

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 21.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

Tired

that's all. No energy, no vim, no vigor, no ambition. The head aches, thoughts are confused, memory fails. Life becomes a round of work but half accomplished, of eating that does not nourish, of sleep that fails to refresh and of resting that never rests. That's the beginning of nervous prostration.

"I was very nervous and so tired and exhausted that I could not do my work. One dose of Dr. Miles' Nervine quieted my nerves and drove away the lassitude. Seven bottles did wonders in restoring my health."

Miss M. E. Lacy, Fortville, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

strengthens the worn-out nerves, refreshes the tired brain and restores health. Sold by druggists on guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Land Sale.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court for Rutherford county made by the Clerk in a proceeding entitled N. E. Walker et al., Ex Parte, the undersigned as Commissioner will sell the real estate described below at the Court house door at Rutherfordton, N. C., on

Monday, the 3rd day of June 1901,

at 12 o'clock, n. One parcel or lot of land in the town of Rutherfordton, N. C., in the southern portion of said town, bounded by the county jail lot, the lands of Dr. E. B. Hurrell, Joseph Lewis and others, containing about three-fourths (3/4) of an acre; another lot or parcel of land lying in said town and known as the old E. D. Wood lot, situate on Washington street and bounded on the west side by said street, on the south by the Alley between the Jas. A. Miller residence and Miss Matt Miller's residence, on the east by the Jas. A. Miller residence lot, and on the north by Miss Mary Seigrist's residence lot, and containing a dwelling house and improvements appurtenant thereto;

second: A tract of land in said county and state on the waters of Broad river, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Mary E. McArthur and others and fully described as follows: Beginning at a small branch on the east bank of Main Broad river, thence east 45 poles to honey locust stump on the south side of Capt. J. S. Gaspard's road; thence north 66 east 25 poles to a black gum; thence north 12 east 55 poles to black gum; thence north 57 east 190 poles to a stake on the old Kipstick line; thence with it south 2 west 85 poles to an old pine stump and pointers; thence south 40 poles to pine stump and pointers the Whorl corner; thence with the line of same south 35 east 55 poles to a stake corner of lots 1 and 2; thence with the line of lot 1, south 75 west 237 poles to 2 small red oaks at the edge of bottom, corner of same; thence with the line of same north 73 1/2 west 8 poles to the centre of the river; thence on the river as it meanders to the beginning, containing 188 acres.

A fourth tract containing about two hundred acres and adjoining the lands of Matt Lynch, J. B. Walker et al., and being a portion of the old home place of the said Matt Lynch, deceased.

Terms of sale: One-half cash, balance on the 1st day of December 1901, with 3 per cent interest, title reserved until whole of purchase money is paid. This the 8th day of May, 1901.

R. S. EAVES, Commissioner.

Laad Sale.

As commissioner appointed in that certain proceeding entitled W. M. Whiteside Ex Parte, the undersigned will sell the land described below at the court house door at Rutherfordton on

Monday the 3rd day of June 1901,

Terms of sale one third cash and balance in two equal payments at eight and ten months, title reserved until all of purchase money is paid. All that certain tract of land in Rutherford county, N. C. on the waters of Broad river, and described as follows: Beginning in the middle of said river at Buck shoals and runs thence with a marked line east (v. 3) 56 poles to a post oak on east side of the top of a ridge; thence north (v. 2 1/2) 108 poles with E. L. Whiteside's line to a stake on top of a ridge on south side of a path; thence N. 35 E. (v. 3) crossing two branches (3 1/2) poles to a white oak, old corner; thence S. (v. 2 1/2) 72 poles to a stake; thence S. (v. 2 1/2) 82 poles to a stake and pointers at old Hickory corner; thence east (v. 3) 61 1/2 poles to a B. O.; thence south (v. 3) 15 1/2 poles to a pine stump corner of lot No. 1; thence with line of same S. 21 1/2 W. crossing a branch at 66 poles 2 1/2 poles to gate post at edge of bottom; thence with line of lot No. 1 S. 18 W. 14 poles to a stone; thence N. 79 W. 31 poles to a stone; thence S. 45 poles to a stone in the bottom; thence E. 44 poles to a stone on river bank; thence on the course to middle of river; thence up the middle of the river as it now runs to the beginning, containing 410 1/2 acres, more or less. This May 8th 1901.

