

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 49.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. THURSDAY DECEMBER 12, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

WOMAN'S RELIEF

A really healthy woman has little pain or discomfort at the menstrual period. No woman needs to have any. Wine of Cardui will quickly relieve those smarting menstrual pains and the dragging head, back and side aches caused by falling of the womb and irregular menses.

WINE OF CARDUI

Has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 women who suffered every month. It makes the menstrual organs strong and healthy. It is the provision made by Nature to give women relief from the terrible aches and pains which blight so many homes.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 14, 1901. I have been very sick for some time. I was taken with severe pain in my stomach and back, and was unable to get any relief. I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. Before I had taken all of it I was relieved. I feel very happy today that you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. YOUNG.

For further information, address, writing requests, "The Ladies' Auxiliary Association," 110 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Knife Throwers

By **FREDERIC VAN RENSSLAER DEY**, Author of "Not Like Other Men," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

PREPARING FOR THE DUEL.

BURR PENDLETON shoved his arms through the sleeve holes of his fur coat, accepted the lighted wax tapers his valet offered him, applied it to the end of his cigar, looked again into the mirror that extended from floor to ceiling and began leisurely to draw on his gloves.

Beneath the coat he had so carefully buttoned on, his ample chest was faultlessly attired. Faultlessness in all things was Burr Pendleton's chief hobby among many, and on this particular occasion he had been more particular than usual. The reason was obvious to the man who waited upon him and whose attentions, always strictly correct, were on this occasion imbued with a touch of indescribable tenderness.

"Is there anything more, sir?" he inquired, stepping backward two or three paces and regarding his employer—master would be a more appropriate term in this case—with a glance that was almost reverential.

"Nothing, James—ah, yes, the case of pistols," was the indifferent reply.

"Will you not permit me to take them to you, sir?" asked the valet eagerly.

"No, I will take the case with me. You are to remain here, James, and on no account leave these rooms until I return or until some accommodating friend calls to tell you that I am not likely to do so."

"If the matter were to be settled at fence, sir, instead of with pistols, I should feel better, but—"

An imperious gesture interrupted further remark by the servant, and moments later Burr Pendleton said quietly:

"Perhaps you had better fill my cigar case, James. I may not have enough with me. On the table in my dressing room you will find several letters that I have written during the day. If I do not return—that is, if I am not here by 11 o'clock tomorrow—you will see that they are delivered. I refer, of course, to any of them that may be delivered. The others you will post. Among them is one for yourself, but on no account are you to open it before 12 o'clock tomorrow, or we will say a quarter past 12. How much ready money have you at hand, James?"

"Something over \$2,000 in American money, sir. It is in the secretary. Shall I get it for you?"

"No, no, I do not want it. In the event of your reading the letter to which I have referred it will tell you just what to do. The amount you have will be sufficient for your expenses, I think. That is all, I believe. No; there is one thing more."

"Among the letters you will find one addressed to Mr. Craig Wyndham. I think I would prefer that you should deliver it in person, James. I have remembered everything else in the letter to you. What time is it? Half past 8? I will be late at the opera."

"And you will not return here after the opera, sir?"

"No; at least not before tomorrow. The meeting is to be at 5 in the morning. I am booked for supper at the Concordia at 1, and it will be 4 o'clock before we break up. Captain Aggravate is to be one of the party, and doubtless we will go to the shooting gallery in San Felipe next afternoon if there is any time to spare. After that—"

did not appear him, and instead of walking the short distance along the Chino de Mar to the Teatro Nacional he signaled to a blue flag carriage, gave a hurried direction to the driver, sprang inside and was carried toward San Francisco street, thence through the Avenida Juarez past the Alameda and El Caballito and out upon the famous Paseo de la Reforma. There the driver lashed the horses into a run so that the four ladies to Chapultepec were quickly covered, and ten minutes later the vehicle came to a stop in front of the great gambling resort in the village of Tacubaya.

