The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. I. NO. 50. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY DECEMBER 19. 1901. $1.00 A YEAR.

ALL WOMEN

Wine of Cardui is the guardian of a woman's health and happiness from youth to old age. It helps her safely into womanhood. It sustains her during the trials of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood, making labor easy and preventing flooding and miscarriage. It gently leads her through the dangerous period known as the change of life.

WINE OF CARDUI

cures leucorrhœa, falling of the womb, and menstrual irregularity in every form. It is valuable in every trying period of a woman's life. It reinforces the nervous system, acts directly on the genital organs and is the finest tonic for women known. Ask your druggist for a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

Batesville, Ala., July 11, 1900.
I am using Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught and I feel like a different woman already. Several ladies here keep the medicines in their homes all the time. I have three girls and they are using it with me.
MRS. KATE PROWDER.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Notice!

On Monday, the 6th day of January, 1902, I will sell at public auction at the court house in Rutherfordton, N. C., to the highest bidder, a certain tract or parcel of land known as the Goo' Bread Lands, lying on both sides of Cedar creek, Rutherford county, containing about 440 acres bounded as follows: Beginning at a W. O. on top of ridge; then north 60 west 20 poles to stake; then north 65 east 32 poles to poplar; then north 20 west 30 poles to stake; then south 75 east 20 poles to S. W.; then north 85 east 70 poles to S. O. then south 20 west 74 poles on line of 50 acre tract; then north 60 west 55 poles to maple and S. W.; then south 20 east 26 poles to ... then north 65 east 87 poles to stake; then north 25 east 95 poles; then south 65 west 25 poles to W. O.; then south 25 east 80 poles to a W. O.; then south 61 west 35 poles to W. O. and S. O.; then south 2 west 60 poles to stake; then south 10 west 40 poles to washed ditch; then south 36 west 25 poles to walnut; then north 20 west 40 poles to S. O. and gum; then south 45 west 25 poles to S. then north 8 west 36 poles to beech; then south 89 west 37 poles to P. O.; then north 39 west 21 poles to S. O.; then south 79 west 75 poles to stake; then north 14 west 5 poles to stake; then north 85 east 10 poles to stake; then south 14 east 20 poles to W. O. or S. O.; then south 8½ west 50 poles to B. O.; then north 12½ east 117 poles to north bank of creek; then north 6 east 117 poles to the beginning, containing 440 acres more or less. For full description to same see Deed from Joseph Noblett to James Noblett and Lydia Salina Wright, registered in office Register of Deeds for Rutherford county.

Said lands will be sold under an order of the Superior Court, issued at the November term, 1901 in conformity to an award made and rendered by R. L. Rickman as Arbitrator in the case entitled Lydia Salina Wright vs. J. L. Noblett.

The said lands will be sold on the following terms, to wit; one-third of the purchase price to be paid in cash on day of sale, the remainder to be paid within twelve months from date of sale, such deferred payment to bear interest from date of sale. This December 3rd, 1901.

B. A. JUSTICE, Commissioner.

Notice!

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court issued in the special proceedings entitled "Dora Spake administratrix of George Spake vs. Richard Spake and others" I will sell at the court house in Rutherfordton on

January 6th, 1902,

at public auction the following described tract of land lying in Rutherford county, adjoining the lands of Joseph Wilkie, James Hyder, Matthew Amos and the William Bland lands, lying about 4 miles southwest of Rutherfordton and containing 50 acres. Said lands will be sold to create assets with which to pay debts against the estate of George Spake, deceased, and will be sold on the following terms, to wit: one-half cash on day of sale, and the remainder to be paid by November 5th, 1902. The deferred payment to bear interest from date of sale, and to be secured by note with approved security. Title withheld until the final pyament of the purchase money and interest. This December 6th, 1901.

DORA SPAKE, administratrix of George Spake, deceased

McBrayer & Justice.

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.

