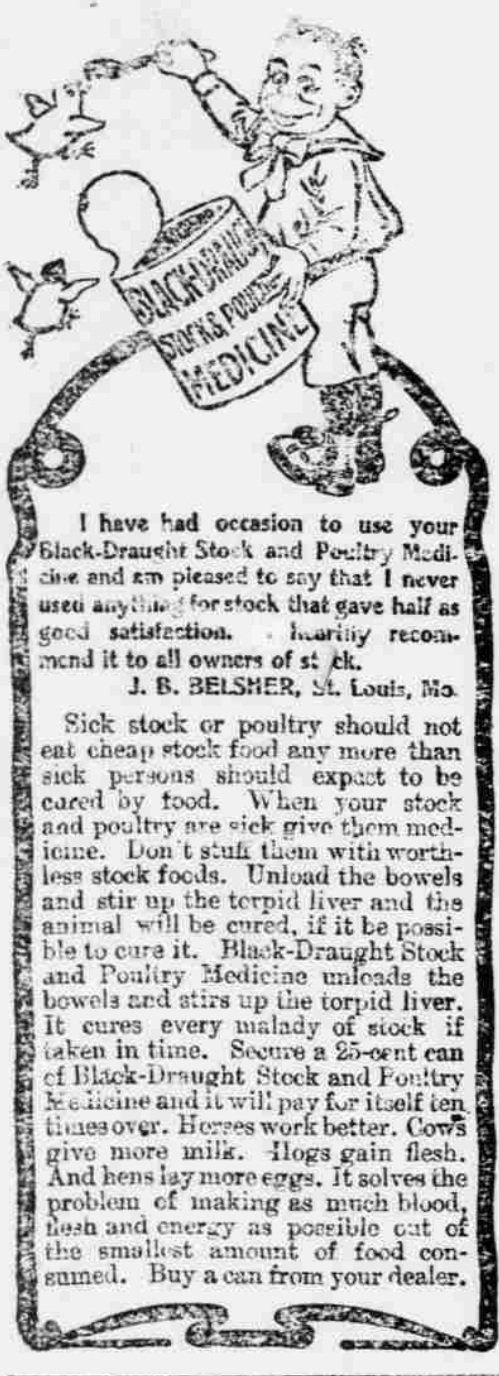


The Rutherfordton Tribune.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1902.

\$1.00 A YEAR.



THE WINE EXPERT.

HE MUST BE AS TEMPERATE AS AN ATHLETE IN TRAINING.

By Sight, Smell and Taste He Tests the Quality of Liquors and Hence He Must Lead a Life at Once Rigorous and Ascetic.

Many hotels and restaurants of importance as well as many wholesale and retail liquor dealing firms employ a wine expert. It is the duty of this man to pass upon the quality of all wines, brandies, whiskies and other alcoholic beverages handled by his house. He works with an empty stomach, and he makes his tests through the three senses of sight, which tests the spirit's color and clarity; smell, which tests its odor, and taste, the most important sense, which tests its flavor. To keep these senses at once delicate and sharp the expert must not use tobacco, and in the use of liquors he must be temperate to the point of tectatolism.

If two glasses of champagne are set before a clever wine expert, one a champagne of the vintage of 1884, the other of the vintage of 1888, he will tell readily which is which. There are indeed a half dozen vintages which he can designate by their taste alone without the helpful presence of the label bottle.

The wine expert must also have a profound knowledge of red wines. Among the red wines of France he must be able to tell those of the Cuvée from those of Burgundy and of Dauphine.

In the white wines also he must be learned, and he should have no difficulty in distinguishing the champagne of 1897, of 1900, of 1901 and of 1902, and in distinguishing also their best vintages. Among the other French white wines he must know those of Sauterne, Barsac, Preignac and Romagne. And the Spanish white wines of Xeres, the German white wines of Johannisberg, Steinberg and Hochheim must be like old time friends. Whiskies and brandies are divisions of his work that are as important as the wines. He must tell at a glance whether a brandy has been aged in wood or in glass, and he must not only separate with ease the Irish, the Scotch and the American whiskies, but he even must designate the districts in which each was distilled.