The hour was rather early for the frequenters of the place, and only



Just one aspirated breath of surprise escaped him.

three of the tables were in operation. Pendleton did not bestow so much as a glance upon any of them, but strode the length of the saloon, passed out again upon the piazza and down among the network of gravelled paths which dissected into every conceivable design the luxuriant vegetation of the garden. He followed one of these paths until it ended abruptly at a rustic summer house.

December nights, even in and near the City of Mexico, are chilly if not cold, and the fur lined coat that Pendleton wore was by no means a burden. As he approached the summer house he drew the collar around his ears and passed inside. Perceiving that he was the sole occupant, he lighted a cigar and stood with his back against a section of the framework while he awaited the absent party to the trust. Ten minutes later his patience was rewarded.

Pendleton could hear the sound of approaching footsteps on the gravel, and presently the vine-shrouded doorway was darkened by the figure of a woman closely veiled. Behind her, six feet away, was another, but instead of the lace mantilla which decorated the head which it concealed the features of her companion she was covered by a dark colored serape, and even in that dim light which was almost darkness it was easily perceptible that she filled the capacity of a duenna.

Pendleton cast his cigar aside and, lifting his hat, bowed low.

"I am glad, senorita, that I arrived before you did, since it has spared you the unpleasantness of waiting," he said. "Your message assured me that you speak English and that your servant does not, from which I decided that you preferred me to use that tongue. Will you be seated, senorita?"

She was silent a moment before replying, as if she lacked the courage to speak, but at last, in a low voice that was indescribably sweet, she said slowly:

"I thank you a thousand times, senor, not only for your kindness in coming to me here, but also for the secrecy that I feel assured you have imposed upon yourself at my request."

"You may be assured of that much, senorita."

"If you will indulge me still further, I will remain in the doorway as I am now. My position serves two purposes, since I remain in full view of the servant and at the same time screen you from observation. I asked you to meet me here, senor, because I knew that I was less likely to be recognized in this place, and also because the grand opera in the city has attracted nearly if not quite all of those who might identify me."

Pendleton bowed, but made no reply.

"You are to engage in a duel in the morning, Senor Pendleton. I have been so informed."

"I do you understand now, Senor Pendleton?" she asked.

"I think so—in part, not wholly."

"The duel must not take place."

"It cannot be avoided, senorita."

"You are the challenging party; you can withdraw."

"Impossible."

"Captain Romero is the best shot in Mexico. He will kill you."

"Quite likely," with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"There must be no duel! I shall not take place!" she said vehemently.

"Unless Senor Romero does to you, you are to be withdrawn, which is extremely unlikely, if you take place, senorita."

"If I will tell you my name and explain all that you do not know of this affair—"

"Pardon me, senorita, but you are wasting words. You should understand that even better than I. If Romero kills me, you will have nothing to regret; if I kill Romero, I should prefer to remain in ignorance of your name. I think, therefore, it is better to leave things as they are. I perceive also that Senorita, as you called her, is becoming impatient or anxious."

She understood perfectly well his meaning, but she remained motionless and silent several moments, drumming one of her little feet impatiently upon the earthen floor. Finally she took one step nearer to him and extended one hand, in which was a letter.

"Will you take this?" she asked. "It contains something that I wrote this afternoon, and it is for you. I said only that you will read it not now, not here," she added hastily when she saw that he was producing his case of cigars. "Later, at your leisure, before you meet Captain Romero, good night, senor." She turned away the instant his fingers closed upon the letter, passed through the doorway and, followed by her servant, disappeared along the winding pathway.

Pendleton smoked on leisurely for some time; then he lighted another cigar and looked at his watch. The hour was nearly 10, and he hastened from

CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Gathered Among the Wits and Humorists of Congress.

Reminiscences of the Old Dominion. A Gentleman of the Old School—Anecdotes of Judge Daniel, Father of the Virginia Senator—Never on the Wrong Side—His Honor and the Negro Hoaxer—Sad Predicament of a Church Deacon—Played the Fly.

[Copyright, 1901, by Champ Clark.] Perhaps there is no one in either house of congress who comes so near being an object of worship among his own constituents as does Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia. He is a gentleman of the old school, whom Virginians everywhere delight to honor. I saw this exemplified in a remarkable manner on the Fourth of July, 1897.