☞ A GOOD NO. 5 HEATER second-handed, will be sold cheap. A bargain for some one.—Apply at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

☞ FOR RENT:—Mrs. S. Canfield wishes to rent her house and farm on the Hickory Nut road, one half mile from town.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

The Knife Throwers

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

Copyright, 1901, By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey.

It did not occur to him that "the senorita" might have taken forcible measures to prevent the duel in the event of his refusal to accede to her wishes regarding it, but he did remember the letter and thought, with a grim smile, that he was more than likely to have ample time to read it, as she had suggested, at his "leisure."

CHAPTER II.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

WHEN the carriage in which Burr Pendleton was a prisoner arrived at its destination, the lasso was removed, but the scrape which so effectually hoodwinked him was not disturbed. One of his captors took him by the arm, and he was informed that if he would walk along quietly no harm would befall him. He complied without deigning to speak.

He was conscious that his feet crunched upon gravel paths which wound in and out among shrubbery, for the branches frequently brushed against him, and once he thought it probable that he was again within the secluded garden of the Tacubaya gambling house. This illusion was soon dispelled, however, for after passing across an extended court that was flagged with stone and thence into a second shrubbed and graveled inclosure he was directed to mount a flight of three steps, and he knew that he entered an apartment of some kind. There was the yielding touch of soft carpeting under his tread, and the warm air was quite in contrast with the chill without. He was bidden courteously to wait one moment and was left standing in the middle of the floor. He heard the sound made by a closing door, and after what seemed an interminable period, although it could not have been more than a minute or two, he attempted to relieve himself of the blinding scrape.

There was no resistance, and upon casting it aside he discovered that he was alone. His conductor had disappeared.

For a moment he stared around him in amazement. This was certainly not the sort of treatment he had expected. He began to think that perhaps they were not bandits after all; the surroundings of that moment did not suggest such an explanation. The room was richly, even luxuriously, furnished, and his first quick glance told him that it was the favorite living room of a lady: the pictures on the walls, the chairs, the piano and the books that littered the table all assured him of that much. The wide, low window, through which he believed he had entered the room, was open. Not so the iron bars that protected it, but they told him nothing, since every house in Mexico has its windows so furnished. He peered out through the grating, but he could see nothing except the outlines of tall trees showing against the sky. There was nothing by which he could determine his locality, so he turned back into the room again and crossed to the table, where one of the lamps with which the apartment was supplied was burning. His glance rested upon a slip of paper with writing upon it, and he read these words:

Senor Pendleton—If you are mystified concerning the events of this evening, read the letter that last came into your possession.

There was no signature, but he recognized the chirography as the same as that he had received early in the day calling him to Tacubaya, and he added mentally, "Where I was fool enough to go to be trapped by a woman."

His cigars were intact, and he lighted one. Then, after arranging the lamp more to his purposes, he dropped into an easy chair near the table, produced the letter which had been given to him by his companion in the summer house, broke the seal and began:

I crave your pardon, Senor Pendleton, for the indignity that I am forced to thrust upon you. I have determined to prevent the meeting between you and Captain Romero, and as I have no hope that you will consent to abandon all thought of it I have prepared this in anticipation of your refusal. You will not be detained longer than is necessary—that is, only a little longer, for it will not be possible to liberate you during the hours of daylight. Twenty-four hours will be the duration of your imprisonment. In the meantime you will be left entirely alone. Your room is supplied with every necessity you will require during that time, and when it expires, as soon as you have placed the serape over your head so that you can see nothing, you will be taken back to the city, or at least as far as El Cabillito. I am informed that it is your intention to return to New York tomorrow night. I regret that I will not be able to liberate you soon enough for you to carry out your plan. The train leaves three hours too early for that. But you need not be prevented from taking the early morning train on the other road. If you will leave your New York address on the table, I will communicate with you again; also, should you care to communicate with your servant, if you will write the message and throw it through the grating at your window, it will be delivered at once. If I have placed you in a false position concerning the duel and your masculine conception of honor, I can assure you that the day will come when you will thank me for what I have done, if the opportunity occurs. I will sign this letter as I did the one that brought you to Tacubaya. One who prefers, for the present, to be known to you only as

CARMEN.

