The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 47. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY NOVEMBER 28. 1901. $1.00 A YEAR.

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.
Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in 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 menstrual 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 leucorrhoea, 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 the treatment of women, address, giving symptoms, "The Lady Adviser" Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Land Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the superior court of Rutherford county, made by the Clerk of said court on the 1st day of July, 1901, in the case of G. C. Justice, administrator of Sarah A. Justice, deceased, and others vs. George 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, 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 said county on the waters of Cathey's Creek and adjoins lands belonging to the estate of John A. Justice, deceased, and is a part of what is popularly 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 land of Mrs. Mary Morris, Alex Forney and others and adjoins the other tract described above.

The first tract will be sold for cash and for the purpose of making assets. The latter 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 in cash 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 40 acres of bottom land. This November 8, 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., three pieces or parcels of land containing from 30 to 40 acres, being a part of the lands known as the Boswell-Boone farm. One parcel containing about 31 acres, another about 40 acres and the third about 16½ acres.

The said land 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 May, 1902, 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. This Nov. 1st, 1901.
J. F. FLACK,
Admr. of W. S. Hill, deceased.
McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

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. Arvie 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. McFarland and others. The said lands being the same on wich 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.

Carroll W. Downey,
Physician and Surgeon,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Office in Residence on Main street
Phone No. 22.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General
CHARLES KING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles King.

Langdon had cordially greeted and received certain of the old regiment who had held aloof in his days of trouble, but who came to him frankly and told him of their contrition and regret. They had wronged only Langdon. Torrance had spoken disdainfully of a brave girl whose offense in the eyes of the small snob element at Pawnee was that she stood by the sorrowing man and thought him despitefully used, and now would Langdon be apt to forgive an affront to Ethel Grahame? Mrs. Torrance, after the new captain sailed for Manila, wished to take rooms with these pleasant army people at their favorite caravansary. She loved society, but everybody knew her husband had been knocked flat by Langdon for impertinent mention of Miss Grahame, and, though it happened ten years before, the breach had never been healed. Torrance had never sought pardon. How could she go there? The Nathans were taking the mountain air up at Tahoe, waiting for the volunteers to disperse, but the major's leave was for only two weeks. The Washoes were still in camp and the day of muster out not yet determined. The governor and his satellites were now less clamorous for speedy settlement of their papers and somewhat given to suggestion that, after all, "it wouldn't pay for the regiment to come to the capital. They wouldn't have their arms and their equipments, etc., all having to be turned in at the Presidio, so it would hardly be like a military parade. All things considered, it would be just as well for the boys to scatter at Frisco and each choose his own homeward way." So the military authorities bent their energies toward getting rid of those regiments whose statesmen were clamorous, and thus it happened that the Nathans returned while the Washoes were still in camp, and it might have been better had that leave been extended.

One glorious autumn morning the regiment formed line for final review, and in great numbers civilians, soldiers and women fair were assembled to witness the ceremony. The Columbias had been paid off to the last man and given their discharge, but several of their officers still lingered about the city. The Evergreens had been welcomed home and feted and feasted to their hearts' content. Not a company had gone on its way without stopping for a parting call and cheer at Langdon's camp. The commanding general and his staff, escorted by a troop of cavalry from the barracks and greeted by the thunder of the garrison guns, took place in front of the center of the long, statuesque line. For the last time the Washoes came out in khaki, and very fit and soldierly they looked despite the relaxation of the long homeward voyage and the days of waiting about the city. To right and left of the reviewing point were scores of carriages from town, and an aid-de-camp had ridden to General Melville's with the compliments of the department commander and an invitation to draw up close to the staff, where a far better view could be had, and so it happened that Mrs. Melville and Ethel Grahame sat smiling within the charmed circle, the space parceled off by sentries for the immediate party of the reviewing officials. The general left his station and rode up beside them and doffed his plumed chapeau. "I had hoped to have you ride with us today, Melville," said he, "but I suppose the doctors must have their way. Miss Grahame, I saw you in saddle in the park yesterday, and I envied your escort." The general was nothing if not gallant. "Wonderful how some men recuperate from wounds received in battle," continued the double starred veteran and gazed impressively at Miss Grahame and glanced at Langdon, sitting erect half way across the field. It seemed to the commander that he had put it very neatly, though the lady failed to appear profoundly impressed.

