

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness. Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks. No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription." Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.



Grand Excursion

The only opportunity of the season to take a trip over that famous road, the C. C. & O., and return home the same day will be given by the people of Wadesboro and vicinity on

JULY 14TH
on the Conductors' Excursion. This excursion will leave Wadesboro at 5:40 A. M. and will go to Spruce Pines, N. C., arriving there at 1 P. M. Leave Spruce Pines 5 P. M. and arrive at Wadesboro about 11:30 P. M. Fare for round trip, \$3.00.

The most beautiful scenery east of the Rocky Mountains may be seen on this trip. It is absolutely grand, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Eleven hundred people, 15 coaches, went on this trip on the Conductors' Excursion from Monroe last year. Four excursions have already made this trip from Charlotte this season. Plenty of room will be provided and a committee of conductors will look after the comfort of passengers.

It will be for white people only and strictly high class.

ICE

Delivered at Your Home

Buy an ice book from the Wadesboro Oil Mill and have ice delivered at your door every day. Don't "cuss" this hot weather, for it can not be helped, but keep cool in the cheapest and easiest way by using our ice. It is made of double distilled water from our own artesian well and is guaranteed absolutely wholesome and pure: Prices for ice are: 300 lbs., \$1.50; 500 lbs., \$2.50; 1,000 lbs., \$5.00.

WADESBORO OIL MILL.
Telephone No. 63.

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 CO'NY.

Coffins and Caskets

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.

A Nice Hearse
Is always in readiness, and every feature of the undertaking business receives my careful attention, whether day or night.

I also carry a nice line of **BURIAL ROBES.**

S. S. Shepherd
The Undertaker

FOLEY'S URINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S RASH ACT

Mrs. Jeanne Catlett Poisoned Her Child and Killed Herself in New York.
New York, June 30.—Pursued by the intolerable fear that she was going insane, Mrs. Jeanne Hodgson Catlett gave cyanide of potassium to her two-month-old daughter, Jeanne, this afternoon and swallowed a draught of the same poison herself. Both lay dead on the same bed when the husband, a supervising chemist employed by the Western Electric Company, came home tonight.

Beside the young mother lay a long letter to her husband. "Don't think me cruel to the little life I've made," she wrote, "but rather that I am saving her so much pain for bodily is nothing to this that is either insanity or nervousness—only God knows. She would surely inherit it."

"Don't mourn for me. I wish I could go on with just you and our love. My very life is one continuous thought of thankfulness for it, but my mind must be relieved. The tension is frightful."

Evidently there was a moment when the young mother yearned to spare her daughter, for farther down she wrote:

"If I leave our baby, tell her I kissed her with lots of love and I am sorry ever to have been cross to her. Leave my locket on me, but wear my wedding ring. I have loved it so and creased and kissed it so as the outward sign of the happiest moments of my life."

"Put our baby in the very same place with me and try to think always of my love for you—not this horrible nervousness."

Pinned to the outside closed bedroom door was a note to her husband reading:

"George, don't come in. Let some one else—one of the boys."
Mrs. Catlett, who was born in Virginia 24 years ago and her husband, who is from South Carolina, met three years ago at Falls Church, Va. They fell in love at first sight and were married in April, 1909. Since the birth of her daughter, Mrs. Catlett has been very nervous and her morbidness was heightened by the fact that her little girl, named for her, cried much of the time.

Shot Into Dynamite.
Helena, Mont., June 30.—George Hart tonight fired a 22-calibre rifle against a building in which a quantity of dynamite had been stored. A terrific explosion followed, demolishing Hart's home and damaging neighboring buildings. Hart and his wife were killed, their baby was fatally injured and two men were killed.

TERRIBLE SKIN HUMOR 25 YEARS

Business Man Suffered Agony—Head, Neck and Shoulders Covered—Became An Object of Dread—Consulted Most Able Doctors and Hospital but Got No Relief.

