

# The Rutherfordton Tribune.

VOL. II. NO. 38.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 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 September 15th, 1902.

### RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$24,889.39
Overdrafts.....	767.78
Furniture and fixtures.....	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers.....	5,089.55
Cash on hand.....	3,019.61
Total.....	\$34,766.33

### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock.....	\$10,000.00
Surplus.....	1,000.00
Undivided profits.....	755.63
Deposits subject to checks.....	21,857.50
Due other banks.....	737.62
Cashier's checks.....	415.56
Total.....	\$34,766.33

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 September, 1902.

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

Correct—Attest:  
T. B. TWITTY, JOHN C. MILLS, M. H. JUSTICE, Directors.

## Notice.

NORTH CAROLINA, Rutherford County.  
By virtue of an order of the Superior court of Rutherford county, in the proceeding entitled R. L. Watkins, Jonas B. Watkins, Neal A. Watkins and others, heirs at law of K. C. Watkins, deceased, ex parte, I, as commissioner, will sell to the highest bidder, at public auction, at the home place or residence of K. C. Watkins, deceased, on Wednesday, the 5th day of November, 1902,

the following described real estate:

Lot No. 1, containing 737-100 acres. Beginning at a stake in the road, and runs thence south 66° east 140° poles to a stone; thence south 33° 15' west 32-5 poles to a stone; thence south 42° east 23 poles to a stake in Suck creek; thence south 59° east 2-5 poles to a stake in George Spake's line; thence north 26° east 65° poles to a stone heap; thence north 5-5 east 32° poles to a stone, corner of lot No. 2; thence north 66° east 110 poles to corner of grave yard; thence north 77° west 71° poles to a stake in the road; thence south 9-15 west 22° poles; thence south 19° west 61° poles to a stake, the beginning corner.

Lot No. 2, containing 608-10 acres. Beginning at a stake in the road at corner of lot No. 1, and running thence south 77° east 71° poles to corner of grave yard; thence north 14° east 32° poles; thence north 75° east 11° poles; thence north 73° west 11° poles, this boundary reserves the family graveyard; thence north 66° east 110 poles across the creek to a stone in George Spake's line; thence thence with said line north 8-15 east 24° 9-10 poles to a stone heap; thence 75° west 177-70 poles to a stake in the road; thence south 19° west 61° poles; thence south 33° east 39° west 31-23 poles to a stake, the beginning corner.

Lot No. 3, containing 65-4-10 acres. Beginning at a stake in the road, corner of lot No. 1, and runs thence north 6-10 east 10° 15° poles; thence north 9-15 east 32° poles; thence 6-15 east 31-23 poles; thence north 53° east 133° poles to a stake; thence north 88° west 39-9-10 poles to a stone; thence north 77° west 15-23 poles to a stone; thence north 80° west 78° poles to a stake; thence south 3 east 70-25 poles to a stake; thence south 10° east 26 poles to a stake; thence south 37° east 39° poles to a stake; thence south 44° east 71 poles to a chestnut stump; thence south 66° east 46 poles to a stake in the road, the beginning corner.

Lot No. 4, containing 75-1-5 acres. Beginning at a stake in the Thomas Phillips line and runs thence south 80° east 78° poles to a stake; thence north 37° east 29° poles to a stone; thence north 6° west 65° poles to a stone heap; thence north 37° east 13° poles to a stone heap; thence along the line of Mrs. Phillips down, north 69° west 143 poles to a pine knot; thence south 24° west 65-25 poles to a stone; thence north 2° east 55-25 poles to a stake, the beginning corner.

The above real estate will be sold in lots numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4, these lots No. 1 and 2 will be sold together as will lots No. 3 and 4, and then as a whole. Terms of sale, one-half cash, balance on two months time. Title reserved until all of purchase money is paid. This September 23rd, 1902.

R. L. WATKINS, Commissioner.

M. L. Edwards, Attorney.

## Notice!

NORTH CAROLINA, High Shoals township, Rutherford County, ship.

F. B. Gaffney, agent for the Henrietta Mills, vs. C. E. Scott & Co.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT.