R. S. EAVES, Commissioner.

J. G. & L. G. REID, DENTISTS.

Marion and Rutherfordton. All work guaranteed. Our prices reasonable.

AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT

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While Melvin might justify his act, he knew public opinion nor the courts would justify it, so he fled from the scene to escape arrest. Having met Louisa Banks and learned to love her while she was a girl at school, his first thought when he began his flight was to go where he could be near her. That she had married mattered little to him, except to the extent that it removed her out of his way, for he had no very high regard for marriage nor a very strongly developed sense of honor.

His plan was to induce her to elope with him if possible, and, though she had refused to marry him when she was free to do so, he had no doubt of his ability to influence her now since it had become known to him that she had learned to regret the step she had taken when she had declined him for Sim Banks. If she would elope with him, they would go to some out of the world place out west and there lose themselves to every one who had ever known them, as well as to the law.

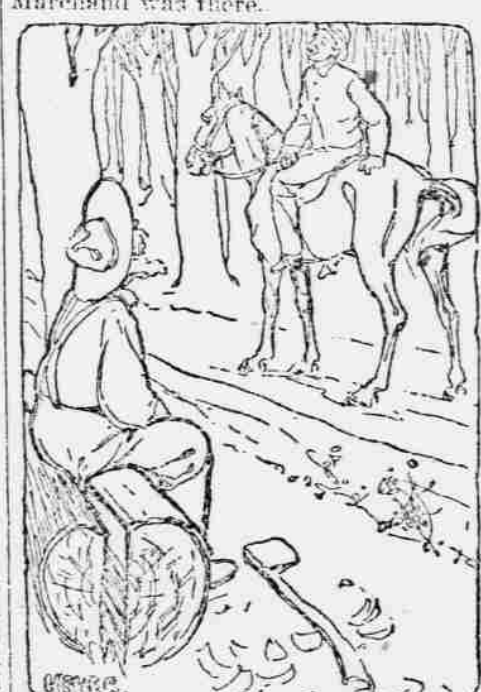
In all his planning Melvin did not lose sight of the fact that the man he had killed had a younger brother, and that the brother was a determined, desperate character who was not likely to wait for the slow process of law to right his wrongs. From the first Melvin had feared Robert Marchand more than he feared the law, and day and night he had been haunted with a dread that that man would hunt him out and kill him. He had covered his flight well, he knew, but he was also aware of the tireless energy and set determination of young Marchand, and this, added to the anxiety a criminal always experiences, kept him in a continual state of uneasiness.

His purpose in going to Jenkins' was to discover, if he could, without making his own presence known, whether the man giving his name as Waite had stopped there and whether or not it was Robert Marchand. The way he had planned to do this was very simple and at the same time comparatively safe to himself.

He proposed to tie his horse somewhere in the woods near Jenkins' house, then creep cautiously forward under the cover of the fence and shrubbery until he reached a position commanding a view of the house and its surroundings.

He was well aware that it was a universal custom among the people of Pecos Ridge to sit out in their front yards after supper on hot summer evenings, and he felt assured that he would find Jenkins and Waite. In this way he could satisfy himself as to whether Waite was the man he feared, then steal softly away again.

And if that man should prove to be Robert Marchand there was but one thing for Melvin to do, and that was to flee from the scene. He had that all planned out too. He would return to Turner's for his things, claiming he had received a letter calling him back home, and he would go that night. There would be no waiting for the morning, not an hour's delay, if Robert Marchand was there.



"I can't help laughing," Melvin replied. However, he was saved all the trouble of putting his plans into execution, for as he passed along the road a mile from his destination a voice hailed him from the woods, and, looking around, he saw old Hi Jenkins sitting on a log.

"My Lord, young fellow," Jenkins said, "but I'm not 'fraid of you, son. I been settin' here for two mortal hours, and I got to thinkin' that wa'n't nobody never going to come along."

"Why have you been sitting there all that time?" Melvin asked.

"Cause I couldn't do nothin' else. Reckon I was doin' it for fun."

"Why can't you do anything else?" "Cause I can't git a horse from this dad burned log, an' I ain't big enough to walk off with it."

"able sneakin' wedge new out, on the crack closed up, a-keetlin' the seat of my pants an' a-bolvin' me that so fast an' tight that I couldn't move."

