The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 40. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 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 leucorrhœa, 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.

Belleville, Ala., July 11, 1900. I am using Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught and I feel like a different woman already. Several ladies here keep the medicines in their home all the time. I have three girls and they are using it with me. Mrs. KATE BROWDER.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Land Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior court of Rutherford county, rendered by the Clerk of said court on the 21st day of July, 1901, in the case of Geo. C. Justice, administrator of Sarah A. Justice, deceased, and others vs. Oscar Justice and others, I, as such administrator, and commissioner named in said decree, will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton to the highest bidder on

Monday, November 4th, 1901,

at about 12 o'clock, the following very valuable lands: One tract consisting of about 50 or 60 acres and belongs to the estate of Sarah A. Justice, deceased, and lies in said county on the waters of Cathey's and Cherry creeks and adjoins lands belonging to the estate of John A. Justice, deceased, and is a part of what is generally known as the "Justice place" on Cathey's creek, which place lies adjoining the lands of Alex Forney, Mrs. Morris and the Soloman Geer lands. The other tract consisting of about two hundred acres of land belonging to the estate of John A. Justice, deceased, and is a part of the said "Justice place" on said Cathey's creek and bounded by the lands of Mrs. Mary Morris, Alex Forney and others and adjoins the other above described tract.

The first tract will be sold for cash and for the purpose of making assets. The second tract will be sold for the purpose of making partition of division among the heirs at law and tenants in common, and one-half of purchase price is to be paid cash down and balance in 6 months. The above described are fine lands and include some of the finest bottom lands in Rutherford county. There is about 60 acres of bottom land. This September 20, 1901. GEO. C. JUSTICE, Administrator and Commissioner.

Notice.

By virtue of an order issuing from the Superior court of Rutherford county in the special proceeding entitled "B. F. Weast, administrator of S. C. Padgett vs. Arzie Hudlow and others, heirs at law of S. C. Padgett, I will sell at the court house in Rutherfordton at public auction on

Monday, November 4th, 1901,

about 75 acres of valuable farming lands lying on the waters of Cathey's creek, adjoining the lands of Rollins, J. A. McFarland and others. The said lands being the same on wich S. C. Pakgett lived prior to his death. The lands will be sold to create assets with which to pay debts against the intestate of the undersigned, and will be sold on the following terms: One-third to be paid in cash, one-third in twelve months and the remaining one-third in twenty-four months, the two deferred payments to be secured by note with approved security, and to bear interest from date of sale. Title will be retained until the final payment of the purchase money. This October 2nd, 1901.

B. F. WEAST, Administrator of S. C. Padgett.
McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice!

By virtue of an order issuing from the Superior court of the county of Rutherford, in the special proceedings entitled "M. G. Hawkins, administrator of J. P. Tate, deceased, vs. Lou Tate, Edna Tate and others," I will sell at the court house in Rutherfordton at public auction on

Monday, November 4th, 1901,

about 30 acres of valuable farming lands adjoining the lands of Lancaster, Patent, Harris and Kistler, lying on Floyd's creek. The lands will be sold to create assets with which to pay debts against the estate of the intestate, and will be sold on the following terms: Purchase money to be paid in cash on day of sale. This October 2nd, 1901.

M. G. HAWKINS, Administrator of J. P. Tate.
McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice!

The undersigned has been appointed and has qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Mary Nabors, deceased, late of Rutherford county. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt settlement; and all persons having claims against same are notified to present same to the undersigned within 12 months of this date for payment, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This September 4th, 1901. J. F. FLACK, Administrator of Mrs. Mary Nabors.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General
CHARLES KING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles King.

