

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

ALL WOMEN

Wine of Cardui is the guardian of a woman's health and happiness from youth to old age. It helps her safely into womanhood. It sustains her during the trials of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood, making labor easy and preventing flooding and miscarriage. It gently leads her through the dangerous period known as the change of life.

WINE OF CARDUI

cures leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and menstrual irregularity in every form. It is valuable in every trying period of a woman's life. It reinforces the nervous system, acts directly on the genital organs and is the finest tonic for women known. Ask your druggist for a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

Baltimore, Md., July 11, 1900. I am using Wine of Cardui. I feel like a different woman already. I feel like I have been kept in the medicine. I have three girls and they are all well. Mrs. KATE BROWDER.

For advice and literature, address, giving name and address, to the Wine of Cardui Co., 110 N. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

SWEET REVENGE

BY
Captain F. A. MITCHEL,
Author of "Chattanooga," "Chickamauga," etc.

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"While they were at supper I was deliberating upon the situation. It was evident that my old enemies had either stumbled upon me or had learned of my presence in North Alabama and were bent on my destruction. It was a desperate case. I was an officer in the Union army, within the enemy's lines, in citizen's dress and in that enemy's hands. I was hounded by men who would not scruple to use any means to get me in their power. If I did not escape from the Confederates, I should hang; if I did escape, I should be murdered.

Presently Jaqueline and the captain came out from the supper room. Jaqueline in advance, the captain's eyes fixed on the pretty figure before him. Jaqueline was very graceful, very dainty. Her every motion was charming. She was so light on her feet that she seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Though she walked, she danced, while her eyes danced with her body, her lips wearing a perpetual smile. Once she took two or three steps, turning half around to a mere suspicion of a dance, a delicious, tantalizing bit, like a sip of rare wine.

"I'd like to meet you in a ballroom," remarked the captain languidly.

"Why so?"

"You would dance beautifully. You'd make a charming partner."

"Can you?"

"Yes, and play. One day I was playing GINGER's banjo behind the barn. Papa called, 'Yo GINGER, stop that infernal twanging! Wasn't it funny?' She laughed. The captain laughed. I laughed. There was something very catching about the little mix that neither of us could resist.

She drew an armchair close beside the sofa on which I was lying and insisted on the captain seating himself in it. He demurred, but Miss Jack would have it so, and the man who half an hour before had ordered me out to be shot was sitting by me as though we were intimate friends. Jaqueline seated herself in a rocking chair in view of both myself and the captain and, reaching vigorously all the while, chattered like a magpie. The captain settled himself within his comfortable seat, asked permission to smoke and, finding that he had but one cigar, insisted on my smoking it. Of course I refused, but he was too faintly well liked to smoke it himself without another for me. Miss Jack solved the problem by standing before him with a lighted match till he was forced to yield.

Then from without came the jingle of a banjo. Jaqueline caught the sound and stood listening, her head poised on one side, her eyes sparkling as though forgetful of everything save the music.

"That's the Bonny Blue Flag!" she exclaimed, and she hummed the words in a sweet though by no means strong voice. As she went on she sang rather than hummed, becoming more and more animated, keeping time by putting her foot on the floor. I glanced at the captain. He was looking at her admiringly, the charm enhanced at hearing her sing dear to every Confederate soldier given with so much spirit by such an attractive creature.

Suddenly the music stopped.

"Don't you like music?" asked Jaqueline of the captain. "I do! I love it!"

"I like it when warbled by such attractive lips," replied the officer.

Then the banjoist without played a Spanish dance. Jaqueline's body began to vibrate, but, though alive in every limb, she did not dance. There was something tantalizing in a pronounced treat that was not realized.

"Dance!" cried the captain, an expectant look in his handsome eyes.

"Shall I?"

"Do, please," I put in.

As a bird that has been soaring slowly in its expected course, Jaqueline passed from comparative rest to motion. In another moment she was moving about the hall with improvised steps, as though dancing was to use a paradoxical expression, her normal condition of rest. She floated, dropped, rose, rested, keeping time with her hair, her arms, her whole body. For awhile I was so delighted that I forgot all except the dance and when I had thought myself to be at the captain it was easy to see that the thrall Jaqueline had been weaving about him was complete.

Miss Pinkley had entered the hall and stood looking at her severely. Jaqueline stopped as suddenly as if she had been turned off by electricity and the current had been turned off.

"I'm astonished at you," said the lady. "You've made the acquaintance of these gentlemen only this afternoon, and here you're dancing before them as if you were a soubrette in a theater."

"My dear madam," I interposed, "you have no idea of the pleasure she has given us. She would be a grand success on any stage."

"Do you think so?" queried Jaqueline triumphantly. "I'd love to dance on the stage."

"Jaqueline!" again cried Miss Pinkley.

"What's the harm, auntie? I'm not on the stage."

"Yes, but you want to be. To think of a Rutland on the stage. 'Yo' pa would be marveled to death."

She passed up stairs, and Jaqueline began again to rattle on in her singular way. Suddenly it struck her that she wanted GINGER's banjo, and calling Cynthia, she sent her for it. Then, after testing the strings, she began to play and sing. The music was light, but sweet, being composed chiefly of those naive negro melodies born under the slave system as delicate plants sometimes spring up among poisonous weeds.

