

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. THURSDAY APRIL 10, 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, L. L., Oct. 14, 1900. I have been using Wine of Cardui for several years. It has cured me of all my menstrual troubles. I feel it is the best medicine I have ever used. I feel it is the best medicine I have ever used. I feel it is the best medicine I have ever used.

Mrs. M. A. Young.

THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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Reflecting upon the problem during a long and tedious evening, Darrell was of the opinion that he had been arrested on a mere precaution and would be held until the matter had been thoroughly sifted; that Vera was also a prisoner in the city, her plots more or less fully known, her liberty and indeed her life at the mercy of the governor general. The thought of his own present helplessness weighed upon him like lead, and many a vow of vengeance he made with the name of Ivan Getchikoff as the chief victim.

CHAPTER VII. A BAD JUDGE AND A GOOD JAILER.

DARRELL had been served with a good dinner, and on the morning there was spread a palatable breakfast, after which he was permitted to enjoy a cigar. This leniency augured well.

It had the look of mere brief detention, and if there had been no question of Vera's safety he would have felt little anxiety. It was therefore a complete surprise to him when, about 10 of the forenoon, he was summoned to trial! The announcement was coldly made by the officer who had managed his arrest upon the previous evening.

Darrell demanded counsel and was informed that it was not customary. He asked upon an interview with the official representative of the country and received the reply that his letter had been forwarded and that nothing more could be done. There was no alternative. He was forced to accept trial on the prosecutor's terms.

He was led before a singular tribunal. The judge sat in a courtroom bare as a barn, and there were not a dozen persons present, including prisoner, guards and clerks. A villainous looking individual with a face so unsymmetrical that he seemed to be made from the halves of two very different men that had been split longitudinally acted as state's attorney. He charged the prisoner with being an escaped Siberian convict, Sergius Bilovskii. His opening remarks were brief, and he glanced through them at such a gait that Darrell had time to work out the number of words he had followed. Witnesses were then admitted, one at a time, from an adjoining room. They swore to the prisoner's identity with such alacrity that three of them testified within five minutes. Darrell was not permitted to question them, but at the close of the farce he had a chance to testify in his own behalf.

He made no statement, but when he had said his say, the judge signed some documents, and the officer who had brought Darrell in received them. "The prisoner will be taken to Gredskov," said the judge, "and will be returned to Siberia at the earliest opportunity."

He then left the bench, vanishing through a door behind him. Darrell was led back to the room in which he had been previously confined. He was not fettered, and there was no added severity in the treatment of him except that an armed guard was placed within the room, a gigantic fellow with a good natured face, who sat on a stool tilted back against the door with a short gun, like a cavalry carbine, across his knees.

"Where is this Gredskov?" he asked. "Gredskov," was the reply, with a sort of flying grin, "is a prison city in the Caucasus mountains. It is maintained for the purpose of guarding the captives taken among the roguish of the mountains—Circassians, robbers, Turks or any of the bad men who seek to plot against the czar. Every three months a prison train is made up for Siberia, where the prisoners are divided among the mining towns."

Darrell's stay in Stavropol was short. On the following morning he was placed with about a dozen other prisoners, all seemingly of the lowest type of peasants, and was conducted under a strong guard to the city gate. He had not been dressed in any sort of prison garb and still retained his minor belongings and the money that the searchers had missed, but his hat had been replaced by a cap and his overcoat by a ragged garment that might have been a part of an officer's outfit in the far past.

Outside of Stavropol the road was smooth for a considerable distance, and the cavalcade moved slowly along through a rural scene of what might have been prosperous comfort and wealth had it not been for the stagnation arising from the policy of the deplorable government of Getchikoff.

At the end of the day's march they rested at a little post village. In the morning they again advanced and at night reached Glugiersk, on the main road leading to the pass over the Caucasus to Tiflis.

