

ECZEMA CURED

Many people have tried so many remedies for eczema without being materially benefited that they have come to the conclusion that there is no cure for this most distressing disease. That this conclusion is erroneous, and that

Hobson's Eczema Ointment

will effect a cure is shown by the following unsolicited testimonial of Mr. Venable Wilson, who for many years was a citizen of Wadesboro. Mr. Wilson says:

"This is to certify that for nine years I suffered with eczema, and during that time tried numerous so-called specifics for it, but without effect. But after a few applications of Hobson's Eczema Ointment I was completely cured."
"V. WILSON."
"Thomasville, N. C., Feb. 22, 1910."

We sell Hobson's Eczema Ointment under an absolute guarantee. If it does not effect a cure you get your money back.

PARSONS DRUG COM'NY.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING—NO. 5

How Alexander Untied the Knot.

By Herbert Kaufman.

Alexander the Great was being shown the Gordian Knot. "It can't be untied," they told him; "every man who tried to do it fell down."

But Alexander was not discouraged because the rest had flunked. He simply realized that he would have to go at it in a different way. And instead of wasting time with his fingers he drew his sword and slashed it apart.

Every day a great business general is shown some knot which has proven too much for his competitors, and he succeeds because he finds a way to cut it. The fumbler has no show so long as there is a brother merchant who doesn't waste time trying to accomplish the impossible—who takes lessons from the failures about him and avoids the methods which were their downfall.

The knottiest problems in trade are:

- 1—The problem of location.
- 2—The problem of getting the crowds.
- 3—The problem of keeping the crowds.
- 4—The problem of minimizing fixed expenses.
- 5—The problem of creating a valuable good will.

None of these knots is going to be untied by fumbling fingers. They are too complicated. They're all involved together—twisted and entangled over and about each other—so intertwined that they can't be solved singly—like the Gordian Knot they must be cut through at one stroke. And you can't cut the knot with any sword except the newspaper—because:

- 1—A store that is constantly before the people makes its own neighborhood.
- 2—Crowds can be brought from anywhere by daily advertising.
- 3—Customers can always be held by inducements.
- 4—Fixed expenses can only be reduced by increasing the volume of sales.
- 5—Good will can only be created through publicity.

Advertising is breeding new giants every year and making them more powerful every hour. Publicity is the sustaining food of a powerful store and the only strengthening nourishment for a weak one. The retailer who delays his entry into advertising must pay the penalty of his procrastination by facing more giant competitors as every month of opportunity slips by.

Personal ability as a close purchaser and as a clever seller doesn't count for a hang so long as other men are equally well posted and wear the sword of publicity to boot. They are able to tie your business into constantly closer knots, while you cannot retaliate because there is no knot which their advertising cannot cut for them.

Yesterday you lost a customer—today they took one—tomorrow they'll get another. You cannot cope with their competition because you haven't the weapon with which to oppose it. You can't untie your Gordian Knot because it can't be untied—you've got to cut it.

You must become an advertiser or you must pay the penalty of incompetence.

You not only require the newspaper to fight for a more hopeful tomorrow, but to keep today's situation from becoming hopeless.

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W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.
(OFFICE IN SMITH & DUNLAP BLDG.)
Wadesboro, N. C.
All Operations Warranted

Fleetwood W. Dunlap
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Wadesboro, N. C.
Office Second Floor Smith Building.

A DYNAMITE QUEEN.

The Astonishing Case of Isabella Martin of California—Sentenced to Prison For Six Years For a Series of Crimes Whose Parallel is Not Found Outside of Fiction.

New York World.

Behind the walls of the county jail at Oakland, Cal., a conscience-stricken woman makes day and night hideous for fellow-prisoners and guards by her frenzied but futile efforts to escape the black shadow of death and destruction which forever dogs her footsteps. And down the narrow corridor, which echoes with her screams, lies "Exhibit A," shown at her trial, one of the most certain of death-dealing infernal machines that ever fell into the hands of the authorities.

The woman is Isabella Martin, "Queen of Dynamites," and the death dreams which haunt her waking and sleeping hours are filled with men and women whose mangled hands drip blood, as slaying, creeping, moaning they close in around her hard prison bed. The infernal machine is built inside a plain wooden box, 8 inches deep, 9 inches wide and 15 inches long. In it 29 sticks of dynamite are closely packed in a vertical position. Above them is a round hole, two inches in diameter, and poised right above this is the neck of a bottle containing nitric acid. Once the cork of this bottle is removed its contents would trickle down through the hole upon caps of fulminate, which would explode the dynamite. The clock, by means of which the charge was to be set off, has been removed, but nevertheless the infernal machine, now lodged in the vault of Sheriff Barnett's private office, is given a wire berth by every employe who finds it necessary to enter the iron inclosure.