In silence and suspense they waited. All voices were hushed along the rocky banks. For a few minutes even the panting of the engine could not be

"We cover you with three hundred ball cartridges."

heard as the train burrowed through a deep cutting. Then, louder, clearer, nearer than before, it sounded on the night, and a confused murmur of voices rose along the steeps. Angered and desperate as they were, few of the railway men could bear the thought of that train, freighted with human life, rushing on to destruction. A light as of a lantern shot suddenly into view on the opposite bank. Somebody at the same instant, lantern swinging, darted down the bluff on the Big Horn side. A howl of rebuke and menace rose from the gang of tramps, a volley of stones and coal chunks shattered the glass and stunned the bearer, and then, almost as though in relief and rejoicing, a shout went up across the stream from which side the train was now in plain view. Above the mingled roar of waters and voices, sharp and clear, could be heard the hiss of escaping steam. The engineer had shut off. The long train was slowing down, and presently, 400 yards away from the bridge, it settled to a crawl and soon came to a full stop. Bending over the brink, Melville and the sheriff could see some half a dozen lanterns dancing briskly up the curving track and presently clustered about a single spot. They had come upon the cast end of the obstructing cars. Then the sheriff's voice was heard on the gathering night.

"Below there! Can you hear me distinctly?"

"Aye, aye!" was the answer after a moment's delay.

"Then don't attempt to send men across yet. There's a mob waiting there. Major Melville wants to see the gentleman in charge."

Silence one moment, and then uprose a voice from below, at sound of which Melville perceptibly started and bent more eagerly forward. It rang out on the night deep and resonant, in marked contrast to the "wlang" of the westerner's official tone.

"Who are you?"

"Hawkins, sheriff of Brentwood county," piped the answer.

A moment's pause; then "All right—Mr. Channing will be up there presently."

Ten minutes later the manager and Major Melville had clasped hands on the bluff, and four men were gathered in consultation.

"You've got Langdon with you," were almost the first words Melville spoke. "I knew the voice at once."

"Yes, and he's a trump; helped us more'n I can tell you in the week he's been with me. Hang those lunatics! They're firing rocks at the bridge now. D'you hear 'em? And I've got to get on to Brentwood and save the rest of that stock."

Ten minutes of counsel followed. The veteran major was for leading his men straight across on top of the iron cars. They could not step from girder to girder in the darkness. There were other reasons besides this that caused Melville gravely to shake his head. In the glare of bonfires started by the tramps up the track and well back on the westward bluffs dark groups of the strikers could be seen in excited conference. Others still were clustered a few yards west of the bridge, and the gleam of pick and shovel could be faintly seen. "Cutting out under the track!" said Channing between his set teeth. "I expected that. But we'll show 'em!"

Another quarter of an hour of silent preparation; then, panting a little from the exertion of the climb, two of the four companies were lined up along the bluff facing the position of the strikers across the gulch. The other two, under command of the major, knelt in the darkness on both sides of the track and close to the bridge. The engine, detached from the passenger car, ran quickly forward and amid shouts of excitement not unmingled with warning coupled on to the train of flats. Then arose yells of glee, defiance and delight from the dense groups of tramps and strikers on the northern shore. There was a rush away from the track and yells of "Look out!" "Stand from under!" "She's coming!" followed almost instantly by cries of chagrin and baffled hate. Slowly at first the massive train began to move, but instead of the sound of bang and bump that told of a powerful shove there rose a quick, series of ringing, metallic jerks, at sound of which the leaders gazed an instant at each other in dismay, then led a rush for the bridge. Too late! Channing had outwitted them and instead of shoving the train into the trap was drawing it into safety on the eastern side. Follow they dare not. There were two minutes of pandemonium, gradually dying away to silence, and then from across the deep ravine a voice they never forgot spoke out, clear, deep and powerful:

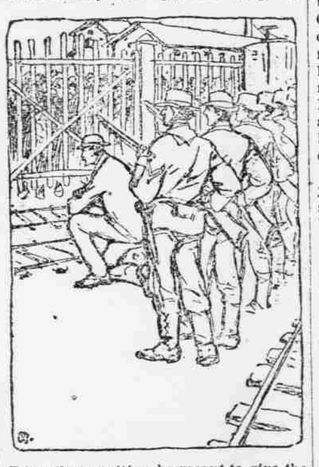
"Stand clear across there! We cover you with 300 ball cartridges. Our workmen must cross the bridge and repair that track. If you give them as much as a shot or a stone, I order 'Fire!'"

