

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

COMING TO RUTHERFORDTON.

I PERFORMANCE ONLY!

Afternoon at 2 O'clock
WEDNESDAY, **OCT. 30.**

**THE ONLY BIG SHOW,
THE ONLY CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE
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500 MEN, WOMEN AND HORSES IN THE CAST.

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- Elephant and Camel Races, Man against Horse Races, Two-Horse Tandem Races, High Jumping Horse Races, Two and Four-Horse Chariot Races, Two and Four-Horse Standing Races.

Grand - Free - \$300,000 - Street - Parade.

5 Bands of Music, Fifes and Drum Corps, Chime of Bells, 50 Cars and Gilded Dens, 29 Tableau Cars, 12 Traps, 300 Thoroughbred Horses, 60 Miniature Ponies, Steam Callope drawn by 40 Ponies and driven by one man.
2 HERDS OF ELEPHANTS.
Excursions on all Lines of Travel.
RUTHERFORDTON, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle
By Brigadier General
CHARLES KING
Copyright, 1901, by Charles King.

And so there was a certain reaction in favor of Langdon. Some of the rifles resigned their warrants, secured their discharges and then set to work to raise another company for Langdon to drill. The men were easily found. Seventy stalwart young fellows signed the petition and brought it to Langdon to add his name. Then it went to the governor. There were vacancies in the regiment. A company was mustered in at Neosho; another, made up mainly of farmer boys, at Gannison Junction. But some strange event in the future seemed against the work of the Brentwood Light guard. The petition hung fire. State Senator Suplee and Representative Carter said that they would see to it that the Light guard was duly admitted, but they didn't.

CHAPTER XI.
There are two kinds of men who deserve to be held in abhorrence—those who are forever saying mean things about their fellows and those forever hearing them. The first are active mischief makers, the second passive. The first are generally regarded as the more dangerous and objectionable. But as the result of some 20 years' study I am constrained to believe the worst. The first has at least the courage of his convictions and says what he is mean enough to think. The second lacks even that degree of personal pluck and, not daring to say the slander himself, gives it birth under the cloak of "I heard."

How many of you who read have failed to meet the man who draws his chair close to yours and confidentially begins: "Say, what's this about Jimmy Rush? Now, I was told last night by a man in position to know," etc. Ask him who the man is, and he shrinks and says mysteriously "He's a—well, I promised not to mention his name, but he's a gentleman. It was told me confidentially." The source is always intangible, but in nine cases out of ten you can safely bet your last dollar the informant never existed and your hopes of eternity that if he did, he wasn't a gentleman. Gentlemen do not circulate slander.

It was the fall of 1881 that I found myself climbing back to my quarters at Pawnee, and the political equilibrium by pulling them down. Captain Nathan got back to Pawnee to find himself in bad odor. Terrance, who would gladly have done a soldier's duty had he been permitted, was involved, through his intimacy with Nathan. In Nathan's growing unpopularity, Terrance, who had had to serve as Nathan's adjutant, now had to largely to shoulder a section of Nathan's obloquy. Woodrow escaped because Nathan accused him of rank insubordination, and the youngster, with Rodney May and others to back him, as much as told Nathan he hoped he would prefer charges and have him tried by court martial. A most unhappy state of affairs was sprung on the batteries at Pawnee, and the politely veiled compulsion of the cavalry was something that made the gunners swear. Two or three troops under Channing and Stryker had done tip-top service during the riots. Infantry from Omaha and Leavenworth had saved hundreds of thousands of dollars in property and covered the soldiers with credit for cool, even temper, fortitude and resolute work. Everywhere had the regulars won unstinted praise from all law-abiding citizens except that one misshapen little battalion at Brentwood, and nothing prevented a court of inquiry but the feeling that, for the sake of the cloth, the whole thing were best ignored or forgotten.

An error of judgment was laid at Nathan's door, but nothing more serious. And old "Cat," who secretly sympathized with Woodrow, was instructed to release the lad from arrest, with the caution to hold his tongue and temper in the future. Then Melville was sent south at the urgent advice of the doctors, and by tacit consent Pawnee ceased discussion of Nathan's failure.

But great was the speculation among the guardsmen of Nebraska, and wide spread was the story of Mr. Langdon's prowess, and keen was the ridicule at the expense of the Brentwood rifles and the rejoicing over the triumph of the Grays. Great was the applause that greeted Langdon's soldier pupils when they bore away the prize and Langdon on their shoulders and great was still the grief with which, a few weeks later, it was learned that the Big Horn had held that gentleman accountable for the robbery of its safe at Brentwood and discharged him from the service of the road.

