

The Rutherfordton Tribune.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. II. NO. 32.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 14, 1902.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on July 16th, 1902.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$22,106.86
Overdrafts	1,034.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers	7,921.49
Cash on hand	3,418.36
Total	\$33,481.31

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$10,000.00
Surplus	1,000.00
Undivided profits	645.93
Deposits subject to checks	23,447.43
Due other banks	155.42
Cashier's checks	292.53
Total	\$33,481.31

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 20th day of July, 1902.

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

Correct—Attest:

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

Notice.

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed to the undersigned on the 6th day of January, 1902, by David Tate and wife, Texas Tate, I will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, for cash, at public auction, on

Monday, September 1st, 1902,

all that interest, right and title of the said David Tate and Texas Tate in and to the following described lands lying in Rutherford County, to wit: The lands of R. W. Logan, Eliza Grizzle and others, on the waters of Mill creek, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake just below the ford, corner of land sold to Elias Grizzle, and run with his line north 25 degrees 14 minutes to point on Logan's line of the Morris tract, Grizzle's corner; thence with his line south 45 degrees 14 minutes to a stake on the bank of Mill creek; thence up the said creek to the line of the Morris tract, containing forty-six (46) acres, more or less.

The said land will be sold to satisfy a debt named in the said mortgage, which is registered in the Register's office for Rutherford County, in Book 143 of Mortgage Deeds, page 182, to which all references are made for full particulars. This July 31st, 1902.

W. M. WITHEROW, Mortgagee.

McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice.

By virtue of a decree from the Superior Court of Rutherford County, made in the special proceedings entitled "William Walker, administrator of Lucetta Fannin v. McElwain Walker et al.," I will sell on Saturday, the 30th day of August, 1902, at 12 m., at public auction on the premises land occupied by Lucetta Fannin, deceased, a tract of land, to wit: One-half acre, lying in Rutherford County in Colfax township on Hill's creek, adjoining the lands of David Jenkins, John Edwards and others.

The said property will be sold for the purpose of creating assets for the payment of any valid and just debts that may exist against the estate of the said Lucetta Fannin, deceased, and whatever surplus may remain will be distributed among her heirs at law according to their several interests. Said land will be sold on the following terms, to-wit: One-fourth of the purchase price to be paid in cash on day of sale and the remainder to be paid in six months from date of sale, evidenced by note with approved security with interest from date of sale.

Any persons desiring to see the lands will call on the undersigned, on or before the 25th day of July, 1902.

WILLIAM WALKER, Adm'r. of Lucetta Fannin, deceased.

Notice.

The undersigned, having obtained letters of administration on the estate of Noah Womach, deceased, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the said estate to settle with me at once; also persons having claims against said estate are required to present them to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of July, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery on claims not so presented. This July 15th, 1902.

ORSON MORROW, Administrator of Noah Womach.

McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice.

Having qualified and having been appointed administrator of D. D. Harrill, deceased, late of Rutherford County, all persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of July, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate of said D. D. Harrill, deceased, will please settle at once. This 10th day of July, 1902.

C. B. HARRILL, Administrator.

Notice.

The undersigned will make application at the September meeting of the Board of County Commissioners for Rutherford County, to change the township line between Morgan and Camp Creek townships, as follows: Beginning at Gilkie's mill, and running the east prong of Catherine's creek to Windy Gap, the McDowell county line. This August 4th, 1902.

R. F. TATE, M. V. BARTLES, J. C. KERR, A. L. NANCEY, C. MORGAN, C. G. HILL.

Eaves & Rucker,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

Rutherfordton, N. C.

Office up stairs in Dickerson building.

Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to them.

GETTING AWAY FROM HOME.

The Spirit of Restlessness and the Desire for Change.

Judging by a good deal of the conversation of the present day, there are a large number of people who have a positive horror of home. This curious revulsion of feeling is taken by many persons as a sign of social deterioration. For our own part we find it difficult to take it quite seriously or to see in it anything more than a passing whim.