Melvin laughed. The situation was so ludicrous that he couldn't help it. He would have laughed if Jenkins had been dying. There was nothing funny in the situation to old Hi, however, and when Melvin laughed it made him angry.

"Reckon you think it's durned smart to stand that that a-way an' laugh like a blame fool at a poor, helpless, sufferin' feller critter, but I bet if I was out of this I'd make you laugh out of t'other side of your mouth."

"I can't help laughing," Melvin replied. "The idea of a man getting into such a pickle as that! It's the most ridiculous thing I ever knew."

"Waal, you'd soon hear of somethin' a doggone sight wuss ridiculous," Jenkins said. "If I was jest loose from here for 'bout a minute, but say, did you ever see any body else, did you go to do nothin' but stand there an' act a fool a-laughin' at me? Ain't you goin' to help me out?"

"Couldn't you get loose in any way?" "You reckon if I could I'd 'a' set here all this time waitin' for some durned idiot to come along an' help me?"

"Did you try to get loose?" "Did I try? Lord, what senseless questions a blame fool can ask! Reckon if you'd 'a' seen me tryin' to tear my pants off a-wiggin' round here till I most wore myself out a-tryin' to git out of 'em you'd 'a' had some notion I tried to get loose. Did I try? Lord, such a question!"

"But you couldn't make it, eh?" "Old Hi looked up, his face a perfect picture of disgust. With keen and biting sarcasm he answered:

"Oh, to be sure I couldn't 'a' got loose. But it was so nice settin' here that I loved I'd jest stay an' enjoy myself! I reckoned sooner or later some idiot a-squid'd come along an' stan' round here an' ask a million fool questions, an' I knowed I'd be more fun 'an you could shake a stick at to jest set here an' answer 'em. But say, air you aimin' to help me or not?"

Melvin had thought of the time when he had met Hi Jenkins and sought a little aid from him and of the treatment he had received, and it had occurred to him that now would be a good time to retaliate. So with cool nonchalance he replied:

"It makes no difference to me whether you get loose or not."

Jenkins looked surprised, but after a moment he said:

"It don't, eh?" "Certainly it doesn't. I didn't put you in there, did I?"

"Course you didn't."

"Then I guess I am not responsible for you being there, am I?"

"No. But what of that?" "Nothing, only if I am not the cause of your being there I can't see that you have any reason to expect me to help you out."

"Ain't you got a grain of accommodation 'bout you, not nary a little speck?"

"Oh, I attend to my own business."

Jenkins was silent and thoughtful for a little while. Then he said, almost humbly:

"Look here, young fellow, I know what you're a-drivin' at. You're a-thinkin' of that time you can across me over there in the woods, an' you're a-layin' out to git even with me for the way I done you that day. But it ain't fair, for then I was a-settin' there waitin' for my chile to come on, an' nobody ain't goin' to stan' to be pestered under them circumstances. Hain't one man out of a thousand that wouldn't 'a' done you wuss'n I did. You ain't got no excuse for cuttin' up no coppers with me, 'cause you ain't no ager workin' on you, so you ort to help me out."

"Well, I guess I will this time, since you put it that way. But how shall I proceed? Shall I cut you loose?"

"An' spill my pants? Great Sam Smith! Not much you won't."

"How, then?"

"Why, jest maud that wedge in that till you open up the crack enough to let me loose. Lord, looks like you'd have sense enough to know that much without bein' told."

Melvin took up the wedge and stuck it in the end of the log. Then he took the maul and began to pound it with all his might. Slowly with each blow the crack opened until finally the old man found himself released from his humiliating and wearisome imprisonment.

The moment he was free he rose to his feet and started toward home without speaking one word to Melvin or even so much as grunting a "Thank you."

Melvin looked after him a moment in astonishment, then called to him, saying:

"Where are you going, Mr. Jenkins?" The old man glanced back in surprise as he answered:

"Why, home, of course. What else you reckon I'd be a-goin'?"

"Well—but you seem to be in a great hurry, don't you?"

"Not special. Why?"

"Oh, I thought you must be by your walkin' off that way without a word."

"I ain't got nothin' that I know of to stay here to talk about. Have you?"

"Nothing in particular, I guess. I presume you think your family are uneasy about you and you want to get home to relieve their anxiety?"