CHAPTER VII.

Late that wintry night there steamed into Brentwood a train laden with 300 state soldiery, who in silent array left the cars somewhere in the suburbs, thereby disappointing a big throng awaiting them at the station, marched rapidly under experienced guides to the armory of the local company, gave the mob guardians thereof the alternative of surrendering at once or being blown into flinders in less than five minutes, whereupon, as described in the local press, "there was a squealing and a scattering." Thence they bore the recaptured arms to the Big Horn roundhouse and dispatched an engine with a strong guard up the Seattle road to run back the exiles still "living on the country" 40 miles away, and before long Melville had seven companies of militia ready to do anything under such cool headed, accomplished leadership. The strikers for a time seemed bewildered by the coming of the troop train and the return of certain weary stragglers of the band that set forth so boastfully the previous day, all with tales of treachery on the part of their fellows and tremendous odds on the part of the despised militia—"militia with regulars to officer them"—and there was ground for the statement, for Melville had hailed with keen though repressed delight the coming of the peppery little major, a veteran of the civil war, and of Langdon, who, though in civilian dress, had been "spotted for a soldier" even before they got to Gunnison. Ball cartridges had been issued to Captain Linkenfelder's men as they stood in the depot at Missouri Junction awaiting the coming of a train bearing two companies from the south, and then came a funny thing. Linkenfelder could have shown them all about "loading in nine times," as they did in the war days, but this was a new company. He was an old officer, and the manual, minus the loadings and firings, was all he had yet taught them of the new breechloader when came the call to arms. Mr. Channing, impatiently pacing the platform and reading dispatch after dispatch and occasionally dictating an answer to his new and silent secretary, presently saw that Langdon's attention was wandering and looked at him inquiringly.

"Those men have never been taught to load and fire," said Langdon, "and their captain doesn't know how. There will be trouble if they get into a snarl with rioters."

"Then, for God's sake, you show them! Here, Captain Linkenfelder," he continued impetuously, "my friend is a West Point officer. Let him help you there." Linkenfelder knew Channing well, as who along the line did not? He wiped his brow and tried to look pleased as he explained that they hadn't been drilling long. But in five minutes Langdon had the eight noncommissioned officers present in a squad, the rest of the company eagerly surrounding and looking on. In 20 minutes they had "got the hang" of



From that position he meant to give the word.

the most important parts. In an hour, when the other train came sweeping in, he had the whole company in line practicing "fire by company," "fire by rank," "fire by file," and never in a dozen drills had the Junction Light guard learned as much as they had that day. "That fellow's a dandy drillmaster," was the verdict, and the fame of the exploit and the praise of this unknown soldier had gone through the train before ever it reached the bridge. Next morning when Company G was told off for a possibly hazardous piece of duty and its captain was found to be still in arrest and "sulking in his tent" a committee went to the peppery little major with the gray mustache and blinking eyes, not, as might have been expected, to ask "cap's release," but to say that "the boys wanted a man who was way up in the 'biz' if there was any fighting to be done and could not that West Point fellow take command?" "Will you do it?" asked the little major of Langdon. "Will you do it?" echoed Channing, and away went Eric across a maze of tracks, 70 strapping young fellows striding confidently after him, rejoicing in the ring and power of his word of command. An hour later they stood confronting a furious mob ten times their number, hurling bricks and billingsgate and foul abuse. At the point of the bayonet they had cleared the Big Horn shops of strikers, driven them into the open yards and the street beyond and opened a passage for a train of cattle cars.