He was the orator of the day at a Fourth of July celebration held in one of the large theaters in Washington under the auspices of the Democratic Clubs of the District of Columbia. The senator's appearance on the stage was a signal for a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm, and when the band struck up "Cary Me Back to Old Virginia" there was such a storm of cheers that I thought the roof would be taken off. The senator's speech was all that my own or anybody's fancy could have painted—patriotic, fervid, eloquent. After dwelling upon the glories of Americans in general he touched upon the glories of the Democratic party. "I hear a great deal," said he, "about the Democratic party being dead. And that reminds me of a tale my old black man used to tell me when I was a child that ran something like this:

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the baker's To get her dog some bread, And when she came back The dog was dead. And when she came back to buy him a coffin, The dog was dead."

"Now," said the senator, "they have brought in the coffin for the Democratic party several times, but they have found every time they bring the coffin he is up and a laughing."

This story doesn't seem very funny in cold type, but when told in the senator's inimitable manner it was very telling and most appropriate. The transition from the lugubrious tones of Mother Hubbard upon the discovery of her dog's death to the sudden joy and triumph of finding him "up and a laughing" was one of the funniest things I ever heard.

Stories of Senator Daniel's Father. At Bowling Green, Mo., where I live, one of my most valued friends and constituents is an old Virginia gentleman, John E. Sanderson, "Uncle John," as his friends call him, who has passed the postmaster's allotment of threescore and ten and who something like a half century ago was high sheriff of Bedford county, Va. He loves to relate anecdotes and reminiscences of men and things in the Old Dominion. Speaking of Senator Daniel one day, Uncle John said: "I remember honestly by his courage and his eloquence. His father and his grandfather before him were great lawyers. His father and grandfather were both judges of the court. His father, Judge William Daniel, Jr., was judge of the circuit court, and Bedford was in his jurisdiction. I tell you he was a judge that was a judge. Whenever Judge Daniel spoke, it was the law and the gospel and accepted as such. The lawyers never jawed him back when he was on the bench, however much some of them may have felt like it. He always went in for justice and equity."

Always on the Right Side. "One time," continued Uncle John, "during the trial of a case in court a lawyer in cross examination managed to get the witness so confused that he didn't know what he was saying. Judge Daniel, who took the case, stood at a glance, himself put several questions to the witness which cleared up affairs and gave the witness confidence to tell what he had to say in such a manner as to impress the jury with the fact that he was telling the truth and was the case. A few days after that the lawyer who had bullied the witness met the judge and said, 'Judge, do you know that I have heard you are named of taking sides in court?' 'That may be true, sir,' said the judge, drawing himself up to his full height. 'But I warrant you never heard of me taking the wrong side.'"

Judge Daniel and Hoaxer George. "Judge Daniel," Uncle John went on, "was tall and gaunt, with a hawk bill nose and an eagle eye. When he held court at Liberty, the county seat of Bedford, he always put up at the Terry tavern. George, the negro hoaxter at the tavern, was a favorite with all the guests who patronized the house and was always sure of a fee when he led out the judge's horse after the adjournment of court. One morning the judge came out and mounted his horse. George dutifully holding the stirrup. The judge looked at George, put his hand in his pocket, and then, looking down at his horse, said: 'George, you ass! you I ought to give you this dollar. This horse doesn't look as though it had been half fed.'"

"Now, Marse Judge," said George, "don't you go and talk that way. I done been a stiff old horse all he could hold, but he is zackly like you is, unass—he des can't hold enough to keep him from lookin' hungry." George got the dollar."

Nothing so fully demonstrates Senator Daniel's popularity as the fact that in his first race for the senate he had

A Head

that throbs, pains and aches, or feels heavy, stuffy, dull or dizzy, is a poor head to do business with. It irritates the temper, upsets the stomach, interferes with digestion and wears out the brain and nerves. Make the nerves strong, the brain clear and your head will be right.

"My head would begin to swim and I would grow dizzy and so weak and numb that I would fall to the floor. Since using Dr. Miles' Nervine I can work 16 hours a day and feel good. I believe it saved my life and cannot recommend it too highly."