The defendant above named will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against said defendant on the 27th day of August, 1902, by T. J. Wilkins, a justice of the peace of Rutherford county, North Carolina, for the sum of \$91.25, due said plaintiff on a contract to deliver so much corn, which summons is returnable before said justice at his office at Henrietta, in said county, in High Shoals township, on the 22nd day of October, 1902. The defendant will take notice that a warrant of attachment was issued by said justice on the 27th day of August, 1902, against the property of said defendant, which warrant is returnable before the 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 September 17th, 1902.

T. J. WILKINS, J. P.

## DUMAS ON SNAKES.

A Characteristic Story of the Impetuous French Author.

When M. de Villenassant was founding Le Grand Journal, he wrote to Dumas, asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime the editor asked him for some articles or causeries, which were to be published immediately. "I have the very thing!" cried Dumas. "I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes." "On snakes?" "Yes, I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article." The editor, half convinced, agreed to accept this article "on snakes," saying to himself, "After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective." "If you want a little cash in advance, you can draw on me," "I have plenty," said Dumas, "for the first time in my life, I confess; but still, I really have enough."

They parted, and the editor returned to his office. On arriving there he found Alexander's secretary waiting for him with the following paper, ready signed:

Received the sum of 50 napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand. A. D.

The next day the secretary arrived with the first feuilleton and a letter, which ran:

My dear friend—Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of 50 napoleons. A. D.

The very same evening came a dispatch from Havre:

On receipt of this please send 20 napoleons to my lodgings at Frascati. A thousand thanks. A. D.

An hour later came another:

My dear boy—I should have said 13, not 20, napoleons. You are my best friend. The feuilleton is on the road. A. DUMAS.

The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The feuilleton arrived by post on the following day and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas' composition, two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. It ran: "I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revell, the following particulars about snakes." Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting and closed by this original remark: "In my next I will deal with the boa constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes."—Black and White.

## BIRD DOGS.

Some of the Almost Human Work These Clever Canines Perform.

Reading denotes that a dog is following a trail toward the birds by their foot scent, as a man in an analogous manner might follow a flock of sheep by watching their tracks.

Drawing denotes that a dog is approaching birds by a scent in the air, as a man might follow a flock of sheep by the long line of dust hovering over and around the trail. Drawing is considered a much superior manner to reading. It is commonly marked by greater accuracy, quickness of execution and dash of manner.

Pointing is the stop which the dog makes when he has definitely located the birds or when he thinks he has done so. It is the preliminary pause to accurately determine the whereabouts of the hidden birds before he springs to capture. If he misjudges and springs in the wrong direction, all his pains and labor come to nothing. In his training he is encouraged to point, but is prohibited springing, so that after a time he makes his point and holds it stiffly.

If by any act, willful or otherwise, he alarms the birds and they take wing, it is called a flush. If the dog when going up wind on game flushes the birds, he commits an error. If under certain circumstances he flushes when going down the wind, the error may be excused on the ground that he is up wind of them it was impossible to scent them and therefore impossible to know of their presence.—Outing.

## A Human Paradox.

One often hears an amusing paradox—such as a brass tin whistle going around a square, a home whitewashed terra cotta, and "an awfully nice" thing. But it is not a common occurrence to come across a "black white man," and yet this phenomenon is to be seen almost any day in New York. The gentleman is said to be a colored minister in the city, and although in the distance he bears the outward resemblance of a white man—more especially on account of his pallid features and gray white hair—he is unmistakably of the colored race, and what is not the least remarkable is that in consonance with his paradoxical appearance he is wont to relish "hot ice cream puffs."—New York Times.

## Making a Mirror.

Here is the method used in the manufacture of a mirror: After the glass has been carefully polished on both sides it is laid on a firm table (usually of stone, with upturned edges, and one or more sheets of tin foil are laid upon the plate. Quicksilver is then spread over it and at once forms an amalgam with the tin, making a reflecting surface.

## Naturally.

One Girl—Jack tried to kiss me last night.

Another—What in the world did you do?

"Oh, I was up in arms in a minute."—Smart Set.

## A Definition.

Little Clarence—Papa, what is experience?

Mr. Callipers—Experience, my son, is the headaches you acquire from butting against the world.—Puck.

25 cents gets THE TRIBUNE from now until January, 1903.

## SEA FLOWERS AS PETS.

The Queer Little Creatures Known as Anemones.

