The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 45. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1901. $1.00 A YEAR.

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.

Ever since the first appearance of my menses I have been very irregular and I suffered a great pain in my side, back, abdomen and legs, with terrible bearing down pains at the menses. During the past month I have been taking a bottle of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed a very painful period without pain for the first time in 3 years. NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible monthly pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhœa, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice in case of chronic or other complaints, write to "Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., 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 8th 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 said administrator, and commissioner named in said decree, will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton to the highest bidder on

Monday, December 2nd, 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 Rutherford county on the waters of Cathey's and Chimney creeks and adjoins lands following to the estate of John A. Justice, deceased, and is a part of what is known as the "Justice place" on Cathey's creek, which place lies adjoining the lands of Alex Forney, Mrs. Murphy and the Bedman Corr lands. One 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 Cathey's creek, bounded by the lands of Mrs. Mary Morris, Alex Forney and others and adjoins the other above mentioned 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 another partition of division among the heirs at law and tenants in common, and one-half of purchase price is to be paid in hand and balance in 6 months. The above described are the lands and subject some of the finest bottom lands in Rutherford county. There is about [illegible] of timber on the land. This November 5, 1901. GEO. C. JUSTICE, Administrator and Commissioner.

Notice.

On Monday the 2d day of December, 1901, I will sell at public auction at the court house door in Rutherfordton, N. C., the following parcels of land containing from [illegible] acres, being a part of the lands known as the Boswell-Bostic lands. One parcel containing about [illegible] and the other about 40 acres and the balance of the 40 acres.

The said lands will be sold under a decree of the Superior Court of Rutherford county, for the purpose of creating assets with which to pay debts against said estate, and will be offered first in separate lots and afterwards as a whole, and will be sold in that way that the lands may bring the best price. One-third of the purchase price will be required on the day of sale and one-third on the first day of February, 1902, and the remaining one-third on the first day of [illegible], the two deferred payments to bear interest from date of sale and to be secured by notes with approved security. The title will be retained until purchase money is fully paid.

Plats or maps of said lands with full description may be seen by calling on the undersigned. J. F. FLACK, Ad'mr. of W. S. Hill, deceased. McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice!

By virtue of an order issuing from the Probate court of the county of Rutherford, in the special proceedings entitled "B. F. Harris, administrator of J. P. Tate, deceased, vs. Lou Tate, Edna Tate and others," I will sell on the premises near Floyd's Creek church for one-half cash on

Saturday, December 7th, 1901,

about 50 acres of valuable farming lands adjoining the lands of Lancaster, Patent, Hicks 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: One-half the purchase money to be paid in cash, the balance on a credit of twelve months to bear interest from date of sale. This November 4th, 1901.

B. G. HAWKINS, Administrator of J. P. Tate. 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, Shelby, N. C.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General CHARLES KING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles King.

CHAPTER XVI.

A problem that had worried "Cat" was just how he should treat Langdon when he came to camp. It was the duty of officers visiting within its limits to call upon the commander unless they happened to be his senior in rank. But "Cat" went further. He considered it to be the duty of even civilians to show their appreciation of his station, a case of mistaken judgment, since the average American civilian shows respect to nobody except a woman, and not too much to her. "Cat" considered that Langdon would call, accompanied by Melville, when he could invite them both to dine. But Langdon didn't come and didn't call. He had been bidden to spend a week with Melville and go with him and a party on a four days' picnic in the hills. Langdon's answer reached Melville the day before the start. He would join them on the picnic, but as yet thought best not to visit camp. Melville's orderly met him with a spare horse at War Bonnet Station, and a day's ride northward by way of Buffalo Gap brought him at sunset into the midst of a joyous gathering. Woodrow and Rodney May had even galloped out ten miles to meet and guide him in.

"It's just our own crowd, Eric!" said Rodney joyously. "We'd be like old times if we only had Hurricane here." And Langdon, who somehow had half expected to find Santley and possibly Channing of the party, felt instant

They at once came tumbling to meet Langdon.

sense of relief, yet hardly liked to own it even to himself. Santley he cared little about, but Channing had stood his friend and served him well. Why should he not have welcomed Channing's presence? Why should he secretly rejoice that Channing was not here?