Isabella Martin, "Queen of Dynamites," is awaiting the decision of Appellate Court. Should this court confirm the decision of the Supreme Court this woman will enter the State prison at San Quentin to serve a life sentence, and the infernal machine, which cannot be destroyed until it has served completely its office as an exhibit or evidence against the woman, will be dropped into the Bay of San Francisco, and the men and women employed in and around the Oakland jail will draw a full breath for the first time in months.

Isabella Martin is one of the most picturesquely and dangerously figures that has appeared in the history of criminology for years. And she is one of the most desperate women criminals in modern history. A woman who had become familiar with dynamite and its use through years of experience as a practical mine owner and mine worker, she was obsessed by a strange idea that the world in general and jurists in particular were combining to wrest from her certain rights as a property owner and individual, and she conceived the idea of literally exterminating all her enemies by the use of infernal machines. She used as her confederate and tool a boy whose youth and innocence furnished a wonderful cloak for her fiendish designs.

The specific crime for which she has been sentenced to San Quentin for life was the attempt to dash into eternity the entire family of Superior Judge Ogden, living on Alice street, Oakland. That she succeeded only in blowing out the front of his mansion, leaving the family unscratched, was due to chance—or the intervention of Providence.

Of Mrs. Martin's childhood little or nothing is known, but, many years ago, she married a respectable meat packer named Hoffman in New York city. She bore him two children, a son and a daughter. The former is Henry Hoffman, an attorney connected with the Southern Pacific railway. The daughter married an Easterner, Van Vleet, by name, and she now occupies a prominent social position. Neither son nor daughter seems to have communicated with the mother in many years.

When Hoffman died the widow went to California and married a mining man named John Martin. With him she acquired an interest in several valuable mining properties in Trinity county, California, and developed them.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin settled in Weaverville, the county seat, and there Mrs. Martin seemed to have started upon her abnormal career. Her husband had developed a peculiar hatred for children and refused to grant her natural longing for motherhood. Her bitterness was increased by the open scorn of her women friends and neighbors, around whose tables bright-faced children gathered. Suddenly she determined to outwit them all, including her husband. She practiced a hundred clever deceptions, feigning illness, wearing exaggerated clothing and finally starting abruptly for New York, after the statement that she had arranged to be confined at a hospital in that city.

When she reached New York, however, she went directly to the Hotel Imperial and interviewed nurses after nurse. At last she met one who agreed to do her share in the deception. When at length this nurse came upon a woman who was willing to part with her newborn babe, the child, a physician was summoned suddenly and informed that both mother and child were doing well. The nurse having arranged every surgical detail, the physician pocketed his fee and the birth was recorded.

In triumph Mrs. Martin returned to Weaverville, babe in arms. All this happened 16 years ago, and the infant developed into the "Baby John," who turned State's evidence and whose testimony against his adopted mother was eventually verified by the authorities.

Soon after "Baby John" became a member of the Martin household Mr. Martin died and his widow removed to San Francisco, where she remained until "Baby John" was 4 years old. Then she established her home on West street, Oakland, now famed as a veritable magazine of explosives.

In an effort to poison Horace Given, District Attorney of the county, she jeopardized all the lives in Weaverville by having John pour sugar of lead into sugar bins while she distracted the attention of the grocery clerk by making small purchases in the basement. Given failed to purchase sugar, but other people did and an investigation followed, but without results. The truth never came out until "Baby John" confessed to Mrs. Martin's trial.

Maurice Abrams, a young man who ate his meals at the Sauge cafe, next aroused her displeasure. She managed to mix sugar of lead in the supplies of the cafe, only, however, to reach persons in whom she was not interested and who were only slightly affected by the poison.

She next burned one of her cottages in Weaverville. When the insurance company fought the case and Judge Sargent ruled against her she started upon her maniacal hounding of jurists. She declared that Judge Sargent had been influenced by Judge Ogden, of Oakland, and she calmly announced to "Baby John": "Now we will go down to Oakland, John, and blow up the whole Ogden family. If we don't kill them, we'll scare them to death, and they won't meddle in my affairs again."

