

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. II. NO. 10.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1902.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

WINE OF CARDUI
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 bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this wine will bring you permanent relief. Consult 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 advice and literature, address, giving name, "The Ladies' Medical Advertiser," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on February 20th, 1902.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$20,575.06
Overdrafts	557.33
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers	11,757.98
Cash on hand	3,907.28
Total	\$38,897.95
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$10,000.00
Surplus	1,000.00
Undivided profits	306.23
Deposits subject to checks	24,341.28
Checks and drafts	1,290.24
Total	\$38,897.95

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 7th day of March, 1902.

M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.

Correct—Attest:

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

Notice!

By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust, made by R. C. Tossner and wife, M. S. Tossner, to W. F. Rucker, in trust for R. S. Eaves, 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 proceedings, entitled "Tossner vs. Tossner et al.," containing 16 acres. For full description reference is hereby made to said special 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 "Tossner vs. Tossner 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 20th, 1902.

W. F. RUCKER, Trustee.

Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Notice!

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed, given by Chaney Goode to R. S. Eaves, the undersigned mortgagee will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, at public outcry for cash on

Monday, April 7th, 1902,

the following tract or parcel of land, lying and being in the county of Rutherford, North Carolina, and fully described in a mortgage deed, known as "Lot No. 4" in said special proceeding mentioned in the above paragraph, entitled "Tossner vs. Tossner 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 mortgage deed. This February 20th, 1902.

R. S. EAVES, Mortgagee.

Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Notice!

Having qualified as administrator of Philip Robbins, deceased, late of Rutherford county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 13th day of February, 1902, for this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 13th day of February, 1902.

W. C. CASTLE, Administrator.

Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER II.

PRINCESS VERA'S COACHMAN.

THE Gordons had spent the winter in Paris and had occupied a house in Passy, modest 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 Lorrimer. 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 Lorrimer and Darrell, the Gordons had entertained a hope that had recently taken on the color of fear, for a match implies the desire of two, and the worst that can happen is that the woman alone should feel it.

When Gordon and Darrell returned to the villa after the incident just described, they learned that Miss Lorrimer'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 nature of a flight, and not even Darrell himself could be blind to the fact. He suffered the pangs of remorse—that does not permit a man to mention his fault to his own soul, since the confession must be tainted with presumption. Indeed, a gentleman cannot even plead complete innocence, for to say to his conscience that he has won a heart without attempt to flatter his own vanity and stir the lady as too willing.

The party of four for the ball was broken up. The Gordons attended, upon their guests' insistence, leaving the horses close to the carriage, and Darrell rode with them in the carriage, a little way, alighting near a club, which, upon second thought, he did not visit. Instead he spent some hours roaming aimlessly about the city, a prey to great discomfort and full of the best resolutions concerning the avoidance of all communications with women that should go beyond the year, yea and nay, nay answered in boldy yea.

It may have been about midnight when he wandered into a dark street which attracted him because it seemed to be deserted, though the boulevard from which he had just come was all alive. A carriage passed him at a smart pace, and he looked after it with a vague notion of something unusual. The impression gradually became more definite, and he perceived that his attention had been attracted by the peculiar noise made by the equipage or, to be more accurate, by the lack of noise. The wheels rolled silently, and the beat of the horses' hoofs was muffled. Stepping down from the sidewalk in front of one of the few lamps upon the way, Darrell discovered that the street was paved with wooden blocks, and then he remembered having read that an English company was endeavoring to introduce a new pavement and had furnished a sample gratuitously.

As he stood staring, with true American curiosity for anything partaking of the nature of an invention, a span of horses drawing a closed carriage swung around from the boulevard, and some small outcry was raised. Then from within the vehicle there came a shrill, shrill scream and, further, a woman's voice raised and almost instantly checked. Obviously here was a runaway, and in two seconds Darrell was hanging upon the horses' bridles, dragged and tramped and very nearly impaled upon the pole, for the animals had never just as he had sprung toward them, bringing him much more squarely in front of them than he had intended to be. However, he succeeded in halting the team without sustaining serious injury, and as they showed no desire to bolt again he stepped away from their heads and back toward the vehicle.

He was about to speak when suddenly the coachman leaped far forward from his seat and struck violently with his fist.