But by this time, noting that most of Melville's forces were afar up the tracks rescuing cattle trains, from every direction tramps, toughs and the desperadoes among the strikers dropped the devilment they happened to be engaged in and came howling to re-enforce the expelled gang. Only 20 yards away, just outside and along the picket fence, they crowded, clamoring, cursing, brandishing weapons and hurling missiles, but these latter, having to be hurled high, generally fell short. Many among Langdon's new command were lads whose "nerve" would long since have fled but for their leader's placid unconcern. He had backed them, as it were, up against the brown wooden walls of the freighthouse and then stood coolly forth ten feet in front of them, facing the raging throng without, sometimes quietly smiling as though he enjoyed the situation, sometimes slowly pacing up and down. At last as the clamor increased it became evident that the mob was bent on a dash at the office building to their right, standing alone opposite the great wooden gates—gates which gave directly on the buildings containing the most valuable local properties of the Big Horn road, excepting possibly the locomotives in the roundhouse. It was a moment of excitement. No man in the little band of defenders could estimate the extent of damage that would unquestionably result if that maddened throng broke through. It seemed as though by this time all the devilment of the disaffected was concentrated here at one spot, for the mob was vastly increased in size, and the jeers, howls and curses were now continuous. Small wonder that many a young state "guardsman" in the little command felt a nervous thrill as he gazed at the host of semisavage faces peering in between the brown slats and listened to the hideous threats of the leaders. "We'll have your hearts' blood, you liveried dogs!" "We'll l'arn you tin soldiers a lesson!" "Burn down the fence!" "Kill the murdering hounds!" "Cut their throats!" were expurgated samples of the yells. But still the company stood at ordered arms and "at ease," for Langdon continued his cool promenade along the front, calmly eying the howling mob, keeping wary watch upon the fence and gate, but ever and anon glancing up the yards in search of support or re-enforcement, for, to all outward appearance the coolest, most unconcerned person on the ground, his heart was filled with grave anxiety. His was by long odds the most critical position of any man, soldier or civilian, that day in all Nebraska.

For, now that he had time to face the facts and consider the position in all its bearings, he realized that he had no authority whatever in law or fact to enable him to discharge the grave duties of his position—not so much as a commission in the state troops, not even a warrant as a deputy sheriff. If the mob charged and to defend the lives of these men he was compelled to order them to fire, an indictment for murder would doubtless lie at his door. It is one thing to do a man's whole duty with the law behind him; it is another to stand and face a thousand voters and realize that every drop of blood that might be shed on either side would, in the event of success or failure, be charged up to him. And still he never seemed disturbed.

But Langdon's heart beat quick when, just as it seemed probable that, neck or nothing, he should have to face the situation and fight, he caught sight of Channing with the sheriff and a brace of deputies coming toward him on the run. The crowd having concentrated here, it was possible for the officials now to leave other threatened points. He strolled, as it were, with almost exaggerated quiet to the right flank of his men to meet them. The mob redoubled its screams of defiance.

"Major Melville wants to know how you're getting along," panted Channing as he hastened up, red faced, anxious, but plucky.

"Well, you see for yourself," said Eric, with a nod of his head toward the fence. "Those fellows mean to burst through in a minute or two."

"Can't you scare 'em? Fire a volley over their heads?" puffed the sheriff, eager and willing, but utterly inexperienced.

"That's murder," was the cool reply. "A mob gains tenfold in daring and devilment when it sees you're afraid to fire anything but blanks. You'll simply have to kill 50 then where five would have sufficed in the first place. No, sir. Ball cartridges or nothing. And here's another point. I'm not an officer either of the troops or of the law." And now Eric had to raise his voice above the outer clamor. "I can give the necessary commands and at the proper instant, and I can drive those howlers back in one volley if they attempt to force the gates, but you, Mr. Sheriff, must stand by my side and assume responsibility; otherwise a week from now you'll be around with a warrant for my arrest."