Pretending that she was extending

her mining operations, she purchased quantities of dynamite, fuses and caps. Then, before leaving for Oakland, she exploded several pounds of Jackson powder behind her Weaver-ville cabin, throwing suspicion off the subsequent explosions in Oakland.

A few days after their arrival at the Oakland residence came a box labeled "Glass, handle with special care." It contained the explosives, which were then hidden all over the house, dynamite in the basements, caps in finely upholstered chairs and couches, and the fuse, cut into 100 foot strips, poked into the walls through holes bored behind pictures. Mother and son ate, slept and entertained guests literally surrounded by the most deadly explosives.

Mrs. Martin first planned to wipe out William J. Dingee who was then owner of the Contra Costa Water Company, and whom Mrs. Martin held responsible for the prohibitive price of water supplied to herself and her tenants. Three times she dressed John in girl's clothing and set him at the task of blowing up the Dingee home, but each time the lad was frightened off by passersby. Mrs. Martin decided that fate was against her, so she turned her attention to another, this time succeeding in getting insurance on two of her Oakland cottages.

Soon after this she made her famous trip to New York, when she tried to pass off "Baby John" as the son of the Prince and Princess de Chimay. This scheme is recorded in the annals of crime, but her failure did not seem to turn her thoughts of vengeance toward the now 16-year-old John. Instead, when they returned to Oakland, and he was taken ill with typhoid, she nursed him devotedly. Later when she turned against the boy in court, she declared she had been kind to him only because she knew if she treated him as she wanted to and he had died the neighbors would have condemned her.

After John's recovery, the making of bombs was resumed with a view of destroying both Judge Ogden and Samuels, together with their families. When the first infernal machine was completed it was hidden under the sofa in the parlor.

On the night of March 19, 1907, John Whitmore, an admirer of Mrs. Martin, had been invited to spend the evening, merely to furnish an alibi for the arch fiend of dynamite. John showed himself in the parlor several times, only to be admonished that he should go into the kitchen and study his lessons. Finally, on the plea that she wanted to make sure he was studying industriously, Mrs. Martin slipped out of the parlor and said to John: "It is time for you to go to Judge Ogden's." She handed him an oilskin coat and overalls, which he donned, and then he tucked the bomb under one arm. He trudged a bicycle with the other hand, fearing to ride it, however, with the deadly explosive in his grasp.

Hiding the wheel behind a hedge near the Ogden home and creeping toward, he peered into the window. He saw Mrs. Ogden and her two innocent children, and his conscience held him captive. His orders had been to place the bomb against the door of the house. Instead he placed it on a buttress of the porch. Thus he hoped to shield himself from the anger of Mrs. Martin and yet save the lives of her victims.

Lighting the fuse, he hastened home. The fuse had been so accurately timed that "Baby John" was sitting placidly with his mother and her caller when the explosion came, startling the entire town. That the boy had planned his work well is proved by the fact that only the porch and front of the house were destroyed. Not a member of Judge Ogden's household was injured.

Then Mrs. Martin started a second bomb. It was destined for Judge Samuels, but before the woman could carry out her nefarious plan "Baby John" was arrested for the burning of the Morris barn years before. The clues, on which Morris had never ceased to work, narrowed right down to the lad, who, immediately he was arrested, made a clean breast of everything and admitted he was glad to escape the clutches of his so-called mother, of whom he was in deadly fear.

Every word which the boy said to the police was verified. He led them to a corner in Frenchy Park, Oakland, where, beneath a lilac bush, was unearthed the infernal machine designed to kill Judge Samuels. Each cache of dynamite was also found as he described it, but the residence with its fuse-lined walls has been given over to spiders and rats, for no one dares to invade it.

The trial of Isabella Martin was one of the most sensational in the criminal annals of California, for the woman was so violent that quite often the Judge had to bring her sternly to time, while several times her attorney threw up the case in despair because of her ravings. When at last she was settled in the Oakland jail pending the result of her attorney's appeal to a higher court, she

seemed to degenerate into animalism, attacking any one who came within her reach. Macon White was one of her first victims and was confined at home several days as the result of the kicking Mrs. Martin administered before other guards could come to her rescue.

Much of her time Mrs. Martin spends reading novels and smoking huge black cigars, but the attendants watch her as lion-tamers watch their "pets," with an armed hand, ready for the spring.

And so this woman of regal bearing and still remarkable beauty is facing a life sentence, while someone where in the East a daughter bows her head in shame, and her one son, who had carved a name for himself as a railroad attorney, has been dragged into the limelight of notoriety, the one form of modern inquisition which respectable men dread the most.

