

# The Rutherfordton Tribune.

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## TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle  
By Brigadier General  
CHARLES KING

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Not until among the last regiments to reach the islands did the Second Columbia appear, and in December and were pushed forward to the eastward suburb in support of the First brigade, for insurgent cannon frowned from the unprotected lines along the Concedida, and 30,000 swarthy, scowling soldiers surrounded and hemmed in the slender force of invaders. All too late the government found its little army of occupation for once unprepared and sternly met at Manila and on the beach of the island. But long before the first could reach the shores of Luzon the blow had fallen. Aguirre had dashed his devoted followers upon the sandy banks in blue and regular and uniform, the two little divisions about the beleaguered city were grappling with the overwhelming force of Tagalogs.

And in the dark hour just before the dawn that radiant and most eventful Sunday of the first week in February a strange thing happened. Away out along the crowded estuary of the Concedida, fronting on the left the dim, gray stone walls of Santa Ana and on the right the inhospitable thicket or well high impassable swamp, the thin line of the First division stretched from the Pasig at Pundac point far across to old Fort San Antonio, on the bay, officers and men alike waiting and paying for the word that was to loose them from the trench and let them go in furious rush upon the swarms of dusky women who since 3 o'clock had been pouring in hot fire from the shelter of their stone and earthen walls and driving a storm of steel lead upon the unprotected line in blue. In grim subordination they had obeyed the orders that forbade their turning a shade of earth for counter reinforcements lest the natives, who for weeks had been building redoubts and planting cannon, should accuse the Americans of hostile intent. Loyal to their duty and obedient of instructions that were hard to appreciate or understand, they had borne the brunt of the storm and seen some of their best and bravest swept away, but ground their teeth and gripped their Springfield's harder and took heart in the promise passed along the crouching line: "Our time will come, lads. Wait till broad daylight."

And now it was nearly 5, and from the shelter of old earthen walls and mounds across the crooked Tripa the Tagal rifles were pouring in heavy fire on the flank and even the rear of the Americans lying south of the bridge. Every company of the great Evergreen was hotly engaged, and the brigade commander galloped to his reserve, halted among the streets of Paco, then he bowed from the left of the blockhouse at the Krups under the convent walls at Santa Ana. The long rifled breechloaders at Battery Knoll, in rear of the right of the brigade, were sending shrapnel splattering into the bamboo thickets where the insurgent Mangroves were spitefully crackling. Everywhere, as the dawn began to streak the skies above the village roofs, the roar of battle stunned the ears and men hurried overhead, and the deadly hail whistled overhead, and the little native horses, the mounts of the staff and field officers, squealed and bit and kicked in nervous wrath at the unseen, blinding, vicious demons of the air that buzzed about their ears or bit or scored their way along haunch and flank. Behind the stone wall, well within the limits of the eastward suburb, a lieutenant colonel, in natty khaki uniform, had dismounted and was expostulating with his pony as the general galloped by.

"Put two companies in at once on the right of the village, facing that black yonder! What's the matter with your horse, colonel?"

"Scans to be scared, sir. I thought he was hit—he behaved so bad," was the faltering answer.

"Then mount my orderly's. He'll stand anything. You take the colonel's, Hanford," said the chief to the tall boy who rode at his heels. "Lively, now, Nathan, there's not a second to lose! I'll relieve you here with the Washes."

Under the dim light of the street lamps, in the first gray mists of the morning, swinging on the main street in solid sets of fours, came a column of sturdy foot, striding as though burning with eagerness to get into the fight.

"Move your battalion into the side streets, right and left, Colonel Langdon," were the quick orders. "Keep them under shelter till I send for you. Now, then, what's the matter with the Evergreen? They're slow, impatient, intolerant of delay. Here, bring your men through this lane, captain!" And away went the general's protesting pony and a brace of aides-camp, arms at trail, scurrying after them afoot. Something delayed their field officer—straps too long or too short. He was fiercely tugging at the leather on one side, his orderly bugler on the other. "The little steed with which he had experienced such unaccountable difficulties displayed astonishing agility and zeal the moment the boy orderly straddled him and darted away on the trail of the Columbus without so much as a protest. Drawn up within a little walled inclosure the caissons of the mountain guns stood sheltered from the Mausers whistling overhead from the blazing front. A

squad or eager drivers, crouching by the gate, snickered at the sight across the narrow way. "Nathan's very particular just where that hole's got to be punched," jeered a grizzled driver who had served in the old battery.

"Particular not to get one in his own hide, you mean?" laughed a mate. "Where's his colonel, anyhow?"

