

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 23.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

A Head

that throbs, pains and aches, or feels heavy, stuffy, dull or dizzy, is a poor head to do business with. It irritates the temper, upsets the stomach, interferes with digestion and wears out the brain and nerves. Make the nerves strong, the brain clear and your head will be right.

"My head would begin to swim and I would grow dizzy and weak and numb that I would fall to the floor. Since using Dr. Miles' Nervine I can work to hours a day and feel just as well as I ever did. I cannot recommend it too highly."

W. G. WHEAT, McGeer, Texas.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

quiets the irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up nervous health and strength. Try a bottle.

Sold by druggists or guaranteed. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sale of Town Lots.

By virtue of power and authority vested in me by an order of the Superior Court of Rutherford county, North Carolina, in the several proceedings entitled "Margaret Clayton and others against Eva Val Severin and others," I will sell at public auction, on the premises in the town of Rutherfordton, North Carolina, at 11 o'clock a. m., on Wednesday, the 13th day of June, 1901,

all that tract or parcel of land situated in the town of Rutherfordton, county of Rutherford and the State of North Carolina, described as follows, to-wit: Lots No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of that tract or parcel of land known as the Andy Moore lot, bounded by Main Street on the east, by Washington on the west, by the Miller property on the north and by the second cross-street north of the Court House on the south, as laid down on a map or plat of the same to be found on page 516 of the Minutes Booklet of Special Proceedings and Orders and Decrees in the office of the Clerk of the Court of said Rutherford county, North Carolina, to which reference is hereby made for a perfect description of said lots.

One-third of the purchase money is to be paid in cash on the day of sale and the balance in six months, the deferred payments to be secured by mortgage on the lots sold or by withholding the title deeds till all the purchase money is paid, the purchaser to bear all the cost of securing the said deferred payments. The above described tract of land will first be sold in lots according to one or more plans of division to be made known on the day of sale, and finally sold as an entire tract and the sale or sales by which the land is made to bring the highest price will be reported to the court for confirmation on or before the 21st day of June, 1901.

R. L. DURHAM, Commissioner.

Notice.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Rutherford county, made in a special proceeding entitled "J. F. Flack, administrator of N. W. Miller, and others, ex parte," I will sell at public auction, at the Court House door in Rutherfordton, N. C., on Saturday, 15th day of June, 1901, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the lot known as the Miller Estate, consisting of a front on Main Street of about 96 feet, and running back to Washington Street, situated in the town of Rutherfordton. Said lot will be subdivided into 4 lots fronting Main Street, and a number of lots fronting Washington Street and First Street. The various lots represented on a plat now in the hands of the undersigned, and may be seen by calling at the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton.

The said lands will be offered first in small lots, and then as a whole, and sold in that way that they bring the best price. Terms: Cash, or 30% interest, from date of sale. Title withheld till the purchase money is fully paid. Any information relating to the property will be furnished by calling on the undersigned. This May 15th, 1901.

J. F. FLACK, Commissioner.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having obtained letters of administration on the estate of W. H. Harrill, deceased, notice is hereby given of all parties interested to said estate to come forward and settle same at once. Also persons holding claims against said estate are notified to present the same properly authenticated, to the undersigned by the 15th day of May, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery on such claims. This May 11th, 1901.

PINK HARRILL, Adm'r. of W. H. Harrill, deceased.

McBryer & Justice, Attys. for Com.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having obtained letters of administration on the estate of W. S. Hill, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and settle same at once. Also persons holding claims against said estate are notified to present such claims properly authenticated on or before the 15th day of May, 1902, or payment on such claims will be pleaded in bar of recovery on such claims. This May 11th, 1901.

J. F. FLACK, Adm'r. of W. S. Hill, deceased.

McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT

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CHAPTER XVII.
MARRYING AMENDS.

Sim Banks walked slowly homeward. Since leaving Sam Morgan he had grown calm, very, very calm, but his heart was as heavy as lead. His was the calmness of hopeless despair and complete resignation.

"I see my duty," he repeated over and over. "I'll do it if it kills me."

His face was white, but there was a firm, set expression there which showed that his mind was made up to a purpose and that there would be no wavering in fulfilling it. Like his class in general, he was slow to see his duty, but once having seen it there was no shirking it and no faltering in its discharge.

He believed all Sam Morgan had told him. In view of all he knew he had no shadow of reason for doubting. It was true, every word of it. Yet before he acted he would hear it from Louey's own lips. He even hoped against hope—that she might in some way satisfactorily explain it all. What ever she said he would believe. He would take her word against all the world.

