

# The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 27.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

### WOMAN'S RELIEF

A really healthy woman has little pain or discomfort at the menstrual period. No woman needs to have any. Wine of Cardui will quickly relieve those smarting menstrual pains and the aching head, back and side aches caused by falling of the womb and irregular menses.

### WINE OF CARDUI

has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 women who suffered every month. It makes the menstrual organs strong and healthy. It is the provision made by Nature to give women relief from the terrible aches and pains which blight so many homes.

GREENWOOD, I. A., Oct. 16, 1900. I have been with a severe pain in my side and would not get any relief until I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. I feel like a new creature and you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. Youvr.

For full and complete address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advertiser," 125 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., or "The Ladies' Advertiser," 125 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

## SWEET REVENGE

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL, Author of "Chickamauga," "Chickamauga," Etc. Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

CHAPTER I. BUSHWACKER. "H" Why he shouted the words I don't know, for in another moment he gave me one barrel, and before I could raise a finger I heard a click, admonishing me that I was about to get the other. A thin film of smoke floating above the fence to the right and two malignant eyes peering at me from between the rails betrayed his position. Like a flash I whipped out my revolver, but before I could raise it there was another report, and my right arm dropped, benumbed by a charge of buckshot. Seizing my weapon with my left hand, I brought it to a level with the eyes behind the fence and fired. There was a sound of a body falling, and I knew that I had struck home.

Spurring my horse to the side of the road, I craned my neck over the fence, and there in the ditch lay the bushwacker. His hat had fallen off and left bare a head of red, shaggy hair. In his belt was his revolver, beside him a shotgun. His body, clad in "bummer" lay on an incline, his feet in the water, which flowed lazily past. The sun, shining through budding branches, lighted up his face, and I knew that I had seen him before. Indeed, a vivid scene in which he had borne a part came up out of the past to cling over me a cloud of gloom like the wing of an Apollyon.

I drew an involuntary sigh. It was not that I had taken a life (lives were cheap enough in those days, and he had sought to take mine); it was not my narrow escape from death, but an over-awing consciousness that the spirit of war lurked everywhere; that the beautiful face of Nature about me, trees, fences, bushes, everything—best served to cover assassins.

"Is he dead?" Started at the sound of a voice, I glanced aside. There, leaning against the fence, her arms resting on the top rail, gazing at the disagreeable sight on which I had been intent, stood a young girl.

"Where did you come from?" I asked, lifting my hat with my left hand. "There!" She turned her head and glanced at a house on the other side of the road.

"You must have stepped lightly. I didn't hear you coming." Without reply she continued gazing at the body of the bushwacker. I, too, looked again at the upturned face, with its glassy, staring eyes.

"Why did you kill him?" "I will tell you."

on northern Alabama. I begged him to let me go down and bring back a report of the country, the railroads, its rolling stock, machine shops, bridges, everything—a knowledge of which would assist in its capture.

But this low car who had tried to kill me—he was at the massacre. With my own hand I had applied fire to his miserable hat. How had he known that I was in Alabama? Had he heard of me during my stay at Huntsville? It had been brief, for as soon as I reached the town I learned that my enemy was not there and, disappointed, turned my face northward. Or had the bushwacker met me by chance? I did not know. I do not know now. Of one thing I was certain—he was one of my old enemies, and they would hunt me like a hare.

I lay for hours unwillingly turning over these war horrors as if they were a wheel on which I was obliged to tread. No one came to the room, and I felt no one, but I was not alone. I was not alone, but I was not alone. I was not alone, but I was not alone.

CHAPTER II. INCIDENTS. THESE kind people with whom I was lodged persisted in considering me always in danger.

A doctor must needs be at all times within reach, a striping of a medical graduate must sleep in the same room with me, the old gentleman was constantly coming into the room to ask if I wanted anything, while his wife went in and motherly as I had been her own son.

Then came an unaccountable sinking. It may have been something in the restfulness, the security I had felt, in contrast with pestilence war; just as amid the luxurious foliage of the tropics one feels that behind every leaf and flower lurks invisible fever. Suddenly the shots rang out, there came my reply to the girl standing beside me looking at the dead bushwacker; then my entry into the house, and now I was lying on a comfortable lounge an object of tender solicitude on the part of people who, from being strangers, had suddenly become very dear friends.