Pendleton folded the letter and returned it to his pocket. Then he looked at his watch and discovered that it was not yet midnight. After that he paced moodily up and down the room many times.

"Of course she means to read whatever I write to James," he mused, "and if I say anything in explanation of my absence the message will not go. The only thing I can do is to tell him to let things stand as they are until later, and I must do that; otherwise he will be out of the city before I am out of here unless —"

There were writing materials on the table, and he indited the following message to his valet:

You will extend the time of waiting for me twenty-four hours. Do nothing whatever until that time. If there should be callers, tell them all that I will be prepared to receive everybody at midnight tomorrow night—tonight of the day you receive this. B. P.

He thrust the message through the grating, extinguished the lights in the room and stood on guard to see the person who should come to take it, and when that person appeared he recognized in the graceful walk and carriage the lady of his interview in the gambling house. She kept her face turned away notwithstanding the fact that it was concealed by the lace mantilla. But he had already seen it twice since he came to Mexico, and he understood the act to mean that she did not wish him to address her, so he permitted her to depart in silence.

Burr Pendleton by reason of his fatalistic propensities might have been a good Mohammedan, and he accepted his enforced leisure with entire calmness. He knew that he could not break through the bars at the window, and even if he might have done so he would doubtless be recaptured. He had thought out the predicament in which he found himself while he was pacing up and down the room before he wrote the message to James, and he had arrived at the Zenoesque decision that what could not be cured must be endured. Intensely annoyed and deep down in his heart intensely angry, he only shrugged his shoulders, smiled cynically and wondered, not without amusement, what Captain Agramonte, Romero and others would think and say of him when he should fail to appear on the dueling ground at the appointed time.

Then, still standing at the window in the dark and puffing leisurely at his cigar, he began to plan his conduct after his liberation. It was not an easy thing to do, for he realized that even Agramonte, his friend, would find it hard to believe that he had been forcibly detained from keeping his engagement. He knew that Romero and his second would lose no time in branding the American as a coward and that, according to the code duello, Captain Romero would have the undisputed right to refuse another appointment. In concentrating his mind upon these perplexities he also unconsciously concentrated his gaze upon a given point among the shrubbery at a spot where two paths parted at an acute angle, both to disappear in the darkness, and suddenly at the apex of the two paths he discerned motion.

At first he believed it to be an animal of some kind, but it seemed larger, and presently he decided that it was a human figure stretched at full length upon the ground and slowly, but surely, approaching the window where he stood. Instantly his perplexities were forgotten, and he watched the approaching figure curiously. It was a man clad in the charro costume of home tanned leather affected by rurales, indescribable in color and almost invisible at night. Pendleton realized that he would never have discovered the figure had it not happened that his gaze was concentrated upon it at the very instant it appeared. Two men at the same window engaged in conversation and not intent upon anything in particular might have looked upon it a dozen times without seeing it once.

Quite naturally he asked himself the reason of the mysterious visit. He thought of an attempt at assassination, but dismissed the idea at once, and after conjecturing upon many possibilities, all of which were improbable, he gave it up and waited. The true reason did not once occur to him. The Mexican nature is naturally chivalrous, all critics to the contrary notwithstanding, and Pendleton was soon to have ocular proof of it.

The stranger glided up the steps with the silence and grace of a serpent, and when at last he had disposed his full length laterally against the building, with his face close to the grating, he hissed very much like one Pendleton in the meantime had remained motionless and silent, but when the man hissed he replied in his natural tones by asking in Spanish what was wanted.

"Silence!" commanded the man in a sharp whisper. "It was I who brought you here tonight, senor. I have returned for the purpose of serving you. If you will take the trouble to get down on the floor as close to me as possible, there will be no danger of being overheard. If it should be discovered that I am here, my power to serve you will be past, and I will be in grave trouble. Que la gusta, senor."

Pendleton was amused. He was also interested, and he did as the man directed.