She wished to know the cause of the delay, for the Washoes were now standing at ease. "Oh, the governor and some of his people!" explained the chief, with slight annoyance in his tone. "It seems they have been entertained over at the post, but they're coming now," he added as two carriages, escorted by three or four horsemen, came sweeping over the brow of the northward height. Impatient eyes glanced thitherward, and presently half the waiting line in khaki and dozens among the carriage loads of lookers on were aware that there was a hitch of some kind up toward that end of the field.

"Hello!" said the general. "What's amiss yonder?" for all on a sudden the carriages of the approaching dignitaries had stopped at the sentry line, and there were running and commotion. Then Langdon was seen to spur rapidly to the spot, and in one minute after his appearance on the scene of violent scuffle matters were straightened out. The carriages, with some flustered looking civilians, were driving down to the reviewing point, and the colonel galloped back to his post. Three horsemen presently rode slowly back toward the garrison, and a curious crowd surrounded a little knot of angered and excited men. All in that brief space of time an odd thing had happened.

It seems that Nathan had tendered certain hospitalities to the governor and his attendant officials, that there had been a champagne breakfast prolonged beyond the limits, that Nathan, his adjutant and orderly essayed to escort the carriages of their guests to the reviewing point and that when they reached the sentry lines a brown cheeked, stalwart young fellow had presented arms to the governor, but lowered his bayonet and said "Halt!" to the major.

"I'm escorting the governor of Washoe!" said Nathan, flushed and angry.

"So I see, sir," said the Washoe private, a university lad who knew whereof he spoke, "but my orders are imperative. The governor and the state officials can pass in their carriages. All others must keep off the field."

"This is insolence!" shouted Nathan, flushed with wine and furious at the detention, with the consequent humiliation. "Go on, driver! Out of the way, you!"

The coachman whipped up, knowing no better. The major spurred. His powerful horse sprang forward, but in a second the lithe westerner had seized him by the bit and, bearing him back, yelled lustily for the corporal of the guard. Mad with rage, Nathan lashed with his hunting crop at the young soldier's head, but in another instant two men, one in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, the other in civilian dress, sprang to the aid of the sentry. One of them seized Nathan's left foot in both hands and by an old and well known trick, suddenly heaving, tumbled the raging, red faced officer headforemost out of his saddle. He landed heavily, but labored presently to his feet, choking with fury and well nigh bereft of his senses. The corporal had come with a rush.

"Arrest these men!" roared Nathan. "They've attacked me—an officer on duty—escorting a governor! Put that sentry in the guard tent!"

"The sentry was only doing his duty, sir," began the corporal. "Those were his orders"—

"Orders from that safe robbing scoundrel of a militia colonel out yonder"—

Whack! That was Nathan's last hit for many a day. The young man in

Ethel Grahame stood gazing after the departing soldiery.

civilian dress darted in and landed a scientific swing on the jaw that dropped the luckless officer like a log. Nathan lay for a moment stunned, then looked up, dazed and helpless, into the grave face of Eric Langdon.

"Get your major home at once," the colonel replied to the adjutant's hurried, embarrassed explanation. "The matter shall be fully investigated. Who—who struck you?"

"I did, General Langdon," spoke up the assailant, with blood in his eye and wrath on his tongue. "Captain Martin, late Second Columbias, sir, and I'm ready to answer for it to him or to anybody—here or anywhere. He lashed a sentry in the discharge of his duty, and if that isn't enough, by heaven— Well, you heard what he said?" And the young captain appealed to the crowd.

