

# The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. II. NO. 21.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. THURSDAY MAY 29, 1902.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

**MOTHERHOOD**

The greatest ambition of American men and women is to have homes blessed with children. The woman afflicted with female disease is constantly menaced with becoming a childless wife. No medicine can restore dead organs, but Wine of Cardui does regulate derangements that prevent conception; does prevent miscarriage; does restore weak functions and shattered nerves and does bring babies to homes barren and desolate for years. Wine of Cardui gives women the health and strength to bear healthy children. You can get a dollar bottle of Wine of Cardui from your dealer.

**WINE OF CARDUI**

143 Market Street, New York, N. Y.

In February, 1901, I took one bottle of Wine of Cardui and one package of Theobald's Pinkettes and had been married fifteen years and had never given birth to a child until I took Wine of Cardui. Now I am the mother of a fine baby which was born March 31, 1901. I feel as well as any person could feel. Now my home is happy and I never will be without Wine of Cardui in my house again.

Mrs. J. W. C. SMITH.

For address and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advertiser," 143 Market Street, New York, N. Y.

## COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on April 30th, 1902.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$21,361.36
Overdrafts	812.99
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers	4,676.10
Cash on hand	2,481.64
Total	\$30,627.10
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$10,000.00
Surplus	1,000.00
Undivided profits	489.16
Deposits subject to checks	19,072.29
Cashier's checks	65.65
Total	\$30,627.10

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.

Saved to and subscribed before me this 5th day of May, 1902.

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

Correct—Attest:

T. B. TWITTY, JOHN C. MILLS, M. H. JUSTICE, Directors.

## Notice!

R. C. Carroll, vs. Thomas Carroll and others.

One of the defendants above named, Thomas Carroll, do hereby give notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Rutherford County by the plaintiff to secure and recover from the said defendant, R. C. Carroll, a reasonable support and subsistence for the plaintiff and her youngest child, on the grounds that the said defendant had wrongfully abandoned plaintiff, and has withdrawn from her all means of support and subsistence.

And the said T. M. Carroll will further take notice that he is required to appear before his Honor, Judge Hoke, at the next term of the Superior Court for Rutherford County, to be held on the first Monday in September, 1902, at the court house in said county in Rutherfordton, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in the said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

And the said defendant, Thomas Carroll, is further notified that a motion will be made by the plaintiff before Judge Council at Chambers in Morganton, N. C., on June 4th, for an order securing her and her youngest child a reasonable support and subsistence, during the pendency of this action, at which time and place the said defendant can appear and show cause if any he can, why such order should not be granted. This April 16th, 1902.

M. O. DICKERSON, S. C. C. 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. Carrier vs. E. T. Revely and Annette Revely," we will sell at public auction at the court house in Rutherfordton on

Monday, June 2nd, 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 south and the lot of the Penney heirs on the north, known as the Bevelly boy and lot. Said land to be sold to satisfy a certain judgment in the above entitled case.

By agreement of all the parties interested in said property, the sale will be made on the following terms: One-fourth of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale; one-half of the remainder in six months, and the balance in twelve months from June 2nd, 1902. Approved security will be required. This May 1st, 1902.

MATT McBRAYER, Commissioners.

## THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE DAGGER AND THE CHART.

DARRELL remained a prisoner in the Russian camp eight days. Except for his guards he saw no one but Getchikoff and General Durban during that time. Every day the Russian reported upon the progress of the disbandment and departure of the Cossack army, and his words were confirmed by Durban. It appeared that the letter and the spirit of the terms were kept strictly in mind. There was no attempt at evasion, and to the Cossacks the changed conditions were an infinite relief. After Kilzlar's flight had become known in the city there had been panic indescribable among the troops. It was rumored that Vera also had fled, and the soldiers cursed their leaders and raved in despair.

When Durban returned with news that a general parole would be granted, with supplies and protection for the return to Cressia, the army could hardly credit the report. Durban became an idolized hero, but he was unable to endure the false light thus cast upon him and turned it frankly upon

Darrell, the American. Lastly a rumor went abroad that it was the princess who, by thwarting Kilzlar and surrendering herself into the Russian hands, had saved her soldiers from the sword.

Vera's illness gave color to the story. She was, in reality, the victim of a complete mental exhaustion. She had let go her hold upon reality and lay upon her couch all day, dreaming and talking of days and events long past. It was feared that her reason was utterly gone, and upon that account all news about her was suppressed. More-over it was deemed essential by Durban and Colonel Korna, who alone knew the exact facts, that Vera's presence in the city should be kept from the public eye.