MISUSING FELLOW-WORKMEN.

Fall River Mill Operatives Hope to Profit by Unionism in the South.

The Fall River cotton spinners look upon the development of trade unions in the South as the one thing that is to free Massachusetts from Southern competition. The unions are to be organized, therefore, in the South through the exertions of the Massachusetts people, not to benefit Southern employees, but to benefit Massachusetts industries. Unionism is thus perverted into a sectional weapon, discord being introduced where at present there is industrial peace, to accomplish an ulterior object. One set of workmen, in short, are trying to fool another set to the loss of the latter. The Fall River unions have recently had agents at work in South Carolina and Georgia, who, on their return home, reported that what is needed is to make Southern workmen discontented. All that is needed, they said, to create a strong trade union sentiment in Southern mill towns is that the operatives there should learn as much as the delegates had about the conditions in Northern cotton mill towns, brought about largely, they believed, through the strength of labor organizations and the consequent effect politically. A large majority of the operatives in many Southern districts cannot read, and they are content with their conditions of long hours and small wages, the delegates said, only because they do not know that they have it in their power to better these conditions. These assurances greatly encourage the Fall River labor men. They predict that a great textile union movement will sweep over the South within the next two years, thus equalizing conditions as between the mills in Massachusetts and those in the Carolinas, and relieving both mill-owners and mill-workers in the North from the unequal competition of which they now complain.—Baltimore Sun.

Wages, says the Maine man, are about the same in Georgia as in Maine, but there the operatives work eleven hours a day instead of ten hours here. A Southern operative, however, will not turn out so much work in a day as one in the North. Not one mill in ten in the South is turning out its full quota of cloth, owing to the lack of snap that characterizes the operatives. The help is, nevertheless, steady.

No negroes are employed as operatives in the mill, because they are not to be depended upon—they will work like Trojans one day and loaf the next six days. Many of the mill hands are from excellent families, and while they are generally intelligent and steady-going they are nearly all somewhat inclined to indolence. It is no uncommon sight to see a speeder tender go to sleep when her work is running smoothly—a thing which a Northern girl would never think of. The Northern girl operative would be busy about something all the time, and that is what makes the Northern help more valuable.

The large cotton mill in the South is there to stay, although the small mill may in time be forced to the wall. Several conditions favor the Southern mills and make it possible to procure cotton goods at lower cost than in the North. A mill property that would be taxed 25 mills on the dollar in the North would escape with a tax of about 7 mills in the South. Fuel is much cheaper than in the North, good coal being delivered, costing only about \$1 a cord and soft coal \$3 a ton. While there are some good water privileges most of the mills are operated by steam.

The South has thus far been engaged in the manufacture of coarse goods, and it will continue in this line for years to come. The time will come, however, when the cotton mills of the South will turn out as fine goods as are made anywhere.

AS A MAINE MAN SEES THEM.

His Views of Southern Cotton Mills and Manufacturing.

A Maine man who has been employed in cotton manufacturing in Georgia, says that the industry is prosperous in the South and likely to continue so, but he thinks there is no danger of the Northern plants being forced to the wall by competition from Dixie.

There are still serious problems that the Southern manufacturers must face, and one of these is the matter of transportation. It costs almost as much to get cotton from the local fields to the Georgia mills as it does to transport the material from New Orleans to Maine.—Bangor, Me., Special to New York Commercial.

UNIVERSITY OF N. CAROLINA.

A Meritorious Institution With a Brilliant History and a Bright Future.

The University of North Carolina, whose representatives won the championship in the athletic games of Saturday last in the Tulane campus, has grown steadily in numbers and influence for good since its re-opening after the civil war. During the earlier half of the century the graduates of the University, or of what was then known as "Chapel Hill," took and maintained wherever they went, high rank in law, in politics, in medicine, in theology and in the profession of arms, and by their character and culture made no mean contribution to the enrichment of the South and Southwest. Throughout the war, when 110,000 North Carolinians—the largest number in proportion to its population furnished by any Southern State—enlisted under the Stars and Bars, the doors of the honored institution were practically closed, and the University was all but stripped of the means and equipment necessary to carry on its work. During the reconstruction period "Chapel Hill's" history was not without a sombre coloring, yet of recent years, and especially during the last decade, the University has grown in power and popularity that it has won honored rank among the universities of the South. Though the institution is not heavily endowed, its high standard of scholarship and the ideals of right thinking and right living it inculcates have attracted students in large numbers to its doors. The friends of education everywhere will be gratified to learn that the people of North Carolina have at length recognized the constantly increasing usefulness of their University and that they have highly resolved that an institution which is the distinct glory of the State shall be liberally supported in the work it has thus far so nobly carried on.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

AGUINALDO TO VISIT AMERICA.

