

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. II, NO. 11.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1902.

\$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.

GREENWOOD, La., Oct. 14, 1900.
I have been very sick for some time. I was taken with severe pains in my side and could not get any relief. I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. Before I had taken a stake in the Island Ford road, I was relieved. I feel it my duty to say that you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. YOUNG.

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

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 E. McManis and beginning on a stake in the Island Ford road, thence north 79° east 19-100 chains to a stone; thence north 19° west 74 links to a pine knot; thence north 28° east 49-100 chains to a pine knot; thence south 75° east 3 10-100 chains to a stone; thence south 40° west 6 45-100 chains to the middle of Island Ford road; thence with said road north 11° west 2 00-100 chains to the beginning, containing 1 1/2 acres more or less.

Second tract, lying in the town of Forest City and joining lands of M. C. Long and others; beginning on W. T. Long's corner in M. J. Harrell's line; thence north 76° west 100 ft. to a stake in C. M. Martin's line; thence north 15° east 77 1/2 feet to a —; thence south 76° east 100 feet; thence south 15° west 77 1/2 feet to the beginning, containing 1 1/2 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 20th, 1902.

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

Notice!

By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust, made by R. C. Tessier and wife, M. S. Tessier, 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 "Tony vs. Tessier 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 "Tony vs. Tessier 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 sum due on said mortgage deed. This February 20th, 1902.

W. F. RUCKER, Trustee.
Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Notice!

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed, given by George W. 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 made to Richard Goode and wife, Chaney Goode, by W. M. Withrow and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Rutherford county, in Book "H" of Real Estate mortgages, page 445, which mortgage is hereby referred to, and the description therein is hereby made a part of the mortgage deed mentioned above. This sale will be made to satisfy the sum 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, or 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.

B. B. LANCASTER, Administrator.
Eaves & Rucker, Attorneys.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLES D. LITTLETON.

CHAPTER IV.
A CRIME OF THE Nihilists.

MRS. ROSE GORDON, as she was generally known in the American colony, was a woman of broad views and invincible independence. Her social position was very strong, being founded on ancestry, buttressed by money and defended by tact and individuality—the last named a great power, for it is the conventional creature, who must do conventional things, while the strong personality wins a measure of freedom.

She heard Vera's story, somewhat more fully told than before, yet with nothing of real importance added to the tale as Darrell had received it. Vera mentioned no names of friends in Paris and avoided any reference to a reason for her choice of that city as a place of residence, but the impression was strong upon Darrell that his princess was not in the great capital for the sake of its climate nor to behold its many beauties. He felt that this woman's life must be directed by some strong purpose, and if its maturing had been the desire for vengeance that would have seemed natural. Yet she had denied complicity with nihilism, and Darrell had taken her word. He must therefore seek some other explanation of the mystery surrounding her.

In spite of all that Americans know of the various injustices that are rife in Russia, it is impossible to hear such a narration as Vera's without a feeling that there is something novel, almost incredible, in it; that men in high station, surrounded by the attributes of power and dignity, cannot be dragged down in a moment to the level of grinding, hopeless, unrewarded toil in the mines of a frozen desert; that gently nurtured women cannot be cast out of palaces into hovels hurried in article snows. Gordon heard the story with a growing wrath, his elbows on the table, his head thrust forward, his eyes shining, and his wife, who showed less emotion, was yet moved to clasp the hand that had slain the villain Gorsk and to hold it firmly for some seconds after that incident had been disclosed.

At the last Vera showed signs of the strain which in the recital, with its closely packed memories, and so when it was done the others felt an impulse to withdraw their minds from retrospection as soon as possible.

"Let us have one more look at the dancers," said Gordon, rising. "The sight of such light hearted people will do us good."

He turned toward the larger hall as he uttered the words, and at that moment two men came hastily up to him. "You are Mr. Robert Gordon," said one of them, and as he spoke a third man joined the two.

"I am," replied Gordon.

"And you are Mr. John Darrell?"

"That is my name," answered the gray friar.

"It is believed that you have certain information which is desired by the police," said the officer in a low tone.

"Will you accompany us?"

"With pleasure," replied Darrell.

"May I ask the nature of the affair?"

"The commissary will inform you," said the officer. "Shall we go at once?"

Darrell was perfectly willing, his only desire being to leave these sullen-faced detectives as far as possible from Vera Shevaloff.