SURPRISINGLY QUICK CURE BY CUTICURA

"Cuticura did wonders for me. For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible skin humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, so that to my friends, and even to my wife, I became an object of dread. At large expense I consulted the most able doctors far and near. Their treatment was of no avail, nor was that of the most famous hospitals and months' efforts. Still in a big mist; nothing of interest yesterday. We had fine music last night—violin and piano. Miss Lottie Davidson played the violin beautifully. We have an opera singer on board; hope he will sing for us. Every one talks but I know few names. Our girls are getting up a card party for tonight. They say we are half a day behind time on account of the weather. I am getting very tired and want to see a little chunk of dirt."

June 11. Up and had breakfast. It is now 8 o'clock; still breezy. The girls had a beautiful party yesterday. This is like a breezy little town; work all the time. Everything is so nice and clean, and the brass one can see herself in. Meet new folks every day.

Saturday afternoon. Every one getting ready to land Monday at Gibraltar, letting down little boats, painting, throwing things out to sea. The day is perfect, and the sea looks like glass. I am getting fine. Miss Carroll is just fine, in fact, the whole party is all one could wish. When we get to Naples we will be two-thirds through with our journey. The sea is quiet and we have seen a good many birds today. The captain and others say this is the roughest voyage they have had in 25 years.

June 12, Sunday. Another fine day. All is well with us. We expect to see land today, an island. A ship passed us this morning going to America. We had a lovely service in the dining room. It is nice and warm today. We all want to land and still we are sorry to leave the sea. We had a grab bag for the sailors' home. Every one took a chance. Then all the grabs were auctioned off. At last they called on the states to bid. New York and North Carolina had it. Virginia came in the race, but we came out on top. Miss Carroll did the bidding. I tell you, she is game. The Virginia lady came to us this morning and said, "If I had had a little more help I would have run you Carolinians last evening."

Six o'clock. We are in sight of land. Such an excitement. It is still calm and nice. We wear our coats all the time and wrap up in our rugs in the early morning and late in the afternoon we use two rugs if we can get them.

June 13, I am up, early, watching for Africa. It is 6:50. We passed Cape St. Vincent, Portugal, yesterday. It was a beautiful sight—blue sea, white walls. There are lots of ships around, and they make me feel like living again. It had

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

The Messenger & Intelligencer is permitted to print the following extracts from letters received by Mrs. W. C. Via from her mother, Mrs. L. J. Ingram, who is making a tour of Europe:

Royal Mail Steamship Pannonia, June 8, 1910.
This is my first day out at sea. I slept well last night; have not been well today but keep up and have eaten my meals. It is very cold. The sun was out this morning, but it is cloudy. I have been so quiet today that I have met very few.

June 4. This is a terrible day; high winds; raised this morning. Every one is sick. I am trying to hold up my head, but it is hard. The wind is a warm one. We have several ships. We have five doctors on board. There is plenty of good music.

Sunday, 6th, was a blank day with me. I was in bed all day. Every one on board was sick. The winds were terribly high, and the spray came in so one could not sit on deck.

Monday, 6th. I am out on deck in my chair, but have to be quiet. I have a fine room with plenty of air, so do not have to come out unless I feel like it. I sleep a great deal. Everybody on board seems so nice.

Tuesday, June 7. A fine day. I think every one is well. The sea is as smooth as can be, the sun bright and warm. I have met a lot of people. There is one lady from Chicago I like so much. The service is ideal, and meals grand—everything you could ask for. Time goes very quickly now or where. We have five meals a day, three in dining room and two lunches on deck. It is over 3,000 miles across. We are supposed to make 300 or more a day, but it has been so rough they say we will lose a day. We have lots of oranges, lemons, pears, apples, bananas, oranges, grape fruit and dried figs; plenty of raisins and nuts.