The queerest pets in the world are kept in a beautiful row of clear, flashing, round glass tanks on an upper floor of a large aquarium. As you approach the tanks you behold glowing little groups of color and artistic blending and mingling of fantastic weeds and shining staves. Then when you peer into the tanks you see what at first seem to you just like particularly handsome and gorgeous flowers growing all over the little rockeries. Some of the flowers look like dainty pink and white and yellow and purple and crimson dahlias. Others look almost like daisies, with lacelike petals. Others look like little star flowers, all pure white and perfect. These flowers are of all sizes, from tiny ones barely large enough to see to great ones almost large enough to fill a saucer.

But if you will watch these "flowers" for a few minutes you will jump suddenly, for all at once you will see one move its petals. Then you will see another and another do it. Slowly the petals unfold or contract, with little jerking movements, sometimes twining in the water like snakes.

Tap smartly on the table on which the tanks stand, and like lightning all the petals will have expanded. These sea flowers are really not flowers at all. They are living creatures, known as sea anemones.

For many years a scientist has tended and fed them, and the little animated flowers actually have come to know him. When he feeds them, he puts a little bit of fish on the end of a long pointed stick and puts it carefully down into the water until it is near the anemone. It did not take long for the beautiful things to understand it, and whereas at first they used to withdraw their petals and shut up tightly when the stick approached, now they twine gracefully and stretch their dainty arms out as far as they can go in order to reach it.—London Answers.

## LONDON CAB SERVICE.

Why It Is the Best and the Cheapest in the World.

"Everyone knows," says the cab service in London is the best and cheapest in the world, but few of us know why. So when I was over there I made it a point to find out."

The woman who occupied the other seat in the hansom looked as if she would like to hear the result of his investigations. "It is mainly due," he continued, "to the fact that licenses to drive cabs and buses through the London streets are hard to get. An applicant must furnish the most satisfactory proofs of his honesty when he files his application at Scotland Yard, and his references are carefully verified. Then he undergoes such a rigid examination as to his knowledge of streets and localities that but little more than half the candidates manage to pull through it. Those who do are then tested as to their ability to drive through the crowded thoroughfares, the test being a practical one, with an inspector of police, who is himself an expert driver, seated by the side of the would-be cabbie as he threads his way through the jam. Probably 20 per cent of the applicants come to grief during this test, as the slightest infraction of the rules of the road or the exercise of bad judgment in controlling or guiding his horse means absolute failure. If successful, the applicant is impressed with the importance of returning all articles left in his cab to headquarters without delay and told that an attempt to make excessive charges means the forfeiture of his license. The result is comparative safety to the passengers in cabs and a reasonable certainty that there will be no attempt upon the 'cabbie's' part to overcharge his fare."—New York Tribune.

## A Story of Cervantes.

Cervantes once gave a proof that his generosity was fully equal to his genius. In the early part of his life he was for some time a slave in Algiers, and there he devised a plan to free himself and thirteen of his fellow sufferers. One of them traitorously revealed the design, and they all were brought before the dey of Algiers, who promised them their lives on condition that they revealed the contriver of the plot.

"I was that person," at once cried Cervantes. "Save my companions and let me perish alone."

The dey, struck by his intrepidity, spared his life, allowed him to be ransomed and permitted him to go home.

## Clings to His Misery.

"Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor."

"Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again."

But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably.—Chicago Post.

## The Viewpoint.

"That man is extremely suspicious, as he thinks every one he sees is a shady character, and naturally too."

"It's his nature, I suppose."

"Not at all. He wears smoked spectacles."—Baltimore Herald.

## Didn't Seem Possible.

Mr. Statelate—Is that clock right?

Miss De Pink (wearily)—I think it must need cleaning. It's been two or three hours going that last hour.—Stray Stories.

You can't have a good time today unless you forget tomorrow, and if you forget tomorrow it will punish you when it is today.—Atchison Globe.

Somewhere in the world there are 119,000,000 big copper pennies, but nobody appears to know where they are.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE. It is published every Thursday evening.

THE TRIBUNE from now until January 1903, for only 25 cents.

## THEY DRINK SEA WATER.

Cockatoos and Wild Pigeons Do Not Seem to Mind It.

