the remainder of the water, "this is to the health of King George-George Wash-

ington! I'm glad to see that your conversion has begun." She frowned at me, but we had an amicable dinner over the scraps nevertheless. I stopped at intervals to watch the progress of the partisans outside. the fire. I counted them-six-and I knew that all were there, as choice a lot of scoundrels as one could find on

the soil of the 13 colonies. I turned my eyes away from the crevice to look at the girl. The rest and the bite of food had made a wonderful improvement. She was a true English rose, I could see that—a rose of Devon or Warwick or Kent, or whatever is fairest among their roses, a girl with yellow hair that shone like fresh gold in the sun, tinted with red in the firelight, and a brow of white and cheeks of the warm pink that is the heart of the pink rose. Oh, well, as I said twice before, everybody knows that the most beautiful women are the most dangerous, and I wondered if these Saxon maidens of old England were ever an exception. For a moment I felt a feeling of warmth single window, which was closed with and kinship to old England, but then this England, which is so kind to herself and so appreciative of her own merits. has never been anything but an enemy

> "What are you thinking of, Mr. Marcel?" she said suddenly as she looked up. "Why are you so serious?" "I am astonished that you should ad-

> dress me as Mr. Marcel and not as a rebel; with a rope around his neck.' She patted the floor meditatively with her foot and looked away from me and at the fire. "It was a mistake due to forgetful-

ness," she said, with an air of resent-

ment. "I will not do it again."

"I would not forget epithets when you speak of us," I said. "You will get or my manner. Her cheeks, which had out of practice, and then you will be been so white before, were faintly unlike the remainder of your countrymen and countrywomen. "Do you want another quarrel?" she

> we had enough to do to carry on our quarrel with those men outside.' She went to the window and took a "They are still by the fire," she

said, "and I see your horse too. He is

asked pointedly "I should think that

dining like the rest of us." "Where?" I cried, for I was some what surprised at the early reappear-"There's another crack here. Use it." tion with which I had swept off his she said "Don't you see him grazing rounded by a tumble down fence, er

In truth, it was Old Put, about 50 yards to the left of the cavalrymen and grazing with supreme horse content, as if no enemy were within 50 miles of him. It was a southern slope on which he stood, and I suppose some blades of grass had retained their freshness and tenderness despite the wintry winds. It "I was tired merely," she said. "I was these that Old Put sought, with the assiduous attention to detail and keen

eye for grist characteristic of him. There was a fine, full moon, shed yourself bravely, almost as well as an ding a silver gray light over the earth Old Put was clothed in its radiance. and we could see him as distinctly as if he stood at the window-the long, tapering head; the velvety nose, which slid here and there over the grass in search But that was manifestly impossible of the tender stems; the sinewy neck at the time, and I made no such at. and the long, powerful body, marked often, it is true, by wear and war, but "The table is ready, and we wait only in the prime and zenith of its strength. My saddle was still upon his back, but that was a trifle to which he had long since grown accustomed in his life with

How rash of him, I thought, to come so near the British! The old doubt which I had of Old Put when he allowed himself .o be deceived by the girl came back to me. Perhaps he was really growing old, falling into his dotage. Surely nothing else could account for his taking such a risk! I would have shouted to him to go away had I thought he could hear me, but I knew watch the house very well and detect us my voice could not reach him, and in suspense and anxiety I merely watched that old horse as he continued to graze almost within the light of his enemy's City Barber Shop,

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

NOTICE.

NORTH CAROLINA, RUTHERFORD COUN-TY, GOLDEN VALLEY TOWNSHIP. George Schnell Notice of Summons.

The defendant above named will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against said defendant on the 19th day of December, the sum of \$56.72, due said plaintiff by account, which summons is returnable before said justice at his office in said county, and in Golden Valley township, on the 10th day of February, 1901, when and where the defendant is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint, or the relief demanded will be granted. This 19th day of Dec. 1900. C. M. HUNT, J. P.

Sho - Nough! Robt. B. Quinn's

Is the place to have your wagons part of a night in Old Put's presence and buggies repaired. Ironing new wogons and buggies a specialty. Joe Marks will give the organization of a Company to be

W. H. HESTER!

THE - CHEAPEST STORE

Earth

Prices cut to a cash basis. Call and get his prices. A complete against us, and all sat or lay around stock. New goods arriving every day. Bring me your produce

and get cash for it.

Old Man Clower still on hand.

The Bean Harness Shop

Opposite Court House.

Harness, Saddles, Bridles of All Kinds Always on Hand at Lowest Prices. Will Not be Undersold.

Horse Collars, a specialty. All work guaranteed. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

John P. Bean.

C. Eskridge

Before you have any Blacksmithing done. He does all kinds of repair work. All work executed on short notice and in first-class tyle. Horse and mule shoeing a spesialty. I have a good onehorse wagon for sale. The best

is always the cheapest. You had better

C. Eskridge. THE

BOOK STORE. The place to buy

SCHOOL SUPPLIES, ETC.

A. L. GRAYSON

BOOKS, STATIONERY

W. H. GIBSON, Prop. For white people only. The only first-class shop in town. Call and see me opposite the

Also Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of tobaccos.

1900, by C. M. Hunt, as justice of the peace of Rutherford county, N. C., for DENTISTS.

Marion and Rutherfordton. All work guaranteed. Our prices

WM. F. RUCKER, Attorney & Counseller at Law,

Prompt attention given to all business

Rutherfordton, N. C.

intrusted to him. Office in brick building on corner above the court house.

NOTICE. Application will be made to the Legislature 1901 for a charter for a railroad from Rutherfordton to Asheville; for you the best job of horse shoeing known as the Rutherfordton, Chimney Rock & Asheville Eelectric Railway. Jan. 2nd, 1901.