"Over at the right. Nathan only had four companies. Here comes Wasiole now." And then at the right front, beyond the village walls, a mad cheer went up to the skies, followed by a crashing volley. The Columbus had burst from the thickets at the edge of the suburb and made their dash to the banks of the stream. Oh, that they could only cross it and drive the link-ling foe with dripping bayonets! But still the stern mandate came from the distant rear, "Defend, but don't advance beyond the line." Another instant and another cheer, ringing, hearty, spontaneous, went up among the teams and caissons of the battery, and the commander of the advancing regiment, landing in surprise at the sound of his own name, turned, saw the smiling, eagerly faces under the dim light of the street lamp and, half shaking a gauntleted fist, raised his cap and saluted and greeted and appreciated.

A moment later, his battalions carefully disposed, one on each side of the highway, under cover of the walls, the colonel turned his active little mount across the way, and "old hands" of Pavois days and the lieutenant they knew and honored in the batteries faced each other under fire, and Langdon was grasping the heavy lists of men who were humble commenters the day they lifted up their voices in parting shout for the "best officer in Battery D." Again came the crash of volleys from the right front and the shriek of a Krupp shell overhead, and a staff officer came spurting back from the blockhouse up the highway. "Colonel Nathan here?" he shouted loud, impatiently. "A dozen volleys answered, a dozen hammers indicated the war." "The general wants you at the footbridge at once, sir," were the added words, and there was but scant respect in the tone. There was utter scorn of the etiquette of the service that demands of a mounted officer that he alight before addressing a senior afoot. Drowning men grasp at straws. Anything to temporize, Nathan seized eagerly the pretext. "If you intend that remark for me, since he says 'you will dismount and convey it with respect,' but the aid had not even stopped to listen. He was spurting swiftly down the line of the Washes crouching at the roadside, and there was marked difference in the tone with which he asked for Colonel Langdon. "Here!" sang the prompt answer as that officer instantly dropped his hat with the gunners and reined out into the road. The red was in the sky, the pallid light of dawn already strong enough to cast forms and figures close at hand, but all men's faces were drawn and grim. There had been long nights of vigil and later the strain of long hours under fire. Two men of the nearest company, close to the highway, turned over on their backs, one with strange anguish in his boyish face, the other, after a moment's struggle, with staring, sightless eyes. Strong arms raised and held them to the refuge of an adjoining wall. Low lying Mangroves had found their fill in the recent fire. "First blood for the Filipino," muttered a grizzled major, with an upward glance at Langdon, who was herding his men like a shepherd with his flock closer within the shelter of the lane. "Aye, but we'll have full satisfaction after sunup," cried the aid-camp, his voice quivering with excitement. "The general is waiting just across the little footbridge to ward the block, sir. You can see all most their entire position from there. He wishes you to join him a moment. I'll guide you."

Along the lane they urged their steeds. A minute's swift trot brought them to the southern outskirts of the village, and the flats of the fields, seemed by little ridges of stiffened mud and streaked by winding estuaries, lay before them—the banks of the main stream, the Tripa, fringed with festing fires. A narrow path ran to the edge of the slough that split the bridge in twain and turned back toward the rearward city. Beyond it dully outlined forms crouched in the open fields behind the firing line of the Columbus. A trail footbridge, thrown up by the engineers, spanned the sluggish tide, and white chips flew from the hand rail as the top was grazed by whistling lead. Under a clump of bamboo at the edge of the lane three bodies were holding a little bunch of horses. The others, drawn themselves from saddle and bending low, sped swiftly out along the narrow dike and over the swaying bridge. "Where's Colonel Nathan?" demanded the chief as he saw his aid and Langdon. "I told you to find him first."

"I did, sir, and gave the message," was the instant reply.

Up from the knoll, where the field guns were thundering, with soldierly salute came the stalwart colonel of the Columbus. The commander of the Evergreen, silent and attentive, was already there and listening to the rapid instructions of the brigadier. These in swift, terse words were repeated to the other field officers as they reported. There was no mistaking the intensity of their zeal and interest. But still no Nathan appeared. "Never mind," said the chief, pointing to where the Columbus were volleying at the lines across the Tripa. "We'll find him out there with his men probably," and he led the way back across the slough. "Not much we won't," growling the colonel of the Columbus in a sly aside to silent Langdon. "If the general knew him as Melville does, he'd know better. Big luck for Nathan he isn't in Melville's brigade!"

"Oh, never you fear but the old man'll pinch him," spoke up a staff officer in eager loyalty to his chief, stumbling on the dike as he spoke. "After you, colonel. By heaven, there's Nathan now!"