That evening there was a never to be forgotten scene in front of the colonel's tent in the camp of the Washoes. Six hundred strong, officers and men, massed in solid phalanx, silent, bareheaded, there stood the two battalions, while their spokesman, his voice trembling with emotion, strove to say to the loved and honored commander that the heart of the whole regiment went with the beautiful sword they gave him in parting tribute. Close to the colonel on one side were grouped the governor, his staff and state officers and on the other a large party of officers and ladies, Melville and his household in their midst. Rodney May, with one arm in a sling, had tendered the other, hardly knowing what he did, to Ethel Grahame, who unaccountably had taken it. Hovering about the skirts of the crowd an old darky, bowed and decrepit, was whimpering with joy. On the flanks of the battalions, as though by some spontaneous impulse, were gathered hundreds of other soldiery, regulars from the batteries, volunteers still serving in the neighboring camps, and all were hushed and all were hanging on the words of the soldier spokesman as he told of the scenes of battle across the wide surges of the ocean, of the never failing care of the colonel for his men, of his daring leadership, of his almost fatherly devotion to their wounded and stricken. Vehemently the statesmen applauded every telling point, and the soldiers followed suit, but presently the major came to speak of the future, of the severance of the soldier ties that bound them, of the love and trust and faith with which their hearts would follow their soldier leader, of the pride and confidence with which they hailed the honors still in store for him, and here the Washoes broke loose and roared applause and acclamation, and then came the time to say farewell, but here their orator broke down. "Speak for yourselves, boys," he choked. "I can't say another word."

And "the boys," breaking ranks, bore down on their commander in a tumultuously cheering torrent, officers and men grasping his extended hands, unashamed of the dew that dimmed their eyes, unafraid of rebuke or regulation, and when at last they were dispersed and gone and had cheered to the echo his few brief, heartfelt words of thanks and farewell and May and Melville and the comrades of the old, old days had pressed his hands and he could turn again to see what had become of that beautiful sword it had found its way somehow to Ethel Grahame, who stood gazing after the departing soldiery, her soft eyes swimming in tears.

The sound of cheering borne on the evening breeze swept through the bowered row of officers' quarters in the garrison close at hand, but there was strange hush at Nathan's, whose piazza rustled as a rule with the silks and satins of society. Investigation of the morning episode had been prompt and searching. The commanding general had seen the fracas from afar. His own staff officer made report, his own orders had been defied, for, thanks to an overeager crowd at a previous ceremony, the chief of staff had written that, except such persons as should be personally bidden, only the general, his staff and escort, with the state officials, should be allowed within the line of sentries. Nathan's self appointment as escort to the governor failed of confirmation. The sentinel had acted strictly in accordance with his orders. The major had committed one of the gravest crimes known to military law, first in refusing to obey and second in daring to strike the sentry. Captain Martin and his associates, late of the Columbias, were interrogated by the judge advocate of the department and bidden to hold themselves in readiness to testify before the court that would be convened forthwith, for Major Nathan had been placed in close arrest.

But that wasn't all. Cresswell was a hard hater and as hard a hitter. Nathan's vile insult had been audible to a dozen bystanders, and, though Langdon had not been allowed to hear of it, Cresswell followed up the rumor and got the exact words. In formulating the charges against the officer it was considered both unnecessary and unwise to refer to them. There was quite enough to dismiss him from the service without allusion to his insane outbreak, but Cresswell wasn't satisfied. He had never abandoned his theory that young Betts was the culprit, and long years after the occurrence and soon after the senior's transfer to another road there leaked a story from the yards that had been suppressed only so long as Betts was influential, and the young man fled from Brentwood between two days, no one knew whither. The matter caused no little talk at the time, for the road made no effort to run him down. It was learned later that a shortage of upward of $1,000 was "squared" by relatives of the fugitive, and that, it was supposed, would end the matter.

Perhaps it might have done so but for Nathan's reiteration of the old slander, and there was a scene in the lobby of the Palace hotel one evening just within the week of the episode, when the president of the Seattle, who had hastened from Chicago in response to "wires" from the Nathans and who had had a long interview with the accused officer that morning and a short one—a very short one—with the chief of staff that afternoon, came sauntering down in evening dress to dinner, a brace of magnates with him. The trio were suddenly accosted by Judge Cresswell, who presented his card and delivered himself substantially as follows:

"Mr. Barclay, you were general manager of the Seattle at the time of a certain safe robbery in the Big Horn office at Brentwood. You were satisfied of the innocence of Mr. Langdon, because immediately after his discharge by the Big Horn you tendered him as good a position on your road. Is not this true?"