War Department Confirms a Report Which Was Recently Denied.

Official confirmation was given today to the story published in the North American a few days after the capture of Aguinaldo that he would make a visit to the United States.

At the War Department it was learned that he has informed General MacArthur of his desire to come to this country, and hopes to leave Manila not later than September 1, when conditions in the islands will permit his unconditional release from custody.

Reports from General MacArthur show that Aguinaldo is now permitted a large amount of liberty, but until civil government is inaugurated it is not probable that he will be allowed to have perfect freedom.

Aguinaldo's explanation for wanting to visit the United States is that he would like to study the American institutions and the English language, with a view to benefiting his country on his return. He desires to take up the study of economic and political questions in the United States, and asks General MacArthur for suggestions as to the best time to come.

Senator Aguinaldo, who has greatly influenced Aguinaldo since his capture, has suggested to him that he make his trip in time to be present at the next session in Congress, and he has now decided to wait until fall before leaving Manila.—Washington Special, 24th, to Philadelphia North American.

Our Girls and Boys.

The American girl is rapidly proving that she is superior to the American boy in a great many respects when it comes to getting an education. It may not be that girls are brighter than their male fellow students, but it is undoubtedly true that they are more conscientious, to begin with, and that counts for much. Then they take pride in their work, and that is a wonderful spur to effort.

Every high school commencement furnishes proof of the fact that girls work harder and to better purpose than do the boys. Almost always four-fifths of the graduates are girls, and the great majority of them go through the twelve years of school without missing a single promotion. Some boys are compelled to drop out of the high schools to go to work, but in many instances the dropping out is due to indolence.

The American boy should stand up and give an account of himself. Is he willing to admit that he cannot keep up with the American girl in the race for education, either because of his inferior mental powers or because he is lazy and indifferent to the opportunities that are presented to him?—Cleveland Leader.

Why He Came Down.

The story is told of a lawyer and an insurance agent seeking to enter heaven. The doorkeeper told them they must ascend the long stairs, taking with them some chalk with which to mark each step, and when they had climbed as many steps as they had committed sins they might enter.

"So the two began. After the lawyer had chalked to 10,000 steps he sat down to rest; but looking up he saw the insurance agent coming down the steps.

"Why," said the lawyer "where are you going?"

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COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on April 24th, 1901.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	\$18,504.97
Overdrafts,	23.99
Furniture and fixtures,	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers,	9,067.79
Cash on hand,	3,438.08
Due on stock,	45.42
Revenue on hand,	50.36
Total,	\$32,131.33

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock,	\$10,000.00
Undivided profits,	781.11
Deposits subject to checks,	21,238.08
Cashier's checks,	115.14
Total,	\$32,131.33

I, J. F. Flack, cashier of The Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, do solemnly swear the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. F. FLACK, Cashier.

State of N. C., Rutherfordton County.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of May, 1901.

M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.

Mortgage Sale.

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed by T. J. Whitlow and P. J. Whitlow to F. I. Osborne and J. A. Forney, which mortgage is duly registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Rutherford county, North Carolina, in Book "D" of real estate mortgages, at No. 109, the undersigned will sell, for cash, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the court house door at Rutherfordton, N. C., on Monday,

1st day of July, 1901,

at 12 o'clock, noon, the following described real estate in Rutherford county, North Carolina, to-wit: Joining the lands of Jos. Wilkie and Biggestaff and Fines Mooney, purchased on waters of Glagoria Creek and Big Gum branch, bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a stake, Mooney's corner on the east side of road; thence north 57 east 110 poles to a pine, Mooney's corner; thence with said line south 55 east 140 poles to a dead black oak, Mooney's corner; thence with said line south 20 east 78 poles to chestnut at Wilkie's spring; thence with Wil