

# The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. 11, NO. 9.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1902.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

**STOPS PAIN**

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Annie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes today who are hearing these 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. Consult yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been 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 today and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, either by mail or in person, to Dr. J. C. Walker, Rutherfordton, N. C.

## COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on February 25th, 1902.

| RESOURCES.                 |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Loans and discounts        | \$20,575.00 |
| Overdrafts                 | 557.33      |
| Furniture and fixtures     | 1,000.00    |
| Due from banks and bankers | 11,557.98   |
| Cash on hand               | 3,697.88    |
| Total                      | \$38,987.95 |
| LIABILITIES.               |             |
| Capital stock              | \$10,000.00 |
| Surplus                    | 1,000.00    |
| Undivided profits          | 366.33      |
| Deposits subject to checks | 24,241.34   |
| Cashier's checks           | 1,200.21    |
| Total                      | \$38,987.95 |

L. 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., Rutherfordton County.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of March, 1902.

M. J. DICKERSON, C. S. C.

Corrected—Attest:

T. B. TWITTY, JOHN C. MILLS, Directors.

## Notice!

By virtue of the power conferred by a deed of trust, made by H. S. Taylor, J. T. Cross and Mary Cross to W. F. Rucker, in trust for Helen Thompson, the undersigned trustee, appointed in the deed, will sell at the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Rutherfordton, N. C., on

Monday, April 7th, 1902, certain tracts of land, lying and being in the county of Rutherford, North Carolina, and described as follows: First tract—adjoining lands of E. McMahon and beginning on a stake in the Island Ford road, thence north 79° 35' 10" west 100 feet to a stone; thence north 16° 15' 20" west 100 feet to a pine knot; thence north 28° 15' 10" east 148-100 chains to a pine knot; thence south 75° 35' 10" west 100 feet to a stone; thence south 40° 50' 10" west 100 feet to the middle of Island Ford road; thence with said road north 11° 15' 20" west 200-100 chains to the beginning, containing 1.5 acres or more or less.

Second tract—lying in the town of Forest City and adjoining lands of M. C. Martin and others, beginning on W. T. Long's corner in M. J. Harrell's line, thence north 76° 10' 10" west to a stake in C. M. Martin's line; thence north 15° 15' 10" east 77-100 feet to a stone; thence south 76° 10' 10" west 100 feet to the beginning, containing 1.8 acres. Said sale will be made to satisfy the sum mentioned in said deed of trust now due and unpaid. For further information reference is hereby made to Book "K" of deeds at page 310. This February 26th, 1902.

M. H. MORROW, Trustee.  
Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

## Notice.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed given by J. W. Wilkies and wife, Louisa, to L. B. Wilkies, the undersigned mortgagee, I will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, at public outcry for cash, on

Monday, April 7th, 1902, the following described tract of land, lying and being in Rutherford county, North Carolina, known as a part of the Bingham tract on Bingham's branch of the Bingham creek and bounded as follows: Beginning at a rock, bridge's corner, and run east with old line 34 poles to a pine; thence north 12 poles to a stake; thence east 32 poles to a stake; thence west 32 poles to a chestnut on McHarris tract; thence north 2 poles to a red oak; thence west 34 poles to a stake, bridge's corner; thence with his line north 100 poles to the beginning, containing 43 acres or more or less. Said sale will be made to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage. Book H-3 of mortgage deeds at page 128 is given as a further reference. This Feb. 24th, 1902.

L. B. WILKIE, Mortgagee.  
Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**  
Digests what you eat.

## THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER I.

THE MAN WHO WOULD REST.

"TYPICAL Parisian crowd," said Darrell, indicating by an almost imperceptible gesture the passing throng upon the pavement—"always animated, various, full of life and color."

"Interesting because interested," rejoined Gordon, slowly twirling his wingless by the stem—"interested in a vast range of small matters, the trifling affairs of the moment."

"Not a bit like New York," Darrell continued, "and always new to me. See those young fellows, clerks, I suppose, going home. Would you see any so light hearted on Broadway? Why, every mother's son of them would be gnawing his mustache with fierce determination, and if an honest answer could be had you might ask one question of fifty of them in succession and get the same answer every time. 'What are you doing about that?' 'I'm thinking about a scheme to get hold of some money.' And if two were talking it would be of business—of girls, perhaps, once in awhile, but of business nine times in ten. Look at the people sitting around these tables!"