When he reached home, he went directly to her. He noticed that she looked more sad and worn than he had ever seen her, and a feeling of pity and compassion stirred his heart to the very bottom. In his sympathies his own sufferings held the second place. His wife's were first.

Even as he stood before her he hesitated to speak, but not for long. Duty with him was duty, and it must be done, no matter how bitter the cost. With a quiet firmness that was surprising under the circumstances he spoke.

"Louey," he said, "I'd rather he'd died this minute than to speak the words I've got to say, but I feel it's my duty to speak, so that once an for all we may understand each other."

He paused a moment, and she glanced up inquiringly, then again bent her head over her work.

"Do you know, Louey," he went on, "what all people are saying about you and me?"

She shook her head, and he saw the color creep into her face.

"They are telling that you met that man in the woods out there that you—Louey, it's hard to say the rest, cruel hard, but it's best to say it. They say you told that man you loved him."

It was out, all out, and he waited for her to speak. But he waited in vain. Her head bent lower over her work and her whole form seemed to droop, but she remained silent.

"Is it true, Louey?" he asked after awhile, his voice strangely gentle and tender. "Tell me, is it all true, as they say?"

She did not answer.

"Say 'Yes' or 'No,' Louey," he insisted.

"Yes," she said in a tone scarcely audible.

All she said, Louey, that you do love him?"

"Yes." Then after a pause she added: "I can't help it. God knows I can't. I wish I was dead."

Sim turned to leave the room, but at the door he stopped.

"Louey," he said, "I ain't blaming you. It ain't your fault that things has turned out like this. God knows it ain't your fault. I like you, and I want to go on an allika you, but I won't if you talk agin' Louey."

The squire shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his desk. A little curtly, it seemed to Sim, he said:

"Tell me what you want in this deed, an' I'll do it."

Instead of retiring, Sim drew nearer to the squire and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Squire," he said pleadingly, "I hope I ain't gone an' made you mad. God knows I never meant to do no such a thing, an' I'm sorry if I have. I don't want to cause no more bad feelings than I can help, an' especially now, when I feel like I ain't got no friends."

The squire softened immediately.

"Ain't mad at you, Sim," he replied. "nor I ain't agoin' to get mad at you. I jest can't make out no justice in your way of reasoning; that's all."

"An' it's jest, for all that," "Mebby it is. I dunno."

You know, squire, Louey an' me don't suit. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, everybody knows that now."

"Everybody knows it now, an' guess a good many knowed it fore we married. That's what I done wrong. I ort 'a' had sense enough to know it then, an' mebbe I would if I'd 'a' keered enough to stop an' think. Louey was young, an' she couldn't know, but I was older, an' I ort 'a' 'a' seen that she couldn't never be happy with a man like me. I done wrong to urge her to marry me, an' that's what all the fault lies. I've ruined her life, an' destroyed her happiness, an' I was go' blind to see it till it was too late."

"So now—"

"So now I'm agoin' to do what little I can to make amends. I'm agoin' to give her all I have, then take myself out of her life."

The squire was silent and thoughtful a long time, and when at last he spoke he said:

"Your reasonin' may be jest, Sim, but whether it be or not I ain't agoin' to argue with you 'bout it, 'cause it wouldn't be no use. You've got your

head set that way, an' nothin' aint agoin' to change it."

"Nothin'."

"But, as I was agoin' to say, Sim, don't give all your land away. It ain't right, an' nobody can't expect you to do such a thing."

"I'll give it all, squire, ever' inch of it."

"Jest think, though, Sim. You'll be set out in the world without a home, without a dollar an'—"

"I have thought of all that, squire. I've thought of ever' thing."

"But suppose Louey gets a divorce an' marries that other man—You know what I mean?"

"Yes, suppose they marry."

"Well, would you want him to have what's yours, while you didn't have nothin'?"

"If it is to be so, squire, so let it be. I'll have the consciousness of knowin' that I've done my duty, as far as I can, toward Louey."

The squire sighed and drew the blank toward him and took up his pen.

"I hate to make any such a deed," he said, "but if you will have it so, so let it be."

The deeds were made, and Sim signed them. Then he went back home, stopping at Hicks' store on the way to settle a little account he had there.

"Ever' thing must be left in as good shape as possible," he said to himself, "so Louey won't be pestered no more than can be helped."

