

Watch Ansonville Wake Up

If you want a Lot for a Store,
If you want a Lot for a Hotel,
If you want a Lot for a Dwelling,
If you want a Lot for a Factory or Railroad,
If you want a Lot for a Blacksmith Shop,
If you want a Lot for a Barber Shop,
If you want a Lot for a Carpenter Shop,
If you want a Lot for a Large Livery Stable,
If you want a Lot for Any Purpose,
In a growing town with rock foundation
And grit in its craw,
We have the most desirable ones.

Best Located & Most Convenient to Railroad Depot in Town
FOR CASH OR ON TIME
Will Assist You in Building House, if Desired.
Large, Most Beautiful Lot For College FREE
to Any Church or Reputable Person.

Ansonville Real Estate Company
A. H. RICHARDSON, President and treasurer.

ECZEMA CURED

Many people have tried so many remedies for eczema without being materially benefitted 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.

SENATOR OVERMAN.

The Washington Times recently contained the following reference to Senator Overman:
"A new Democratic leader is developing in the Senate. This is Senator Overman, of North Carolina. He has figured more prominently during the last two months than any Democrat on the floor. That is to say, he has obtained more results."
"It was he who, a few weeks ago, initiated the filibuster against the Lodge resolution asking for \$65,000 with which to push the cost of living inquiry. He convinced his Democratic associates that the movement of the Massachusetts man was designed to provide the Republican party with campaign material. Before the filibuster had proceeded ten days Senator Lodge withdrew his bill."
"The latest legislative achievement to the credit of Senator Overman was his success in putting through the anti-injunction amendment to the railroad bill. This prohibits the Federal courts from interfering with the judgments of State courts without due notice and a hearing. This resolution was presented as a surprise and its adoption was a complete shock in some quarters."
"Just now when the Democrats are looking for a floor leader to succeed Senator Money, who is to retire next March, Overman looms up big. This is true in spite of the prominence of Senators Bailey, Raynor and Bacon, all of whom are discussed for the floor leadership of the minority."

Reached Into Sound Health.
"Mr. B. E. Kelley, Springfield, Ill., writes: 'A year ago I began to be troubled with my kidneys and bladder, which grew worse until I became almost as 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.; Pee Dee Pharmacy."

The Trouble.
"Yes, she left him because he was too affectionate."
"But she can never get a divorce on such grounds."
"Yes, she can; you see it was to another woman."—Houston Post.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Hudson, Ohio.—"If mothers realized the good your remedies would do delicate girls I believe there would be fewer weak and ailing women. Irregular and painful periods and such troubles would be relieved at once in many cases. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is fine for ailing girls and run-down women. Their delicate organs need a tonic and the Compound gives new ambition and life from the first dose."—Mrs. GEORGE STRICKLAND, Hudson, Ohio, R. No. 6, Box 32.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This.
Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

"BECKY ANN JONES" AGAIN HEARD FROM.

An interesting letter from a former Popular Contributor to the Columns of the M. & I.
Mr. Editor:—It has bin quite a spell since I writ any fur yore valuable paper, an' I feel jest like I want to tell yew a few things.
First, I want to say that I am mitey sorry to hear of the death of Mr. T. C. Robinson. Wadesboro wuz seem like the same place with him gone. I never saw any body that didn't like that man. I have got a letter he writ to me a few years ago, complimentin' me on my writin' fur the "M. & I.," which I am proud to possess.
Then I want to say as how I shore do enjoy yore confined story. The Ansonian had won of the best wons sum time ago that I ever red, an' I believe yourn is goin' to be jest as good. Fur my part, I wouldn't give a rap fur a paper that didn't print a good interestin' story wone in awhile. I shore am sorry fur folks that can't enjoy a gingerwine love story.
Mr. Boylin, have yew ever bin to Newberry? We got won of the finest towns in the State, with about 8,000 inhabitants. Have paved streets, electric lights, artesian water awl over the place from a well nine hundred feet deep, sewerage sistim an' other up to date improvements.
West End (the Newberry Cotton Mill villidge) is the purtiest mill town I even seen, an' mitey healthy. I venter to say that we could send more women to the fair that wayed over a hundred-an' seventy-five, then any other town of the same size. We shore have got some gollywhoppers. I wuz jest ninety-nine. Jeems says I woudn't feshen up if I wuz stall fed!