Nobody nowadays likes monotony. Change is what people desire—not perhaps any great change, but lots of small change; not necessarily for the better, but for its own sake. Now, there is a great sameness about one's own four walls, be they ever so handsome. We all feel at times an overpowering desire to look at something else. We cannot change the patterns or the pictures on them every day, and neither they nor the home furniture ever seems to alter in expression.

Again, there is a terrible sameness about one's own cook. Experience enables us to foretell the taste of everything at home, from the soup to the savory if we are rich and from the nut-ton to the cheese if we are poor; whereas if we dine at a restaurant everything down to the salt is different, and the restaurant is refurnished daily with new faces.

Then, again, the music and stir going on around one avoid the necessity for much conversation, and conversation in the home circle is sometimes difficult and sometimes dull. It does not do always just to say what one thinks. It is such bad practice for dining out, and this being the case, it is not easy sometimes to think what to say. Nowadays we get, and we are justly proud of our friends and even of our acquaintances. We want them to pass continually before us like a street procession. Instead of that they rather resemble a stage crowd and keep coming up again. There is a limit to those we know, a limit even to those we should like or should be likely to know even by sight, and at a restaurant this latter limit is disregarded. The barrier of good manners which forbids that those who are acquainted with one another should speak is sufficient to protect our station or our dignity, but it is not a very high fence, and it is one which it is amusing to look over.—London Spectator.

SOME PUZZLERS.

How many teeth have you?
How high (in inches) is a silk hat?
Which way does the crescent moon turn, to the right or left?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?
What color are your employer's eyes?
The eyes of the man at the next desk?

In which direction is the face turned of a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?
How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?
What are the exact words on a two cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

Write down, offhand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

What is the name, signed in facsimile, on any dollar, two dollar, five dollar or ten dollar bill you ever saw?
You've read dozens of those names. Can you remember one?

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen a dozen a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also what is the number in the case of your watch?—Washington Times.

The Boy and the Farm.

How often we hear parents discourage the boys who wish to stay on the farm! They refer to farm work as drudgery and that which tends to make their slaves to work rather than independent men. The biggest boys are educated for professional men and in many instances excel, but the vast majority of these, with a good practical education such as can be gained in our schools of agriculture, would become wealthy, progressive farmers, with fine farms and beautiful homes, if they had been encouraged and advised to stay by the old farm and make it a success. —Maxwell's Talisman.

Alert For an Angel.

Mr. Stormington Barnes and his leading man were passing a village church. "Listen!" exclaimed the eminent tragedian.

"Does the music of the choir carry you back to your boyhood days?"

"No; but you know how long we have been looking for some one with money who was willing to back the show."

Alarm That Worked.

First Office Boy—What's Johnny hurrying for? Looks like he heard a fire alarm.

Second Office Boy—He did. De boss said if he wasn't back from dat errand in ten minutes he'd lose his job! Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Spoke Too Early.

Lady (with awfully painted cheeks)—My portrait is very good, but don't you think that the a-checks are a trifle pale?

Artist—Yes, they are not done yet. I leave that to the last.—Flegende Blatter.

An Interesting Book.

"I've had great pleasure today in reviewing a book that is entirely new to me," said the literary editor.

"What's that?" inquired the snake editor, "a book?" —Philadelphia Record.

The Tribune from now until January 1903, for only 50 cents.

A SERMON TO SUIT.

The Folks Who Paid For the Discourse Got What They Wanted.

Many Maine people who live in a certain part of Cumberland county will remember one Abner—so he was always called in his town. Abner was the wit of the village, and he was commonly selected to take charge of funerals because he was about the only man in town who had time hanging on his hands. A citizen died, a man who never amounted to much, who was never positively wicked, because that would have required more of an effort than he was willing to make. He was, however, far enough from being a good citizen, and Abner knew it as well as anybody else.