In 1881, while resident on Gazelle peninsula, the northern portion of the magnificent island of New Britain, in the south Pacific, I had many opportunities of witnessing both cockatoos and wild pigeons drinking salt water. I was stationed at a place called Kabaira, the then "farthest off" trading station on the whole island, and as I had but little work to do I found plenty of time to study bird life in the vicinity. Parrots of several varieties, all of beautiful plumage, were plentiful, and great flocks of white cockatoos frequented the rolling, grassy downs which lay between my home and the German head station in Blanche bay, twenty miles distant, while the heavy frost of the littoral was the haunt of thousands of pigeons. These pigeons, though not so large as the South Sea Polynesian bird, formed an agreeable change of diet for us white traders, and by walking about fifty yards from one's door half a dozen or more could be shot in as many minutes.

"My nearest neighbor was a German, and one day when we were walking along the beach toward his station I noticed some hundreds of pigeons flying down from the forest, settling on the margin of the water and drink with apparent enjoyment. The harbor at this spot being almost landlocked and the water as smooth as glass and without the faintest ripple, the birds were enabled to drink without wetting their plumage. My neighbor, who had lived many years in New Britain, told me that this drinking of sea water was common to both cockatoos and pigeons alike, and that on some occasions the beaches would be lined with them, the cockatoos not only drinking, but bathing, and apparently enjoying themselves greatly. During the next six months, especially when the weather was calm and rainy, I frequently noticed pigeons and cockatoos come to the salt water to drink."

"At first I thought that as fresh water in many places bubbled up through the sand at low tide the birds were not really drinking the sea water, but by watching closely I distinctly saw them walk across these tiny runnels without making any attempt to drink. Then, when the whole of the Gazelle peninsula is cut up by countless streams of water, and rain falls throughout the year as a rule. What causes this unusual habit of drinking sea water? Another peculiarity of the New Britain and New Ireland pigeon is its fondness for the chili pepper berry. During three months of the year, when these berries are ripe, the birds' crops are full of them, and often their feces is so pungent and smells so strongly of the chili as to be quite unpalatable."—Chambers' Journal.

## Birds in Indian Legends.

All primitive people regard the bird as specially wise and favored. Living in the air, he is regarded as exercising control over atmospheric phenomena, and, knowing as well his own migratory seasons, the Indians observe his flights as foreboding ill or good to themselves. The Eskimos believe that the dove carries the souls of the departed hence to the spirit world. The Indians of the Dakotas say the storm bird dwells so high as to be out of human vision and carries a fresh water lake on his back, so that when he plunges himself into rain, when he winks his bright eyes it lightens, when he flaps his wings thunder rolls. The Alaskans hold much the same idea about the "thunder-bird."

Among them all the eagle is mighty, brave, aspiring, the symbol of their warriors for apparent reasons. The kinsmen are anxious to serve his brother man.

## Royalty and Profanity.

William the Conqueror did not introduce swearing into England, but he brought with him a very forcible oath. William was accustomed to swear "by the splendor of God," and on each occasion he combined with it the terrible aspect of the eyes, which always took the place of swearing in the case of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. After William's time the rulers of England, with possibly here and there an exception, swore with great frequency and vigor. It is related that even Queen Beatrix, whose unburnt locks did not belie a fiery temper, would break into a string of expletives that would rattle the royal windows and frighten the household and royal attendants from all sense of diplomatic recourse.—London Tatler.

## The First Quarrel.

After the explosion the following were found to be injured:

The Groom—Slightly scratched about the face, force of character and self esteem somewhat shattered; will hereafter show timidity under like circumstances.

The Bride—Dignity hurt, but not broken; showed unexpected courage; will recover slowly.

Cupid—Badly shocked; will recover.—Life.

## Pleasing Him.

Mrs. Gay—Yes, I know my husband can't afford all these things, but I'm buying them to please him.

Mrs. Schoppen—To please him?

Mrs. Gay—Yes; there's nothing that pleases him more than a chance to tell his people what a martyr he is.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Fair Offer.

Tim Tuff—Aw, I did lick youse wid both me hands tied behind me.

Swipesy Mulligan—Will yer let me tie em?—Ohio State Journal.

Self love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

THE TRIBUNE is all home print, a d only copy published in the country.

## HOMESICK CADETS.

The New Man at West Point and the Pangs of Nostalgia.