West End has got awl the improvements of East Side (the city proper) an' a fine park besides, an' they haint got won. Our park is a year an' a half old, an' wuz named "Willowbrook" by Miss Laura Bleese, the principle of West End graded school. It contains several akers, is awl kivered with a purty karpet of velvety green grass, grate beds of lovely flowers, hedges of evergreens, flowerin' shrubs an' purty shade trees, there air white gravelly walks bordered with lovely flowers, and a great grove of mock orange trees shades dozens of rustic seats, see saws, merry widdler joggin boards an' swings.

Through the center of the park flows a purty stream of clear cristill water that sings a merry little tune as it dances along over its pebbly bed. On won side of this stream, the hull length of the park, is a row of weepin' willers that air big enuff to be ten year old stiddy of less than two. The way everything grows down there is posertive proof to my mind, that Providence is a smillin' on it.

In front of the big skeetin' rink an' pervillion, is a bewtiful fountain. It is a big stork with is hed throwed back, an' he can spit water fifteen feet high and not strain a muscle.

Just outside the pervillion, is the bands grand stand. Our band has twenty-two in it I think,—awl our own mill boys, an' as fine lookin' an' handsome set of fellers as ever played Yankee Doodle or Dixie. They've awl got lovely uniforms. They play three nites ever week for the skeeters while hundreds of happy peepil set an' listen or walk around admirin' the lovely gowns, rustic bridges an' flowers, or take part in the swingin' or playin' over on the play ground.

Our band had the honor of playin' fur Taft over in Georgy last year, an' he shore did complement 'em.

Now, Mr. Boylin, jest think of the above described park as ten times purtier than my description, awl lit up with about five hundred red white an' blue 'lectric lites. Don't yew no all we love it.

Our mill president is Mr. Z. F. Wright, a bachelor, an' I don't reekt in there's a chap big enuff to take notice in the hull town, that don't know an' love "Mr. Zack." I never see sich a man. He romps an' plays ball with our kids ever noon at school, fur awl the world like he wuz one of 'em. Then on Saturday evenings an' Sundays, his big handsome order-be-a-mule, is piled with young folks, which he rides aroun' on pleasure trips. I tell yew what peepil in

Newberry Cotton Mill, shore do have as good a time as any wurkin' peepil on yearth.

Mr. Wright an' our Super., Mr. J. M. Davis, air determined that West End shall be a perfect leetle Eden fur us awl, an' if we wuz to try till doomsday, we never could express how much we love an' respect 'em or how much we appreciate what they do fur us.
But gee whiz! how I do git offen the track. I sot down here to tell yew about sum extinguished vialters that has recently bin to see me an' Jeems. My father an' mother, Mr. N. C., an' Jeems father-in-law an' mother-in-law, awl cum in on the "23.20" train last Saturday week an' wuz with us ten daze. There shore wuz a big crowd out there to meet 'em—even our hand went, awl riggle up in their purty uniforms. There wuz lots of peepil gittin' off an' I begun to think with a sinkin' hart that pa an' ma had missed their train. Fanny Bell Margit an' Ben-Jerminie Franklin wuz purty ni wild, an' kept jupin' up an' down an' screechin':
"Oh grandma haint come—no they haint; do you see 'em? I'll jest cry my eyeballs out if they haint come!" I had to hold Ben-Jerminie Franklin by mane force to keep him offen the train to investigate, an' Fanny Bell Margit wuz mitey ni as bad.
Derecely I seen 'em an' as pa started to step off I clasped my hands an' hollered:
"There they air! There they air!" and instantly, jest as pa teched the ground, our hand commenced to play Dixie, an' they played rite on through the huggin' an' kistin' an' cryin' an' handshakin', almost deafenin'.
"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't know we wuz goin' to have the band to meet you, did you?" laughed Jeems. I chimed in then:
"Thought we'd welcome you to Newberry in fine stile. Sorter surprised you haint we? That's our own West End band—awl mill boys. Now stop a minute an' listen to the music, bels they have honored you so. Look at 'em good; don't they look nice?"
"They shore air," I lowed pa an' ma. "Did they meet us shore nuff?" axed ma lookin' back as we left the depo.
"Why of course they did," sez I. "Your eyes haint foolin' you."
Well I felt jest like the gratest thing—the thing which could give me more happiness then anything else on earth, had happened—pa an' ma had come from way up in North Carliny to see us. It was jest about two blocks from the depo to our house, so we walked it, and when we pulled onto the two comfortablest rockers on the front porch an' sot pa an' ma in—'em, I wuz actilly skeered to take my eyes offen 'em, fur fear it wuz awl a dream, an' they would vaneh.