It is remarkable, but true, that the essence of an adventure changes the instant that a beautiful woman appears in it. Though the circumstances may be most unfavorable for romance and the man as cold as he can be and yet live, there will be no exception to the rule.

When Darrell saw that face at the carriage window, everything was different. Even the past was changed, and in an instant's pause his sensations of the last ten minutes hurried to rearrange themselves. It became a fine thing to have stolen a cab and a pair of horses in a most unusual manner and to have gone careering through the streets of Paris at the risk of one's neck.

The woman had large and dark eyes, with such a warm touch of hazel in them that it was visible even in so bad a light. Her face was well modeled, strong and full of meaning, the brows clear cut, the lips rather full and deep tinted, the nostrils delicate and tremulous as one's sees the best

and poised, eying him intently.

The words could have no possible relevancy, considering the season and the surroundings.

"In the snow?" repeated Darrell. "I am afraid that I do not understand."

"You are not Russian," she said in French. "Why have you done this?"

"I don't clearly know what I have done," he replied. "I saw some horses running away, as I supposed, and heard a woman's voice that seemed to call for help, so I stopped the horses, and then the coachman hit me on the head with his whip. So I pitched him off his seat, and then the horses ran away, and here we are."

"We shall be followed!" she cried. "We must get away from here!"

"If I may restore you to your friends?" Darrell began. "Tell me where to drive, and I'll—"

"We must leave this carriage here," she said, and, perceiving her intention, opened the door for her, and she stepped out. "Now let us run!"

And they ran, Darrell taking the girl's left arm in his hand as best he could—for she was wrapped in a long cloak—and helping her to make good speed.

They turned at once into a darker street and from that into another and then into a third until Darrell had lost even his notion of the points of the compass.

"I can go no farther," gasped the girl at last, and she leaned upon Darrell, almost fainting.

"You run well," said he, "and your endurance is remarkable, considering the disadvantage of a woman's attire. Would it be an impertinence for me to inquire where we are going?"

"I don't know," she said. "It was merely to get away."

"Do you think this is far enough?" he asked after a brief pause. "Because if it isn't, you know, I can call a cab—I think we might find one at the end of this street."

The girl seemed to consider. "It might be the safest thing to do," she said. "I must have time to think, and I owe you an explanation."

"Tell me as much or as little as you please," said Darrell. "You owe me nothing; but, on the contrary, I am indebted to you for a very pleasant adventure. By the way, if you will accept my card—I am John Darrell, an American visiting Paris and quite at home in the city, which makes it more surprising that at this moment I have only a vague idea where we are. But when we come out upon a better street—"

His utterance was checked by his interest in his companion's conduct. She seemed to be indulging in some sort of strange and violent exercise under her cloak.

"If I could only be rid of this!" she cried at last between her clinched teeth, and suddenly she thrust out her right hand.

Darrell was amazed to see that there was a small pistol in her hand, from which she was firing by a chain.

"You will not be alarmed, I suppose," said she, "and he, 'I perceive you are the victim of a crime. There was some one in the carriage with you?'"

"Yes," he replied. "I was being taken away against your will?"

"I was," she replied. "The matter grows clear," said Darrell. "May I ask what became of the abductor, the man who was in the cab with you?"

"He sprang out when you stopped the horses," she replied. "He supposed—and so did I—that it was an attempt at rescue by my friends."

Darrell was engaged in testing the size of the hand with reference to the very pretty hand which it restrained. It was a white hand, a warm hand, altogether a most delightful hand to hold in one's own in the light of two bright brown eyes. Darrell was obliged to squeeze it as he had never squeezed a woman's hand before, for surely it had never fallen to his lot to find one in such an embarrassing predicament.

"You friends," said he, pressing the hand into the smallest possible compass and glancing at the eyes to see how much pain he was causing. "I will take you to them."

"No," she replied. "I must not go near them. I cannot bring them into peril. Oh, really that hurts, my friend; but don't stop, if there's a chance of freeing me, I can bear it."

"Pull!" said Darrell, his face contorted as if it were he that bore the pain. "Gently, with caution. It is not to be feared, this hand so white. Free, by Jingo!" The last words in English, for the native tongue is best in moments of congratulation.

"Free, and no great harm done, thank the Lord!"