With the old accustomed salute and with joy in their honest eyes a brace of battery men sprang to aid him as the little party dismounted in a lovely glade among the crested hills. White tents gleamed among the pines in the setting sun. Dogs and children, with loud acclaim, came tumbling to meet him. Melville, glad and genial, linked his arm in that of his guest and led him to the campfire. Two sturdy young Melvilles climbed and twined about his legs and beat him lustily upon the back as the ladies arose to greet him. Mrs. Melville with frankly extended hand, while Ethel Grahame, looking the picture of health and serenity in a jersey waist and Tam O'Shanter, clamped a huge earthen bowl in one rounded arm and presented a spoonful of stew, her soft cheek dimpling, her white teeth gleaming between the ripe red lips. Langdon bowed over Mrs. Melville's hand and bent both knees in abortive attempt to sip the contents of the spoon, a difficult feat without the aid of the youngsters and one that only resulted on their part in a climbing race for his back and on his to still further prostration. It was just as well for Channing's peace of mind that he had not been included in the family plan. It might have been better had not that plan likewise omitted Santley, who had found means to get away from battery duties and to take the 20 mile ride into the heart of the hills on the trail of his hopes and, sitting in saddle at the edge of the glade, to look on at this pretty picture and then turn and curse the folly that had led him thither. Others might welcome Langdon; he could and would not. Neither could he spend the night, as he had planned, in Melville's camp. In bitterness of spirit he rode back a dozen miles to a miner's cabin, and Torrance was his confidant when at noon next day he returned to duty and reported what he had seen.

Five evenings later the whole command, six troops of horses and two field batteries, were grooming at the picket ropes along under the edge of the mesa, and Torrance, in natty undress uniform, riding whip in hand, was sauntering up and down watching the work of his men, when he became aware of eager glances and mutterings. The tap, tap of currycomb and brush went on as steadily, but heads kept bobbing up and gazing over the brown backs of his strong gun teams, and, glancing about to see what it meant, Torrance became aware of a sight that sent him presently to the opposite side of his line. Strolling down the slope, talking volubly, came the colonel, his dogs tumbling about him, as usual, his orderly following primly at his allotted distance, Melville, calm, courteous and dignified as ever, listening with all outward appearance of serene interest on one side, and on the other, lithe, spare and erect, lookingly marvelously unlike the sad, jaded, hopeless man who left their midst the second year before, clad now in trim camping garb, strode Eric Langdon. When D battery broke ranks half an hour later, three rousing cheers rang out on the evening air, and Torrance sent for his first sergeant.

"What made the men cheer?" he asked, and the sergeant was imperturbable.

"I couldn't say, sir. They just broke out when we broke ranks. Reckon they felt good, sir."

"Look here, Sergeant Flynn," said Torrance, "men don't cheer in unison without somebody to give the word. Who gave it and what for?"

"Sergeant Ramsey gave it, sir. He didn't say what for."

"He didn't have to," was what the veteran was within an inch of saying.

"This thing's got to stop," said Torrance sternly. "You know as well as I it was because of—of Mr. Langdon's being here, and such demonstrations are disrespectful to the colonel."

"The colonel didn't hear it, sir. He'd gone home."

"He'll hear of it and hold me responsible," said Torrance angrily. "Not only that, but I observed men saluting when they spoke to Mr. Langdon. That's all wrong."

The battery sergeant ground his heels together and his teeth, but held his peace.

"You know, a dismissed officer's entitled to no such honors," said Torrance. "Just order it stopped. You may go." And Flynn turned away, thinking things he could not say. Langdon spent that night at Melville's tent and was to leave for the railway after breakfast in the morning. Before breakfast he and Ethel Grahame were strolling slowly up the shaded pathway in the north ravine. The brook came tumbling down its rocky bed to their right, and half a mile out they met a little squad of battery men, with the familiar "D" upon their hats. They were carrying tempting little strings of trout. Two of them glanced at Langdon, reddened, half raised their right hands, dropped them and gazed awkwardly away. They were his own old men. Then they met a third, who looked squarely at him and raised his hat as courteously as a Virginian and stood aside to let them by. A few rods farther on two others, fishing from the bank, turned and gazed, then glanced quickly at each other and exchanged grins. These last were strangers—men who had come into the battery after he had left it, a rather ill favored pair. There was no reason why they should salute; there were reasons why they should not. But, on the other hand, a courteous and respectful demeanor should have been observed if for no other reason than the presence of a woman, a member of the major's household. But it pleased these two young cubs, only recently from the streets of some eastern city, to titter audibly and follow the pair with impertinent glances. Langdon could not but see it, and his soul rose up in wrath. Miss Grahame, too, had not failed to notice a thing so utterly unlike the pleased, smiling manner of the veteran soldiers whenever the garrison ladies happened to pass their way. Eager to dissemble, as though she had not seen, Ethel plunged instantly into enthusiastic comment on the view before them. It was indeed a lovely scene, but Langdon's soul was not within him. The indignity was as much to her as to him. He half turned, as though intending to step back and accost them. She read his purpose and with quick movement placed herself before him.