Without warning she put the banjo down and began to talk again, slipping from one subject to another, astonishing us by her confidences, sometimes asking questions, but seldom waiting for an answer. Presently I spoke of my stay with the Stanfords.

"The Stanfords?" she cried. "Do you know 'em?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"Ought to; they're my cousins. Did you see Minerva?"

"No. Who's Minerva?"

"Her real name is Helen. We called her Minerva at school. I went to school with her two years. She's older than I, though."

"I have met Miss Helen Stanforth."

"If you refer to the young lady we met today," the captain remarked, "she's a very beautiful and high bred woman, much like our Georgia beauties."

"She knows everything," said Jaqueline. "Theology, geology, biology, psychology. Any more of 'em?"

"That's quite enough," I admitted.

"Did you see Buck?"

"Oh, yes. Buck and I became quite friendly."

"What makes you think that?"

"Most dery, postillions little imp yo' give you my word of honor not to have his name in a strange nature. When he grows up, he'll control it and be all the stronger for it."

"Think so? If he was black and I owned him, I'd have him whipped every day."

A colored woman came in and told the captain that Miss Pinkley presented her compliments, and a room was ready for him whenever he chose to occupy it. She also informed him that I could have a room.

"Captain," I said, "I have no reason to get away from you. Indeed, I wouldn't leave your guardianship just now for a plantation. The man who has accused me is in league with others who are interested in getting me out of the way. Now, if you'll permit me to go to bed without a guard I'll give you my word of honor not to have his name till after the watch has been resumed tomorrow."

"Now, captain," put in Jaqueline before the officer could reply, "let the po' man go to bed."

"Yo' yo' sake!" he asked, looking at her with an expression half admiring, half comical.

"Yo' yo' sake, yo' yo' sake, yo' yo' sake!" she repeated.

She went up in front of him and, putting her little oval face within a few inches of his, brought her snapping eyes to bear on him and stood waiting for his decision.

"Well, I reckon I must let yo' have yo' way. You're too pretty to quarrel with."

She clapped her hands. "I knew it! Loveliest man I ever met! Too sweet for anything!"

The captain smiled that pleasant, indolent smile of his, looking at me at the same time, as much as to say, "What a deliciously odd creature!" while Jaqueline disappeared as suddenly as an actress who had finished her part. GINGER came in with a decenter and glasses, which he placed on the table. The captain sat down before the wine and invited me to join him.

"Miss Rutland is certainly a dainty little thing," he said as he took the stopper from the decanter and filled our glasses.

"She certainly is."

"Most charming creature I ever saw."

"What a soubrette she would make!"

"Ravishing! Fill yo' glass, sir. Ravishing. Do yo' know, I never saw no graceful dancing on the stage?"

"No!"

"And what a sweet little voice!"

"The notes of a bird."

By this time I had made up my mind that it would be impossible to get the captain on any other subject than Jaqueline, and he talked of her best of the evening—indeed, till he had finished the decanter. I could not but be amused at the transition Jaqueline had wrought in his treatment of me. It occurred to me to test his good nature still further.

"Captain," I remarked, "I'm caught away from home with a thin pocket-book. Could you let me have a hundred dollars till I can get to where there is a bank?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure. No trouble at all. And, pulling a thick roll of Confederate bills, he tossed them over to me.

"Captain," I said, pushing back the bills. "I don't need money. I only wanted to see if it were possible for a man to order another out to be shot in the afternoon and do him a favor in the evening."

"My dear sir," he replied, "permit me to apologize for my hasty action. I give you the word of a Georgia gentleman that but for that delightful creature interposed I should now deeply regret the execution of my order."

"You mean my execution?"

"Yo' very good health, sir, and that of the little lady."

The decanter was empty. GINGER, the major-domo, appeared, assisted the captain up stairs to one of the main chambers in the center of the house, then conducted me through a hall to a wing and ushered me into the apartment intended for me.

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"Spec' it's been in de family many long time. Cunnel Rutland, he mighty fine gen'leman, sah; Cunnel Rutland, he own ten hundred 'ousand acres."

"How many?"

"De biggest plantation in all Alabama, sah. Cunnel Rutland he de biggest."

"Wait a bit, GINGER. Who is Miss Pinkley?"

"Miss Pinkley, she mighty fine lady, sah. Miss Pinkley, she—"

"What relation is she to Colonel Rutland?"

"Miss Pinkley, she was Miss Rutland's sistah, sah. Miss Pinkley, she—"

"Where is Mrs. Rutland?"

"Miss Rutland, she's dead."

"Who is Miss Jaqueline?"

"Miss Jack, she's de first young lady in de souf, sah. When Missy Jack go to de planters' balls an' de city balls in Huntsville, she take all de young men away from de older young ladies an' make 'em all mad 'nuff to eat her up."

"She is Colonel Rutland's daughter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sah. She de daughter of de late Cunnel Rutland's eye, sah. Cunnel Rutland den care offen 'bout nobody but Missy Jack."

"How about you colored people?"

"What dat, sah?"

"Do you like Miss Jaqueline?"

"Like Missy Jack? Reckon de called people do like Missy Jack. Called people do like Missy Jack like de most eb'."

"Isn't she just a bit hot tempered?"

"Reckon Missy Jack is hot tempered, sah. Missy Jack, she got de hottest temper in de whole souf. Missy Jack, she—"

"Hold on; explain why you all love Miss Jack when she has a hot temper and speaks to you sharply?"

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