The light had broadened. The roofs and walls of Santa Ana stood in sharp, black silhouette against the orient sky. Forms and even faces now could be recognized a dozen rods away, and here at the edge of the Pavo suburb, still sheltered by the walls, stood Nathan in crouching attitude, peering at them as they came. The general, turning abruptly to the right, had moved away toward the firing line. His aid swiftly followed, and Langdon, returning for his horse, came face to face at the end of the line with the man who almost ten years before had drawn him from the army. The silver leaf that fell of equal grade in the volunteers gleamed on the shoulder of each, but one had worn it since the 1st of May, the other not more than three months later. With the sound of every volley from beyond the Tripa a flight of bullets whizzed across the dike and footbridge and swept the level fields. Erect and composed, Eric Langdon passed over the zone of fire into that of comparative safety to find the pathway flanked by this pallid man and nervous, old soldier, the first of May, the colonel of the Columbus turned in some embarrassment and fink, kicked the ribs of his lightest steed, then awkwardly backed him off the track and stood aside to let his senior by. With utter contempt in his frowning eyes Langdon looked his former captain in the face, passed him without a word and then was astonished to hear the hoarse, hoarse voice, no longer loud and resolute, yet somehow tinged almost like defiance or desperation, raise in the harsh, tremulous announcement:

"I suppose you know that Melville's killed and we're ordered to fall back."

morial wound. Victory brilliant, complete, decisive, had rewarded their determined assault, the warm handclasp, the enthusiastic praise of the brigade commander, his "Gloriously done, Langdon!" bringing cheer after cheer from the exultant battalions, but the heart of the colonel was sore. It was hard to lose such lives as these that were ebbing away there in all the radiance of the morning sunshine. It was sad to part with this trusted and loyal subordinate. It was bitter to think that that other and older friend who had never deserted in sorrow and adversity now lay dead to the tidings of this most soldierly achievement—that Melville might never know how thorough had been Langdon's vindication of the faith and trust reposed in him. Silently, sadly, the Washes bore the dying major back to the walls of the old convent within the lines. Reverently they began the gathering up of the dead and tenderly, these stent hearted fellows, they strove to minister to the wounded, friend and foe alike, while covered, scowling, silent, the luckless prisoners were swept up from the emptying shelves, from under the floors of arched huts, from the ditches and drains along the village walls. Away out to the right front, up the river road toward Guadalupe, the pursuing Columbus rear guard went. There was left of it, but Santa Ana, with all its stores of ammunition and supplies, was the prize of the brigade, and the veteran general of division, rading out to survey the scene and congratulate the victors, stopped to shake hands with Langdon and add his word of praise and compliment and to inquire as to his wound. "Only a pin scratch, if I could know there was no truth in the story that General Melville is killed, would I not believe it!" said the chief. "Your only authority and mine is Colonel Nathan, and Nathan's only authority is that batch of correspondents he's been housing for the past week. They had it that you were mortally hit and half your regiment killed. Where is Colonel Nathan, anyhow?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Langdon grandly. "I haven't seen him since dawnbreak."

The major general turned in saddle and looked back across the bloody field toward the roofs of Pavo flitting behind him and the white towers of Manila, another mile beyond. The pale blue clouds had drifted away. In their place dense volumes of black smoke were beginning to roll skyward from three or four points in the thronging suburb, and the crackle of burning bamboo sounded like a distant fusillade.

"They're been firing on our wounded and ambulances from the church and native houses," said the general briefly. He was thinking—he couldn't help it—of the words of two battery officers he had overheard as he stood at the knob watching the triumphant advance of his division. Rodney May was the first speaker, and the battery commander had heard without either proof or dissent.

"It's just what Eric said at Pavoce years ago. He has come steadily up and Nathan gone steadily down in the good opinion of every square man in the regiment. Yesterday they were on a level as far as rank goes; today I'm betting Langdon's name goes in for brevet and Nathan's won't be heard of."

"Where on earth is Colonel Nathan?" asked the brigade commander as he rode in on the Pavo road under the walls of the great church where two companies of the Columbus were fanning their hot faces with their broad blunderbuss hats, and the man looked at each other and grinned.

"Where on earth is Colonel Nathan?" again demanded the division chief as he and the brigadier rode through the smoke of blazing rifle butts from whose walls the lurid Tagal rifles had shot down but a few moments before at blue and white and where two companies of the Columbus were fanning their hot faces with their broad blunderbuss hats, and the man looked at each other and grinned.

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ed the warm hand extended in greeting.