Considering his knowledge the salary of the wine expert is not great. It averages \$40 a week. Occasionally it falls as low as \$25, and occasionally it amounts to munificence. The expert must not eat rich, heavy foods and pastries. He must not keep late hours. His life, in a word, must be as temperate as that of an athlete in training. This is in order that his senses of sight and taste and smell may be at their best always. Smoking is bad for the smell; rich foods are bad for the taste; late hours or any sort of dissipation, even the mildest, is bad for the health generally and for all the senses, sight in particular; hence the rigorous and ascetic life of the wine expert.

The wine expert works with stomach empty, for then his taste and smell are at their keenest. He works on bright days only in a room flooded with sunlight, for then he can best weigh a liquor's color and lucidity. He uses glasses of the oddest shapes—a different glass almost for every liquor—for these help him to distinguish the most delicate gradations of smell and color. The brandy glass, for instance, has a bowl almost as big as a washbowl. The bottom of this bowl the brandy covers in the thinnest layer. The expert puts his face down close with his nose inside the bowl, rolls the brandy about, thus getting the full bouquet of the liquor.

He must never swallow the beverages he tests. He holds them in his mouth about a minute, rolling them upon his tongue and letting them touch his palate, and that is sufficient for an accurate judgment. To swallow them would not aid him, for there are no nerves of taste in the stomach. To swallow them would, on the contrary, hinder him, sending him drunk to bed each testing day. The expert of a large and fashionable New York hotel in discussing the other day his business said:

"What is more difficult than to describe in words the taste of anything? How, for instance, would you say what bread tastes like or meat or potatoes?"

"But red wines have, after all, a definable taste. The poor red wines are earthy. They have a flavor of fresh soil. The good ones taste like fine mushrooms, and the best ones taste like truffles. But the taste of whiskies and brandies and white wines is not to be defined in any such concrete way as this."

"The wine science is a nice one. Few men know it. Few men indeed can tell with their eyes shut whisky from brandy or ale from beer. Few men who use liquor even know the wines that custom demands should be drunk with a dinner at which wine is served."

When asked what those wines were, he said:

"Sauterne with the oysters, sherry with the soup, Rhine wine with the fish, claret with the roast, champagne with the game, salad and dessert and cognac with the coffee."—New York Tribune.

CRUSHING A BORE.

The Authority on Natural History That Sydney Smith Quoted.

Sydney Smith jokes have a delicate flavor of age, but an anecdote in "Memories of Half a Century" has not been told so often as some of the classic tales. Sydney was a guest at the dinner of an archdeacon, and a fellow guest, whose hobby was natural history, was a bore if once started on his subject. Smith promised to try to keep him in check. The naturalist got his opening.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dickens, on the remarkable size of the eye in a common house fly?"

The archdeacon courteously said he had not. The bore pursued his advantage.

"I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particularly hitherto unobserved as to the unusual size of that eye."

"I deny the fact," said a voice from the other end of the table. All smiled save the bore.

"You deny the fact, sir?" said he. "May I ask on what authority you condemn the investigations of my most learned friend?"

"I deny the fact," replied Smith, "and I base my denial on evidence wedded to immortality versus well known to every scholar at least at this table."

The emphasis laid on scholar notified the naturalist by his implication. "Well, sir," he said, "will you have the kindness to quote your authority?"

"I will, sir. The evidence is these well known. I may say immortal lines: 'Who saw him die?' 'He said the fly.' 'With my little eye!'"

The greatest roar, and during the rest of the dinner nothing further was heard on the subject of natural history.

THE COOKBOOK.

Peeled, chopped tomato sprinkled over lettuce, the whole covered with French dressing, makes a Russian salad.

To steam potatoes peel them and when very clean put them in a colander over boiling water. Cover tightly with a lid and leave them until done.

Tarragon leaves are most useful in salad and should be minced, squeezed in a towel and chopped fine. This herb gives a zest to the salad that is always appreciated.

When making beef tea, never add the salt till the meat has been cooking for several hours. Salt acts upon the fiber and prevents it giving out all its nourishing properties.

A steak one inch thick requires to be broiled seven minutes; one inch and a half, twelve minutes; two inches, twenty minutes; near the fire at first and then four inches away.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES.

Men and Women and Their Effect Upon Public Meetings.