Darrell shifted his glance with the last words, and there was a pause before he added in an altered and much lower tone:

"Now, that's a little more like what we're accustomed to see at home."

Gordon turned a cautious eye toward a table upon their left.

"You mean," he said, "your Russian friend and the black whiskered pirate who is talking to him?"

Darrell nodded.

"From a snatch of their conversation which I overheard," said Gordon, "I judge that your friend has been losing money in a gambling club and is anxious to return and lose some more. The other is dissuading him."

"Then I beg the pirate's pardon," replied Darrell. "I thought he was trying to sell Getchikoff a gold brick. That's what reminded me of New York."

"What's his name?" asked Gordon.

"I didn't catch it."

"He's the son of the governor-general of Siayropok in the Caucasus, and colonel in the czar's army. I met him through Praybrook of the British embassy. He seems to be a gentleman, but he's no friend of mine. His society is a little too thrilling for me in my present state of nerves."

"I wanted you to assist at some sort of a duel, didn't I?"

"Yes, but I succeeded in dodging it," said Darrell, "without getting into one myself, as usually happens over here when a fellow attempts to evade those little social obligations. No more of that sort of thing for me. Bob, there's nothing in it, and nobody knows that better than I do."

Gordon nodded several times slowly and with a glance that may have betrayed a trace of envy.

"You're the son of the governor-general of the globe," he said, "well, I married early and settled down, and I've been thoroughly happy. The other is dissuading him."

"I shan't marry," replied Darrell, "but I shall certainly settle down. In fact, I have. I've seen a good deal of life in the last ten years. No dissipation, you understand, or as little as a man can get along with. And really by now, I'm bound to happen."

"And if it didn't," rejoined Gordon, "you made it. I know you, Jack. I know you through and through. Adventure is your natural food. Was it luck that got you into that last awful jig in Wall Street?"

"No; but it was luck that got me out of it," said Darrell, with a laugh. "Up on my soul, Bob, I was near losing everything I had in the world, and then—well, I think it was the winning that broke me down. At any rate, I was a wreck when the thing was all cleaned up. I have the doctor's word for it, and if my mother bribed the doctor to say it, why, so much the better for the doctor—and for me if I take his advice. 'Absolute rest,' he said, and he was right. If a fire engine goes by in these days, I turn my back to avoid the excitement, though there's nothing nervous in the sight of a Paris engine plodding along. But this man Getchikoff is another proposition. Hello, he's getting out his checkbook! I knew it was a gold brick game! Waiter!"

He took a passing servant by the sleeve and whispered to him:

"If that Russian gentleman asks you for a pen and ink, don't get them. Do you comprehend? This for yourself."

And he put some money into the fellow's hand.

Ten seconds later Getchikoff was asking for writing tools, and the obliging servant was promising to fetch them instantly. But he did not do it.

Getchikoff had been drinking more wine than was good for him and had passed into a condition where a friend might prevent him from spending his money foolishly by any device that seemed adequate. He swore at the waiter for returning without the pen.

"And I do not use your American jokes," replied Ladislov, rising. "Among gentlemen there are certain views about lying."

Gordon expected to see Ladislov's body go flying over the table behind him, for he knew Darrell of old as a man exceedingly prompt in such matters. But Darrell merely put the pen into his pocket as if he had heard nothing offensive, and leaning back in his chair, he regarded Ladislov with an agreeable smile.

"You should not permit yourself to become excited," he said. "I have been informed by my physician that it is exceedingly bad for the health."

Getchikoff was staring stupidly, unable to comprehend what was passing. Seeing Ladislov standing, he staggered to his feet.

"You are right," he said. "We must go. Gentlemen, we regret that we have not more leisure."

And he struggled clumsily with his watch.

Ladislov remained for a moment scowling at Darrell and scowling at a less for words; then, taking Getchikoff suddenly by the arm, he led him away among the tables and into the cafe beyond. Ten minutes afterward the waiter whom Darrell had bribed came up behind him and said in a cautious tone:

"Monsieur, I did as you told me, but they found pen and ink inside. The man with yellow hair signed something for the other."

"A check?" asked Darrell.