"How long before I can be in saddle again?" was the question, framed by his pallid lips, and the voice was but the ghost of that that rang like a clarion over the field at Santa Ana and swung the Washes into their magnificent charge.

"Two months or three, perhaps, and not that possibly without a sea voyage to Japan or a run to Australia. You had a fearful wound, Eric, and under God's providence nothing but the best of surgeons and constitutions saved you. Dr. Meade is looking after you now that all is going so well, but for two weeks, lad, it was up and tack, and have you any idea who—who pulled you through?"

Langdon's eyes spoke heaven and inquiry both.

"Dr. Armstrong, Eric. The patient half rose on his pillow, no faint flush this time on his brow, but Melville's hand at once relaxed and restrained him.

"There's a story you ought to hear, Langdon, and it is one I'll vouch for. Shut your eyes and lie quiet now, for I'm going to tell it."

And so in faraway Manila, with his medal of honor in sight, as it were, and his soldier ambition well nigh fully realized, the wounded soldier heard from the lips of his best and staunchest friend the tale of Armstrong's aid and relations with the woman who, bearing Langdon's name, had so nearly sweetened his life. The early boyish infatuation of the young Virginia was not concealed. The lad well nigh worshipped his pretty, frivolous kinswoman and had endowed her with mental gifts and moral attributes that only with age and long years he found fictitious, and still like a knight of old, he had acted between her and temptation, had driven unmanfully to lead her to the light and interpose between her and the sin of sensuality. The true story of the encounter at the Shorham Langdon heard at last and his face in sorrow and contrition. He had so easily believed all of Armstrong's tale, he had so utterly misjudged him!

"Ask him to—come to me—in a day or two, will you, general?" he said, faintly pressing Melville's hand, "I need to think over this. It's all so different." And Melville side away and left him with the later evening twilight just straddling the skies.

CHAPTER XX.

The summer had passed and gone. The state regiments were summoned to headquarters in regular and regular volunteers were gone or going to Manila, only a small body and rather a handful of guerrillas were the enemy encountered. The lightning dashes of the cavalry north and south in Luzon and the tireless search and marches of the infantry had scattered the insurgents in every direction. The war had dwindled to a campaign of detachments, "like old Arizona days," as the troops put it, and full of honors and the consciousness of duty faithfully done, with thinning ranks and in many instances thin gaunt faces, the soldiers of the wide west was sailing back across the sea and being welcomed with unfeigned acclamations at San Francisco. The Columbus mourned the loss of many a gallant and left buried in the Philippines, but parted without personal consolation with their original lieutenant colonel, Nathan resigned the silver leaves long months before they fought their last fight, preferring brief garrison duty with his battery. So many colonels and majors seemed to get picked off by the rebel rifles that it became positively unsafe to take the field, said a native staff officer of the commanding general, and that might have influenced Nathan's action. But promotions of the artillery arm speedily gave him under the law the grade of major, and it was better to be a live major of regulars at a comfortable station in the United States than a lieutenant colonel of volunteers in the mud and rain and discomfort of Luzon. The volunteers were coming back with every transport and being camped on the reservation pending their muster out. The Columbus arrived, and Nathan arranged a big dinner for the officers and made about among the men, who somehow couldn't seem to see him, and many wouldn't even salute.

Only a meager dozen of the junior officers attended that feast. It fattened dolefully despite the lavish flow of wine. Every field officer "regretted," and certain of the captains possibly unacquainted in the ways of society never schooled in the ways of society never even acknowledged the courtesy. Major Train, who had been promoted lieutenant colonel on Nathan's resignation, would not even notice him. The colonel's greeting was grave and distant. Some of the men laughed aloud when Nathan rode over to camp, and the situation was the talk of the great assemblage of returning volunteers who in the camp the transport with the veterans [CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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## Tired

that's all. No energy, no vim, no vigor, no ambition. The head aches, thoughts are confused, memory fails. Life becomes a round of work but half accomplished, of eating that does not nourish, of sleep that fails to refresh and of resting that never rests. That's the beginning of nervous prostration.

"I was very nervous and so tired and exhausted that I could not do my work. One dose of Dr. Miles' Nervine cured my nervousness and brought me back to my normal state."—Mrs. M. E. Lacy, Fortville, Ind.

## Dr. Miles' Nervine

strengthens the worn-out nerves, refreshes the tired brain and restores health.

Sold by druggists on guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## DR. MILES' NERVE TONIC

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

BETWEEN NEW YORK, TAMPA, ATLANTA, NEW ORLEANS & POINTS SOUTH AND WEST.

In Effect May 26th, 1901.