When he was back in his room, he took a piece of paper and a pencil and sat down at the table and wrote a note to his wife. It was slow and laborious work, and it took him a long time to put down the few words he had to say. With each word his heart grew heavier and sadder, for that was the last thing he was ever to do for Louisa, and when it was finished his life and hers would part, never to meet again.

"I am goin' away," he wrote, "an' I'll never see you no more an' never no more hear of you. I've done the best I can for you, but I know that I can't never make you happy, an' mebbe when I'm gone you'll be different. You ain't to blame for nothin', Louey. All the blame is mine. What you done is natural, an' you couldn't help it, but what I done I couldn't 'a' helped. I ort 'a' knowed you couldn't never be happy with me. It was like draggin' a bird down an' tryin' to make it live with a mole, doin' like the mole does. I ruined your life by urgin' you to marry me when I ort 'a' knowed better, but I hope you will forgive me, an' I pray that God will too. I've paid the debt at the store, an' I leave what money I have. If you need any advice 'bout nothin' go to Pap Sampson. He'll be glad to help you, an' I know you can trust him. I've done the best I can for you, but I know it ain't much. All I want is to make you happy, an' I hope you will be. Don't think I blame you for nothin', for I don't. It's all my own fault. But I didn't know. For'well."

He placed the deeds on the table, then folded the note carefully and laid it on top of them. Then he took from his pocket all the money he had and placed it in a little heap on the table. When it was all done, he stood for a little while looking at it, then turned away, saying to himself:

"It ain't much, God knows, but it's all I can do, an' mebbe Louey'll understand."

After that he walked back and forth across the room for a long time, and his head was bent in deep thought. There was one thing more he longed for before he went, but he was afraid it might not be best. It was this of which he was thinking, and at last he decided:

"No, I'll not do it," he said. "I'd give the world to see Louey once more, but I don't do it. I don't, for I'm afraid I'd give way to all this I feel, and that might give her somethin' sad to remember. No, I don't see her no more, never agin' in all this world."

He took up his gun and went out. An hour later Sam Gordon and Jason Roberts, returning from Jonathan Turner's, heard a gun fired off in Sim Banks' woods.

"Somebody's shot a squirrel, I guess," Sam remarked.

"Reckon so," Jason replied. "Squirrels like it's kind of late to be shootin' 'em, though."

The next morning James Melvin was found dead in Sim Banks' woods, with a bullet hole in his heart.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Never since that day on which the battle of Lexington was fought had there been such intense excitement on Possum Ridge. The people, forgetting their everyday duties, collected in little groups and all day long talked in low, husky tones of the terrible thing that had happened. A thousand questions were asked, many of them of a most frivolous nature, but accompanied in all seriousness; a thousand surmises were made, and those who happened to possess a fragment of information relative

to the one subject of absorbing interest repeated that information over and over again for the delectation of their less fortunate fellow mortals.

In a little quiet place like Beckett's Mill, where but few things out of the common ever transpire, a murder is an event of supreme importance. It is sufficient to claim the entire and undivided attention of the people for a day and to remain the chief topic of conversation for a week or even a month. It is an event which marks an epoch and from which time is reckoned.

Lying in state in a little warehouse just off Hicks' store was all that remained of James Melvin. Jim Thorn in passing through Sim Banks' wood had found the body lying across a little footpath almost the same spot where Melvin and Louisa had met. Then, in a mild state of excitement, he had appeared at Hicks' store to report his find. Hicks and others had repaired to the scene and had removed the body to town.

Soon the news spread, and in an incredibly short time everybody in Beckett's Mill knew of the tragedy. Then the people came to see and to ask questions. Of course, every one, man, woman and child, had to pass through the little warehouse and look on the lifeless form. Then, having looked, they gathered in little knots to talk it all over.

Jim Thorn, having been the fortunate one to make the find, occupied the pedestal of chief importance in the village that day. Wherever he went, wherever he turned, there was an eager group about him, listening anxiously for every word that came from his lips. Time and again, and always to interested listeners, he repeated the story of the end down to the minutest details. And the story Jim Thorn told was this:

"When I got up this mornin', I says to my woman, says I, 'Lucindy, I guess I'll jest step over to Joe Beckett's possession an' see what that cat of Joe's has an' see if he's been on a track for a right smart way, an' he's been a wantin' me to take a calf he's got over there. Well, I put on my hat an' went over to Joe's, but Joe's woman told me Joe wasn't at home, but that he'd gone off to look for a pig that'd strayed away. So I jest went an' looked at the calf, made up my mind Joe wanted to take it, then started back across the woods for home. Well, I'd walked a right smart piece an' was a goin' along with my head sort of a thinkin' 'bout somethin', when all at once I kind of glanced up, an' right there before me, not six feet away, laid that dead man."