But suppose they knew me—that I was a renegade, a traitor to the south. There was no name harsh enough among Confederates for those of their own people who were not with them, and all who were not with them were against them, and doubtless these new found friends were all Confederate sympathizers. The bushwacker could tell no tales. I was thankful for that, for he had known me well. The thought of him took me back to that night of horrors. I was again at the head of those Tennessee Unionists endeavoring to lead them to a haven of safety. We were near the Cumberland. One more day and we should be at Camp Dick Robinson, where we should find Federal troops. Then the attack. By the flashing of guns I could see their faces. And here and there recognize a neighbor—men beside whom I had lived for years, and whom civil war had converted into fiends.

One by one I saw my friends shot down. There was one dearer to me than all besides. Till beside me, darkness, guided by the flashes and the sound of my voice, she darted to me, and found refuge in my arms.

It was simply a well bred way of noting that she had failed to elicit the information she desired. "I should have got on well enough," I continued, "if that confounded stand had not been in the way. I believe I could go now just as well as not." I paused. I was very weak. "May I ask you to hand me that glass?" I added, looking at a tumbler containing brandy.

Without noticing the proof of my inability to do as I asserted she handed me the glass and when I had taken a swallow put it back on the table. Her coolness was beginning to irritate me. "I have a mind to get up and go on," I said. "I don't believe there is any danger."

"What did the doctor say?" "He told me to keep quiet as I valued my life."

"You don't value your life; therefore you will get up and go on—in other words, commit suicide."

"You know very well that it calls me to be obliged to impose upon a family that has loaded me with kindness without declaring my identity."

"Then why not declare it?" "Because it doesn't suit my plans to do so."

"I was acting ungraciously, recklessly, and I knew it, but I was in no condition to fence with this cool creature."

"I don't need your attention. I will have Jackson sit in the hall, where he can hear you if you ring." And she walked out of the room.

## Dropsy

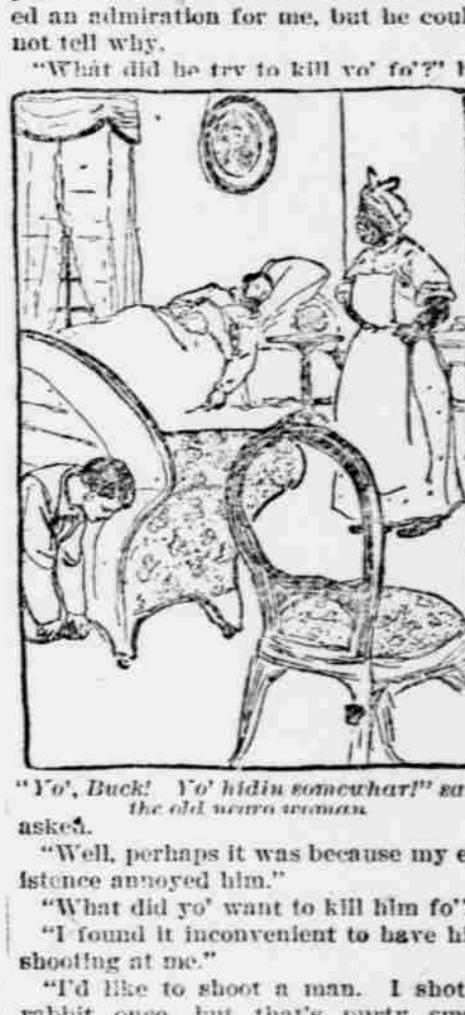
starting in the feet or ankles comes from a weak or diseased heart—a heart that cannot keep up the circulation. The blood then settles in the lower limbs where the watery portions ooze out into surrounding tissues causing bloating and swelling. The heart must be strengthened and built up before the dropsy can be cured to stay; and the best of all heart medicines is Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I had palpitation, shortness of breath, pain in heart, swelling of feet and ankles, hungry spells and was confined to my bed and easy chair. A few bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure made me well."  
Mrs. C. OSBORNE, Clyde, O.

## Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

gives new strength to the heart, regulates the circulation, stimulates the digestion and restores health. Sold by druggists on a guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



"You, Buck! You hidin' somethin'!" said the old woman solemnly.

"Well, perhaps it was because my existence annoyed him."

"What did you want to kill him for?"

"I found it inconvenient to have him shooting at me."

"I'd like to shoot a man. I shot a rabbit once, but that's party small game. Pop, he won't let me have a gun yet. He says I may have one when I'm 16."

"Buck!" called a voice from the hall. The boy dropped behind a sofa. An old negro woman entered and looked around.