"Oh, just look at that vine!" she cried, pointing to a climbing plant among the rocks across the tumbling brook, then, all smiling confidence, beamed upon the fishing twain. "Oh, could you reach me a spray of that? I'll thank you so much."

No answer. With broad, blue flannel backs ostentatiously turned toward the speaker, the two young fellows hung their heads, slyly glanced at each other and giggled again. It was more than Langdon could stand. Springing past her, standing stunned and aggrieved at such boorishness—the first and only evidence of ill will she ever saw among the soldiery—he was upon them in an instant.

"Out of the way, you hulking brutes!" he ordered, low and stern, as he laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the nearest.

"I don't have to," sneered the fellow. "You ain't givin orders here," and went spinning backward at the instant, hurled by all the force Langdon's arm could muster. It wasn't too much. His old training stood him in good stead, but practice had been stopped by the wound of the previous winter, and in another moment he realized that he had two ruffians to deal with and was alone, unarmed. Ethel Grahame's shriek of terror rang through the ravine as the two sprang at their helpless victim and bore him down among the rocks. The next instant a tall young soldier bounded past her and hurled himself upon the topmost assailant. It was the lad they rescued from the street blackguards that night at Brentwood. Then, from behind a screening ledge of rock stepped another figure. "This is no place for you, Miss Grahame," said a voice she recognized at once. "Let me escort you home." And Lieutenant Santley laid a hand upon her wrist. For answer she shook him off, sprang forward, dipped her handkerchief in the rushing waters and, quickly turning, placed it upon Langdon's temple, as, dizzy and somewhat dazed and breathless, he rose from the ground, the blood trickling from a little gash in his forehead. One of the attacking party, furiously struggling, was being pinned to earth by Langdon's rescuer. The other, wet and bedraggled, stood shivering in the grasp of big Sergeant Ramsey, who shook him furiously and demanded was he drunk or crazy.

"I'm obeyin orders," was the sullen, abject answer.

"Whose order, you b[illegible]" howled Ramsey, with an [illegible]

For answer the woe be[illegible] dropped his eyes and writhed miserably in the grasp at his collar. "Whose orders, I say? Answer, or I'll shake the life out of you!" And in mingled appeal and reproach the fellow looked furtively about until his eyes rested upon his lieutenant.

"It's a lie!" cried Santley.

CHAPTER XVII.

The firm of Cresswell & Langdon, attorneys and counselors at law, to use the diction of the dramatic papers, "opened to good business" in Brentwood, and its fame spread beyond the Red Water valley. One thing about it was objectionable to the junior member from the start. The Seattle had by this time "subsidized" Cresswell and limited the sphere of usefulness of the concern. Langdon had no reason to love the management of either road, but that of the Seattle was especially obnoxious. Men with just claims against that company could not look to him for legal aid, and he would have been less than human had he not cared in such cases to appear rather for the plaintiff than the defendant. The road had its regular staff, of course, and kept it busy day and night. A railroad lawyer may be paid a salary no superintendent can aspire to, but he earns it and must see to it that local talent along the line is not too often arrayed against him. "You're too quixotic, Langdon," said even his big hearted, big framed, big voiced Kentucky friend. "You're too much given to kicking against the pricks. That's no way to get ahead in life!"

Langdon was poring over some papers at the moment and turned in his revolving chair and looked up with a quizzical smile. Gray hairs were sprouting at his temples, and two or three appeared in the thick growth of his mustache; lines and crows feet were digging underneath his fine, clear eyes, but he was looking the world in the face now. He had his start and sought no favors. "You are thinking of which case now?" he asked, and there were two of Langdon's eccentricities the senior never ceased to twit him about. One was the celebrated trial of the United States versus Santley, when that distinguished officer was brought to book by an irate colonel of cavalry because of sensational stories growing out of the ravine episode; the other was the arraignment of a former assistant in the M. V. office at Brentwood as accessory in the safe robbery that had resulted in Langdon's discharge. Santley's trial came off long months after the occurrence that led to it, for that story at the time was known to but one woman and half a dozen men, but with a host of vivid embellishments was spread broadcast during the