"My God! I can't!" said the civil official, wiping the sweat from his brow despite the cold wind from the westward prairie. He gazed almost fearfully along that surging fence line. It resembled by this time nothing so much as one continuous cage of snarling, roaring beasts. It was plain the poor fellow was losing his nerve. "Me and my family couldn't live in this community another week. Can't you say something to them, Mr. Channing?" Like many another civil official, the sheriff was realizing that it was quite one thing to tackle a lot of tramps, friendless and desperate as they were down at Bridge Siding; it was quite another to think of letting drive a deadly volley into the breasts of a mob that

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

OUR PRESIDENTS.

Their Ages at Inauguration—Only One Ex-President Living.

President Washington, age at inauguration, 57; cause of death pneumonia, age at death, 67.

President J. Adams, age at inauguration, 62; cause of death debility, age at death, 90.

President Jefferson, age at inauguration 58, cause of death chronic diarrhœa age at death 83.

President Madison, age at inauguration, 58; cause of death debility, age at death 85.

President Monroe, age at inauguration 56; cause of death, debility, age at death 73.

President J. Q. Adams, age at inauguration 58; cause of death paralysis, age at death, 80.

President Jackson, age at inauguration 62; cause of death, consumption, age at death 78.

President Van Buren, age at inauguration, 55; cause of death, asthmatic catarrh, age at death 79.

President Harrison, age at inauguration 68; cause of death, bilious plurisy, age at death, 68.

President Tyler, age at inauguration 51, cause of death, billious attack, age at death 71.

President Polk, age at inauguration, 50; cause of death, bilious attack, age at death, 54.

President Taylor, age at inauguration 65; cause of death, bilious fever, age at death 65.

President Fillmore, age at inauguration, 49; cause of death, inflamation stomach, age at death, 64.

President Buchanan, age at inauguration, 66; cause of death rheumatic gout, age at death 77.

President Johnson, age at inauguration, 58; cause of death, paralysis, age at death, 66.

President Lincoln, age at inauguration, 52; cause of death, assassination, age at death, 56.

Presidenl Grant, age at inauguration, 47; cause of death, cancer, age at death 63.

President Hays, age at inauguration 54; cause of death paralysis of heart, age at death 70.

President Garfeld, age at inauguration 49; cause of death assination, age at death 49.

President Arthur, age at inauguration 49; cause of death Bright's disease, age at death 56.

President Cleveland, age at inauguration, 48, living.

President Harrison, age at inauguration, 55; cause of death pneumonia, age at death 68.

President McKidley, age at inauguration, 53; cause of death assassination, age at death 58.

President Roosevelt, age at inauguration, 43, living.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

All is not old that embitters.

Marriages are not always unhappy.

Penitence nearly always peeps between the fingers which it holds to its face.

The truth that is in wine is about as sincere as the lies that are in charity.

People get engaged from force of habit; and then they get married from force of circumstances.

The only vigilent night watchman are the wives that sit up waiting for their husbands to come home.

Engaged people are always in other people's way, but not so much as other people are in their way.

If married people can hang on for the first five years, generally they can stand it for the rest of their lives.

A woman can respect her husband's business ability if he can keep her from finding out anything about his business.

About the time a man gets back from his wedding trip he shuts up talking about what a good judge of character he is.

The girl never was born who could understand how you can love her without telling her so twice every fifteen seconds.

All a man has to do to make his wife ask him suspiciously what he is thinking about is for him to sit still for ten minutes and keep his mouth shut.

The woman who sheds the most tears in the theatre when the heroine is pursued by wicked slander is the one who pulverizes the reputation of her nearest neighbor next day.—New York Press.

"For three days and nights I suffered agony untold from an attack of cholera morbus brought on by eating cucumbers," says M. E. Lowther, clerk of the district court, Centerville, Iowa. "I thought I should surely die, and tried a dozen different medicines but all to no purpose. I sent for a bottle of Chamberlains Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and three doses relieved me entirely." This remedy is for sale by Twitty & Thompson.