The truth was revealed to Darrell, and he could almost have found it in his heart to be glad. "Her mind will return some day," said Darrell to the gray old general. "If you are with her then?" "I shall be always," he interrupted, "until my service is no longer desired."

"Told her," said Darrell, with tears in his eyes. "Told her I was the obedient Yankee you ever saw and that I was happy because I had been able to do her a small service in the hour of need." "Yankee?" repeated Durban, for the word had been untranslatable. "It's a name for my people," answered Darrell. "But I forgot—I am a Motman Klam."

On the sixth day, the Cossacks being nearly all en route for their country, a small party of the Russian force escorting General Getchikoff took the road northward toward Vladikaukas. Their start was delayed, and they met with many obstacles, so that at nightfall they were passing through a village about midway between the two camps. The greater portion of the force passed on, but the general and his immediate entourage took up their quarters in the village, which was called Meldek.

Darrell had made the journey in a covered baggage wagon, otherwise empty, much like an animal belonging to a traveling circus, but he had really nothing to complain of. He was comfortable enough, and fenders were conceded unnecessary, though he was informed that Kilzlar and his friends were not so fortunate.

Arriving at the village, Darrell was confined in a room of a small house, where he was served with a very scanty supper, but as he was granted the luxury of smoking afterward he entered no complaint. He was nearly ready for sleep when, to his surprise, two soldiers came and led him to another house, seemingly without purpose, for the quarters did not differ in any particular that he could perceive.

"You have been very badly fed," said one of his new guards. "The general heard about it and raised a row. Here is another supper for you."

If Darrell had not been so careful in the written instructions for Gordon which he had given to Getchikoff in pursuance of their agreement, he might have seen something suspicious in food thus offered, especially when accompanied by a small bottle of good wine. Though the chances were that Darrell would be shot in Stavropol, he had no wish to be poisoned or otherwise disposed of on the route, and he had explicitly provided in the agreement for the written instructions for Gordon that Getchikoff's good faith in the matter, he ate the food and drank the wine, and when next he became aware of his own existence it was broad daylight, and he was lying on the floor, having apparently fallen out of his bunk.

His head ached most distressingly, and his senses were dull. He could not even wonder at the absence of guards. The principal object of interest for his bedridden and struggling intellect was a large knife which stood up straight from the table where he had eaten his supper. Even while lying on the floor he could see the end of the knife's handle, which shone in the

sun, and the thing seemed odd. He arose with some difficulty and stood staring at the knife. It was really a dagger of rich workmanship, the hilt incrustured with small but fine gems.

"Vera's!" he cried and staggered to the table. The dagger was thrust through a sheet of coarse paper, upon which a diagram was rudely drawn in ink. There was a square marked with a star in a corner of the paper, and from it a line ran among other squares, stopping with a flourish at one of them, which was also starred. It then turned, and ran across the paper toward the left, encountering a square marked "Botka" and ending in a large circle bearing the name "Paris."

Darrell pulled out the knife and eyed it with wonder, slowly augmenting as his senses cleared. Of course it was possible that this weapon had been taken from Vera and had come into Getchikoff's possession, but why was it there? What was he expected to do with it? Murder his guards?

At the thought he walked to the door and shook it, calling "Hello!" which is good in all languages. There was no answer. Darrell crossed to the window. It was not fastened. No guards were to be seen. He raised the sash and thrust out his head. The town was still except for the songs of birds, glad of the bright morning.

Darrell returned to the table and sat down upon the edge of it, his right hand pressed against his aching forehead. "They dragged me," he muttered; "that's clear. And I had some rather remarkable visions in the course of the night, as they now come back to me; but this beats them all."

He removed Vera's dagger from the table and thrust it through the belt of his house, putting the diagram into his breast. Then he went to the window and climbed out. A ship from a concealed harbor would not have surprised him, but it did not come.

It began to dawn upon him that he was really free, but his mind was not yet clear enough to comprehend the manner of it. Dimly he now remembered that at some point of the night he had been half roused by the noise of rifle shots. They had been quite near, but the drug had held his senses prisoner. However, he recalled the direction from which most of the noise had seemed to come, and, turning to look that way along the rambling village street, he saw the form of a man lying on the turf by the wayside. It proved to be a Cossack soldier, and the man was dead. He had been shot through the body.