American audiences are strangely alike in some things and strangely dissimilar in others. A good committee will take as much pains in the arrangement of its audience as its speaker's. An audience seated without crowding is seldom enthusiastic. Neither is an audience whose hands are occupied with bangles or umbrellas, an audience largely composed of women or an audience in a cold room. The best audience is the one that is the most responsive and inspiring, are those composed of men crowded and packed together and warm.

Women naturally do not applaud or cheer. They are by instinct more self-restrained in the public expression of their emotions than men. Every public speaker is complimented by their presence, for they are the quietest work at home is oftentimes more effective in results than the most enthusiastic shouting on the street corners by the other sex. In a public meeting, however, the audience gets its cue from those nearest the speaker. I remember two audiences, both from the same social class, both crowded, both in large theaters and both largely attended by women. One happened to be in Colorado, one in Massachusetts. In one meeting the orchestra was reserved for women. In the other meeting the men had the orchestra and the women had the lower gallery and all the boxes. In both cases the audiences were entirely friendly to the speakers.

The second meeting was marked by wild enthusiasm, the first one by respectful attention. In the second case the mass of men in the orchestra urged on the speakers by continued applause. In the first case the men in the galleries who started to applaud were checked because between them and the speakers was a mass of absolutely feminine ladies in the orchestra. I do not say that one meeting was less effective than the other, but the difference in the strain on the speaker was marked.—From "The Spectator" by Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., in Scribner's.

A Supreme Court Coincidence.

While in session the associate justices of the United States supreme court are seated on either side of the chief justice, in the order of their commissions, the oldest in commission on his right, the next oldest on his left; the third is second on the right and the fourth second on the left, and so on alternately.

When Justice Field was the senior associate, this arrangement produced the curious result: The names of the justices on the right had but a single syllable—Field, Gray, Brown and White—while the names of those on the left had two syllables—Hastings, Brewer, Shiras and Peckham. All were married, but no one of the justices on the right had ever had any children, while each of those on the left had both children and grandchildren. The colors were all on the right—Gray, Brown and White—while the left was colorless.—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Allowed.

In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old-fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evans discovered E. Deane Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whistled to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be a district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the reply:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evans, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Leading Satan Down.

"Lightning knocked the church steeple down," some one said to Brother Dier. "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up." "And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting." "Yes; Satan goes to meet 'em 'bout de louds." "And a preacher was drowned in the river last week." "Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'broke ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God," was the reply. "He do what he's fer?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Conspicuous Example.

"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Jacksonville, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

A MAN'S NECKTIE.

What the Manner of Its Arrangement Tells to One Woman.

"I wouldn't attempt to judge a man by his necktie," she said gravely, "but I would not hesitate two minutes to judge him by his necktie. It is an almost infallible guide. Of course there are exceptions, but the character and intellect of most men can be told by the way in which they tie their ties. Now, take the overclever man, for example."

"The tie of the genius has afforded much copy for the pen of the satirist and the pencil of the caricaturist, but in reality any little peculiarity or idiosyncrasy in dressing is generally the outward and visible sign of vanity rather than of personal untidiness. The average man, with an ordinary share of intellect, seldom knows how to tie a tie as it can be tied and is tied by men with no intellect at all. He may possess a charming selection of the best ties which Broadway can supply and does not in the least look eccentric—may, rather, he often wants to be as smart in appearance as possible, but somehow he rarely achieves his object."

Directly you see a really beautifully tied tie (except in the case of military men and actors, with whom it is a part of the training) which never moves out of place, following faithfully the little idiosyncrasies of contemporary dandyism, you may be fairly certain that you are not face to face with an undiscovered Shakespeare or an embryonic Goethe. Of course, in the case of a rich and important man, the lesser details of the tie are usually left to the valet, but even then I deny a man of real brains to keep his tie at the exact angle for any considerable time. At dinner you will generally find that by the time the soup has arrived the evening tie has shifted its position or become obliquely set. This could probably be easily avoided, only it happens that the way in which a man wears his tie indicates pretty accurately the wearer's intellectual appreciation of trifles.—Toledo Blade.

POINTED QUESTIONS.

Put Yourself in the Other One's Place and Answer.