"Yo, Buck! Yo hidin' somethin'! Yo maw'll spank yo' sh' if she cotch yo' hys trouble in the garden. Come out o' dar! I knows whar yo' at!"

I was about to interfere, but a natural distaste at giving away a fellow creature caused me to desist.

"I thought I heard dat child talkin'."

The woman stood still a moment, but, hearing no sound, lumbered out of the room. The boy popped up from his hiding place as soon as she had gone.

"I like yo'. We're the first words he uttered. 'Yo' wouldn't tell on a teller, would yo'?"

"How could I when you are glad I plunked my enemy? Is that your mammy?"

"Yes; that's Lib."

"Nursed you from a baby?"

"Yes, an she reckons she's goin to nurse me all my life."

"Is your name Buckingham?"

"Buckingham! No; I ain't got any such doggone name as that! My name's Beekyee."

"How did you happen to get that name?"

"Cause I was born ther."

"Whose?"

"In Beekyee."

"In Ohio?"

"Beekoo 'is the same."

I contemplated Buck for awhile without hearing any of the questions he continued to fire at me. Why not intrust him with the message? There was every reason why I should not do so except that he was devoted to me and I had no one else to send. While I was deliberating Lib came in, wrapped him, dragged him out of the room and shut the door.

I heard footsteps on the veranda, then in the hall, then ascending the staircase, as of people carrying a burden. The door had evidently been shut.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Publication of Summons.

NORTH CAROLINA. In Superior Court, Rutherford County. Before the Clerk. George C Justice, as administrator of Sarah A Justice, deceased, and George C Justice as an individual, L A Justice, Z V Justice, William M Justice, W W Daniel and wife, Ella H Daniel.

vs. William Morgan and wife, Eva Morgan, Mote Turner and wife, Lillie Turner, Charles C Justice, Mary J Justice, Mary Justice, Willie Justice, Mamie Justice, Arthur A Justice, Mamie La Justice, and others.

The defendants above named, will take notice that an action on file above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Rutherford County by the plaintiffs above named, George C Justice, deceased, as administrator of Sarah A Justice, deceased, who, as such administrator, asks that the land belonging to the estate of said Sarah A Justice, deceased, be sold to make assets, for the purpose of settling the debts belonging to the estate of John A Justice, deceased, for the purpose of making partition and division among the tenants in common and heirs at law of said John A Justice, deceased. The said land belonging to the estate of John A Justice, deceased, ceased, lying and being in Rutherford County, North Carolina, on the waters of Carter's creek, adjoining the lands of Alex Furney on the east and a path, and on the south by the Anderson Green lands, and on the west by the lands of Mrs. Morris, and the lands belonging to the estate of said Sarah A Justice, deceased, which is sought to be sold by said administrator to make assets. Beside contiguous and adjacent to the above described tract of land, and adjoining the lands above described and consists of about fifty (50) acres, the lands belonging to the estate of said John A Justice, deceased, consisting of about 190 acres.

And the defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court for the county of Rutherford County, in his office in Rutherfordton on the 11th day of July, 1901, and answer the complaint of plaintiffs a copy of which will be deposited in the office of the said Clerk of the Superior Court of said county within ten days from service of this summons, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This 13th day of June, 1901.

M. O. DICKERSON, Clerk of the Superior Court.

### Notice of Incorporation.

NORTH CAROLINA. Office of Clerk of Rutherford County (Superior Court). Notice is hereby given of the filing of articles of incorporation of the Forest City Telephone Company, the names of the incorporators are J. N. Moore, G. R. Simmons, W. W. Poole, Dr. G. E. Young, Mc D. Harris, J. C. Head, E. J. Barnett, J. P. Alexander, M. O. Padgett, Leo W. Lynch, J. C. Green, A. J. Whitt, J. M. Young, C. R. Moore, P. L. Sanders, H. L. Hyder, J. B. Long, W. T. Long, L. A. Moore, Ed Thompson, S. B. Tanner, and such others as may associate themselves with them; that the principal place of business is in Forest City, N. C., and its general purpose and business is to construct and operate a telephone system, to buy and sell the necessary property, real or personal, to further the operation of said system, the duration of said system, that the duration of the corporation is unlimited, and hence controlled by the general law, limiting the capital of corporations in North Carolina to the amount of \$1,000,000, divided in shares of the par value of \$25.00 (Twenty Five Dollars).