"Lord, but I bet you jumped an' holered!" some one exclaimed.

Thorn gave the speaker a look of mild contempt.

"I bet I never," he replied. "I never moved a inch, nor I never give a squeak."

"Well, I bet you was skeered anyhow."

"No, sir, I wasn't skeered, not nary a grain more 'an I am this mornin'."

"Did you teach him?" somebody asked.

"No, I didn't teach him, but it wudn't 'cause I was afraid to. I loved mebbe by the way, but agin' the law, an' I wudn't agin' on gittin' into no trouble nary."

There was a short pause, after which some one said impressively:

"Lord, jest to think of a feller walkin' up on to a dead man like that! My land, I wouldn't 'a' done it for nothin' on earth! I bet I'd 'a' been skeered, an' I'd 'a' jumped 'n' holered, too. I reckon I'd mebbe had my neck agittin' away from there, Lord!"

"Land of greevans," another exclaimed, "if that had 'a' been me in place of Jim Thorn, I'd 'a' been skeered plumb out of my skin, an' I'd jest 'a' tore the garth up an' knoched the bark offen all the trees round there agittin' out of them woods."

If the truth had been known, the only reason Jim Thorn didn't knoched the bark off the trees getting out of those woods was because the bark was too tight to be knocked off. But that was something no one save Thorn knew, and he had no idea of mentioning it.

Then Jim Thorn had to go out to Sim Banks' woods and show where the body had been found and explain in detail just how it had happened. He had to show the exact position of the head, the feet and the hands and describe in full the precise attitude of the whole body.

After that he had to show just how he had made the discovery and how he had acted and what he had done and everything about it. All this he did by going through a rehearsal of his movements.

He placed a stick across the path where Melvin had fallen to represent the corpse. Then he went a little way off and, turning, walked back slowly, with his head down, just as he had been walking that mornin'. At a certain point he raised his head. His eyes fell on the stick, and he stopped short in his tracks. For a minute or so he stood there, looking calmly on the stick, then quietly walked by on his way to the village.

All these things the curious crowd drank in with open mouthed wonder, leaning eagerly forward and craning their necks in order to catch the smallest and most unimportant detail of the movements.

Then, having absorbed the last particle of information Jim Thorn possessed, the crowd fell to speculating regarding such things as Thorn could not explain. Sam Morgan started it by saying:

"I wonder whar the feller that done the killin was when he fired the shot."

Then everybody looked around in search of what might be considered a likely place, and two or three were on the point of hazarding a reply, but it was Jason Roberts who spoke.

"That's only one place," he said, "whar the feller that done the shootin' could 'a' likely stood, accordin' to my way of figgerin' it out."

"Whar's that?" somebody asked.

"Behind that big tree whar Pap Sampson killed the six squirrels is—"

"seven squirrels, Jason Roberts," Pap quickly corrected; "seven squirrels, if that was the village."

It was a curious fact, but in the excitement of the moment no one noticed it, that was the first and the only time Pap Sampson took any part in the talk that day. He, the oracle of the village, the first always to give an opinion, lapsed into a silence from which nothing save the old force of habit of opposing Jason could arouse him. It was strange, passing strange.

"Behind that tree whar Pap Sampson killed the squirrels," Jason repeated compromiseingly, "is the only place whar the feller could 'a' been."

Then he took a stick, to represent a gun, and went behind the tree and demonstrated just how the murderer had hid there and how when Melvin came along down the path the gun had been thrust out and the fatal shot fired.

Everybody saw and readily admitted the wisdom of Jason's conclusions, and two or three hastened to assure the others that they had formed that same

conclusion the moment they arrived on the ground. These last belonged to that class of ready lars who abound in every community, that large family of "I told you so."

While the interested crowd was still talking a stranger appeared among them. It was Mr. Walte. No one there knew him, for none of them had ever seen him, and the moment he appeared all conversation ceased, and everybody stood with his eyes fixed indignantly on him. Looking coolly around, he asked:

"What's the occasion of all this excitement?"

There was a momentary silence, during which every eye turned his eyes on Jim Thorn. That worthy, understanding what was expected of him, stepped forward and said in turn:

"Why, stranger, ain't you hearn?"

"Hear'd what?" Walte asked.

"Why, Lord, 'bout the murder."

The stranger shook his head and looked surprised.