The great task of social ethics is to stimulate the social imagination. We must be continually prodding our sense of social conscience to keep it wide awake. We must be asking ourselves at each point of contact with the lives of others such pointed questions as these:

How would you like to be the tailor or shoemaker whose bill you have neglected to pay?

How would you like to be the customer to whom you are selling these adulterated or inferior goods?

How would you like to be the investor in this stock company which you are promoting with water?

How would you like to be the employer whose time and tools and material you are wasting at every chance you get to loaf and shirk and neglect the duties you are paid to perform?

How would you like to be the clerk or saleswoman in the store where you are reaping extra dividends by imposing harder conditions than the state of trade and the market compel you to adopt?

How would you like to be the stoker or weaver or mechanic on the wages you pay and the conditions of labor you impose?

How would you like to be the business rival whom you deprive of his little all by using your greater wealth in temporary cutthroat competition?—William De Witt Hyde in Atlantic.

What Washington Lacks.

There is no avenue in Washington which measures adequately up to the full demands of civic beauty. Woodward avenue in Detroit, Euclid avenue in Cleveland, Peachtree avenue in Atlanta, Independence avenue in Kansas City and Summit avenue in St. Paul are all examples of handsome thoroughfares, where magnificent private residences are set in miniature parks. On a larger scale Brookline, near Boston, presents a charming picture of suburban development along picturesque and artistic lines. There is nothing of the kind in Washington.—Washington Post.

An Artist's Trials.

Brownly—Dauber certainly has his own troubles. Pinder—Why, I thought he was doing splendidly. Brownly—He was until he painted that last landscape. He painted the sun too natural. Pinder—How could that be? Brownly—Well, it dried up the water in the pond so fast that he has to paint in new water every two or three days.—New York Times.

PERSISTENT LOVERS.

WOMEN WHO WERE MARRIED IN SPIKE OF THEMSELVES.

Some Matrimonial Experiences That Would Seem to Justify Voltaire's Cynical Declaration That "Any Man Can Wed Any Woman."

"Any man can marry any woman," Voltaire once cynically declared, "if he only pursues her long enough." This, at any rate, was the experience of Jacob Halliday, a well-known character in the north of England a couple of generations ago.

Never did a lover win a wife under such discouraging conditions as Jacob, for after his first proposal he was soundly horsewhipped by the young lady's father and ducked in a convenient pond.

"I'll ask her again next year," Jacob spluttered as he emerged from his bath, the fire of his passion not a whit quenched by his cold douche. "Regularly once a year, on the anniversary of my first proposal and immersion," Nicholson says in his biography of Mr. Halliday, "Jacob attired himself in his finest raiment and presented his petition, always with the same negative result. When he presented himself, now a middle-aged man, for the twenty-fourth time, the lady greeted his appearance with a peal of laughter. 'It's no good, Jacob, I see,' she exclaimed. 'I may as well give in now as later, but what a faint-hearted creature the impetuous Jacob was compared with you!'"

Sheridan took an equally bold course when he sought to win the fairest of the beautiful daughters of Linley, the composer of Bath, who was strongly opposed to the suit of the brilliant young poet and dramatist. His lady-love, too, was beset by an army of suitors, many of them far more eligible than the penniless law student. The circumstances called for bold and decisive action. After threatening to destroy himself if the lady refused his advances and fighting a couple of duels with one of his most formidable rivals Sheridan took the bold step of running away with Miss Linley and conducting her to a French monastery, where she remained in confinement until, succumbing to her lover's darning and persistence, she consented to marry him.

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom in later years of married life he was so lovingly devoted.

One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Glamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man Disraeli is coming up the drive. Do please, run to the door and say I'm not at home." Jane opened the door to the undesired caller and gravely announced her message.

"I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come downstairs," which, of course, Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do a few minutes later.

"Oh dear, what can I do with such an obstinate fellow as this?" the widow asked desperately later in the day when Disraeli showed no sign of raising the siege. "Sherry him, I suppose, ma'am," was Jane's philosophic answer, and, as the world knows, the persistent wooer had his way in the end in this as in most other things in life.

A judge, not long deceased, used to tell a diverting story of his wooing. In those days he was a struggling and obscure lawyer without even the prospect of an income, and the woman on whom he had set his affections was the daughter of a poor proud man with a high sounding name who was strongly opposed to giving his daughter to a "penniless lawyer."