Students of Wesleyan University, of Nebraska, have sent to Governor Odel a set of resolutions proposing that the body of Czolgosz be buried at sea, so that "his bones may not mingle with American soil."

A new remedy for billiousness is now on sale at Twitty & Thompson's drug store. It is called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. It gives quick relief and will prevent the attack if given as soon as the first indication of the disease appears. Price 25 cents per box. Samples free.

TRADE WITH THE SOUTH.

Countries Adjoining the United States Present Great Opportunities for Cotton Manufactures.

Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, a successful cotton manufacturer and one who has done much to attract attention to the great resources and advantages of the South, is convinced "that the opportunity in the West Indies and South America for cotton mill products is even better than in China, though at present our share in their trade is trifling."

Chile, for example, imported cotton goods to the value of $4,213,330 last year, but bought only $210,638, or about 5 per cent. of them in the United States. Our proportion of such exports to Brazil is even smaller, being only about 4.5 per cent., or $5,887,202 out of a total of $12,021,440. We sell Argentine only 1 per cent. of her imported cotton goods. A still more striking instance of neglected markets at our very doors is shown by the West Indies, where our cotton goods trade does not amount to 2 per cent. of the total

China buys $47,000,000 worth of cotton goods a year, of which we supply about one-fifth. There is good reason to believe the statement of Mr. Tompkins that with proper effort we could extend our trade much more easily in the West Indies and South America than in China, though he does not discount our opportunities there.

Charleston is fortunate in having Mr. Tompkins as manager of the textile department of her big exposition. He will thus be given an opportunity to impress upon the cotton manufacturers of the South the immensity of their opportunities in this hemisphere, some of which lie almost within sight of our shores.

Bradstreet's agrees with the estimate of these possibilities given by Mr. Tompkins, but says that these markets which are properly ours, "cannot be won without some determined and concerted effort on the part of our cotton manufactures."

To bring about such an effort is one of the main objects of the Charleston Exposition and there is every prospect that it will accomplish a great deal in that direction.—Atlanta Journal.

Foreign Views of the President.

The opinions expressed by the foreign press of President Roosevelt are interesting and some of them are acute. It is well enough, sometimes, to see our own people through others' eyes. The London Spectator, perhaps the ablest of the British papers, discusses him interestingly in relation to his views on the proper foreign policy for America, and estimates his attitude toward England thus: Mr. Roosevelt is neither for nor against England, but merely for his own country. He does not wish this country (England) any harm, but he would not dream of sacrificing the interests of America even in the smallest degree to help England. His sole desire is to serve America."

Certainly this should be his attitude if it is not. His first duty is to the country of which he is the President, but this does not constitute a reason why he should be, causlessly, the enemy of any other; and the Chicago Record recalls that in his Minneapolis speech he stated his view of international relations "most happily" when he said that "we have got to remember that our first duty is to our own people, and yet that we can best get justice by doing justice," and that "in dealing with other nations benefits must be given where benefits are sought."

This was surely well put and by living up to these words in the administration of his office the President will win the approbation of his own people and soon remove whatever apprehension may exist that he is likely to involve this country in foreign complications.—Charlotte Observer.

It Happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have in stock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by Twitty & Thompson.

The Southern Railway has made a contract with the Balfour quarry in Henderson county for stone to ballast the Western North Carolina Railroad from Asheville to Salisbury. This is necessary to prevent the recurrence of accidents that sometimes follow heavy rains.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is not a mere stimulant to tired nature. It affords the stomach complete and absolute rest by digesting the food you eat. You don't have to diet but can enjoy all the good food you want. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure instantly relieves that distressed feeling after eating, giving you new life and vigor. Twitty & Thompson. The Florence Mills, Forest City.