"Say on," he said then, and the stranger continued:

"You have an appointment with Captain Romero near the Passeo at 5 in the morning. Is that true?"

"Quite true, unfortunately, for I cannot keep it. If you have come here to offer yourself as a messenger, I will be most grateful and, with your permission, will reward you to almost any extent," replied Pendleton.

"I will do better than that, senor, if you will agree to the conditions I will make."

"What will you do and what are the conditions?"

"I will enable you to keep the appointment yourself, senor?"

"I cannot imagine conditions that would make me hesitate upon the acceptance of such an offer, my friend. What are they? I agree to them in advance."

"I have the key that unlocks this grating—that is, I have a duplicate, which is as well. I have horses saddled and waiting, and there is still time for all that is required even if you should wish to send me to the city before the hour for the meeting. If you agree to the conditions, I will accept your word, and we will start at once."

"I have already agreed to them without hearing them. Let me know them quickly, since you insist upon it."

"As soon as we are under the shelter of the trees I will blindfold you. You are not to attempt to see anything, nor can you remove the bandage from your eyes until I grant permission. You must promise not to go to the city and to make no attempt to see or to speak to any person except those who are engaged in this affair, and to them you must not explain any of the circumstances. If it is necessary to send me to the city to communicate with your second or another, you will wait at our place of parting until I return. After the duello there will still be time to return here without discovery, and you must submit to the bandage again, do exactly as I ask, and resume your place in this room as if you had not been absent. And there is one other point where I depend entirely upon your honor, senor. It may be that we will meet people on the road on our return. You must remember that it will then be daylight. In such a case I would be obliged to remove the bandage from your eyes until we have passed, but I hope such an event may be avoided, but if it should occur we will remain motionless until I can replace the bandage. One more thing and the last—you will promise never to recognize me after tonight either by name or by sight, and that you will never attempt through me to seek out the identity of the lady who has caused you to be imprisoned. If you agree to all these conditions, senor, we need not delay."

"I can think of only one reservation, my friend, and that concerns the return here. If I am alive and able to sit on a horse, I will do as you say, but it is quite likely that I may not be able to return with you at all. In that case you will be in trouble."

"I have considered that, senor, and I will take the risk. I do not think you

The stranger glided up the steps with the grace of a serpent.

were intended for a bullet fired by Captain Romero. Now a word or two of instruction: I will open the grating just sufficient for you to pass out. I will then close it and relock it. The window you will leave as it is. You cannot crawl on the ground as I can do, nor do I think it necessary now. Once outside the window you will go to the bottom of the steps, and from there two quick leaps will take you into the shadow of the shrubbery, where you will await me. Leave your hat and coat where they are. I have provided a serape and a sombrero for you."

It is not necessary to describe the escape from the house and grounds more than to add that it was accomplished without incident. By half after 1 o'clock the two men were on the road together, each astride a horse, though Pendleton's eyes were tightly bandaged. It was only human nature for him to endeavor through his knowledge of the topography of the country to locate himself, and his companion seemed to realize this, for he talked constantly so that the American would have no opportunity for logical conjecture. The horses were soon put to a canter also, which rendered the task still more difficult.

"I wish you would tell me why you were so good as to do all this for me?" Pendleton said as soon as an opportunity offered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Will Not Hide My Light Under a Bushel.

GENTLEMEN:—I will not hide my light under a bushel, for I want the people to know what your Gooch's Mexican Syrup has done for me. For four years I have been afflicted with asthma, and could not get anything to do me any good until I got your Gooch's Mexican Syrup. I took three bottles and it cured me entirely. I give you this hoping it may be the means of saving some one from a horrible and premature death.

Yours under obligations,
Rev. THOS. B. WARWICH, Scott Town, O.

Consumptives try it. It cures a simple cough as if by magic, and is the best remedy for whooping cough. Price, 25 cents.

A philosopher truly says that the boy or young man who systematically saves his earnings will eventually become the employer of those who spend every cent they can get. There is not so much in the amount saved as in the habit formed. Business opportunities will inevitably come to the young man who makes the proper effort to prepare himself to meet them, and that best way is to save your earnings for future investment.—Exchange.