Barclay flushed. He was a man accustomed to dictate and to be approached only with much show of deference. Triple doors and keepers guarded his office against intrusion, and a most icy reserve of manner discouraged all attempts at conversation except among his chosen intimates. But here was this confounded Kentuckian—he knew him well by sight and repute—accosting him with scant ceremony in a public place. He promptly froze, but Cresswell warmed to his work.

"I see it is and that you distinctly remember it. Moreover, you know that young Betts has been a fugitive from justice for months and that his shortages, including the $600, were paid by his father, now in your employ. I know this, because Mr. Burleigh of the Big Horn has frankly told me that he long since told you, and yet your precious kinsman, whom you have hastened here to save if possible, dared last week to publicly speak of my partner, General Langdon, as the safe robber."

"Your partner subjected Major Nathan to a gross indignity," interjected Barclay icily.

"My partner did not, sir, and it is my belief that you know he did not; that the order Major Nathan refused to obey was that of the commanding general." And now Colonel Cresswell's voice resounded through the echoing lobby. "A gentleman, sir, from my section of the Union can't soil his hands by chastising a coward, as Major Nathan is held to be, and the protection of his wife's petticoats prevents my getting him where I can brand him as a liar, but as you are his next of kin, by marriage at least, I have taken this opportunity of making known my sentiments to you. You have my address, sir. Good evening to you, sir."

And the colonel majestically lifted his hat and strolled magnificently away. Of course that rencontre was in the morning papers, and so at last Langdon heard of Nathan's language.

The formal muster out of the Washoes was to occur that afternoon. Some few of the officers, commissioned in new regiments, were to return to Manila, certain others were to remain awhile in San Francisco, but the bulk of the men would scatter for home soon after the final ceremony, the governor and his advisers having decided against the parade. Melville at breakfast time read the sensational account in The Investigator and the more conservative story of The Carbuncle. Within an hour he was at Langdon's tent and found the colonel supervising the packing of his soldier goods and chattels. Each knew what was uppermost in the mind of the other, and Langdon bade his orderly excuse him to visitors a few moments, sent Hurricane to the camp postoffice and let down the flaps of the tent.

"That fellow is still in close arrest," said he, "and I cannot reach him until he is released."

"And then?" asked Melville thoughtfully.

"Then—I shall cowhide him."

"Langdon," said the general after a moment's reflection, "that's what brought me out here so early. Read this first."

It was a letter in Nathan's handwriting. Langdon took it slowly and with obvious repugnance, his eyes the while resting with inquiry and eagerness upon another missive, a little note that the general still retained. Opening the first, however, he read as follows:

My Dear General Melville—A man never knows how friendless he is in the army, unless luck has gone back on him and he is down. I am down. I feel that I have made a bad mess of it and know there will be no sympathy for me in that court. I suppose you've seen the detail. It's packed to convict, and in the present exaggerated feeling as to the relative merit of the volunteers and regulars my break seems much more serious than it really was. I merely lost my temper and said and did things that were indefensible, I suppose. But put yourself in my place. I have reason to believe that I was being discriminated against and that Colonel Langdon had purposely placed sentries there to publicly humiliate me. What would you think to have your horse backed almost from under you by a private soldier? I'll warrant that Colonel Langdon would have used the lash quicker than I did. In fact, I hardly struck the sentry at all. But, of course, it's useless to talk of it. They've about convinced Mr. Barclay that the least I can look for is dismissal unless I can get those charges withdrawn. I am willing to admit I was hasty, or I suppose I ought to say violent, and I'm willing to do anything you say to make amends, both to the soldier in the case and to the colonel. A written apology, I suppose, is what they'll want—

But Langdon's indignation rose with every line.