Abner was requested to ask a certain minister to conduct the service, and he hitched up his old horse and drove to his house. The minister said he would attend and then tried to get a little information concerning the late lamented.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked.

"Well, about the same as no sort of a man at all," replied Abner frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be deeply felt in the community?" said the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner slowly.

"Was he a Christian?" asked the minister.

"He'd been accused of it, the verdict would have been left not guilty and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," replied Abner cheerfully.

"Did he attend church?" asked the minister a bit anxiously.

"I never heard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived, sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his wrath and a five dollar bill, and after the funeral he justified Abner's said, "Well, we got just what we wanted, 'b'gosh."—Lewiston Journal.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Game chickens have more meat in proportion to their height than any other breed of fowls.

When the chickens are growing fast, it is a good plan to mix a little bone meal in their soft feed.

Smearing whole wheat with kerosene or turpentine and feeding it to the chickens is a good remedy for gapes.

Adding some carbolic acid and putting on hot will secure much better results from the whitewashing of the poultry house.

While it is at no time advisable to keep food of any kind before the fowls all the time, it will be an advantage to keep milk where they can drink all they want.

Fowls do not run together in large numbers. They will always divide into flocks of small size and will select different feeding grounds, always provided they have the opportunity.

A growing chicken, like a growing animal, requires plenty of food, whole some food supplied liberally and often in order to enable them to grow and mature rapidly and to develop properly.

There Was a Limit.

"I am glad they moved away," remarked the good housewife, speaking of a family of borrowing neighbors who had just left the neighborhood. "I was willing to lend them a loaf of bread occasionally or half a dozen eggs or the washboard or the lemon squeezer, but when they got down to sending the little girl over to borrow pennies to give the organ grinder I began to think it was nearly time to draw the line; and, to cap the climax, one day they actually asked me to come over and take care of the baby while they went out to do the shopping!"

Uncertain About Her Age.

A Boston servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of 100. "Maybe I'm as old as that myself," said she. "Indeed, I can't remember the time when I wasn't alive!" —Boston Christian Register.

An Exchange of Courtesy.

"No, suh," said Mr. Ernest Pinkly, "neither sold my vote to nobody."

"But that candidate gave you \$2?" "Yassir, I doesn't deny dat. He jes' come along an' gimme dat two, an' when a gentleman comes along an' gives you \$2 foh nuffin it ain't no mo' dan common reciprocity to vote foh 'im foh nuffin!" —Washington Star.

What She Says.

"A man can't tell whether a girl means what she says," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Of course not," she replied. "If he thinks she does, why she just naturally doesn't the moment she finds it out, and if he thinks she doesn't, why she does." —Chicago Post.

Cruelty.

Bill—I hear a man in town was arrested today for cruelty to animals.

Jill—Is that so?

"Yes, the fellow had a tapeworm, and he refused to feed it,"—Yonkers Statesman.

Light mortals, how ye walk your life minute over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film!—Carlyle.

DON'T READ IN BED.

It is a Dangerous Practice While Lying Down, Says an Authority.

Lying in bed is seriously advised, so the newspapers say, by a physician as conducive to "repair and resting," "relieving congestion," "emptying the veins overfilled by prolonged eyework," etc.

It is plain that placing the head back in a horizontal position so absolutely meets the whole problem of a relief of congestion by gravity—and it is such a very important problem—that it seems strange that people with weak eyes do not habitually practice reading in a recumbent position perfectly comfortable. Such advice, carried out with absolute care as to light and the position of the book, would in the case of a thousand busy people add largely to the number of hours which reading could be indulged in without detriment to the eyes or general health.