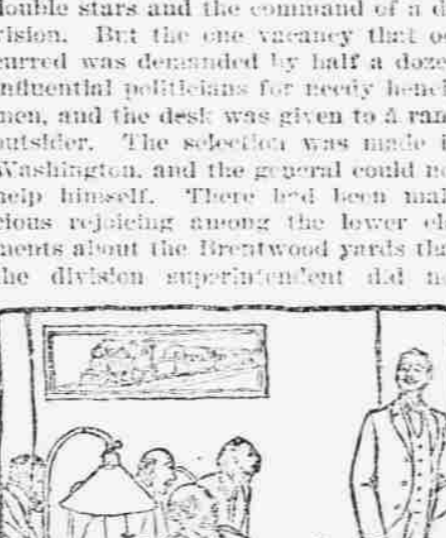
And this takes us back to "hearers" at Pawnee. "I heard," said Captain Nathan confidentially to the new post commander six months after the riot, and not six days after the receipt of the latest news from Nebraska—"I heard from a source that can't be questioned that the real reason was that he had been peacocking for months, and the robbery was to conceal his own stealings." "I heard," whispered Terrance in the confidences begotten of Burgundy to Major Snicker of the staff, "that he had blown in over \$2,000 in a bucket shop in Chicago, and detectives had been on to him for weeks." All manner of things detrimental to Langdon had Nathan and his few satellites heard in the same way, and all they did hear and much more they did not was duly communicated to such as would listen, who were, for the most part, few. It was Nathan's habit to suggest that turned the local opinion against the absent and the case and incidentally a pretty penny for their informant, as the tradesmen sold their claims to him for 60 cents on the dollar, and so confessed to Melville long weeks later.

"I heard," said Terrance, "that old Sharp ordered Langdon away from Sherman and sent the sergeant of the guard to see him off the reservation." "I heard," said Nathan, "that Dr. Armstrong gave him warning that if he wasn't off the post before morning gun-fire he'd give the whole story of his maltreatment of his wife to the papers, and that's what started him."

And now there was no Melville to stand his friend at Pawnee, for the major was emigrating at the seashore, slowly regaining health and strength, and buds like Rodney May and Woodrow had neither mark nor years sufficient to carry influence. And now, worse luck, there was none to befriend him at Chicago, for Channing, a sorely stricken man, had been taken to a sanitarium in the mountains. Summoned to the offices of the general manager and handed up before a new king who knew not Joseph, Langdon could only sadly say he could throw no light on the robbery whatever. Two clerks, one of them the son of the division superintendent, knew the combination. One of them knew there was upward of \$300 in the safe when Langdon went down to Gannison, as usual, on Friday evening.

"Had he gone on railway business?" was the question. "No; not this time—solely to instruct the Gannison company," was the frank reply. Mr. Channing's secretary told of Langdon's letter appealing for aid to meet the payment of \$350. The station master at Gannison described Langdon's nervousness the night of the robbery; told of him twice leaving his coach and going out and pacing the platform, and Langdon was informed by a curt note that he need not return to Brentwood—his services would no longer be required.

And now there set in a revulsion of feeling at Brentwood as the summer wore on. The rifles found that Terrance's money and social position had failed to compensate for the loss of Langdon's skill, experience and guiding hand. The company was falling to pieces. The Grays at Gannison held a meeting and passed resolutions of sympathy and confidence and, going down into their shallow pockets, sent Langdon a check for \$100 and a letter that he read with swimming eyes. The Brentwood Banner, that had abused and wronged him in the winter, came out in a vigorous editorial, penned by Armstrong, wherein the lance brand of the Big Horn was heralded through Nebraska, and marked copies were sent to Langdon, who was seeking a clerkship in the quartermaster's department at Chicago, for the Gray Fox had been promoted to the double stars and the command of a division. But the one vacancy that occurred was demanded by half a dozen influential politicians for needy householders, and the desk was given to a rank outsider. The selection was made in Washington, and the general could not help himself. There had been malicious rejoicing among the lower elements about the Brentwood yards that the division superintendent did not



"Pray do not strain yourself in the effort," Mr. Barclay said.

seem to deprecate. His son had stepped into Langdon's place, but wise heads and old hands among the men declared that he'd never fill his shoes. Then came a queer thing—a note from the general superintendent of the Seattle, asking Langdon to call. He did and was again tendered the office at Sioux City.

"A proof," said the superintendent, "of Mr. Barclay's magnanimity. He tendered it in spite of the rumors affecting Mr. Langdon's integrity, not to mention Mr. Langdon's open discourtesy. In fact, Mr. Barclay wished to see Mr. Langdon and talk it over." Langdon went. He had sent most of his hundred dollars to pay off pressing debts and was in sore need. He waited full two hours before the magnate would see him, and then Barclay, sitting back in his chair and tendering neither hand nor seat, but in very distant and patronizing tone, informed Langdon that if he saw fit to make a written application for the position and could furnish bonds the Seattle "might be disposed to consider it." Two or three directors were with the airy manager at the moment and were curiously studying the pale faced, thin checked man who had lured the mob and saved the Big Horn. They stared after him in amazement and then in silence at one another as Langdon made his brief reply, turned on his heel and left the room.

"Pray do not strain yourself in the effort," Mr. Barclay said. I will not make application and should not furnish bonds if I did. That was one offer declined. Then came another. The managing editor of The Palladium sent for Langdon and asked him if he had ever done any newspaper work and Langdon said

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[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]