A tall young soldier bounded past her.

winter when one of the "toughs," whose life had been made almost a burden to him when the story gradually made its way about the battery, concluded that desertion was better than persecution and turned up in Chicago with a pitiful tale of wrong and oppression, abuse and tyranny in the regular army. There was something at bottom as the fellow told it, for investigation developed that they had assaulted Langdon, that they had provoked his wrath and that they had insisted that they were obeying Santley's orders. They swore to it, in fact, and it might have gone hard with Santley, all things considered, had not Langdon himself journeyed to Pawnee, testified to the exact manner and language of the pair and then so aided Santley in his defense that the slanderers were confounded in open court. It was established that Santley had merely cautioned the members of the battery that they were to pay no more attention to Mr. Langdon than to any other civilian, and his accusers broke down when cross examined as to the time, place and circumstances under which he had given them further and specific instructions. It spoiled a newspaper sensation and saved a commission. But Santley was sore hurt. Everybody knew he was deeply smitten with Ethel Grahame and had not prospered in his suit.

Many knew that there was only one man who could set him right before the court, and that was the last man he could ask to do so, and few had any inkling of the plan of the defense when as a guest of Major Melville Mr. Langdon appeared at Pawnee little more than two years after his expulsion therefrom, looking very well groomed and fed for a man "picked up out of the Chicago street," as the Nathans had said, two winters before, very calm and dignified in manner, very glad to see Rodney May and Woodrow, very cordial to Channing and his cavalry chums, very courteous to Santley and most civil to Colonel and Mrs. Cat. Nathan and Torrance he never seemed to see, and during his 48 hours' sojourn at the post both those warriors were much occupied with home duties. All Pawnee, however, was aware of [illegible] that Miss Grahame and Lawyer Langdon had gone out riding toward the afternoon of the second day, and Miss Grahame's eyes and color were something beautiful to see as she slid from saddle with just a touch of her slender, shapely hand on Langdon's shoulder as he assisted her to dismount. Everybody else at Melville's was out of sight at the moment, but there were spectators galore up and down the row and on other piazzas, despite the chill air of the close of a winter's day. It was perhaps the consciousness of this display of garrison interest that prompted that very independent young woman to turn at the fence and accost him once more, thereby causing him to leave the horses to the care of Bugler Kerry and to follow her to the steps and stand there, looking up into her glowing face, with the slant of the setting sunbeams illuminating his own clear cut, soldierly visage. "Looks to me," said Captain Cannon to his better half, "much as though Nathan's malevolence meant Langdon's ultimate bliss." And as Cannon was one of the very many of Ethel Grahame's appreciators it was proper that Mrs. Cannon should promptly point out to him the detrimental side, which she did.

"What good will it do him? She hasn't a penny, and he has nothing but his debts."