"No, monsieur; it was some sort of document which the man with the black beard took from his pocket."

"Thank you," said Darrell, rewarding him once more.

"That monster and the man with the black beard had a quarrel," he said.

"They lie," said Darrell, addressing Gordon rather than the servant. "No man can quarrel with me, and the next one that tries it will get his head broken. I am here for rest."

He tapped gently on the table with his finger, and Gordon languished.

"You will go with my wife and me to the students' ball this evening," he said. "That will be restful after the company in which you probably attended the last one. And, besides, we shall leave before the trouble begins."

CHAPTER II.

PRINCESS VERA'S COACHMAN.

THE Gordons had spent the winter in Paris and had occupied a house in Passy, modestly considering their means, but exceedingly comfortable and convenient. They were people of a wide acquaintance, and their home had sheltered many guests, mostly Americans making brief visits to the French capital. At the time of the incidents herein described there were but two, Darrell and Miss Edith Lorraine. The young woman was cousin to Mrs. Gordon and, like that lady herself, a student of art. Mrs. Gordon, indeed, was something more than a student, having won the beginnings of a name among painters. As to Miss Lorraine and Darrell, the Gordons had entertained a hope that had recently taken on the color of fear, for a match which could be blind to the fact, the woman alone shall feel it.

When Gordon and Darrell returned to the villa after the incident just described, they learned that Miss Lorraine's uncle and aunt had arrived in Paris earlier than they had been expected and that the young lady had gone to take up her abode with them in one of the big hotels. It was in the town of a flight, and not even Darrell himself could be blind to the fact, the woman alone shall feel it.

"Would you," said Darrell, reddening at this obvious attempt to put him in a difficulty. "Then you shall be gratified."

And softly, but with a clear and very agreeable tone, he played "Hail, Columbia" in a manner that was a perfect fluster. It was a trick that Darrell had learned long ago, in college days, when his repository of institutions had included many instruments. Gordon, to whom the performance had been familiar in those old times, could not remember to have heard it better done.

Gordon glanced at Ladislov in surprise, being still convinced that the man had sought to dissuade Getchikoff from drawing a check. In fact, he had distinctly heard him speak against that course.

"Would you," said Darrell, reddening at this obvious attempt to put him in a difficulty. "Then you shall be gratified."

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"I do not like your American jokes," he said, and he experienced a boyish delinquency in the utter surprise and confusion of the captain.

Having finished the pen, Darrell smilingly passed the pen to Ladislov, a proceeding not unsafe, for the cap closed and opened by means of a spring not easily discovered. Incident to this mechanism there were two perforations of the outer shell, which might seem to connect with the inner parts, though they did not.

"That's where you blow," said Darrell, pointing to the holes, while Gordon controlled his countenance with considerable difficulty.

Ladislov fumbled with the pen, and he became red with wrath.

"A clever trick," he said in a very unpleasant voice, "an accomplishment of the vaudeville."

"I do not like your tone, sir," said Darrell calmly as he extended his hand to the man who had just been rebuffed.

dragged and trampled and very nearly impaled upon the pole, for the animals had swerved just as he had sprung toward them, bringing down with more squarely in front of him. He had intended to be a little more successful in his attack, but they showed no desire to be so. He stepped away from the pole and back toward the vehicle.

He was about to speak when suddenly the coachman leaned far forward from his seat and struck violently with a heavy whip. The lash cleared Darrell's head as he dodged forward under it and came down with great force upon his back. The sharp pain and, above all, the unexpected and unnatural act itself inspired Darrell with a purely instinctive wrath. He leaped to one side, avoiding a second blow, and then sprang up in such a way as to get a momentary footing on the forward wheel, whence he passed on upward as if upon wings, alighting against the coachman, who, rather from surprise than from the force of the shock, lost his balance and fell to the street.

It was lucky for Darrell that the fellow did not carry the reins with him, for the horses nearly jumped out of their harness, frightened by the whirling whip and perhaps by the volley of curses with which the coachman had reinforced the blows that he had aimed at Darrell's head. The team bolted at Darrell's head, and it was a matter of life or death for the man on the box. His own safety, coupled with a fleeting thought of the woman whose cry he had heard, kept Darrell busy with the horses, and he had no time to look back to see whether the coachman had broken his neck. There was a clear inference that he had not, however, for it could hardly have been any one else who, at the moment when the frightened animals sprang forward, discharged a pistol that had the resonance of a small cannon and shook the windows of the narrow street.