Certainly the order which gives this strange and pernicious advice could never have tried the plan. Some years ago there was described a patented device for suspending the book over the horizontally placed head of a sick person whereby reading would be possible without holding the book in the hands. Even then one wonders how the light could be made to fall properly on the page. Without a method of the kind not even a well person could light a book five minutes above the eyes. Reading in bed has ruined thousands of good eyes. Unless the book is up in bed as if in a chair it is impossible to hold the book in such a position that the arms are not quickly tired and so that the light falls on it properly. When reading lying down, there is a traction upon the inferior rectus muscle which is highly injurious. Every patient should be warned never to read in bed except when sitting up as vertically as in a chair.—American Medicine.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the vessel could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the vessel veins."

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary. It was possibly a little more than normal, but it was plain and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and in order not to err in my calculation I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Origin of the Rattlesnake Flag.

One of the most common flags used on the American flags during the early part of the Revolutionary struggle was an embroidered rattlesnake above or below the legend "Don't tread on me!"

The origin of this design has been traced to a remark made by Ben Franklin. At the time the flag was adopted, on a bitterly before, England was shipping her criminals to America and turning them into the defenseless colonists. After several murders had been committed by these unwelcome immigrants Ben Franklin (some say in a joking spirit) suggested that the colonists retaliate by sending a cargo of rattlesnakes to the mother country and turning them out in the gardens of the nobles.

Speaking of Royalty.

Damoels had been invited to dine with the king of Syracuse. Upon asking his seat he instantly saw the sword hanging by a hair above his head.

"I suppose," he said to the king, "you call that the hair of the beast?" Dionysius, pretending to see no humor in the remark, replied, "I don't know about that, my boy, but if it falls upon your head it will make some crown prints."

This shows that the ancients were not averse to joking even under trying circumstances.—New York Times.

The Laugh.

Chumpley—That hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night.

Polly—Of course he had some excuse.

Chumpley—Yes. He said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh!—Tit-Bits.

A Secondary Consideration.

"She's allus so 'fraid of somebody swipin' dat dog."

"Am it wuff anyting?"

"Wah, in dis hyah neighborhood a ting don't have to be wuff nuffin to git swiped!" —Puck.

A Sad Case.

Pat—Poor Mike is did.

Terry—Yis. He never even lived to enjoy his life insurance.—Baltimore World.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE and get the news as it is news.

OSTRICH TACTICS.

Big Bird That Displayed as Much Caution as an Apache Indian.

A well known hunter and taxidermist tells this story of personal experience in South Africa; it goes far beyond depicting a slunder that has long clouded the fair name of the ostrich:

Arriving at one of the monster hills of the white ant, I climbed upon it and raised my observation glasses to my eyes for a careful survey of the region. My first glance showed me, arising from the dead level of the plain beyond, two objects, each having the form of a capital S. These I knew were the heads and necks of two ostriches. Though I believed they had sighted me, I remained immovable until their necks were suddenly drawn down to the level of the tops of the bushes which screened their bodies. Then I knew for a certainty that they were aware of my presence and would make a quick retreat.

"Without losing an instant's time I ran to the spot where the birds had been standing and found their tracks. This I followed as far as they were distinguishable and then took a course which I believed the birds would naturally follow. No sooner had I reached the top of the ostrich than I saw one of the ostriches, climbing the side hill, flitting the distance, I took sight and fired. The ball passed immediately between his legs and struck in the sand of the side hill behind him.

"In an instant the bird darted away like an arrow in the direction of a small clump of bushes in the center of an open space. That he would pause behind this bush and then finally emerge on the other side seemed certain, and I aimed to catch him as he made a fresh start from behind the thorn. He flew over the sand at a terrific rate and reached the bushes. Then I waited fully five minutes for him to emerge from his hiding, with my rifle raised so that I could pull the trigger the second I caught him. He finally went forward a short distance. When I reached the clump of bushes, an examination of the sand showed that the crafty old bird had shifted his course at a right angle, making the turn so suddenly that his feet had plowed up the sand for a distance of several inches. This wary tact had placed the bushes between the bird and myself, and he had made his way to new cover while I was innocently waiting for him on the other side of the ambush. An Apache Indian could not have executed this maneuver more cleverly, and I smiled at myself for having ever been foolish enough to believe the traditional story of how the silly ostrich buries his head in the sand and believes that he is thereby concealed."—Philadelphia Post.