How to Cure Croup.

Mr. R. Gray, who lives near Armenia, Duchess county, N. Y., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best medicine I have ever used. It is a fine children's remedy for croup and never fails to cure." When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has developed, it will prevent the attack. This should be borne in mind and a bottle of the Cough Remedy kept at hand ready for instant use as soon as these symptoms appear. For sale by Twitty & Thompson.

CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Amusing Anecdotes of a Pike County Statesman.

How Colonel Broadhead Was Cajoled Into Making a Disastrous Leap. Pride Destroyed In a Horse Pond. A Jumper Comes to Grief—The Celebrated Fat Mule Case—How a Pig Was Instrumental In Making History—Value of a Vote In a Close Contest.

[Copyright, 1901, by Champ Clark.]

One of the most distinguished of all the Missourians was Colonel James O. Broadhead, who was a member of congress, a colonel in the Union army and minister to Switzerland. He was accounted one of the very greatest of Americans [illegible]

Just [illegible] out of Albemarle county [illegible] while he was on his [illegible] becoming acclimated to [illegible] manners, so to speak, one of his [illegible] cronies was a rollicksome young "buck," as Mr. Thackeray would say, named Rufe Sanders, who, if opportunity had afforded, would not have hesitated to play a practical joke on the president of the republic, the grand Turk, the czar of all the Russias or any other high and mighty functionary. All was fish that came to his net. He and Broadhead in their affection for each other much resembled Damon and Pythias. Nevertheless Rufus played it on the colonel, on one occasion at least, in a most artistic manner. He boasted of his influence over Broadhead and said he could induce him to do anything he chose. He knew the colonel's vanity as to his high jumping powers, and he made up his mind to have some fun, and he had it. In the outskirts of the village was a pond of water of considerable length and about 25 feet wide. Rufe was bragging to some jolly blades one evening that such were his powers over Broadhead that he could make him jump into the pond. Of course they hooted at such an idea. While they were chaffing Rufe, Broadhead hove in sight, rigged out in his best bib and tucker, on his way to see one of Rufe's beautiful female cousins.

Thought He Could Make It.

As soon as he came within earshot Rufe sang out, "Broadhead, can you jump across that pond?"

The future constitutional expounder scanned it critically with those lustrous orbs which have since overawed juries, courts, senates, and said, "I don't believe I can quite make it."

Rufe jeeringly remarked: "You have always sworn that you could beat the world jumping, and now you flunk. I have just jumped it clean and clear. Haven't I, boys?" appealing to his own companions.

Of course the "boys" laid their hands solemnly on their hearts and asseverated by the great horn spoon that Rufus had actually made the unprecedented leap.

This was too much for Broadhead. His proud Virginia blood was up. Shedding his broadcloth swallowtail, he said: "Rufe, nothing wearing the human form divine can beat me jumping. I learned that caper beneath the shadows of the Blue Ridge mountains and in sight of Monticello. You have insulted my state pride. I'll give you a lesson you will never forget."

With this he backed off about 100 yards on the prairie to get a good start, came on like a cyclone in mad career, leaped into the air and, falling several feet short of the mark, came down kerwallop in the pond. He scrambled out a sadder, muddier, wiser and wetter man.

All he could hear was the melancholy swish of the waves settling themselves after his accidental immersion and the mocking laughter of Rufe and his participes criminis receding to the gloaming and fleeing from the wrath to come.

Helped by His Nerve.

While admitting his colossal ability gladly, I am [illegible] Colonel Broadhead's [illegible] helped him considerably as an original proposition. Broadhead is a comely cognomen, well calculated to [illegible] the trump of fame. It's a bit of introduction among strangers and brings up images of Solomonic wisdom. The beauty of it is that the man lived up to the name.