Darrell was treated with no more and no less consideration than any other of the prisoners. To the officers and soldiers of the escort he was simply the nihilist Sergius Bilovskii, and no argument could make him anything more.

erty out of Stavropol than to leave it behind. When prisoners' goods are ordered to be destroyed, they have a habit of turning up again, as you are aware. And mine would prove me an American."

"You are not a Russian; I know that," responded Kevski. "Is your name really Sergius Bilovskii?"

"It is not. My name, my friend, is Darrell. I am an American."

"Kevski seemed to be impressed. 'America! Ah! That is the place!' he said. 'They have no prisons there!'"

"Oh, hold on now! They do have prisons. We are not all angels," said Darrell. "And prisons are necessary in every land. But in America one must commit a crime to be sent to prison."

"I know, I know," said Kevski, eager to display his knowledge of the distant land of freedom. "My cousin, Andreia Kevski, is there. He wrote me a letter once. He is now a merchant, and his children go to school. He sits every Sunday in a church, and no inspector of police searches his house in his absence. It is a great country, that America."

"It is, indeed," said Darrell. "I wish it could know where I am. I wish Stavropol would be treated to a sensation."

"Hush! My cousin says that in America your people treat one people with friendship. He says that it is a great country, where railroads go every day, and that many of our people have large farms, and the taxes are so light that they can save money. Is it so?"

"I think so. I know that there are many Russian villages in our great west."

"So. That is what my cousin called it. But I know little of these things. Could I get to America?"

"Well, if it was really an object and I got out of here, I think you might reach America."

Kevski seemed to think that the conversation had gone far enough in this direction. He suddenly asked to see the musical instrument, which he examined with childish wonder, making a laughable attempt to extort a tone from it. Then he returned it and hastily left the cell. That evening Darrell had a much better supper than usual.

On subsequent occasions the conversation was resumed, and at last Kevski was led to a definite statement regarding the possibilities of escape.

"It can be done," he said. "The officers of the prison trains do not carry for persons. They carry only names. You are Sergius Bilovskii. There are in Gredskov men who have lived in the north and whose friends are near the border. They can be found to take your name and lead you to Siberia."

"Very good. That gets him to Siberia. But what about me?"

"You and I must find a way to get to America."

"We'll find it," replied Darrell, "have no fear."

give them all a chance to join my army."

Darrell heard this with a leap of the heart. It was the chance he wanted. It would bring him within the Circassian lines and give him an opportunity

A long cloak of scarlet hung from his shoulders, and that, too, seemed to be jeweled upon the clasp at the throat. The word ran along the ranks of the defenders upon the wall.

"That is Motman Khan!"

And at the command of an officer there was some trial of marksmanship, but the range, though not beyond the power of their weapons, was far too long for the skill of the men. The splendid cavalcade moved on unharmed.

For an hour or more the conditions remained nearly unchanged, so far as Darrell could observe. There was a slight increase of artillery fire upon the right, and the number of guns in action surprised Darrell, for the country around Gredskov was not favorable for the transportation of cannon. They seemed to be small pieces, it is true, but of a good modern type, to judge by the execution wrought by some of the shells. Gredskov was on fire in a hundred places, and the smoke rose straight up in the perfectly still air, hanging in the form of a great umbrella that spread wider and darker over the doomed city.

In the shelter of a row of stone buildings on the other side of an open space that lay between the wall where Darrell was and the close built portion of the town a crowd of terrified people were huddled. They seemed to be mostly old men and boys.

"Where are the women?" asked Darrell of Kevski, and the latter replied that a great many had left the city, the besiegers having guaranteed them safety among the hills.

Darrell was surprised at this evidence of civilized warfare, and he said so.

"Wait till the town is taken," answered Kevski, with a shrug.

At this moment there came a great access of tumult from across the city. The noise of rifle firing increased. Terror stricken men and children, with a few screaming women, poured out from among the houses. Then came a heavy explosion that shook the very walls. A red glow flamed in the overhanging clouds.

"It is the magazine under the east wall!" cried Kevski. "A shell has blown it up. There must be ruin as a result of it."