M. O. DICKERSON, Clerk of the Superior Court.

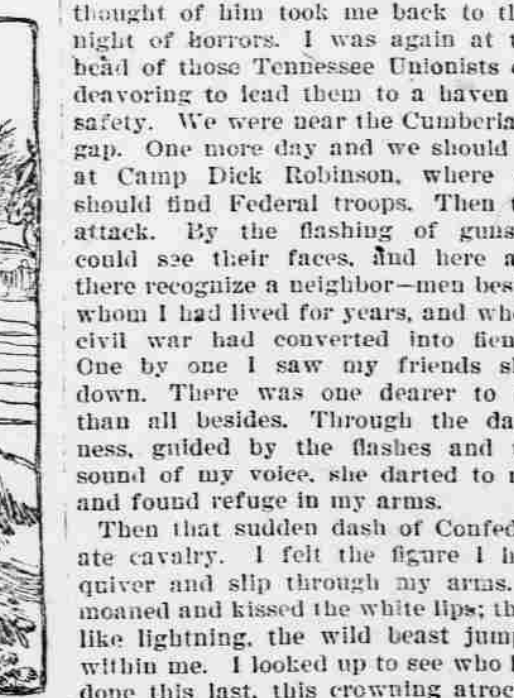
### NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the Estate of W. E. Toms, deceased, notice is hereby given persons indebted to said estate to come forward and settle same at once. Also persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for payment on or before 10th day of July, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery on claims not so presented. This July 10th, 1901.

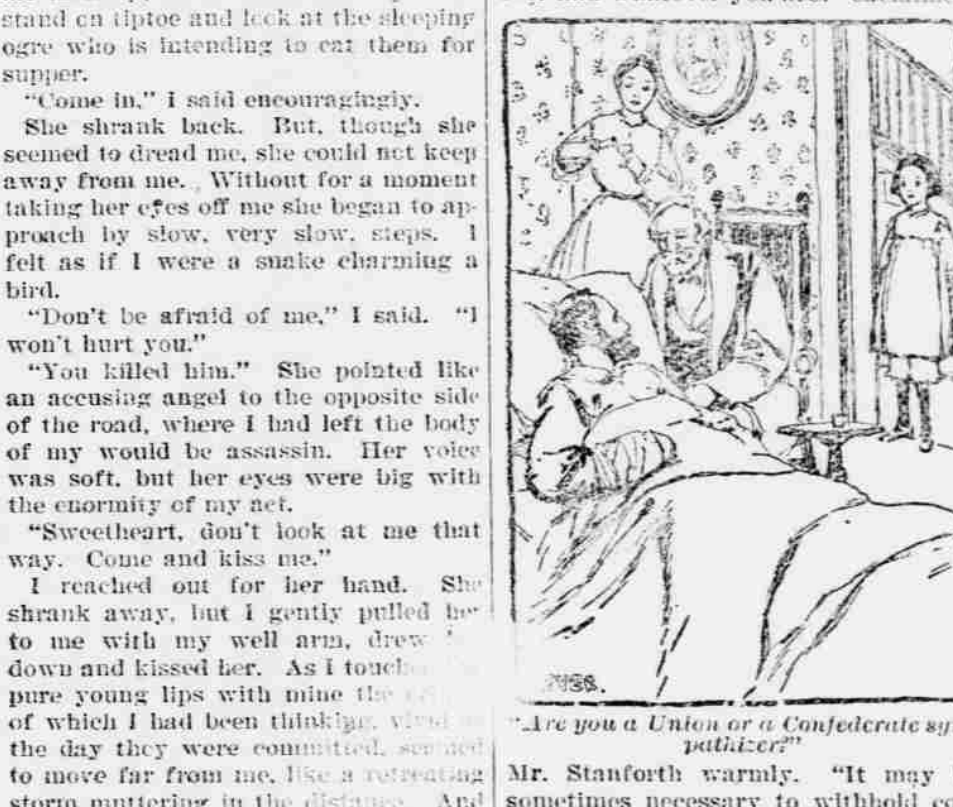
ADORAE TOMS, Administrator of W. E. Toms, deceased. M. Brayer & Justice, attorneys.