Lately some fellow's ingenuity has demonstrated that the war of 1812 was produced by a pig getting its head fast in a fence in Connecticut or Rhode Island. It happened in this wise: In some particular precinct a Federalist voter put off leaving home for the polls till the last minute possible for his reaching the voting place in time. He was hurrying as fast as his legs could carry him to exercise the highest prerogative of an American sovereign, when he heard one of his pigs squealing as in great distress.

How a Pig Made History.

Now, it is a conceded fact among us farmers that there is no more ear piercing or pleasure banishing sound in this noisy world than that made by a pig squealing because his adventurous head has been caught in the crack of a fence, unless it be a Thomas cat developing his musical apparatus at midnight's holy hour. So the Federalist, burning with wrath against Thomas Jefferson and all the Democrats, stopped to rescue his pig. This delayed him so that he lost his vote. The Democratic candidate for the legislature was elected by one majority. The legislature elected a Democratic United States senator by one majority. The United States senate declared war by one majority, all the Democrats voting for it. That peaky pig made several pages of glorious history.

Colonel Broadhead's Fat Mule Case.

When Colonel Broadhead was climbing laboriously up that tall hill where fame's proud temple shines afar, two Pike county farmers and next door neighbors, both well to do, had a falling out about a scrub mule. We will call them Jones and Brown. Each one believed that he held an indefeasible right to that long eared animal. Jones employed Broadhead, who promptly instituted suit. When the papers were served on Brown, he did not notice that Broadhead was Jones' attorney, so as Broadhead was a favorite with him he straightway applied to the colonel also. Of course Broadhead, with profound thanks for his complimentary friendship, informed him that he had been retained by the other side. "Well," said Brown, "I'm awfully sorry. I reckon you can recommend another lawyer for me." "Yes; I can do that. Do you know John Henderson?" "No." "Well, he is the best lawyer in the county, and I write you a letter of introduction to him," which he did, and carefully folding it up and impressing his arms upon the wax, handed Brown with one of those low diplomatic bows for which he is famous.

Could Not Stand the Suspense.

Brown left Broadhead's office and went home in a frame of mind toward that letter much [illegible] Eve's touching the forbidden fruit. He was aching to know its contents more he thought of it the more he wanted to read it. At last he could stand the suspense no longer. He "sigamed" the envelope over the steaming teakettle and drew out the precious document, and with eyes and fluttering heart he read:

Dear John—Jones versus Brown, the plaintiff, and this will introduce my client, Mule case. Both fat. Yours,

It was all Greek to Brown. His condition was worse than Tantalus. He read it right side up, backwards, up, catacornered, diagonally and every other way. To save his life he could not understand it or get inside of the mysterious and enigmatical thing. As he tossed in sleepless anguish virtuous couch snatches of such strange and incomprehensible messages as each other through his fevered brain with lightning rapidity, and jumbled grotesquely and jumbled grotesquely in this wise: "Mule case; both fat—mule case; mule case; fat case—both mule; case fat both," etc., like Mark Antony's "punch, brother; punch, punch in the presence of the vulgaire."

Settled the Matter.

Finally and desperately he communed with his own soul and asked what on earth can Broadhead mean? It beats the deuce. He says it's Greek. There's only one mule, and it's a dang fat either." He kept over that lucid formula until he actually got it into his noggin as to what objective "both" referred to in the letter. He shook his sides with laughter, interrupted by such objurgations as "Broadhead! Henderson! Fat Mule! Hades!"

Next morning, bright and early, he hied him over to Neighbor Jones, called him out, shook hands cordially, showed him the letter, told his experience and thus delivered an opinion, full of wisdom as any of Jack Bunsby's: "Jones, you have one good farm; I have another. This measly mule isn't worth over $20. If we go to law about it, in 12 months Jim Broadhead will be living on your farm, John Henderson on mine, and we'll be out in the cold. We'd be a pair of prime donkeys to do that. Let's settle the blamed case here and now between ourselves." And settle they did by halving the mule. That letter was too good a joke to keep. It got out somehow or somehow else and was nuts for the lovers of fun everywhere.

Andrew Jackson.