"Why do you show me this?" he asked. "It's a contemptible letter. It's unworthy the faintest consideration."

"Well, would you cowhide a man whose words were unworthy of consideration, Eric? Think over that. Keep away from him tomorrow and come to us. Here's another note."

And the general sauntered out into the sunshine to chat with the gathering officers and to smile kindly and genially at the men, who never seemed to tire of rendering honors to their colonel's friend. He thought to give Langdon time to read his own letter, but little was needed. The dainty note when opened contained but the single word:

"Don't."

* * * * * * *

That night in the crowded station at Oakland pier the home going Washoes seemed bent on raising the roof. Two special trains were there to whirl them away to the mountains. Their few belongings were stored aboard, but the word had passed that Langdon was there to see them off, and the rascals wouldn't go. Out they piled on the platform, shouting like mad, and surrounded him in tumultuous acclaim. They had hoisted him on a baggage truck, and there was only one way to silence their clamor. That was to speak. On the gallery and staircase stood a throng of people—men, women and children—sympathetic witnesses of the stirring scene. Melville and his wife in their midst, Ethel Grahame, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and with hands that trembled as they clasped the rail, bending forward as though she would not lose a word. Instinctively and as of old the Washoes hushed at his uplifted hand.

"I could not speak to you today," he said. "I cannot do you justice now. Your faith, your loyalty, your—yes, I dare say it—your affection, I prize beyond all power of words to tell you, and the sorrow of parting would choke my utterance did I not know that we who have served so closely together as soldiers in the year gone by are to live together as friends and comrades and fellow citizens of a beloved state, please God, for many a year to come."

Another uproarious cheer broke in upon and drowned his words. Railway

There was only one way to silence their clamor.

officials were striving with all their power to herd the enthusiastic crowd aboard the cars. Regimental officers no longer exerted authority. Melville it was who settled the question. "We haven't a moment to spare if we're to go with this boat, Eric," he whispered as he grasped his arm and then led him away.

A moment later the huge ferryboat was sending a foaming rush of moonlit waters sternward against the receding piers. The passengers, as was their wont, were gathered within the glass inclosed "saloon" of the upper deck, some few braving the breeze toward the bows, but Langdon stood gazing back over the seething flood and the fast dimming lights of the ferryhouse, his eyes on the last vestiges of the regiment, scores of whom had chased after him for a final cheer, his thoughts going back over the year of active service, of battle and campaign, he and those brave lads had spent together. But little by little the gaze relaxed and turned, following his heart, to the girl standing silent there at the rail. She was listening, breathless, to the cheers and farewells. She had marked the deep emotion in his eyes and in those of the tried and trusty comrades now fading from view. Stealthily, silently, Mrs. Melville had led her general within doors and told him the night air was too raw for a wounded veteran.

"How about Eric?" queried the general, with twinkling in his eyes.

"Leave him to—Ethel," was the answer of superior wisdom.

And so, ten years after the sad events that sent him adrift upon the world Langdon turned as the last faint cheer followed them across the raging waters, marked her as she stood like one absorbed, entranced, threw one quick glance about him, then as quickly stepped to her side and seized within his own firm grasp the slender hands that were trembling at the rail. Then she, too, gave one startled look, saw that they were alone, and even under the pallor of the moonlight her brow flushed crimson. Lids and lashes drooped and veiled her swimming eyes, for the woman in her told her that, without a word, she stood confessed in the presence of her master, even though that master were looking imploringly into her downcast face, and the voice that stilled or swayed at will these hosts of stalwart men was trembling in its plea, adoring and passionate, for the love he craved in answer to that he so long had given. What was there left for her to say? Her lips moved, but he heard not. Eagerly he bent, lower, lower still, and then shyly at last they were upraised and—told him.

THE END.

Washington's Death.

Mr. George Ticknor, who wrote "The History of Spanish Literature" and "The Life of Prescott," remembered distinctly the death of Washington. He says in his diary:

There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than was paid in Boston when the news came of Washington's death.