"Is he dead?" she asked.



house, I sat down on a sofa in the library. I must have fainted, for suddenly, without being conscious of her coming, I found myself in the midst of an excited throng. An old lady stood beside me with a basin, from which she was sprinkling my face. A white haired old gentleman with pink cheeks, a towel in one hand, a decanter in the other, was bending over me. A boy of 12 with a toy gun was staring at me while the girl who had brought me there looked on with far more interest than I had yet seen in her impassive face. Beyond all was a dark background of house servants. My coat had been removed, and a negro had a tight grip on a bit of wood twisted in a handkerchief tied around my arm just above the wound. A long, thin man in a rusty suit of black came hurrying in with a leather case in his hand and, whipping out his instruments, began the work of picking up a partly severed artery. He first took out a piece of my coat sleeve, which had retarded the hemorrhage and doubtless saved my life, then a half dozen shot, did some stitching, and then carefully bandaged



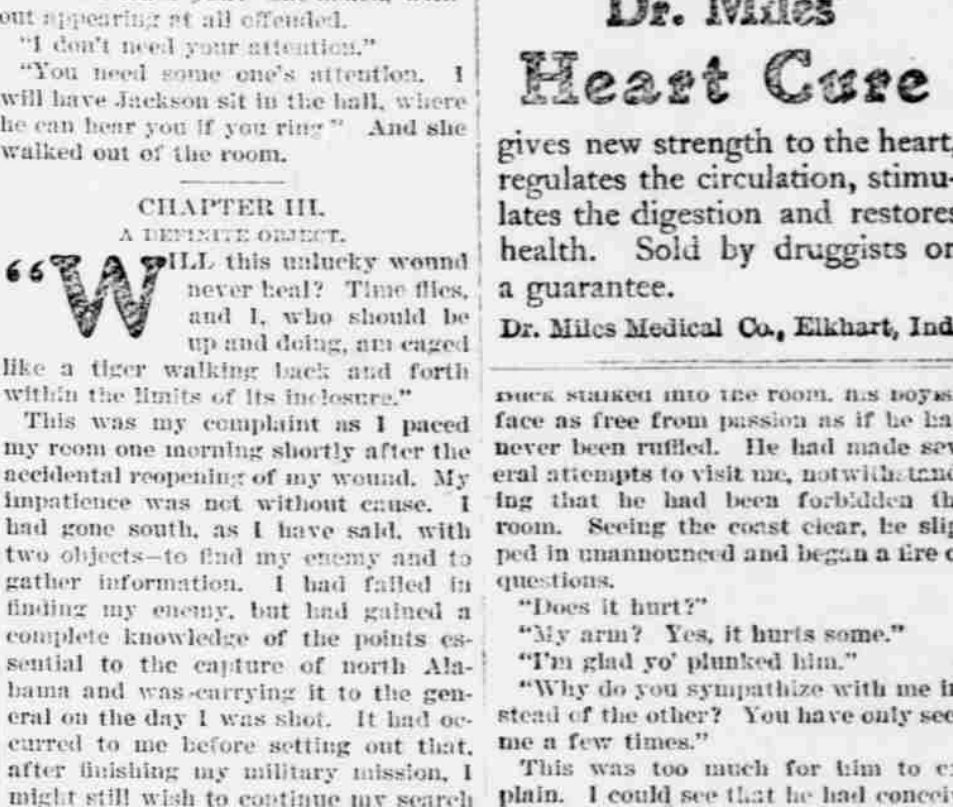
"You are a Union or a Confederate sympathizer?" Mr. Stanforth paused. There was no information as to my sentiments in the fact that I hailed from east Tennessee. More than two-thirds of the people of that section were with the Union.

"May I ask, sir," said my host, with an evident intention of ending all doubt in regard to the side with which I was affiliated, "are you a Union or a Confederate sympathizer?"

I was about to declare myself an ardent supporter of the Confederacy when my little friend Ethel, who had visited me on the day I was shot, appeared in the doorway, her blue eyes looking straight into mine. Had my intended falsehood been rammaged back into my throat with the butt of a revolver it could not have been more effectively stopped. Then something impelled me to turn my glance to Helen. She was about to pour a liquid from a vial into a glass and had paused, her eyes fixed on me intently.

"Mr. Stanforth," I said, "you and your family have been too kind for me to deceive you. I will not do that, but it would not serve my purpose to declare myself."

"You are an honorable man, sir, whatever and whatever you are!" exclaimed Helen.



"Come in," I said encouragingly. She shrunk back. But, though she seemed to dread me, she could not keep away from me. Without for a moment taking her eyes off me she began to approach by degrees, very slowly, as if I felt as if I were a snake charming a fiend.

"Don't be afraid of me," I said. "I won't hurt you."

"You killed him!" She pointed like an accusing angel to the opposite side of the road, where I had left the body of my would be assassin. Her voice was soft, but her eyes were big with the abnormality of my act.

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