It shore is fornite that I've got sich a trusty goashed-cook, otherwise pa an' ma wouda fared bad at the table; I wuz so carrid away I couldn't cook a decent meal to save my life. I'd a bin jest as apt to make up bread in the wash pan as not, an' mite a used pepper fur salt, soap fur lard, an' lamp oil fur butter milk. I woudn't a bin haf as proud to see Mary Queen of Scots or the Queen of Shebery, or Taft.

Well, we tride to git off to bed at a reasonable our that nite, fur I noded pa an' ma wuz tired after ridin' on the kyars awl the way from Wadesboro that day. They had spent two nites an' a day with Mr. an' Mrs. Will H. Stuts at yore town. Ever time I waked up that nite I'd punch Jeems to wake him up, then 'axe him if I had dreamed it, or wuz pa an' ma rally in the front room.
Sunday, we had so mech company in an' out that Jeems declared he'd haf to git out—summers an' borrow sum cheers, but I told him that wood never do on Sunday, an' fur his to jest bring in the wash bench an' milkin' stool an' a box or two, an' we could make out with out borryin.

Monday evening pa an' ma lowed they wuz redly to walk around sum, so we took 'em over the new part of the mill, where merbeery is bein' placed. This new addition will give us three hundred more looms, to add to the nine hundred we already got, an' goodness only noze how many more spinnels. Then we went into the merbeeshops an' seen the band merbeeshops awl by itself same as if it wuz alive. Awl yue got to do is thrud it up an' start it, then go on about yore bizness. It'll draw out a long wisp of sevril coarse threads, twist 'em good an' hard, then dubble an twist em agin, cut the band off, lay it up on an agin a repeat awl day long, or till awl the thred runs offen the big spools which sets on the floor. Pa an' ma lowed that wuz the beateest thing ever they seen.

Tuesday the hole shootin' match, awl went an tuck dinner with Mr. Mrs. Cecil Thomas, an we et till Jeems busted the top button offen his britches, an then that had to wate, talked about gittin fence rails to prize the rest up from the table. I tell you what Cecil's wife can cook an she out done herself that day.

(She wuz Mrs. Hyla Knight, Billy Knight's widdler of Wadesboro.)

After we had et an et till we couldn't hardly swaller, here she cum with a grate big slice of fine cake an a sasser piled up with ice cream, an we jest had to get out side of that, or it woud a melted.
Ma lowed she couldn't cum it, so pa he lowed as they wuz both won, he'd et her part fur her. After dinner, a big crowd of us tuck a walk. We went awl over, under, an on top of the mill, companied by Mr. Jesse Jones, the overseer of spinnin. To git on top of the mill, we had to go up a orful steep an narrow stave way, an then wiggle through a leetle scut-hole that opened on top jest like a box. I had no idee we could git ma up that place, but blessed if she wern't game, an clim that starway nimble es any of us, an enjoyed it. When we had awl got up but pa, we looked around to see him a comin up; the wind wuz a blowin his long beard ever which a way an Hyla busted out to laffin an exclaimed:
"Granpa looks jest like a Jack-in-the-box!" an shore enuff he did, cum in up then that leetle square black hole, with the lid turned back. I tell you we all dun sum laffin, which pa jined hartly.
Nuthin woud do Cecil and Hyier but what pa an ma should stay with them that nite, but they cum back to our house ary next mornin. Cecil, Hyla an Mrs. Rena Kinard come to, an we awl struck out agin. We went to the ice plant first, an wuz showed awl over it an had everything explained to us by the owner, Mr. Wicker. He made snow fur us, an shore treated us fine.
(To be concluded in Monday's paper.)

Romance of the Bible.