It was on Dec. 14, 1799, a little before noon. I often heard persons say at the time that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store, as a matter of course, without consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped.

My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome. My mother was alarmed to see him in such a state until he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm. No boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only 8 years old.

A Pompous Ceremony.

An interesting ceremony takes place daily at Gibraltar. The town and fortress lie at the end of a peninsula, about a mile and a half long, the mainland being Spanish territory. The gate leading to Spain is, every evening, locked at sunset and every morning unlocked at sunrise. Each day a company from one of the regiments performs one of these functions. In the morning the company, fully officered, with colors flying and accompanied by a band, marches to the commandant's house. The company comes to attention, and the commandant hands out the keys on a velvet cushion. These are received by the captain's orderly, the band strikes up, and the procession marches to the gate, which is unlocked with great ceremony. In the evening the same ceremony, in the reverse order, is gone through. All suspicious characters are put out of the town before the gates are locked in the evening.

An Exception.

"I feel so depressed when it rains hard," said Mrs. Snaggs. "But, then, I suppose that is the rule."

"There are exceptions," said her husband.

"Are there?"

"Yes; umbrellas are raised."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It Saved Her Life.

Gooch's Mexican Syrup has accomplished a cure in this neighborhood which has astonished the people. Miss Davis was given up to die by her attending physician. She had lung fever. The doctor said she would die before morning and advised to discontinue his medicine, as it was doing her no good. Her parents had a bottle of Gooch's Mexican Syrup and Gooch's Quick Relief in the house. They at once began to give the Syrup in doses one hour apart, and frequently bathed her chest with the Quick Relief. Before morning she was better, and after using a few bottles of each she is almost al well as ever. It was almost like raising the dead, and has established the reputateon of Gooch's Mexican Syrup here as a cough remedy: we can sell nothing else.

J. & H. SANDS, Trimble, Athens Co., O.

Gooch's Mexican Syrup cures a simple cough as if by magic, and is the best remedy for whooping cough. Price 25c.

—Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE and get the news when it is news. It is published every Thursday.

—THE TRIBUNE is all-home print, and the only paper published in Rutherford county.

Notice!

People who are indebted to me, will please settle at once.
J. R. WASHBURN.

Palpitation,

fluttering or irregular pulsations are an indication of weakness of the nerves or muscles of the heart. A weakness long continued produces deformity and organic disease. If your heart action is weak, make it strong. Build up the muscles and strengthen the nerves with the greatest of all heart remedies, Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"My wife suffered greatly with palpitation of the heart, smothering spells and loss of sleep. She found immediate relief from Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and after a thorough course her trouble all disappeared."
CAPT. THOS. F. GROSZE,
Athens, Ala.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

quiets the nervous heart, regulates its pulsations and builds up its strength as nothing else can. Sold by druggists on a 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,	$22,976.44
Overdrafts	376.09
Furniture and Fixtures,	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers,	9,653.90
Cash on hand,	4,530.14
Revenue on hand,	9.51
Total	$38,546.08

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock,	$10,000.00
Undivided profits,	975.62
Deposits subject to checks,	27,560.46
Cashier's checks,	10.00
Total,	$38,546.08

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 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 on the premises near Floyd's Creek church for one-half cash on

Saturday, December 7th, 1901,

about 30 acres of valuable farming lands adjoining the lands of Lancaster, Purcat, 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: 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 5th, 1901.

M. G. HAWKINS,
Administrator of J. P. Tate.
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 Fostic station, known as the James G. Roberson lands, adjoining the lands of A. L. Smart, Marvel Padgett and others. A tract contains 62¾ acres more or less. This tract of 62¾ acres 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.

Having duly qualified and been appointed by the court as administratrix, with the wills annexed, of Isaac S. Roland and of Sarah S. Roland, deceased, all persons having claims against the estates of said deceased are hereby notified to present them on or before the 7th day of November, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estates aforesaid are hereby notified to make immediate settlement. This November 7th, 1901.

MISS LIZZIE B. ROLAND,
Administratrix.
Eaves & Rucker, 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.