"Some women, my dear," said the big gunner oracularly, "are treasures without a penny. As for Langdon's debts," he added, with a sigh, "I wish I saw as clear a sky ahead"—a speech which ruined the serenity of Mrs. Cannon's usually sunny temper as much as a week, and Cannon's coffee was cold and streaky on the morrow. That visit was quite the episode of midwinter at Pawnee in ways more than one. Nathan, Torrance and Santley, who had been quite a close community, had a flare up of some kind and parted company. This was quixotism No. 1—this trip to Pawnee and to the defense of Lieutenant Santley, according to Cresswell's views. He was for a duel when first the story of Santley's malignant persecution of his new partner reached his ears. It was nearly a vain effort for Langdon to tell him the story was grossly exaggerated. It had all the elements of probability, said Cresswell, and he hardly knew what to make of Langdon's indifference. Then, several months later still, as the result of Cresswell's persistent proddings, there were indications that the M. V. people were actually bestirring themselves over that old safe business, and one April morning Brentwood was excited by the story that young Frewen, an English lad whose father had died in the service of the road a x years before, was behind the bars awaiting trial on charge of being the safe robber. This was certainly not what Cresswell had been working for. He believed that Betts junior was the man, as he had the safe combination and access to the office at all hours. Frewen had neither. Brett senior was "up the road" the night preceding the discovery of the loss, and Langdon had been in the office alone for an hour after the money was placed in the drawer and before he took the evening train for Garrison. The officers of the road at the time seemed certain that [illegible] pointed to Langdon, but it [illegible] later that every cent be had [illegible] could otherwise be accounted for. [illegible] Betts was something of a swell in his way, a gallant among the Brentwood girls, but he had spent no money beyond that which he received as salary and that "given him by his father," which statement the senior confirmed. For a time it looked as though the thief had been scared into hiding his plunder and was waiting until the hue and cry was over before unearthing and using it. Frewen was a shy, quiet little fellow who lived [illegible] his widowed mother and gave her [illegible] of his scanty salary, but he was in love with a pretty Brentwood girl, who favored his suit at first, but tired of the prospect of a long engagement and began tormenting him by going occasionally with Betts and others to evening entertainments. Frewen was jealous and unhappy awhile, and then came a change. He returned from a brief visit to Omaha, appeared for the first time in his life in stylish raiment and began to cut a dash in social circles, joined the rifles, then in the heyday of their fame and fortune, and took pretty Aileen to parties where Betts was not even bidden, and in April came the crash. It would have lifted the last prestige of suspicion from Langdon's name had Frewen been convicted, but he wasn't, for Langdon, his captain, turned to and proved him innocent. It was a simple matter. The contemplation of her boy's misery had been too much for even a grasping and parsimonious woman. Mrs. Frewen had money stored away that she had scraped and saved for years, but denied, fearing that the pension paid her by the road would be stopped if ever the management found she was fairly well to do. Langdon's almost laughing development of that case was a joy to the Brentwood yarn spinners for long months later, but it put "the road" in bad light, notably the house of Betts, and won him more enmity. Therefore did Cresswell call him contumacious and quixotic. Both Betts and both roads were arrayed against him now, and Cresswell fretted. What was he to do with a partner who made enemies among the seats of the mighty and would not truckle to the Mammon of unrighteousness? Langdon saw unerringly what was passing in the senior's mind and that summer told him so. "You have been a good friend to me, and I must not hamper your hopes and plans, colonel," said he. "If you should be nominated for congress, I'll take the stump for you. If not, they need active lawyers in the far northwest, where the road is pushing through the Idaho mines. I'll swing my shingle out there."

Two things happened to add force to the project. For the very reason that his opponents proved him to be a "corporation lawyer" the farmers and artisans joined forces against Cresswell, and he failed to capture the convention, a man of far inferior mold becoming the nominee for congress. It soured the Kentuckian more than a little, yet was exactly what Langdon had prophesied. No elder likes to see the power to say "I told you so" in the hands of a junior partner. Langdon discreetly said nothing except in answer to his senior's remarks. He was having an experience of his own.

The command of the regiment to which the rifles were assigned as Company C had been vested in a veteran of the civil war who once knew something of old time tactics, but could not master the new. In June the regiment was under canvas and such instructions as the colonel could give it for an entire week, and the whole organization could see that the Brentwood and Gunnison companies that had had the advantage of Langdon's coaching were head and shoulders above the rest. One day the colonel was ill, and the lieutenant colonel was suddenly confronted by a possibility he had never contemplated, that of having to drill the battalion. Camp was to be inspected next day by a "regular." There would surely be a review, with the whole countryside out to see and scores of fellows from other regiments to criticise. It ended in Captain Langdon's being asked to "act" as commanding officer, which he did with consummate ease and gave them hours of such "coaching" as they'd never had and more all the afternoon and following morning, to the end that the eight companies passed a surprisingly creditable inspection, and their review was the best given by any of the state forces that summer. The old colonel resigned at the close of the camp, the lieutenant colonel waived promotion, the officers signed a paper asking that Langdon be made colonel, and then some of them privately told the adjutant general they did so because they "couldn't say no, exactly," and yet were opposed to the idea. They might well be, because they knew their incapacity and felt that Langdon would soon be after them with a sharp stick.