We are given to too much self congratulation on our second war with Great Britain. But we would not have come out of the bloody struggle with much eclat if one Andrew Jackson had not walloped the bloody Britisher in a most consummate and astounding manner at New Orleans on St. Jackson's day in the morning. And it is a curious fact that that glorious event would never have happened except that, after a tremendous tussle, Old Hickory was elected major general of the Tennessee militia—by one majority.

Consequently, had not his pigship got his head into too small a crack in that old Virginia worm fence in New England, there would have been no war for sailors' rights.

Two Votes Not to Be Sneezed At.

Colonel Broadhead's political career came near being nipped in the bud and dying "a-borning." He was elected from Pike to the legislature by two majority. With this small margin as a starter he climbed high and with reasonable rapidity. He afterward became a member of the state senate, of a constitutional convention and of congress, the nominee of his party for the United States senate, president of the American Bar association and was voted for by his state delegation in a national convention for the presidency itself, which is the ultima Thule of human ambition. On Bosworth field Hunchback Richard in agony of soul exclaimed: "A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" And in the feverish throes of death called politics many an aspiring and perspiring candidate would give a year of peaceful life for that doughty vote which often cometh not. Colonel Broadhead could have honestly sworn that in a close contest two votes are not to be sneezed at.

CHAMP CLARK.

Pile-ine Cures Piles.

Money refunded if it ever fails.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

Heart Pains

are Nature's warning notes of approaching danger from a diseased heart. If you would avoid debilitating diseases, or even sudden death from this hidden trouble pay heed to the early warnings. Strengthen the heart's muscles, quiet its nervous irritation and regulate its [illegible] with that greatest of all [illegible]

[illegible] beginning at a stake in the middle of the Henrietta road, John Henry's line, running with his line south 2 west 79 poles to a pine, his corner; thence with his line north 88 east 47 poles to a stake in said line; thence with line of the Erwin land north 2 east 58 poles to a stone; thence north 70½ west to a pine; thence north 67½ west 47½ poles to the beginning, containing [illegible] acres more or less.

The said land will be sold by virtue of and under the authority of a mortgage deed, with full power of sale made by John Bills and Susan Bills to W. M. Witherow, dated October 31st, 1896, and registered November 2nd, 1896, in Book H-2, No. 52 to which reference is made for further particulars. This December 5th, 1901. W. M. WITHROW

McBrayer & Justice, attorneys.

Notice.

By virtue of an order of the Superior court of Rutherford county, made in the special proceedings entitled "W. J. Mode, administrator of R. M. C. Morrow, vs. D. F. Morrow and others, heirs at law of B. M. C. Morrow, deceased," I will, on the

6th day of January, 1902,

sell at public auction at the court house in Rutherfordton, for cash, three undivided elevenths (3-11) interests in fifty-two (52) acres of land, the same being the dower alloted to Mrs. N. H. Morrow, lying on the public road between Forest City and the Island Ford, being the lands on which N. H. Morrow, late of Rutherford county, resided, and now occupied by his widow.

Said three-elevenths (3-11) interest in the fifty-two (52) acres will be sold subject to the life estate of the widow, Mrs. N. H. Morrow, and will be sold to create assets for the payment of debts. This November 23th, 1901.

W. J. MODE, Administrator, of B. M. C. Morrow, dec ased.

McBrayer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Rutherford County made in the case entitled "K. J. Carpenter, administrator of the estate of H. N. Carpenter vs. E. T. Revely and Annette Revely," we will sell at public auction for cash at the court house in Rutherfordton on

Monday, the 6th day of January, 1902,

a certain lot or parcel of land lying on the west side of Main street in the town of Rutherfordton, adjoining the lands of K. J. Carpenter on the north and the lot of the Forest House on the south, known as the Revely house and lot, said land sold and to satisfy a certain judgment in the above entitled [illegible]

This December [illegible], 1901.

W. F. RUCKER, MATT MCBRAYER, Commissioners.

☞ THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE will be paid for good pork and beeves at my market.—B. A. CATLIFF.