SOUTHWARD.	
City	Daily
Lv. New York, P. R. R.	12:00 pm
Lv. Philadelphia	12:30 pm
Lv. Baltimore	1:00 pm
Lv. Washington	1:30 pm
Lv. Richmond, A. L.	2:00 pm
Lv. Petersburg	2:30 pm
Lv. Norfolk	3:00 pm
Lv. Newport News	3:30 pm
Lv. Raleigh	4:00 pm
Lv. Savannah	4:30 pm
Lv. Jacksonville	5:00 pm
Lv. Tampa	5:30 pm
Lv. New York, P. R. R.	6:00 pm
Lv. Philadelphia	6:30 pm
Lv. Baltimore	7:00 pm
Lv. Washington	7:30 pm
Lv. Richmond, A. L.	8:00 pm
Lv. Petersburg	8:30 pm
Lv. Norfolk	9:00 pm
Lv. Newport News	9:30 pm
Lv. Raleigh	10:00 pm
Lv. Savannah	10:30 pm
Lv. Jacksonville	11:00 pm
Lv. Tampa	11:30 pm
Lv. New York, P. R. R.	12:00 am

NORTHWARD.	
City	Daily
Lv. Tampa	6:00 am
Lv. Jacksonville	6:30 am
Lv. Savannah	7:00 am
Lv. Raleigh	7:30 am
Lv. Norfolk	8:00 am
Lv. Newport News	8:30 am
Lv. Richmond, A. L.	9:00 am
Lv. Petersburg	9:30 am
Lv. Washington	10:00 am
Lv. Baltimore	10:30 am
Lv. Philadelphia	11:00 am
Lv. New York, P. R. R.	11:30 am
Lv. Tampa	12:00 pm
Lv. Jacksonville	12:30 pm
Lv. Savannah	1:00 pm
Lv. Raleigh	1:30 pm
Lv. Norfolk	2:00 pm
Lv. Newport News	2:30 pm
Lv. Richmond, A. L.	3:00 pm
Lv. Petersburg	3:30 pm
Lv. Washington	4:00 pm
Lv. Baltimore	4:30 pm
Lv. Philadelphia	5:00 pm
Lv. New York, P. R. R.	5:30 pm

## STOPS PAIN

What is the work of a woman suffering from the Menstrual Periods? Yet there are women in thousands of homes who are hearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

## WOMEN OF CAROLINA

will bring you permanent relief. For sale by the thousands that 100,000 women have been completely cured by the use of this. These women are from Louisiana, irregular periods, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Women of Carolina will say all these aches and pains are gone. Purchase a 50-cent bottle of this at Carolina Store and take it in the privacy of your home.

## Land Sale.

Notice is hereby given that a large tract of land in Rutherfordton county, N. C., containing about 100 acres, more or less, is for sale by the sheriff of said county. The land is situated in the town of Rutherfordton, N. C., and is bounded on the north by the street known as the Broadway, on the east by the street known as the Main Street, on the south by the street known as the Third Street, and on the west by the street known as the Fourth Street. The land is to be sold in lots of 10 acres each, or in any other number of acres that may be desired. The sale will be held at the courthouse in Rutherfordton, N. C., on Monday, December 2nd, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The terms of sale are that the purchaser shall pay for the land in cash, or in installments, as may be agreed upon between the parties. The sheriff of said county is the agent for the sale of the land.

## Notice.

On Monday the 20th of December, 1901, I will sell at public auction at the courthouse in Rutherfordton, N. C., three parcels of land containing in all 100 acres, being a part of the land known as the Broadway-Lessons. One parcel containing about 10 acres, another about 40 acres, and the third about 50 acres. The land is to be sold in lots of 10 acres each, or in any other number of acres that may be desired. The sale will be held at the courthouse in Rutherfordton, N. C., on Monday, December 2nd, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The terms of sale are that the purchaser shall pay for the land in cash, or in installments, as may be agreed upon between the parties. The sheriff of said county is the agent for the sale of the land.

## Notice.

By virtue of an order issued from the court of Rutherfordton county in this said proceeding entitled "B. F. West, administrator of E. C. Padgett vs. Mrs. Lizzie and others, heirs at law of E. C. Padgett," I will sell at public auction in Rutherfordton at public auction on

## Carol W. Downey,

Physician and Surgeon.

Rutherfordton, N. C.  
Office in Residence on Main Street  
Phone No. 22.

## Carol W. Downey,

Physician and Surgeon.

Rutherfordton, N. C.  
Office in Residence on Main Street  
Phone No. 22.



They gathered about the stricken form of the gallant old major.