"Pardon me one moment," he said, turning toward Gordon, and at that instant he heard one of the officers whisper to the spokesman of their party.

"The ladies are Mrs. Gordon and Miss Lorrimer, Americans."

Mrs. Gordon also overheard these words, and she said hastily:

"Robert will take Miss Lorrimer and myself home, and then he will go to you, if these men will give us the necessary information."

To this the leader of the detectives replied that his orders were to ask Mr. Darrell to accompany him to the station on the Rue Gluck, beside the opera house. If he should not be there when Mr. Gordon should arrive, there would be no difficulty in learning where he had gone.

Darrell did not wait for further words. He gave his hand to Vera and the Gordons and then hurried away, attended by the officers who were kind enough to avoid giving the affair the appearance of an arrest.

There was a four seated cab outside, and it conveyed the party to the station on the Rue Gluck. He could expect no information from his companions upon the way, and, indeed, he made no great effort to do so, being satisfied in advance that it would be futile. In fact, he was of the opinion that the three could be better passed in than in talking.

Undoubtedly Ladislav had made some sort of complaint, probably for assault. The purpose of the action must be the recapture of Vera, for Ladislav was not the man to ask the law to right any personal wrong so long as the private vengeance of "the pirate" was prepared to justify his own conduct if necessary, but his first

hasty but monotonous tone a fairly accurate description of John Darrell, American, and of his doings since he had come to Paris.

"Sir," said Darrell in his gentlest tone, "this record is very interesting and surprisingly correct, but it does not seem to explain my presence here at this time. Would you favor me with a few words on that point?"

"The charge against you," said the officer, putting the paper carefully into a pile of them, as if to show that it was only one of many damning documents in the case—"the charge against you, Mr. Darrell, relates to Captain Sergius Ladislav."

"If Captain Ladislav has made a complaint against me," answered Darrell, "I would be pleased to do so."

Obviously his business in Paris was to tell the story of the night adventure precisely as it had occurred and then to defy the czar's agents and all other persons to do their level worst. He did not believe that there was any law in France by which she could be taken from the Gordons' house, but he was forced to admit, with the utmost delicacy, that that night he depended upon the lady herself.

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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Budget of Wit and Humor
Gathered by the Way.

Colonel Reynolds' Experience With a Negro Jury—Guns Spiked by His Opponent—"Rocky" McPike's Explanation of a Verdict—How a Client Spoiled His Case—"Pegleg" Worsham's Great Scheme—A Platform That Didn't Catch Votes—A Duel With Rifles in the Civil War.

[Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.]

Colonel Matt G. Reynolds, a native of Pike, a resident of St. Louis and attorney for the United States land court in the far west, is generally recognized as "the fair rose and exception" of the Republican party in Missouri. He is as fine a fellow as ever hailed from the home of Joe Bowers.

Colonel Matt's Negro Jury.

While Colonel Matt was practicing law at Louisiana there was a general knock down and drag out fight at a colored "restible." When the defendants were arraigned in the police court, Reynolds appeared for the defense and promptly demanded a negro jury. As all the defendants and witnesses were black as the ace of spades the mayor complied with the request, and in a few minutes the marshal returned into court with a jury of dark men. When the moon is in total eclipse. The cause proceeded, and Reynolds made a flaming speech. The city attorney summed up thusly: "Gentlemen, you are the pioneer colored jury in this county. If your verdict will prove to the people whether or not the members of your race are fit for the duty of citizenship. These defendants are clearly guilty, and if you don't convict them there will not be another negro jury in Pike county in fifty years. I hope you will show by your verdict that you are worthy of the high position you this day occupy." The jury retired for about one minute to consider their verdict, which they returned into court, finding the defendants the highest amount possible under the law. Every body about Washington knows General John B. Clark, Jr., universally called "Young General John B. Clark" to distinguish him from his father, who is always denominated "Old General John B. Clark." Young John B. was a Confederate brigadier by the time he could sport a mustache, was ten years a member of congress, six years clerk of the house and for many years has filled a high and responsible position in the treasury department. He is still a soldierly, handsome, well preserved man.

Not long since I ran across him at a place where we both had some leisure, and to overcome his natural modesty and to induce him to talk of his military life I said, "General, were you ever wounded during the war?" "Yes; several times," he replied, "and the worst I was hurt was by a wound in the groin from a spent grape shot which neither broke the skin nor drew a drop of blood. It made a black spot about as big as a walnut which suppurated and kept me in the hospital several months."