As for "Baby John," safe from the vengeance of his abnormal adopted mother, he is now in charge of a reputable guardian and securing the education for which he has always hungered. He may live to forget the bitter memories of a criminal pact that was thrust upon him.

Rewards For Mail Robbers.

Washington, June 5.—In order to give further protection to the mail service the Postmaster-General has formulated a schedule of rewards for the arrest and conviction of mail robbers. The highest reward which will be paid is \$1,000, for the arrest and conviction of persons robbing the mail while being conveyed on a railway train. A reward of \$500 will be paid for conviction of persons robbing the mails when conveyed over any other post route. For breaking into a postoffice or robbing a postmaster or any employe of government funds or stealing mail matter while being conveyed over any post route or while in the custody of any mail messenger a reward of from \$50 to \$200 is offered. The same reward will hold good for detection of larceny from postoffice stations, street letter boxes or other mail receptacles.

The postmaster and his subordinates are barred from receiving such rewards. The department will pay no reward until six months after date of conviction, in order that all claimants may have equal opportunity to present their cases to the chief post-office inspector.

How's That?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by his firm.

WALDOX, KINNAE & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ambiguous.

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?"
"What did he say?"
"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maude's was better still."—Cleveland Leader.

The Conservation of Nature's Resources

Applies as well to our physical state as to material things. C. J. Budlong, Washington, R. I., realized his condition, and took warning before it was too late. He says: "I suffered severely from kidney trouble, the disease being hereditary in our family. I have taken four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy, and now consider myself thoroughly cured. This should be a warning to all not to neglect taking Foley's Kidney Remedy until it is too late." See Dees Pharmacy; Parsons Drug Co.

A Reflection on Her Product.

Mrs. De Vitalize—"You don't mean to say that your splendid cook has left you?"
Mrs. Holmes—"Yes; the sensitive thing was offended because the doctor said Mr. Holmes had indigestion."—Chicago News.

Scared Into Sound Health.

"Mr. B. F. Kelley, Springfield, Ill., writes: 'A year ago I began to be troubled with my kidneys and bladder, which grew worse until I became alarmed at my condition. I suffered also with dull heavy headaches and the action of my bladder was annoying and painful. I read of Foley's Kidney Pills and after taking them a few weeks the headaches left me, the action of my bladder was again normal, and I was free of all distress.' Parsons Drug Co.; See Dees Pharmacy.

Better Than Stovaine.

"How do you extract women's teeth without their screaming? You don't give gas."
"But my office is opposite a department store's military display. When the women get absorbed in looking at the hats they're oblivious to pain."—Kansas City Times.

Glad to Recommend Them.

Mr. E. Weakley, Kokomo, Ind., says: "After taking Foley's Kidney Pills, the severe backache left me, my kidneys became stronger, the secretions natural and my bladder no longer pained me. I am glad to recommend Foley's Kidney Pills." In a yellow package. Parsons Drug Co.; See Dees Pharmacy.

Special department for repairing guns and pistols, Piedmont Buggy Company, Repair Department, Newton, N. C.

WASHINGTON'S VIEW.

Learned That He in Presidency Have Seen of High Integrity.

Washington Herald.

If Washington might express a wish and have it come true, it probably would wish that the entire nation could get in as close touch with the President as Washington can and does.

The nation would learn that the President is a human being, temporarily the guardian of great powers and executive functions, to be sure, but very much a human being, nevertheless. It would learn to know that a President frequently is most misunderstood when striving his hardest to carry forward the people's own mandates and to safeguard most securely their dearest liberties; that the greatest citizens sometimes get the slightest applause, and that the weakest and most melodramatic portions of the performance of times bring down the house most vociferously.

Washington gets a near and intimate view of the President. Better, far better, than all of that, it gets a rational and non-partisan view. To Washington he is neither a Republican or Democratic official—he is the President of the United States. Washington does not see in his every act a motive incompatible with patriotism, on the one hand, or indicative of superhuman attributes on the other. Washington has seen Presidents go out of office reviled and hounded as unworthy and untrue, only to see them honored the next day as erstwhile heroes in the strife.

Washington has had occasion to observe the fickleness and uncertainty of public opinion—and, above all, Washington has learned to know that, in the main, and very much so, this country's Presidents have been men of high and uncompromising integrity, men of lofty impulses and noble resolutions, and that if some of them failed in a measure to make good on their assignments, it was not because they did not wish to or did not try to.