"I speak no English or only a very little," she said. "But I understood what you said. Yes, I am free, thanks to you, as free as I am ever likely to be. And my hand is not torn, though my wrists are, but not by you."

She exhibited the evidences of cruel usage, and Darrell's face blazed with wrath.

"If I had known this!" he began. "But that is like boasting. We will wait until I have found the men who did it. Why was it done? I cannot understand how any one could have thought it necessary."

The man whom you encountered did it," she replied. "I was captured in a narrow and dark street as I was leaving the house of some friends of mine. The man who seized me thrust a gag into my mouth, but one can always make a little noise, so he put these upon my wrists and twisted them to torture me into silence as he led me to

"Much less, I should say," replied Darrell. "And now what shall we do? We can't wait here, you know. Shall I get the cab?"

"One word," she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "What do you think of me?"

"I will tell you frankly," he replied. "In the first place let me say that I am quite sure I know the man whom I threw down from the box of that carriage. I did not immediately recognize him, for I had no clear view of his face, yet unless I am greatly mistaken he was a Russian officer, one who held the title of captain, but had not the air of a military man; probably a secret agent of the government. Then this capture was in the nature of an arrest, one of those quiet affairs that are outside the law of the land. It follows, then, my friend, that you are a nihilist."

"I swear to you that I am not!" she said, with impressive earnestness. "I am a friend of liberty, but no friend of anarchy."

"You cannot ask her to take any interest in me," said the girl. "She does not know me, and I have no means of making myself truly known to you. The circumstances of our meeting are a poor guarantee in such a matter."

"There is, however," said Darrell, "such a thing as instinctive recognition of individual character. I have seen

you are more than welcome to all you may need. As to the night, we could ride in this cab till daylight if necessary, but I would rather you should have rest, and as to that I have a plan. I have some friends at the students' hall—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Americans and very nice people; precisely the sort for an emergency such as this. I have a card for the hall. It was my intention to go, but I changed my mind. And now fate has changed it for me in the other direction. If you wouldn't mind waiting in this carriage near the Moulin Rouge, I might go in and consult Mrs. Gordon. She is a person of expedients."

"You cannot ask her to take any interest in me," said the girl. "She does not know me, and I have no means of making myself truly known to you. The circumstances of our meeting are a poor guarantee in such a matter."

"There is, however," said Darrell, "such a thing as instinctive recognition of individual character. I have seen

good and bad women, very many of both, and I have seen women of birth and breeding and others who lacked those advantages. Such being the case, though I have known you less than an hour, I am not troubled by the smallest doubt. I shall tell Mrs. Gordon exactly what has happened; I shall tell her precisely what I believe of you, and then, if I know her—"

"What can she do? She cannot take me to her home."

Darrell turned more directly toward her. From the brightly lighted street there came a glow sufficient to illuminate the interior of the carriage, and the girl's face was clearly defined.

"Why not?" he asked. "My friends have nothing to fear from the czar's spies. The fact that you are persecuted and pursued will merely make them the more anxious to befriend you. They are not afraid of anything, and, as for annoyance, heaven help the man who tries to annoy Robert Gordon. I have known him a good many years. Therefore I say to you, Why not?"

"There is no reason whatever," she said, looking him straight in the eyes. "I am Vera Shevaloff, the daughter of a prince. I am of the house of Konstantin of Stavropol."

"Stavropol?" exclaimed Darrell. "Why are you surprised?"

"Because I have recently met Ivan Getchikoff, son of the governor general of the province," answered Darrell.

"I saw him this afternoon in the company of Ladislav, the man whom I believe to have been the coachman of your prison on wheels. It cannot be that Getchikoff assisted him in that enterprise?"

"If it was he, I did not recognize him," she replied. "I doubt, indeed, whether I should know Ivan in broad daylight, and this man I scarcely saw at all."

"I think he would be above such work," said Darrell.

"The Getchikoffs are proud," she said, "but cruel as wolves. They are all powerful in Rutherfordton, both in the city and the country. It is probable that I should have been taken there for some form of trial, though as to that I am merely making a guess. I have no means of knowing what would have been done with me except that I should eventually have been sent back to Siberia."

"Sent back?" exclaimed Darrell. "Have you been there?"