Fortunately, the way was absolutely clear. Moreover, Darrell was a strong and well-trained master of horses, and he had not a particularly mettlesome team to deal with. He had secured something more than a momentary footing on the forward wheel, whence he passed on upward as if upon wings, alighting against the coachman, who, rather from surprise than from the force of the shock, lost his balance and fell to the street.

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## 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 to hours a day and feel good. I believe I saved my big and cannot recommend it too highly."

W. G. WHITE, McGee, Tex.

**Dr. Miles' Nervine**  
quiets the irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up nervous health and strength. Try a bottle.

Sold by druggists on guarantee.  
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## Bank of Rutherfordton.

Report of the condition of the Bank of Rutherfordton at close of business on the 25th day of February, 1902, as made to Corporation Commission of the State of North Carolina.

| RESOURCES.                 |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Loans and discounts        | \$17,537.31 |
| Rutherfordton county bonds | 300.00      |
| Banking house, F. & P.     | 5,000.00    |
| Cash on hand               | 6,659.80    |
| Other resources            | 647.65      |
| Total                      | \$30,915.76 |
| LIABILITIES.               |             |
| Capital stock              | \$10,000.00 |
| Surplus                    | 890.00      |
| Undivided profits          | 1,190.92    |
| Bills payable              | 2,900.00    |
| Deposits                   | 15,124.84   |
| Total                      | \$30,915.76 |

I, D. F. MORROW, President of the Bank of Rutherfordton, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

D. F. MORROW, President.

State of N. C., Rutherfordton County.

Sworn to and subscribed before me.

J. F. FLACK, Notary Public.

Corrected—Attest:

J. C. WALKER, T. C. SMITH, J. F. ARROWOOD, Directors.

**Notice.**

By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust, made by H. S. Taylor, J. T. Cross and Mary Cross to W. F. Rucker, in trust for Helen Thompson, the undersigned trustee, appointed in the deed, will sell at the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Rutherfordton, N. C., on

Thursday, March 20th, 1902, the following tract of land, lying and being in Rutherford county, North Carolina, and being described as follows: Being a part of the Hyle N. Cross old tract in Cool Springs township, on the opposite side of the Carolina Central railroad from the depot of said road at Forest City, and bounded as follows: Beginning on a sweet gum stump or stone corner of old block of lots; thence with line of said block of lots south 22° 10' 10" west 60 feet to a stone corner of same; thence with another line of said block south 88° 10' 10" east to a stone corner of G. W. Long's purchase of commissioners and J. H. Tawes corner; thence with line of said lots north 40° 10' 10" east 459 feet to a stone, their corner in joint line of block of lots; thence with line of block of lots north 48° 10' 10" west 196 feet to the beginning, containing 7.10 of an acre, including the pole mill and all the fixtures and machinery therein. Said sale will be made to satisfy the amount named in said deed of trust. Book "I" of deeds at page 437 is given as a further reference. This February 26th, 1902.

E. J. JUSTICE, Trustee.  
Justice & Pless, Attorneys.

**Notice!**

By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust, made by R. C. Tossinger and wife, M. S. Tossinger, to W. F. Rucker, in trust for R. S. Tawes, the undersigned trustee, named in the deed of trust, will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, for cash to the highest bidder on

Monday, April 7th, 1902, certain tracts of land, lying and being situated in the county of Rutherford, North Carolina. First tract known as that tract of land called "Lot No. 3" in the partition proceeding, entitled "Toney vs. Tossinger et al.," containing 16 acres. For full description reference is hereby made to said partition proceeding, in the report made by Lee W. Lynch and others, commissioners.

Second tract, lying and being in the county and state aforesaid, known as "Lot No. 4" in said special proceeding mentioned in the above paragraph, entitled "Toney vs. Tossinger et al." The report of commissioners in said special proceedings, contain a full description of the last named lot of 16 acres and is hereby referred to. Said sale will be made to satisfy the amount due on said deed of trust. This February 26th, 1902.

E. J. JUSTICE, Trustee.  
Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.