It was impossible that an attack had been made and Getchikoff and his escort driven out. No force of Cossacks capable of such a feat could have been in those parts, and had the deed been done there would be more evidence of the struggle. He could see only this dead man and the battered door and windows of a building near the way to justify a conclusion that a rescue had been attempted.

Looking at the building more closely, he discovered that it was the one in which he had been a prisoner for his first few hours in the town. Could Vera have led a party to free him? If so, and she had so far succeeded as to be able to leave her dagger in the room where he lay asleep, why had she gone out again and locked the door behind her? He laughed at the absurdity.

Returning to the dead Cossack after viewing the wrecked house, he looked more closely at the body and reached the extraordinary conclusion that the man had been shot after death. To the eye of one instructed in such matters it was quite plain that the soldier had died from the effects of a blow on the top of the head, received several days ago. Indeed there was indication that the wound had received medical attention, but this was the more difficult to decide because, like many others of his race, the poor fellow had been accustomed to shave his crown.

In a half bordering the road was another Cossack, shot through the head, but there was every reason to believe that he had died of fever.

The thought of the weapon reminded him of the diagram, and he looked at it again. What did the squares mean? Toward there seemed to be an unnecessary number of them. Botka was a town, and it was represented by a square, but it was drawn differently from those that were huddled together. They are houses in this village," was Darrell's conclusion.

The line upon the diagram indicated that he must visit a certain house. What should he find there? Some form of death—a part of this strange plot? It might be so, yet he did not hesitate.

There was little difficulty in following the clue. The house marked out to be visited was easily recognized, other squares, indicating other houses, serving as a guide. It was a better house than that in which he had been conducted. There were two stories and three rooms on the ground floor, a hall leading back to the largest of

them, which was in the rear. Darrell walked along the hall some what cautiously—for his mind was not quite free of the idea of a snare—and



pushed open the door of the large room. He saw a table, upon which were a part of a roasted fowl, some bread, and a glass flask containing milk. A chair was upset on the floor behind the table. Darrell had heard it fall, yet he saw no one.

He paused, with his hand upon the catch of the door, which opened inward. "Who is it?" cried a voice, sudden and clear.

Darrell sprang into the room and instantly beheld the muzzle of a revolver that looked as big as a bucket. It fell to the floor with a ring of steel upon the hard wood, and there stood Vera, white as a ghost, staring at him.

"You see," said Darrell, addressing Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon in Paris some weeks later, "the door girl found out what had become of me, and she determined to divert the course of my destiny, which seemed at the moment to be tending toward a stone wall and a firing party in Stavropol. Korna and the amazon tried to restrain her, but she slipped away from them at the minute when they were leaving Gredskov, secured a horseman, somehow and rode after Getchikoff like a Valkyrie. She overtook him at nightfall in that village of Meldek, surrendered to him privately and demanded my release."

"Getchikoff was in a quandary. He was pledged to me for Vera's safety. He could not take us both to Stavropol. He could not put her out of the way either by death or captivity, for it was in my hand and that I should have word of her, and he had certainly gone too far to break faith with me, even supposing that there had ever been a time when he could do it."

"Under these trying circumstances he did the smartest thing ever done by anybody. He made Vera promise that if my release and personal safety were fully assured to her she would play her part as Motman Klam absolutely according to his wishes. For my life, she gave that promise. She was put under guard in another room of the house where I was first detained. Then under cover of the darkness we were both transferred by men whom Getchikoff could trust. The bogus rescue was easily managed through the aid of a squad of Cossack prisoners on their way to Stavropol for punishment for various violations of the Russian regulations in Gredskov. Their freedom was their reward, and of course they afterward dispersed beyond the possibility of doing harm."

"As to Vera's promise, it was, of course, clear to her, though unexpressed in words, that she must follow the line upon the chart, the line that led to Paris."

"Getchikoff dared not trust me with the news that Vera was in the town. He feared I would not agree to his plan, which put her so completely under my power and direction, and I am greatly obliged to him for his delicacy. So I was dragged, and with a touch of the theatrical dagger and the chair were left for me. Vera also had a sleeping potion with her supper, and was as much surprised as I to wake in freedom."