None of the strange or romantic stories between Genesis and Revelations is to be compared with the story of the Bible itself, of its translation and circulation and its dynamic force in the world of literature. It came down through a labyrinth of languages, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, and encountered foes to its existence at every turn in history. Tyndall, the father of the open Bible, was burned at the stake and his books destroyed, but the attempt to stamp out the Holy Scriptures, served to stimulate its spread, until today it is literally true that the Bible is read from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand and holds the world under a more powerful spell than any other piece of literature.

With all the societies for the distribution of the Bible, Mrs. Russell Sage has just given the American Bible Society a half million dollars for the publication, contingent upon its raising a similar sum, for its further dissemination. This amount is said to be needed to meet the demand for copies of the Bible in foreign lands where it is read and preached in a countless number of tongues. Whatever may be our thought as to the divine inspiration of the Bible, it is the Book of Books, the old that is ever new.

HE KNEW NO KING, ONLY A MAN.

Indianapolis News.
His favorite terrier was led by a Highland soldier just before the imperial ensign. [From dispatch about funeral pageant of King Edward VII.]
Doubtless it was a queer and fearsome experience for the terrier. Not his was the choice of being in the midst of such ceremonious pomp which tried his nerves, but he was wondering what had become of the man he had known so well, who had been his friend and companion, and whose friend and companion he had been. He knew no king, he knew no emperor of India, he knew no defender of the faith; he only knew a man—a man, to be sure, somewhat different from other men, because they understood each other—that was all. They may say "the King's favorite terrier," but conversely they cannot say more than the terrier's favorite man.
The man who knows a dog, and has seen his distress when death has taken from him the man whom he regarded as his best friend—sometimes mistakenly called his master—can understand something of the feelings of that terrier. Since the midnight passing of the soul of Edward VII—oh, ever so many days ago—that dog's soul has not been at peace. It has not understood. Something was missing from its life. The friend and companion this dog had known was gone, had disappeared in some mysterious way. The voice that made him prick up his ears and wag his tail he heard no more—and he knew not why. If he had fawned, he had fawned as a dog fawns—honestly and seeking only kindness and friendship, of which he had stores to give in fair exchange. He was no courtier. He had no ulterior motive. He sought favor for love's sake and for that only. And he won it by his personality—the term is fit—for was he not the King's favorite terrier?
There are a few people who do not like dogs, and it is noted, dogs do not like them either. But most of us like dogs, and at some time in our lives have had a dog of which we thought a great deal. Likewise we were proud to realize that that dog thought a great deal of us. Those who have had this experience—and those who have not have missed much of what this world affords—and have seen that dog pass to the great beyond, can understand perhaps something of what the King's favorite terrier felt, when he took his lonely part submissively—led by a Highland soldier—in the pageant that passed between the multitudes. He had lost a friend who was merely a man as other men, except that he was to the dog understanding lovingly different, for the dog knows no kings.

OLD-TIME SUMMER.

In 1816 Snow Fell Three Inches in Month of June.
Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Every now and then some one discovers that our winter and summer seasons are not what they used to be; that the thermometer nowadays is prone to capricious reverses, and that, as the rustic poet sings:
June comes in December;
December comes in June.
Those who deplore the passing of the old-time summer should look up the records of the year 1816, and note what happened then; 1816 was called "the year without a summer." There was a frost in every month of the year. January and February were wild; March was blustering and raw; at the end of April snow fell abundantly, and the brooks were ice imprisoned as in winter. In May the wondering buds and young plants were nipped ere they were aware; the corn crop was annihilated by an ice sheet that formed to the thickness of half an inch. In June snow fell 3 inches deep in New York and Massachusetts, and the destruction of growing things begun in May was disastrously completed. On the 5th of July ice as thick as window glass was a common phenomenon in Pennsylvania, and in August there was ice half an inch thick. Pennsylvania farmers were compelled to pay \$4 and \$5 a bushel for corn for next spring's planting. Winter seemed to set in during the latter fortnight of September; from that time forward ice and snow were at no time lacking.
Many persons are quite ready to ascribe to Hallie's comet what they deem the singular climatic conditions. They think May, 1910, was a much colder month than usual. As a matter of fact, the temperature chart from May 1 through Memorial Day shows an excess of 17 degrees above the normal, with a total of 551 degrees since the begining of the year.