"At Lexington, Mo., I received a wound which did not disable me in the least, but which made me bleed like a stuck pig and which came within a Georgetown grape of nipping my military career in the bud. It is amusing to recall it now, but if the bullet had gone two inches farther to the right I would not be here to tell the tale."

Silenced the Sharpshooter.

"The Union troops under General Mulligan, a brave and gallant leader, were well entrenched on top of a hill and armed with the best long range rifle then known among men. General Sterling Price, as fine a man as ever lived, commanded the Confederates, not one in fifty of whom had a rifle. Therefore we were at vast disadvantage. About 200 yards in front toward Mulligan's fortifications stood an old church. General Price ordered me to take a squad of men and two old brass cannons and to take shelter behind the church and when I got a chance to take a shot at the fortifications. I obeyed orders, but every time we ran one of the cannon out from behind the church a tall, handsome Union soldier, particularly noticeable by reason of his gray hair and his red shirt, would pick off one of my men. I had a fine chance to pick off the black haired, red shirted Union sharpshooter. I got as near as I could and thought I was unobserved. I took a top plank for a rest, cocked my rifle and waited. Instead of firing at my man, he burst into my surprise he turned and blazed away at me. We fired simultaneously, and the reports of the two guns appeared to be only one. He shot the lobe of my left ear off. I went back to my men covered with blood, and they had a good deal of fun at my expense about going out running for a fellow and catching it in the ear myself."

"General, what became of the handsome soldier with the red shirt and the raven locks?" I asked. "I don't know, but he never appeared on that parapet any more," replied the general grimly.

CHAMP CLARK.

A Tip to Candidates.

Pike county has had some remarkable politicians who were not lawyers.

Pike-line Cures Piles.

Money refunded if it ever fails.



"I would like to meet him face to face."

reli, "I would venture to suggest that he repeat it in my presence. That is more the manner of my country. I would like to meet him face to face."

The officer shook his head, but before he had denied the request in words the man in the shadow said:

"If such is your wish, follow me."

He arose and walked toward a door at the rear of the office, and Darrell followed him. They descended some iron steps, not too well lighted, and passed into a long room below the street level. At the farther end sat two policemen, one upon each side of a large table. Darrell at first supposed that a third officer lay upon the table asleep and covered with a cloak, but as he approached, the policeman who had been seated arose, and apparently obeying a sign, drew away the cover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who said, "Oh, now you hush?"

What has become of the old fashioned man who had his picture taken in lodge regalia?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who wore a long gold chain around her neck?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who did things in three shakes of a lamb's tail?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who referred to the best room in her house as "the room?"

What has become of the old fashioned home where the children sat with their noses at the window every night watching for their father?

What has become of the old fashioned girl who, as soon as she became engaged, got out her crocheting needle and began to make her own trimmings?—Arlington Globe.

Took the Hint.

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity who rose to address the house of lords on a very important occasion. "I will make my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience.

The Marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw a intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just then it began to strike and slowly tolled out 12. The man listened, looked hard at the clock and said: 'Confound you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?'"

The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed and took the hint contained in the story.

Two Good Whist Hands.

Once upon a time two young men and two young women were playing whist, and quite frequently one of the young men and one of the young women found that their fingers were intertwined under the table, out of sight.

This finger contact did not in the least discourage them—in fact, they appeared to enjoy the play much more than did the other young woman and young man.

Moral—The enjoyment of the game depends on the hands that are held.—New York Herald.

All Over Again.

"Here are half a dozen prescriptions I would like to have you fill as soon as you can," wheezed Rivers.

"I can see they are all for the cure of a cold," remarked the druggist, looking over them.

"It's this way," explained Rivers. "When I had the other cold, I tried all these. One of 'em cured me, but I can't remember now, confound it, which one it was!"—Chicago Tribune.

Her Decision.

"Whatever my daughter decides upon, sir, I will abide by."

"Good!" She has decided that she will marry me if you will supply the means."—Detroit Free Press.

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 action with that greatest of all heart remedies, Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"Darting pains through my heart, left side and arm would be followed by smothering, heart spasms and fainting. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure has entirely relieved me of these troubles."

JOHN VAN DENBURGH,
256 Kewaunee St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

controls the heart action, accelerates the circulation and builds up the entire system. Sold by druggists on a guarantee.

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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.