Thoughts

wander when the brain is tired. Overwork, nervous irritation, worry and mental strain exhaust the brain forces and diminish their thought power. Feed the brain, strengthen the nerves and build up new vigor, vitality and mental power. The greatest of all brain foods and nerve tonics is Dr. Miles' Nervine.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Nervine at various times for years. I have found it a perfect remedy in cases of nervousness and insomnia, caused by protracted mental strain and overwork. I have also used it in my family and I know it is a true brain and nerve food." R. H. MARTIN, Charleston, W. Va.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

feeds and nourishes the brain and nerves, overcomes irritation, and brings sweet, refreshing sleep.

Sold by druggists on guarantee.
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Notice!

By virtue of an order of sale issuing from the Superior court of Rutherford county, made in the special proceeding entitled "J. H. Long and others vs. Hilda C. Brandle and others," I will sell at public auction on the premises of Jane E. Melton, late of Rutherford county, on Saturday, the

2nd day of November, 1901,

two certain parcels of land lying in Rutherford county on the waters of Fairy Broad river, the first tract containing thirty (30) acres, fully described in a deed from P. N. Long and wife to Jane E. Melton, registered in Book 58, No. 172, to which reference is made for full description. The second tract, containing about 37 acres, adjoining the above described parcel and fully described in deed from G. W. Painter and wife to Jane E. Melton, registered in Book 56, No. 54, to which reference is made for description.

Said lands will be sold first in parcels and then as a whole, and sold in that way that brings the best price, and will be sold for partition among the parties to the above entitled proceedings, and on the following terms: 20 per cent of the purchase price to be paid in cash on day of sale, 40 per cent in six months thereafter, and the remaining 40 per cent in twelve months from date of sale, the deferred payments to bear interest from date of sale. The rents arising from the growing crops for the current year will be reserved. Title to be withheld until the final payments of the purchase money and interest. This the 23rd day of September, 1901.

B. A. JUSTICE, Commissioner.
McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice.

NORTH CAROLINA, Rutherford County. } In Superior Court, Before the Clerk.

Isabella Lane and others, vs. Ellison Clements and others. } NOTICE.

Mrs. Nancy Wallace, Joseph Clements, Mrs. Nancy Gaffey, and Mrs. Margaret Wilkie, defendants in the above entitled cause, if they be living, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Rutherford County before the Clerk, to sell certain lands for partition, situate in Rutherford County and fully described in the petition filed in the cause, and the said defendants, if they be living, will further take notice that they are required to appear before the clerk of the Superior Court of Rutherford County, at his office in Rutherfordton, on the 30th day of September, 1901, and answer or demur to the petition on file, or the petitioners will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded. This August 20th, 1901.

M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.
McBrayer & Justice,
Attorneys for Petitioners.

Notice.

By virtue of an order of the Superior court of Rutherford county, made in the special proceedings entitled "W. J. Mode, administrator of B. M. C. Morrow, vs. D. F. Morrow and others, heirs at law of B. M. C. Morrow, deceased," I will, on the

4th day of November, 1901,

sell at public auction at the court house in Rutherfordton, for cash, three undivided elevenths (3-11) interests in fifty-two (52) acres of land, the same being the dower alloted to Mrs. N. H. Morrow, lying on the public road between Forest City and the Island Ford, being the lands on which N. H. Morrow, late of Rutherford county, resided, and now occupied by his widow.

Said three-elevenths (3-11) interest in the fifty-two (52) acres will be sold subject to the life estate of the widow, Mrs. N. H. Morrow, and will be sold to create assets for the payment of debts. This September 20th, 1901.

W. J. MODE, Administrator, of B. M. C. Morrow, deceased.
McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

Money to Lend!

I am now prepared to negotiate loans on improved farming lands on five years time in Cleveland or Rutherford counties on decidedly better terms than I have been able to do heretofore. Persons desiring loans on improved farming lands will please call on me in person and bring with them their title deeds. This October 1st, A. D. 1901.

ROBERT L. RYBURN, Attorney,
o. 3-4 w. Shelby, N. C.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.