"There were horses for us in the barn behind the house where I found her, and we rode that day to Botka, a village not far to the west. In the square denoting that village was a little cross in the southwest corner as one views a map. It denoted an American mission station, and there, my friends, Vera and I were married by a fine, earnest, handsome young clergyman named Perkins, who was born in the state of Maine. A quaint and beautiful little wedding we had in that far corner of the world. I shall never think of it without tears of purest happiness."

"And so we were here, Robert, after our strange honeymoon journey. We have heard of Russia's great leniency to the Cossacks who remained under arms after Gredskov's fall and of the restoration of peace in that country. There is nothing we could do there even were we not pledged to keep away."

"We have heard of Kilzlar's death by his own hand in prison and of the mercy shown to his associates. 'As for Getchikoff, he has laid things under such obligations that though he had forged my own name for every dollar I possess, though he had slain Ladislov in cold blood and Ladislov had been a good man and my friend, I must still have shielded the fellow to the limit of my power. I will surely do it, and, upon my word, after his atonement to Vera in Meldek, I almost believe he is worthy of forgiveness for his sins."

"By the bye, to Botka, not long after our arrival, came Colonel Korna, with a few others of our friends, riding like mad and put upon the trail by a hint cleverly conveyed by Getchikoff. 'They were present at our wedding, and their blessings followed us.'"

THE END.

## RAFFERTY'S WAY

By Clinton Dangerfield

Copyright, 1901, by Clinton Dangerfield



HE Brownlow and Henderson quarrel had risen to bitter heights when Nelly Henderson came home from the east. She threw herself impetuously on to her father's side of it and told herself that she had known so well before the days of the misunderstanding.

She was riding down a rocky defile. Her face was flushed, her arms weary, for she carried her pet lamb. Billy, an obstreperous favorite, who ran away on every possible occasion.

There was a ripple of excitement. Billy was quick and rebellious, and when she stooped over her gun which he wriggled out of her lap and jumped to the ground.

With an exclamation of impatience she dismounted and began a lively but vain chase. She was in despair when a tall figure appeared on the rocks above, and taking him for one of the ranchmen, she called imperiously for aid.

The newcomer started down. A brisk, undisciplined scramble ensued, and Billy was placed, kicking and struggling, in her arms, while she herself faced Herbert Brownlow.

"I beg your pardon," she said coldly. "If I had recognized you, I would never have given you this trouble."

"Don't apologize," returned her companion cheerfully. "I am very glad to have come to the rescue."

"There's no question of rescue," said Miss Henderson ungraciously. "I would soon have had him. Billy is always easy to catch."

"Very easy," murmured the other, glancing at his scratched hands and frayed trousers.

"And please understand one thing," she continued—"if you ever hear me call for help, it doesn't mean you. It's just enough to live close to people who send you under cover of the law."

Here such an ominous expression came over his face that she stopped, rather frightened.

"Will you go on? I should like to hear the rest of the catalogue."

"Then you shall!" the girl cried recklessly. "You have stolen a tract of our land. Your men have cut our fences and branded our stray."

"Are you aware," said Herbert calmly, "that the man from whom your father purchased that tract never owned it; that we paid hard money for it to the true possessor; that it was so proved in court? Your other charges are equally unfounded. In fact, the only instance round here of seizing other people's property has been the case of a certain pet lamb born on my father's ranch."

Miss Henderson clasped the outraged Billy closely.

"Have you the assurance to say my lamb was stolen from you?"

"I could prove it if I chose. But don't be alarmed. You are welcome to him, only it might make you a little more generous in your remarks about others."

"I never heard of anything so impudent!" gasped Miss Henderson. "You think because I am a girl you can call me a thief, but you can't get off as easily as you imagine."

One of the ranchmen ran came brought Billy forward.

"Miss Henderson," pursued the court, "will state her grounds for believing the lamb hers."

The girl rose. She made so pretty a picture in her dark habit that Brownlow secretly cursed himself and Billy.

"Three weeks ago," she said clearly, "I wanted a pet lamb. As we have a few ewes on our place, I asked these men, who are trusted employees of my father, to get one for me. They brought me that lamb from one of our own ewes."

The two "trusted employees" referred to looked innocently around. They remembered—yes—but they now swore in unshaken chorus that the lamb was born on the Henderson place, where he had been a favorite from his birth.

They triumphantly retired, and Herbert came forward.

"The lamb," he said quietly, "was also a favorite of mine from his birth, so much so that you will find my brand under his throat."

There was a ripple of excitement. Billy was examined. There shone the brand with startling distinctness.