SOME WRITERS.

Goldsmith wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield" in six weeks. It is said to have been a story of his own recollections.

Thomas Dunn English wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1833, and some fifty years later George Dr. Maupier made the tender song famous the world over.

It has been mentioned as a proof of Alexander Pope's love of economy that he wrote most of his verses on scraps of paper and particularly on the backs of letters.

Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre" was rejected by nearly every publisher in England before it scored one of the greatest literary successes in the world's history.

Whittier, the poet, it is reported, said to the doctors in attendance a day or two before his death, "You have done the best possible, and I thank you; but it is of no use—I am worn out."

The poet Heine on the day after his marriage drew up a will in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his wife on condition that she married again. He died, he said, that at least one man should regret his death.

The Arab Mother's Advice.

When an Arab damsel gets married, her mother gives her the following advice for securing her future happiness: "You are leaving your nest to live with a man with whose ways and habits you are unfamiliar. I advise you to become his slave if you wish to become the absolute mistress of your husband. Be obedient with little endeavor to feed him well and watch over his sleep, for hunger makes a man crossbraid. Be dumb as to his secrets. Do not appear gloomy when he is merry nor merry when he is sad, and Allah shall bless you."

A Way Old Acquaintances Have.

"It is too bad," said the visitor from home, "but people who acquire wealth are not the same to their old friends."

"Perhaps there is a reason for that," replied Mrs. Cumrox reminiscently. "People who acquire wealth have feelings the same as any one else, and their old friends sometimes have a very superior way of saying: 'Humph! I knew them when they were as poor as Job's turkey.'" —Washington Star.

In the Meets.

Attorney—Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant?

Witness—Oh did, sir.

Attorney—And was the assault committed with malice aforethought?

Witness—No, sir; for we committed wild a mallet behind the ear.—Judge.

Irrepressible.

"Fast as you run de devil out er one town," said Brother Dickey, "he puts up at de best hotel in de best one. No body sets on him hard enough to keep him down."—Atlanta Constitution.

Each Decision You Make.

Each decision you make, however trifling it may be, will influence every decision you will have to make, however important it may be.

—THE TRIBUNE is all-home print, and the only paper published in the county.

RELICS OF EARLY DAYS.

Rail Fences and Dugout Canoes Survive Civilization's March.

One of the remarkable features of country life in America is the singular persistence of the rail fence and the dugout canoe. No matter how thickly settled a section may become or how long it may have been settled, these two survivors of early settlement linger on as stubbornly as ever. Today in the thickest settled parts of New England and New York the rail fence is met with, while the shad fishermen of the Potomac and James rivers and Chesapeake bay, on the banks of which the first English settlements in America were established, still manufacture and employ the old dugout canoe in making the rounds of their shad nets.

The dugout canoe is the simplest and most primitive water craft known and was used by prehistoric man, both in this country, Europe and Asia. It is made out of a log of wood by trimming the outside down to the proper proportions of a boat and by "digging out" the inside with an adz and by the old fire. The Potomac river dugout is today pretty much the same as it was in the days of Powhatan and differs from the general run of dugout canoes in the absence of a curved bow and stern and in having rather high sides, which rise to a summit from either end of the boat, being highest in the middle, where the seat is placed.—Washington Post.

Bank of Rutherfordton.

Report to the North Carolina Corporation Commission of the condition of the Bank of Rutherfordton at Rutherfordton, N. C., at close of business on 16th day of July, 1902.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$23,368.32
Overdraft	1,069.03
Rutherford county bonds	200.00
Banking house, F. and F.	5,000.00
Cash and due from banks	5,226.15
All other resources	549.67
Other real estate	.66
Total	\$35,499.17