Even the officers had turned their backs upon the enemy. They were staring across the city. A horseman came dashing across the open space. He yelled like a maniac, addressing the colonel commanding in that quarter. Then a shell came crashing over the rooftops. It struck the earth at the end of the hoofs of the horse that bore the messenger, and they vanished, man and beast, in a flash of flame and a cloud of sand, through which Darrell dimly saw the colonel, who stood upon the edge of the wall, reeling and with his hands clutching his breast. A captain, springing forward, clasped his superior in his arms, then lost his own balance, and they both fell headlong to the ground, where they lay still.

It was one of those incidents that have the seeds of panic in them. Men cried out with meaningless words, and in the midst of the uproar officers could be heard shouting orders that were mostly curses. A shout arose:

"Our own men! The city is taken!"

And Darrell saw a streaming mass of soldiers in the Russian uniform retreating in the narrow streets. Then, with a scurrying as of rats, the force upon that part of the defenses scattered, each man for himself.

"It is over," gasped Kevski, turning a pallid face toward Darrell.

Dropsy

starting in the feet or ankles comes from a weak or diseased heart—a heart that cannot keep up the circulation. The blood then settles in the lower limbs where the watery portions ooze out into surrounding tissues causing bloating and swelling. The heart must be strengthened and built up before the dropsy can be cured to stay; and the best of all heart medicines is Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I had palpitation, shortness of breath, pain in heart, swelling of feet and ankles, hungry spells and was confined to my bed and easy chair. A few bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure made me well."

Mrs. C. Osborne, Clyde, O.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

gives new strength to the heart, regulates the circulation, stimulates the digestion and restores health. Sold by druggists on a guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN REUNION, DALLAS, TEXAS, APRIL 22ND TO 25TH, 1902.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Dallas, Texas, and return at rates named below:

Goldston, \$27.55; Raleigh, \$26.05; Durham, \$26.05; Greensboro, \$24.55; Winston-Salem, \$25.55; Salisbury, \$24.00; Statesville, \$23.00; Hickory, \$22.50; Charlotte, \$23.10; approximately low rates from other points. Tickets valid April 18th, 19th, 20th, with final limit May 2nd, and if deposited with joint agent at Dallas, Texas, on or before April 30th can be extended until May 12th, 1902. A fee of 50 cents is charged by terminal lines at Dallas for validating each ticket whether extended or not. These rates apply via Atlanta, Birmingham and Memphis, or Asheville and Memphis. Stop-overs allowed within transit limit of ticket in territory west of and including Atlanta and Chattanooga. Gen. J. S. Carr has selected the Southern Railway via Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans and Houston as the official route for his "Veteran Special Train" which will consist of first class coaches, Standard Pullman and Pullman Tourist Sleepers to be hauled through to Dallas without change. This train will leave Raleigh at 8:30 p. m., Friday, April 18th, 1902. Bait train from Raleigh and Greensboro in Standard Pullman \$3.20, Tourist \$4.00. From Charlotte \$7.50 and \$8.50. Two persons can occupy a berth without additional cost. Excellent service on regular trains in both directions. Rare chance to visit your friends in Texas at small cost. Ask your agent rate from your station. For further information and sleeping car reservations write:

R. L. VERNON, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

Notice!

Under and by virtue of the powers contained in a decree made in that certain special proceeding now pending in the Superior court for Rutherford County and entitled Henry Forney vs. Cona and Rosa Forney et al., the undersigned commissioner, appointed in said decree, will sell for cash to the highest bidder at Union Mills, on

Saturday, April 19th, 1902, between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock p. m., the following real estate, to-wit:—A certain acre or tract of land lying and being in Rutherford County, in Camp Creek township, and known as a part of the Mrs. Emily Eweary tract, and being lot No. 3 of the same, and lying with the line of same north 73 1/2° west 15 poles to a stake on west bank of the branch; thence south 27° west 15 poles to a stake at the bridge; thence with the road south 33° east 22 poles to a stake in the road; thence south 58° west 85 poles to a stake in the middle of the river; thence north 1° east 161 poles to the line as it members to her corner about 6 poles below the ford; thence with her line north 33° east 34 poles to a stake at edge of bottom, her corner; thence with her line north 11 1/2° east 161 poles to the beginning, containing 36 acres, more or less.