"May it please the court," said the county clerk, "that there brand could have been stuck on any time while the creature was running round, which it did frequently."

"Sunt up, Jim!" said the court brusquely. "Who you reckon is running this case? Now, Mr. Brownlow, who seen your brand that sheep in your own yard?"

A Brownlow ranchman came forward. Unfortunately he was known

to all their hands were on her reins did she realize her peril, and, strange to say, her cry for help was in Herbert's name. Kidding just above her in the dethle where he had first captured Billy, he heard her voice and came down on the marauders.

Before the impetus of Brownlow's horse the nearest thief went down, broucho and all. The other showed fight, and a brisk exchange of shots took place, but when the fallen one regained his horse and fled the braver rogue followed suit.

Sobbing with relief, Miss Henderson turned gratefully to her rescuer, who sat stiffly in his saddle, now clasping Billy across his broad chest.

"How generous and brave!" she cried eagerly. "I have been horrid to you. I just wanted to make you uncomfortable and—"

"Very well," said her escort hoarsely and curtly. "Shall we ride on?"

Miss Henderson complied. Under the influence of his abstracted and almost ungracious manner she felt her old grievance returning and held herself stiffly.

"They rode on in silence until she perceived a great spot of edison soaking through the wool of the patient Tidy. She cried out in pity."

"He's hurt. Let me take him."

"Yes, take him," said Brownlow indistinctly, and as she drew the lamb on his horse's neck with barely the strength to cling there blindly, and the horrified girl understood.

Billy was dropped with a softness that dazed him, and he stood helplessly gazing after the strange pair, for Miss Henderson had her arms around her enemy's shoulders and was desperately trying to hold him in the saddle until they could reach her father's ranchhouse.

But even this ride home was not so hard as facing the county clerk six months afterward and being congratulated that, after all, the case had been settled in "Rafferty's way."

For a liar, and the court, who had been impressed by the brand, looked puzzled.

"Ain't there no more witnesses?" he demanded wearily, and when a negative ensued he sat thinking.

The clerk spoke out boldly:

"May it please the court, I kin tell all present how old Judge Rafferty established a precedent in such a case as this way back when I was a youngster."

"Go on," said the court, much relieved.

"'Twas almost exactly like this," wheezed the clerk, "only 'twas a sorrel colt instead of a sheep. The parties had known each other for some time. 'Twas Ann Hatfield an' Samuel Massey as claimed the colt, an' there they stood, the girl lookin' as sassy as you please at Massey. She were a pretty girl, though not so much so as Miss—"

"Keep to your argument," said the court abruptly.

"Well, Rafferty he couldn't decide, an' says he, 'No common law kin I put on this matter,' says he. 'I kin turn to the Bible,' says he, 'which is a mighty good code in itself,' says he, 'an' follow the example of Jeremiah,' says he—or was it Isaiah?—who cut that uniform baby in two,' says he. 'I'll just slice the colt in two,' says he, 'an' give you each half.'"

"At that Ann she gave a scream, an' her big blue eyes filled up pitiful. 'You kin't do that,' says he."

"Then," says Rafferty, 'we'll do my way—I'll marry you both out of hand, right here,' says he, 'an' there needn't be no more disputes over the lamb-colt. I mean—never no more.'"

A faint cheer arose. Miss Henderson sprang up.

"I'm going home," she declared chingly. "I don't care what becomes of the lamb. I'll never touch him again. There's my word, an' added, flinging it into the justice's lap before he could rise. "If I owe anything, pay it."

She was in the saddle and galloping down the road before the court had time to recover.

"She's done split a real interesting case," said the clerk regretfully. "It's goin' to be thrived out, after all. Here's the bill of costs, your honor. Mr. Brownlow will want to pay his share."

"Who's goin' to take the darned lamb?" cried the court. "Mr. Brownlow, you must as well have him."

"I don't want him," said Herbert, with nearly as much repressed fury as Miss Henderson had shown.

"I kin't have him here," protested the alarmed justice. "It ain't legal to leave things on the court's hands, an', besides, he'll eat all my garden sars. Blast you!" he added to the clerk. "It's all your fault. She didn't like what you said about that old fool Rafferty."

A swift impulse decided Herbert to take the fat little creature and drop him in the Henderson yard.

Meantime Miss Henderson rode homeward, quite unconscious that she was an object of interest to two villainous looking horsemen who were passing that way after leaving the

## THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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