W. G. WHITE, M. D., Chicago, Ill.

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quiets the irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up nervous health and strength. Try a bottle.

Sold by druggists on exhibition. 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	4,595.14
Receivables on hand	9.51
Total	\$38,510.08

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$10,000.00
Undivided profits	975.62
Deposits subject to checks	27,500.46
Cashier's checks	10.00
Total	\$38,510.08

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.

THE BOOK STORE

The place to buy BOOKS, STATIONERY SCHOOL SUPPLIES, ETC.

A. L. GRAYSON

J. G. & L. G. REID DENTISTS.

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Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.

Rutherfordton, N. C. Office up stairs in Dickerson building. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to them.

Carroll W. Downey, Physician and Surgeon.

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

J. C. Green, UNDERTAKER.

FOREST CITY, N. C. Best stock of Burial Requisites in the county from the cheapest Coffin in the most elegant Casket, all at moderate prices. Elegant Hearse.

Phone Number 6.

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VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS

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

In Effect May 26th, 1901.

SOUTHWARD.		
	Daily, No. 31.	Daily, No. 37.
Lv. New York, P. R. R.	12:05 pm	12:10 pm
Lv. Philadelphia	3:20 pm	3:50 pm
Lv. Baltimore	3:45 pm	4:30 pm
Lv. Washington	6:25 pm	7:05 pm
Lv. Richmond, S. A. L.	10:40 pm	9:40 pm
Lv. Petersburg	11:20 pm	10:20 pm
Lv. Norfolk	12:05 am	11:05 pm
Lv. Henderson	2:45 am	1:45 pm
Lv. Raleigh	4:10 am	3:10 pm
Lv. So. Pines	6:07 am	6:18 pm
Lv. Hamlet	7:35 am	10:50 pm
Lv. Columbia	9:45 am	1:50 pm
Lv. Savannah	1:47 pm	4:32 am
Lv. Jacksonville	6:40 pm	9:15 am
Ar. Tampa	6:15 am	5:40 pm

NORTHWARD.		
	Daily, No. 31.	Daily, No. 37.
Lv. N. Y. N. Y. P. & N.	7:55 am	8:55 pm
Lv. Philadelphia	10:20 am	11:25 pm
Lv. N. Y. J. O. D. S. C. O.	10:00 pm	
Lv. Balt. B. O. P. O.	7:00 pm	7:00 pm
Lv. Wash. N. & W. S. E.	6:00 pm	6:00 pm
Lv. Port. S. A. L.	3:30 pm	3:40 am
Lv. Weldon	12:16 pm	12:11 pm
Lv. Norfolk	1:40 pm	1:40 pm
Lv. Henderson	2:45 am	1:40 pm
Lv. Raleigh	4:10 am	3:55 pm
Lv. So. Pines	6:07 am	6:18 pm
Lv. Hamlet	7:35 am	10:50 pm
Lv. Wilmington	9:05 am	3:05 pm
Ar. Charlotte	10:01 am	10:10 pm
Lv. Chester	10:50 am	1:42 am
Lv. Greenwood	12:32 pm	3:45 am
Lv. Athens	2:40 pm	2:35 pm
Ar. Atlanta	3:55 pm	8:00 am
Ar. Augusta, G. A. W. C.	5:10 pm	11:20 am
Ar. Macon, G. A. W. C.	7:20 pm	11:20 am
Ar. Montgomery	9:20 pm	6:30 pm
Ar. Mobile, L. & N.	2:55 am	
Ar. New Orleans	7:30 am	
Ar. Nashville	6:30 am	6:55 pm
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General Booth Says Green. Dr. Edly places General Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army, among the most remarkable men whom he has met. He told this story of him: "When General Booth had finished an address one night at Colorado Springs, several of us accompanied him to the house where he was stopping. The general always eats a light lunch after speaking and before retiring. He did so on the occasion to which I refer. To keep him company all of us sat down to the table with him, though he was the only one who ate anything. All the rest of us declined. The general said grace in this unique fashion: 'Lord, bless them who eat and those who do not eat.'"

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