The terms of the above sale will be cash, and for the purpose of making partition of the land described. This the 20th day of March, 1902.

R. S. EAVES, Commissioner.

Notice!

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Philip Robinson, 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 15th day of February, 1903, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 15th day of February, 1902.

E. B. LANCASTER, Administrator.

Elves & Tucker, Attorneys.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, will sell at public auction at the court house in Rutherford County, on May 20th, 1902, for cash, the following described land, lying in Rutherford County on the old Lincoln road, being a part of the Joseph Green tract of land, lying on the waters of Robinson's creek, adjacent to the lands of Benon Washburn, J. R. Elpe and others, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone on south side of Lincoln road, J. R. Elpe's corner and runs thence north 25° east 15 poles to a stake and point; thence north 15° east 7 1/2 poles to a black gum; thence north 69° west 17 poles to stones and point; thence north 64° east 1/2 pole to a pine stump; thence south 30° east 30 poles to a stake and point; thence south 60° west 30 poles to a stone pile and corner; thence south 32° east 11 1/2 poles to the corner of J. R. Elpe's line on Robinson's creek; thence with Robinson's creek south 25° west 25 poles to a stake and point; thence south 54° west 22 poles to a stake and point; thence south 49° west 20 poles to the beginning, containing 25 acres, more or less.

Said lands will be sold under the authority and powers vested in the undersigned by reason of a mortgage deed executed by E. P. Pender and wife S. A. Pender on the 10th of September, 1897, in which mortgage deed was registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Rutherford County on September 14th, 1897, in book H-2, No. 149 to which reference is made, and said E. P. Pender and wife having defaulted in the mortgage deed as therein provided. This March 22nd, 1902.

D. B. MURPHY, Mortgages.

J. D. McBRAYER, Mortgages.

McBrayer & Justice Attys. for Mtg's.

Notice.

NORTH CAROLINA. In Superior Court, Rutherford County. V. Before the Clerk, J. D. Elliott and others.

W. M. Whitfield and others.

The defendants in the above entitled action to-wit: Mrs. Minnie Cheate and husband R. P. Cheate, Mrs. Georgia Hall and husband J. W. Hall, H. P. Whiteside, Mrs. Minnie Cheate and husband J. W. Cheate, Lela Whiteside and husband J. E. Whiteside will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior court of Rutherford County to sell certain lands for partition lying in Rutherford County on the waters of Main Branch river being a part of the J. K. Lynch lands; and the defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Rutherford County on the 19th day of May, 1902, and answer or demur to the complaint or petition now on file in said office, or the petition will apply to the court for the relief demanded in their said petition. This March 22nd, 1902.

M. O. BUCKERSON,

Clerk of the Superior Court of Rutherford County.

D. E. Hendrix and McBrayer & Justice Attorneys for Petitioners.

Notice.

NORTH CAROLINA. In High Shools Rutherford County. V. Township, Geo. W. Matheny, Notice of Summons vs. Attachment and Warrant of William Easlee.

The defendant above named will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against said defendant on the 10th day of March, 1902, by J. L. Taylor, a justice of the peace for Rutherford County, N. C., for the sum of \$25.00, due said plaintiff by reason of a contract, which summons is returnable before said justice at his office at Carleton, in High Shools township on the 25th day of April, 1902. The defendant will also take notice that a warrant of attachment was issued by said justice on the 10th day of March, 1902, against the property of said defendant, which warrant is returnable before said justice at the time and place above named for the return of the summons, when and where the defendant is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint, or the relief demanded will be granted. This 20th day of March 1902.

J. L. TAYLOR,

Justice of the Peace.

Hendrix & Easlee, Attorneys.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

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