The new man at West Point has one misfortune to endure throughout the first few weeks of his course—he must suffer the pangs of homesickness. He has entered upon a course of discipline quite unlike anything in his experience. Every act of his daily life is regulated by an inflexible system. He has no friend at hand; the world sympathy seems to be unknown. Older cadets look on, understand, pity, but give no sign. H. Irving Hancock says in "Life at West Point":

It is a common sight for a cadet corporal, going into the room of a "plebe," to find him seated at his table, pen in hand and a sheet of paper before him, staring blankly at the paper or the wall. The cadet corporal takes in the scene before him.

"Homesick, mister?" he asks.

"Yes, sir," replies the plebe, looking shamefaced. "Now, mister."

"Sure sign a new man's homesick when he's caught at study table writing his resignation," rejoins the corporal comely.

The plebe, wondering how it is that the cadet corporal is such a mind reader, flushes, looks at the sheet before him and slowly tears it up.

"That's right," says the corporal. Then, with a momentary touch of sympathy, he goes on: "Don't get down in the month, mister. I've been through the nostalgia drill myself. It's tough on you, but when you've been here a little while there's no inducement on earth that could make you leave of your own choice. Brace up! Homesickness isn't 'em all at first."

Then the corporal glances about and falls at once into the brusque tone of the instructor.

"See here, mister," he remarks, "poling" is one of the most important duties of the soldier. Your shoe brush is out of place. Haven't I told you where it belongs? And you cap is on your head. Now, mister."

So he goes on with a list of criticisms which at once reduce life to a practical level. The plebe has enough to do for the next half hour in "tidying up," and at the end of that time he is not tempted to resume his letter. At last, he puts it off for one day more.

## PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

It's a great thing to be of some use in the world.—"Brinton Elliot."

If not sure of the merit of your ideas, quote them as another's.—"Myra of the Pines."

The woman who makes a doormat of herself will always be trodden upon.—"Fables for the Elite."

Those who have not been imposed upon are a thief's gain, with a thief's discernment.—"The Fool."

If a man is obliged to make a fool of himself, it is best he should afford amusement to others while doing so.—"The Minority."

No man should ever try to be artless. He is too clumsy. It is like trying to do miniature painting with a white-wash brush.—"The Riddle of Life."

When once a woman has the folly to plead for herself, in that moment she murders love, and every tear she sheds thereafter becomes another drop upon his grave.—"Margaret Tudor."

A woman is all heart and sentiment, and while her fortress is a strong one, yet she expects to be conquered, and once she surrenders she loves no one more than her conqueror.—"Buell Hampton."

A Change Had Come Over Him.

There are some things in this world for which not even the most profound rural philosopher can account to his own satisfaction.

"I never saw an animal move so slowly before in all my life!" cried an exasperated traveler in a New Hampshire state, behind which the clouds of a rapidly rising storm were growing blacker every moment. "Can't the horse go any faster? You had an excellent one ten years ago, when I used to spend the summer here."

"That's the curious thing about it," said the driver, gazing first at his steed and then at the uneasy passenger in a mildly speculative way. "This horse is the very same identical horse that drove that summer. I don't know what in tunket's got into him. He seems to have lost his animation."—Youth's Companion.

## His Free Will Offering.

"What's that \$5 kept out of my salary for?" asked the employee of the state institution.

"That's your voluntary contribution for campaign purposes," blandly replied the superintendent.

"But it isn't a voluntary contribution. You've no right to hold it out on me. That wasn't in the bargain. I never heard anything about it before. It is a gouge, and I won't stand it!"

"But you have to pay it, you know, or lose your job. Does it go?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's why we call it voluntary."—Chicago Tribune.

## True Sympathy.

Tom—Why so melancholy, old man?

Jack—Miss Jones rejected me last night.

Tom—Well, brace up. There are others.

Jack—Yes, of course; but somehow I can't feel sorry for the poor girl.—Chicago News.

Too Much Promised.

"Did her father forgive her for running off and getting married?"

"Yes; the old man said that he would forgive and forget them."—Indianapolis News.

Although she may have no knowledge of medicine, the dressmaker who can cure bad fits has a lot of patience.

## FATE OF HINDOO GIRLS.

Nepaul Rajpoots Cause Their Daughters to Be Murdered.