"Do you know, sir," the father thundered when he was asked for his daughter's hand—"do you know, sir, that my daughter's ancestors have all been noblemen and that one of them was a favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth?" "Oh, yes, I know all that," the young barrister placidly answered, "and do you know the lady Elizabeth once slapped your ancestor's face, and unless you are more civil I will do the same for you?" It is scarcely surprising that so bold and daring a lover had his way in the end, even in the face of such a barrier of ghostly noble ancestors.

The late Prince Bismarck, it is said, won his wife in much the same way. Although he had not known the lady of his love more than a few days and her parents were not even aware of his existence, he presented himself one day before them and boldly asked permission to marry their daughter. In vain the father fumed and blustered and threatened to have the young man forcibly ejected from the house for his impudence. "I am sorry to annoy you, sir," the young soldier said, "but I must respectfully decline to leave the house until I have your consent." Nor did he, although the consent was given in these ungracious words: "Well, I suppose you must have your way, but I cannot complain my daughter on her choice of a mule for a husband."

He Feels It.

"Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.

"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Bob's Comment.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:

"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."—Tit-Bits.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on November 25th, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, \$28,478.54
Overdrafts, 778.20
Furniture and Fixtures, 1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers, 12,185.08
Cash on hand, 7,656.17
Total, \$45,097.83

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock, \$10,000.00
Surplus, 1,000.00
Undivided profits, 1,011.23
Deposits subject to checks, 30,137.45
Due other banks, 5,980.66
Outsiders' checks, 568.66
Total, \$45,097.83

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 9th day of December, 1902.
M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.

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

Notice!

By virtue of a judgment and decree of foreclosure rendered at the September term 1902 of the Superior court for Rutherfordton, N. C., in the case entitled "Anna C. Morgan, guardian for Mary Logan Whitehead (nee) Morgan, and Anna C. Morgan in her individual capacity, against M. W. Logan and Arrie G. Logan," I will sell at the court house door in Rutherfordton, for cash, at public auction, on

Monday, the 5th day of January, 1903,

the following described lands, to-wit: Lying in Rutherford county on Second Broad river, adjoining the lands of Robert Fite and others being the lands conveyed by F. B. Logan and wife to Stanley W. Logan, and registered in the Register's office for Rutherford county in Book 60, No. 172, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a walnut on the bank of the river thereon south 110 poles to a stake; thence south 88 west 72 poles to a stake in the road; thence south 88 east 38 poles to a B O and pine; thence north 45 east 45 poles to a pine; thence north 60 east 110 poles to a spruce on the bank of the river; thence up the river as it meanders to the beginning, containing—acres.

Also a second tract known as the Mill tract, containing eight acres more or less, including the mill and water power and all appurtenances thereto, adjoining the Cedar Logan dover, and the lands of J. G. Logan. The said lands will be sold to satisfy the said judgment for the sum of eleven hundred dollars (\$1,100) with interest on the same at six percent per annum from June 19, 1904, and the costs of the action.

Parties desiring to purchase valuable property will find it to their advantage to examine the above property before date of sale. This December 5th, 1902.
A. J. JUSTICE, Commissioner.
McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior court of Rutherford county, entitled "Alpha Morrow, administratrix of John S. Morrow, deceased, against Claude Morrow and others, heirs at law of John S. Morrow, deceased," the undersigned will sell at public auction at the court house door in Rutherfordton, on the

5th day of January, 1903, about ten and three-quarters acres of land lying in Cool Springs township, adjoining the lands of Joe Hardin, Joseph Hunter and the Middleton Sutton tract and the Core lands. Said land will be sold to create assets for the payment of debts, and the surplus, if any, to be partitioned among the heirs at law of the deceased. On this tract of land is a neat cottage, and anyone desiring such property will do well to call on the undersigned who will show them the said lands. This December 6th, 1902.
ALPHA MORROW, Administratrix of John S. Morrow, deceased.
McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice!