The two roads, through their representatives, had also something to say. Mr. Langdon was a brave officer and all that, a good man to have at hand in time of trouble, but one who would probably make more trouble than he could cure. Again, the executive found that there was an undercurrent among the political soldiers and the management of the roads inimical to Langdon's advancement. Election was coming on. Campaign funds were needed. "Put away the sword; states can be saved without it," was something any statesman could say, from Richelieu down, but where was the statesman who could say states could be saved without money? The governor knew that personally and professionally Langdon was the man of all others for that promotion, but he gave it to the major, a gentleman who didn't know a cartridge from a cat-o'-nine tails, and that autumn in an editorial genuine in its regret The Banner referred to the removal from their midst of the law firm of Cresswell & Langdon. It was understood that brilliant prospects awaited the gentlemen comprising it in the field of their new operations—the rapidly developing region of the mines and forests of the far northwest. It was understood that they had already secured their office in the heart of the great lumber district of the Columbias and that, except in memory, Nebraska would know them no more. That winter Cresswell & Langdon were enrolled among the taxpayers of Spartanville. Another year, and the Kentuckian was in his element and the legislature [illegible] Langdon stuck to the desk and to courts until once again importuned by men who knew his deeds in Nebraska to take the head of a stalwart company of far northwestern militiamen. "Good gracious, Langdon," said Cresswell, "haven't you wasted enough time in that thankless work? What good do you ever expect to get out of it?"

"Two goods, colonel," said Langdon tranquilly. "One is that I am paying the nation for my education; another, gaining for myself a hold among the men from whom the nation must find her soldiers next time she goes to battle. It's got to come, and when it does I go out at the head of a regiment and not the tail of a battery. Mark you that!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The firm of Cresswell & Langdon, attorneys and counselors at law, had moved to the capital. The title of colonel, so long and so gracefully worn by the senior member, had given way to that of judge and had perched, eagles and all, upon the shoulders of his martial junior. In a great commonwealth of the far northwest men of brain, brawn and energy were not long lacking work, and as the years rolled on and Langdon gained confidence with constant practice in the courts there came a time when he could have wished for greater opportunity for study. "Give up your tin soldiering," growled the judge. "Here you are going on 40 and wasting three or four evenings a week fooling round with a lot of boys playing with swords and guns." And still Langdon smiled the same quiet, quizzical smile, passed his long, slim fingers back through the thinning crop of dark hair, all silvered now, as was the trooper mustache, and laughed up at his partly senior and said, "I'm just beginning to enjoy it." Bugles galore were sounded along the valley of the North American Amazon. Infantry at Vancouver, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene, cavalry at Boise and Walla Walla, gunners at the big forts along the coast, and the old regiment had come again to the Pacific and Melville, with silver leaves instead of gold upon his "rectangles," was commanding at the stone fortress in the bay, and Nathan, rejoicing in the proximity of San Francisco, and May and Woodrow, in their first lieutenancies, all had

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

Sinking Spells,

fainting, smothering, palpitation, pain in left side, shortness of breath, irregular or intermittent pulse and retarded circulation all come from a weak or defective heart. Overcome these faults by building up the heart-muscles and making the heart-nerves strong and vigorous. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is the remedy to use. It is the best.

"I would have spells when I would get weak and faint and my heart would seem to stop beating, then it would beat very hard. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and when I had used twelve bottles my heart was all right." MRS. J. L. TAYLOR, Owensboro, Ky.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

is a heart and blood tonic of unequaled power and never fails to benefit if taken in time. Sold by druggists on guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on September 30th, 1901.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts,	$22,078.44
Overdrafts	146.09
Furniture and Fixtures,	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers,	3,878.50
Cash on hand,	4,330.74
Revenue on hand,	9.31
Total	$31,542.08
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock,	$30,000.00
Undivided profits,	975.62
Deposits subject to checks,	27,500.46
Cashier's checks,	10.00
Total,	$31,542.08

I, J. F. Flack, cashier of The Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, do solemnly swear the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. F. FLACK, Cashier.

State of N. C., Rutherford County.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1901.

M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.

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, December 2nd, 1901,

about 75 acres of valuable farming lands lying on the waters of Cathey's creek, adjoining the lands of Rollins, J. A. Parham and others. The said lands being the same on which S. C. Padgett 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 November 4th, 1901.

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

Notice!

On Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1901, I will sell at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Rutherfordton, N. C., the following tract parcel of land lying near Poplar station known as the James G. Roberson lands, adjoining the lands of A. L. Grant, Marcus Padgett and others. A tract containing [illegible] more or less. This tract of land will be sold subject to the dower rights of Mrs. Ina Roberson. The land will be sold for partition among the heirs of J. G. Roberson, deceased. This November 4th, 1901.

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

Notice.

T. M. Lynch, the undersigned, administrator of J. R. Lynch, deceased, will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton on Monday, November 25th, for cash at public auction all notes and accounts and other evidences of debt belonging to the estate of said deceased, remaining in his hands undischarged. This sale is under order of court. This November 4th, 1901.

T. M. LYNCH, Administrator. Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.