"Murder?" he exclaimed. "Why, have you been havin' a murder here?"

"My land, I'd sossel! I'd loved everybody 'bout here but before this an' you ain't hearn a word of it?"

"How should I when I just arrived in the neighborhood?"

"Oh, you jest say, did you?"

"Fact this mornin', I passed through here a few days ago and engaged board with Mr. Jenkins. Then I went on down the country and am just now getting back. But about this murder, who was it that was killed?"

"It was a feller named Melvin," Thorn answered.

"One of your citizens, I presume?"

"No, he was a stranger. I'd only been here a few weeks. Stopped over to Jonathan Turner's an' claimed he was a prospectin' for mineral."

"Oh, that's the man, eh?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"No, I didn't know Mr. Melvin, but that day I passed through here I stopped at Mr. Turner's, and I remember hearin' him speak of him. So that's the man that was killed?"

"That's the man."

"Well, well! Do you know anythin' of the particulars of the murder?"

Then Thorn embraced the opportunity for which he had been waiting and proceeded to repeat the story he had been telling all day. He even went through the pantomime of his discovery of the body, not forgetting to show how coolly he had viewed it and how fearlessly he had stepped by it on his way to the store. To all this Walte listened with seemingly the greatest of interest, and Jason Roberts was encouraged by that to demonstrate for his benefit just how the murderer must have fired the fatal shot from the shelter of the big tree.

If any one had been observing the stranger's face closely, he must have noticed that it became quite pale as Jason proceeded with his explanation, but Jason was claiming everybody's attention at that moment, so no one saw.

"What do you think?" Jason asked when he had finished. "Don't you believe I'm right, stranger?"

Walte gave a little start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes, very likely. He's right; yes, very likely."

"Eh, and to be?" Jason said. "Ain't no other way it could 'a' been done?"

"I guess that's so," Walte admitted. "But what was the object of the murder, do you think?"

Pap Sampson, who had followed the crowd all day in silence, listening to all that was said, leaned forward and waited expectantly for the answer to this question.

"I don't know," Jason said. "I ain't no goin'."

"Do you suppose it was robbery?"

"No. His money on his watch an' ever' thing was found in his pockets untouched."

"Humph! He couldn't have had an enemy in his pocket. He was a stranger here, I believe you said?"

"Yes."

"It seems to be rather strange case."

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

Sale of Land for Taxes!

The following tracts and parcels of land, hereinafter named, have been levied on for taxes due for the year 1900, which shall remain due and unpaid; therefore, for the satisfaction of said tax due, I will sell at one o'clock, July 1st, 1901, the following described lands:

R. A. MARTIN, Tax Collector.

E. H. THOMPSON TOWNSHIP

Henrietta Brien 1 acre, Branchville, taxes and cost, \$2.00.

Ton Barnett two lots, 2 acres of land (Barnett lots) taxes and cost, \$2.00.

Lock Bridges 29 acres of land on Gloghen creek, taxes and cost, \$4.50.

Tilda Carpenter, 1 town lot, Court street, \$1.07.

Henry Dickey 1 acre land, Court street, taxes and cost, \$1.00.

Bryant Eaves, 1 acre lot, New Hope, taxes and cost, \$3.27.

John Elliott, 13 acres land on Shelly road, balance on taxes and cost, \$1.31.

J. L. Eaves, 20 acres land U. P. R. taxes and cost, \$2.24.

J. A. Hyder, 26 acres Morrisland, taxes and cost, \$2.04.

Posey Hill 2 1/2 acres of land, Gloghen creek, taxes and cost, \$3.00.

Susan Wade Hill 22 acres of land, taxes and cost \$2.87.

Sarah Leaventhorpe 1/2 acre of land, New Hope, taxes and cost, \$1.90.

Jake Logan 2 acres land, New Hope, taxes and cost, \$1.20.

Martin V. Miller 4 acres, New Hope, taxes and cost \$4.22.

Eliza Martin 1 acre land, Stone Cutter, taxes and cost \$2.87.

John Melvin 1 acre land (J. B. C.) taxes and cost \$7.75.

Eliza Melvin 1 town lot taxes and cost \$1.00.

Thomas Miller 1 town lot Court street taxes and cost \$1.46.

Geo. Watson Miller 2 1/2 acres of land, Seagrin land, taxes and cost \$3.00.

Della Mills 2 1/2 acres land near C. C. R. R. taxes and cost \$1.11.

Rosie Mitchell 2 acres land, (W. H.) taxes and cost \$1.00.