Washington does not "resent" the President's visits. Washington approves of them heartily. And that, not because Washington loves the President less, but because Washington loves the entire country more, and would have the country's acquaintance with its President as intimate as it may be.

You Ought to Have \$34.59.

Washington, June 5.—Treasury officials figure out that if all the money in circulation in the United States were divided equally every man, woman and child would have \$34.59. This is 14 cents per capita more than they should have had by the same process of reasoning a month ago. Compared with a year ago, there was on June 1 \$14,000,000 more money in circulation, and yet, strange as it may seem, the per capita was 42 cents less. This is due to the increase in population, it being proportionately more than the growth of the circulating medium. The general stock of money in the United States on June 1 was \$3,419,382,384, of which \$298,078,587 was held in the Treasury as assets of the Government.

What a Summer Cold May Do.

A summer cold if neglected is just as apt to develop into pneumonia or bronchitis as at any other season. Do not neglect it. Take Foley's Honey and Tar promptly. It loosens the cough, soothes and heals the inflamed air passages, and expels the cold from the system. Parsons Drug Co.; See Dees Pharmacy.

JOHN W. GULLEDGE,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
and Real Estate Agent,
Wadesboro, N. C.

All legal business will have prompt and painstaking attention. Your sales and purchase of real estate may be facilitated by calling on or writing to me. Will also rent or lease your town property and farming lands and collect the rent for the same. Office over Wadesboro Clothing & Shoe Company's Store.

ASHCRAFT'S
Condition Powders For Horses and Mules only
"Ask for the Kind Put Up in Deers"

Keep Your Porch Cool With VUDOR PORCH SHADES

We carry them in the following sizes and prices: 4 feet, \$2.25; 6 feet, \$3.00; 8 feet, \$4.00; 10 feet, \$5.50.

Vudor Hammocks for \$3.00 and up at

The House of Quality
GATHINGS FURN COM'NY.

Vudor
RE-ENFORCED
HAMMOCKS
THE KIND THAT LAST

FLIES INJURE CROPS.

Injurious Plant Fungi Very Often Carried by Flies.

From Technical World.

Much has been written and printed of late about flies as a menace to human health. But not a word has been said about the damage they do to cultivated crops, which in this country must amount to scores of millions of dollars annually.

Nearly all diseases of plants are due to fungi, usually microscopic. Of such character, for example, are the "smuts" of wheat and other grains, the "mildews," the "rusts" and all the long list of fruit "rots" of various kinds. These and ever so many other vegetable maladies are attributable to minute fungi which feed upon the plants.

The fungi in question are distributed in a number of ways, but commonly by flies—that is to say, by the muscidae and sarcophagidae, or, in other words, the horse-fly and its relatives, and the carrion-flies. These insects feed on almost everything imaginable, and, constantly flitting from place to place, are the universal distributors of the "spores" (corresponding to seeds) of all kinds of fungi.

Flies are extremely fond of odors. Some that are horrible to us are most agreeable to them. They are attracted to the cane-fields by the smell of fermenting sugar, and they feed on the sweet hay. Thus it comes about that spores of the fungi that cause the common disease of the cane are found in the excreta of flies caught in the cane-field. The "pineapple disease" is only one of a number which they are instrumental in distributing.

Another species of cane fungus is of large size—a kind of mushroom. One of its spores, left by a fly on the cane, is washed by rain to the ground, wherein it sprouts. Its vegetation later on produces a curious fruit, which takes the place of a whitish ball. That is to say, the ball is a sort of a case, inside of which the mushroom is tightly placed, like a jack-in-the-box. At daylight the spherical bob, which is below the ground, bursts, and within two minutes the mushroom appears above ground, attaining the height of three or four inches.

Never can tell when you'll mash a flag or suffer a cut, burn, bruise or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures wounds.

Capit and the Collector.

"Why do you always buy an engagement ring on the installment plan?" asked Reginald.
"Because," replied Algeron, "it relieves me of some of the responsibility for getting it back when the engagement is broken."—Washington Star.

H. H. McLENDON & THOMAS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
WADESBORO, N. C.

All Business will Receive Prompt Attention.
PHONE 61.

There's more strength in a bowl of Quaker Oats than in the same quantity or the same value of any other food you can eat. Most nourishing, least expensive.

Packed in regular size packages, and in 60 specially sealed tins for hot climates.

Keep Your Porch Cool With VUDOR PORCH SHADES

Vudor
RE-ENFORCED
HAMMOCKS
THE KIND THAT LAST