By virtue of a decree made in the special proceedings entitled "W. J. Mode, Administrator of B. M. C. Morrow, against D. F. Morrow and others," I will sell at public auction at the court house door in Rutherfordton, to the highest bidder, on

January 5th, 1903, three undivided elevenths (3-11) interests in fifty-two (52) acres of land known as the lower lands of Mrs. N. H. Morrow, lying about two and one-half (2 1/2) miles southeast of Forest City, adjoining the lands of Watkins, Smith and others. Said interests of B. M. Morrow in the lands will be sold subject to the life estate of Mrs. N. H. Morrow. This and will be sold to create assets with which to pay debts against the intestate of the undersigned. This December 9th, 1902.
W. J. MODE, Administrator of B. M. C. Morrow, deceased.
McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

J. C. Green, UNDERTAKER
FOREST CITY, N. C.
Best stock of Burial Requisites in the county from the cheapest Coffin to the most elegant Casket, all at moderate prices. Elegant Hearse.
Phone Number 6.
Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right

Notice!

By virtue of the power of sale conferred upon me by the provisions of a deed of trust executed by James V. McFarland and wife, Lucy A. McFarland, on the 27th day of October, 1901, and recorded in Book "41" pages 160 to 575 of the office of the Register of Deeds of Rutherford county, Georgia, I will sell made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by the said deed of trust, and upon demand of the holder of the notes, I will sell at public auction on the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in the town of Rutherfordton, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the

20th day of December, 1902, the following described tract or parcel of land, to-wit:—Lying and being in the county of Rutherford, on the waters of Cathey's creek, known as the lands of John S. Morrow, deceased, and registered in the Register's office for Rutherford county in Book 60, No. 172, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a walnut on the bank of the river thereon south 110 poles to a stake; thence south 88 west 72 poles to a stake in the road; thence south 88 east 38 poles to a B O and pine; thence north 45 east 45 poles to a pine; thence north 60 east 110 poles to a spruce on the bank of the river; thence up the river as it meanders to the beginning, containing—acres.

Also a second tract known as the Mill tract, containing eight acres more or less, including the mill and water power and all appurtenances thereto, adjoining the Cedar Logan dover, and the lands of J. G. Logan. The said lands will be sold to satisfy the said judgment for the sum of eleven hundred dollars (\$1,100) with interest on the same at six percent per annum from June 19, 1904, and the costs of the action.

Parties desiring to purchase valuable property will find it to their advantage to examine the above property before date of sale. This December 5th, 1902.
A. J. JUSTICE, Commissioner.
McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

Notice!

By virtue of a mortgage deed from Mary Owens and Ames Owens to me, registered in the Register's office for Rutherford county in Book 1 of real estate mortgages on page 147, I will sell at public auction for cash at the court house door in Rutherfordton on

Monday, January 5th, 1903, the following described lands lying in Rutherford county adjoining the Elizabeth Murry lands and the Jenkins land, beginning at a rock pile in Elizabeth Murry's line and extending south 110 poles to a rock pile, corner of the land of the Sweeney white oak corner of the Jenkins tract, and runs with his line north 140 poles to a rock, corner of sale to A. P. Owens, now A. W. Owens; thence with said line east 100 poles to a chestnut corner of same; thence south 160 poles to a stake and pointers, corner of same; thence north 12 west 98 poles to a chestnut by a large rock in Elizabeth Murry's line; thence with said line north 53 west 184 poles to the beginning, containing one hundred and fifty-three acres, more or less. This property will be sold under the powers of the said mortgage for the purpose of applying the proceeds to the discharge of the costs recovered by the plaintiff from the defendants in the action entitled "Sarah Canfield against Ames Owens and Mary Owens," as is set forth in the said mortgage deed.

The costs so recovered amount to about one hundred and five dollars (\$105) as will appear by bill of costs in the said cause as taxed by the Clerk of the Superior court. This December 5th, 1902.
SARAH CAUFIELD, Mortgagee.
McBryer & Justice, Attorneys.

J. G. & L. G. REID DENTISTS.

Marion and Rutherfordton. All work guaranteed. Our prices reasonable.

J. H. WOOD & CO.,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Keep constantly on hand a full supply of Coffins, Caskets and Robes.
J. H. Wood will sell you Tombstones and Monuments of any description, 300 designs to select from. Prices guaranteed.

Kedol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Don't Be Early Risers
The famous little pills.