Mary E. Mitchell 7 1/2 acres land (W. H.) taxes and cost \$1.41.

S. T. McCraw 1 town lot, Mitchell Avenue, taxes and cost \$1.75.

Will McDowell 2 1/2 acres land taxes and cost \$1.45.

Wm. & Gaffney 1 acre land on Stone Cutter, taxes and cost \$2.00.

J. J. Roberts 46 acres land on Twitty road, \$3.13.

Nezer Revis 1/2 acre land, New Hope, taxes and cost \$1.57.

W. R. Standman 1/2 acre land, Tilda C. road, taxes and cost, \$1.45.

Robt. Scott 1 acre land, New Hope, taxes and cost \$2.00.

Franz Taylor 1 acre land, New Hope taxes and cost \$1.00.

Miss Twitty 1 1/2 acres land near C. C. R. R. taxes and cost \$1.20.

Godolph White 1 acre land New Hope, taxes and cost \$2.00.

SULPHUR SPRINGS TOWNSHIP

Wm. Porter 17 acres land, S. S. P. g. taxes and cost \$1.20.

C. M. Champion 61 acres land, Jarrett creek, taxes and cost \$2.00.

L. Z. Duncan 32 acres land (B. R.) taxes and cost \$2.10.

R. L. Fife 10 acres land, R. creek, taxes and cost \$1.51.

Wm. Liles 26 acres land, McK. creek, taxes and cost \$2.10.

A. C. Robbins 31 acres land, (B. R.) taxes and cost, balance \$2.30.

Phillip Robbins 31 acres land taxes and cost \$2.51.

A. L. Robbins 50 acres land taxes and cost \$2.51.

Minnie Smith 40 acres land, McK. creek taxes and cost \$2.64.

W. L. Jones Est. 49 acres land taxes and cost \$3.00.

CAMP CREEK TOWNSHIP

Cornelius Clemens, 125 acres land on Big Camp creek, tax and cost, \$3.93.

Joe E. Torrey, 54 acres land on Big Camp creek, tax and cost, \$1.20.

Lake Manor, 52 acres land on Cathey's creek, tax and cost, \$3.20.

A. W. Dettler, 17 acres land on Second Broad river, tax and cost, \$1.30.

Geo. Flack, 25 acres land on Williams' creek, tax and cost, \$5.35.

Sart Harvey, 29 acres land still creek, tax and cost, \$1.15.

Hawkins Johnson, 54 acres land Union Mills, tax and cost, \$1.20.

COURT HOUSE TOWNSHIP

J. B. Eaves, 157 acres land, tax and cost, \$2.70.

Mrs. S. H. Hill, 125 acres land, tax and cost, \$5.08.

Reta Hampton, 1 acre land, tax and cost, \$1.00.

J. W. Washington, 2 acres land, taxes and cost \$2.44.

J. W. Long, balance on taxes, 6 1/2 acres land, tax and cost, \$2.88.

Mrs. S. A. Lovance, 158 acres land, tax and cost, (balance on taxes) \$13.30.

F. D. Moore, 1 town lot, taxes and cost, (balance on taxes) \$4.00.

HIGH SHOALS TOWNSHIP

Ralph Wilkins one town lot balance on taxes and cost, \$2.25.

Land Sale.

As witness to A. H. Nelson and by virtue of the powers contained in deed of assignment, I will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, N. C., on the first Monday in July, 1901, at 1 o'clock, the lot of said land, to-wit: I will sell for cash to the highest bidder, three tracts of land, the first on Camp creek adjoining lands of Clemens, the second on Williams' creek, containing 11 1/2 acres, being the tract conveyed to A. H. Nelson by S. McCarty and described in the deed of the 23rd of June, 1890, and registered in the Register's office, Rutherfordton, N. C., in Book 34 No. 143.

The second tract on the waters of Stone branch, adjoining the lands of J. P. Allen's heirs, Mrs. Emily Ewing's place and others, containing 32 acres more or less, fully described in deed filed with the Register to A. H. Nelson under date Dec. 20, 1892, registered in Book 66, No. 82.

The third tract lying on the waters of Camp creek, adjoining Stone branch land and others, fully described in deed from Samuel McCarty to A. H. Nelson, dated December 6, 1892, and registered in Book 67 at No. 91, and containing 25 acres more or less.

(Signed.) GEORGE BROWNSTEADT, Register.

Harris & Martin,
REAL ESTATE
AND LOANS,
Rutherfordton, N. C.