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.; Pee Dee Pharmacy.

Piles Cured at Home By New Absorption Method.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P, Notre Dame, Ind.

Country Produce

When you have fat Beef Cattle or poor ones, see Martin and Green. We also wish to buy Chickens and Eggs, Hides, Tallow and Butter, and will always pay the highest market price.

Martin & Green

(Successors to M. B. Howell)
Phone 101 Putherford St.

JOHN T. BENNETT
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All legal business will receive prompt attention. Office in the last room on the right in the court house for the present, it being the room heretofore occupied by Bennett & Bennett, Attorneys.

JOHN W. GULLEDGE,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law and Real Estate Agent, Wadesboro, N. C.
All legal business will have prompt and painstaking attention. Your sales and purchases 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.

For Sale at Grass Dale Farm.
Pure Bred Scotch-Topped Shorthorn Cattle—Bulls, Cows and Heifers. These cattle will be sold at very moderate prices, considering breeding and individuality. Write or come and see.
S. B. CARPENTER,
Rout 1, Ansonville, N. C.

H. H. McLENDON & F. E. THOMAS
McLendon & Thomas
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
WADESBORO, N. C.
All Business will Receive Prompt Attention.
PHONE 61.

WANTED—Cord Wood,
delivered at our brick yard or placed convenient to load on cars. Write us for prices.
Watson & Little Brick Co.,
Cheraw, S. C., R. F. D. No. 1.

W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.
(OFFICE IN SMITH & DUNLAP BLD'G)
Wadesboro, N. C.
All Operations Warranted
Fleetwood W. Dunlap
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Wadesboro, N. C.

DR. BOYETTE, Dentist.
Office up stairs over Tomlinson's drug store.
Phone 79. 111 Wadesboro, N. C.

S. S. Shepherd
The Undertaker
ASHCRAFT'S
Condition Powders
For Horses and Mules only.
"Ask for the Kind Put Up in Boxes"



When you want a nice Coffin or Casket, at a reasonable price examine the line I carry. I have them from the cheapest to the best.

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If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Answers Every Call

Wadesboro People Have Found That This Is True.
A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench. A little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of backache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A certain remedy for such attacks. A medicine that answers every call is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific. Thousands of people rely upon it. Here is one case:
J. M. Terrell, Morgan Mill Road, Monroe, N. C., says: "For several years I suffered from kidney trouble. The kidney secretions were much too frequent in passage and obliged me to arise several times during the night. At other times the secretions were scanty and if allowed to stand, deposited sediment. My daughter finally procured Doan's Kidney Pills for me and I received relief from the beginning of their use. They strengthened my kidneys and improved my health and I am now much better in every way."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

FOR CONFIDENCE.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Constable for Wadesboro township, subject to the Democratic primary election, June 21, 1910.

Farmers should eat more oatmeal.
Although the farmer of today is able to buy almost anything he wants to eat or to eat he isn't paying enough attention to food values when it comes to his own table.
If he has been watching the extensive researches and experiments on the question of the best human food for muscle and brain he will heed the advice from all sides to "eat more Quaker Oats."
Quaker Oats is mentioned because it is recognized in this country and Europe as the best of all oatmeal. Feeding farm hands on Quaker Oats means getting more work out of them than if you feed them on anything else.
It is packed in regular size packages, and is hermetically sealed to keep its quality.

We Have Just Received a Solid Car of Cooking Stoves

From Nashville, Tenn.

We have been handling the Nashville line for the past two years, and find that they really give better satisfaction than any other stove on the market for the price.

Our Stoves Are The Art Enterprise, The Live Oak, The Square Enterprise, The Square Oak, National Range.	These stoves come in all sizes from 15 inch to 20 inch ovens in Nos. 7's and 8's. Complete list of ware goes with every stove or range sold.
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If you want a cook stove and want something that is really worth your money, we have it for you and we guarantee to save you from \$2.00 to \$5.00 on your purchase in the same quality of goods; and besides you get with every stove a written guarantee signed by the president of the factory and countersigned by us as their dealers.

There is only one thing for you to do when you want a stove or range, and that is to look ours over and you'll be suited.

GATHINGS FURN. Co.

"The House of Quality."
Lower Street. Phone No. 41.