"I accompanied my father," she answered calmly. "Upon the downfall of my family four years ago he was exiled, and my mother and myself chose to share his fate, though we might have avoided it. As to what we suffered, there are now many books which describe the long journey and the horrors that are reserved for those who survive it. My mother lived more than two years after we reached the prison settlement to which we were assigned; my father, some months longer. In Stavropol, my friend, there is a cathedral which my father built, and within it is a tomb of white marble. The snows of Siberia are whiter than the marble, and perhaps my father and my mother sleep as well in one place as another. Let us not think of it."

"But you?" exclaimed Darrell. "You escaped?"

"I was released."

"Then how can you be sent back?" "Because," said Vera, extending a white hand from the folds of the cloak into the light and holding it clinched in a peculiar manner. "In order to avoid a fate worse than Siberian exile I drove a knife into the heart of Nicholas Gorski, governor of the district."

"Thank God!" gasped Darrell involuntarily.

"The order for my release had already arrived," Vera continued, "and Gorski dared not suppress or delay it. I know what passed between the instant that I found out the arrest in the order, and so I am now the prisoner on page 37

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 could 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 cured my head and cannot recommend it too highly."

W. G. WHITE, McGregor, Texas.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

quiets the irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up nervous health and strength. Try a bottle. Sold by druggists on analysis. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Notice!

By virtue of the power conferred by a deed of trust, given by W. T. and M. C. Long to the Bank of Rutherfordton, 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 B. McManis and beginning on a stake in the Island Ford road, thence north 79°, east 12-100 chains to a stone; thence north 75°, east 74-100 chains to a stone; thence north 284°, east 1-20-100 chains to a stone; thence south 25°, east 3-10-100 chains to a stone; thence south 70°, east 6-5-100 chains to the middle of Island Ford road; thence with said road north 11°, west 3-00-100 chains to the beginning, containing 11.5 acres more or less.

Second tract—lying in the town of Forest City and joining lands of M. C. Martin and others, beginning on E. F. Long's corner in M. J. Harris's line; thence north 26° west 100 feet to a stake in C. M. Martin's line; thence north 15°, east 77°, feet to a stake; thence south 77°, east 160 feet; thence south 15°, east 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 "C" of deeds at page 319. This February 20th, 1902.

M. H. MORROW, Trustee.

Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Notice.

By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust, made by H. S. Taylor, J. T. Gross and Mary Gross to E. J. Justice, in trust for Helen Thompson, the undersigned trustee named in the deed will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, N. C., for cash to the highest bidder 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 Boyle N. Gross old tract in Cool Springs township, on the opposite side of the Carolina Central railroad from the west end of said road at Forest City, and bounded as follows: Beginning on a sweet gum stump or stone corner of old block of lots south 29°, west 2-47-100 or 150 feet to a stone corner of old block of lots south 18°, east 1-86 feet to a stone corner of G. W. Long's purchase of commissioners and J. B. Eaves corner; thence with line of said lots north 90°, east 450 feet to a stone; thence with line of block of lots north 45°, west 1-100 feet to the beginning, containing 7-10 of an acre—including the roller mills and all the fixtures and machinery therein. Said sale will be made to satisfy the account named in said deed of trust. Book "C" of deeds at page 457 is given as a further reference. This February 20th, 1902.

E. J. JUSTICE, Trustee.

Justice & Pless, Attorneys.

Notice.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed given by J. W. Whitrow and wife, Louisa, to L. B. Wilkie, 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 Cheek's creek and bounded as follows: Beginning at a rock, Bingham's corner, and runs east with old line of road to a pine; thence north 12° poles to a block of red oak; thence east 32 poles to a stake; thence west 32 poles to a clearing on Moffat tract; thence north 2° poles to a red oak; thence west 34 poles to a stake; Bingham's corner; thence with line of north 100 poles to the beginning, containing 32 acres more or less. Said sale will be made to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage. Book "H" of mortgages at page 138 is given as a further reference. This Feb. 20th, 1902.

L. B. WILKIE, Mortgagee.

Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Notice.

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

Monday, April 7th, 1902,

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L. B. WILKIE, Mortgagee.

Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Model Dyspepsia Cure

What you eat.



He speaks doubtless of a Rutherfordton.