June 8. This is another fine day. Yesterday was a perfect day. The sea looked like glass. The sunset was the most beautiful I ever saw. I would be delighted for you and Clyde to be with me. Tell Miss Itie I have thought of her often, as she likes the sea so. Nothing new; every day just the same, except one meets some new people. I have seen only one bird. This would be a bad place to get homesick. There is to be a dance tonight. Cards and shuffleboard (something like golf) are the games. Eat, sleep and talk is what we do.

June 9. Another day has begun. The wind is high. The mist is coming in my face as I write. It is cloudy. Yesterday I walked over the ship some. We had a roll call of the employees, of which I will tell you. Saw the crew's nest. Last night there was a big dance on deck. The decorations were beautiful. Men are at a premium, of course. Dean Hodges, of Harvard, and four of his professors are on board, two brides and grooms, several ministers, Hungarians, Italians, and a lovely lady Sienna—Mrs. DeCramer. It is just one week since I came on board. The journey is more than I could have dreamed of. I am just looking forward to getting on the other side with more interest than I can tell you. Our party is the only Southern one on board. All say they like to hear us talk, and everybody is as nice as can be. I feel that I am so fortunate in getting in this party.

June 10. Good morning. Still in a big mist; nothing of interest yesterday. We had fine music last night—violin and piano. Miss Lottie Davidson played the violin beautifully. We have an opera singer on board; hope he will sing for us. Every one talks but I know few names. Our girls are getting up a card party for tonight. They say we are half a day behind time on account of the weather. I am getting very tired and want to see a little chunk of dirt."

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been so long since we saw anything. We will see Spain and Africa this morning; land at Gibraltar about noon. I will mail this there and write again between there and Naples, where we will land Thursday. I will be both glad and sorry for this sea trip to end. It certainly has been enjoyable, although quiet and uneventful.

[To be continued.]

THE REMEDY FOR THE GRAFT EVIL.

Baltimore Sun.
The elimination of graft, in the judgment of Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, is one of the most important issues before the people of this country.

The graft evil is, indeed, a problem of tremendous importance, and the American people cannot set to work too soon to find a solution of it. The most prolific and the most demoralizing source of graft in this country is the protective tariff system as embodied in the Aldrich-Payne act and the tariff legislation which preceded it—the Dingley law. The latter became operative in 1897, and since that time the special interests have been licensed to prey upon the consumers. In return for the enormous graft which they derived from this privilege they have been generous contributors to the campaign fund of the Republican party. Thus there is a double system of graft. The Republican party "fries the fat" out of the beneficiaries of the tariff—and the latter "fry the fat" out of the consumers. Naturally this gigantic scheme of grafting has had a demoralizing effect upon other national activities. It is an easy and logical step from the tariff graft to the despoliation of the public lands—from the grant of tariff bounty to special interests to a "liberal policy" in disposing of coal lands and water sites. If the American people are ever to eliminate graft from the national Government, they will begin with the tariff. They will drive the special interests and the trusts out of participation in national politics. They will drive the friends and agents of the trusts and privileged interests out of Congress. As long as the selfish and greedy influences which shape the tariff policy of the Government remain in control of the Republican party, the tariff legislation enacted by Republican Congresses will be graft legislation.

To State and municipal government the people are entitled to clean, honest and efficient administration. They can have this kind of government if they are determined that the administration of public affairs shall be conducted only by men of integrity with the other essential qualifications for useful and honorable service. Machine politics is at the bottom of most of the dishonesty and corruption in municipal government and in State administration. The government of Pennsylvania has been controlled for many years by the Republican machine in that State and grafting has flourished. The city of Philadelphia is in the hands of a machine and corruption has prevailed to a scandalous degree. The Tammany machine had control of the municipal government of New York and grafting was always in evidence. The Republican State machine dominated the government of the Empire State, and legislation was bought and sold at Albany to a shameful extent. The party machines and the special interests are allies, and in national, State and municipal governments they work together for the despoliation of the people and for graft. The people can put an end to this evil condition if they will. Governor Harmon, of Ohio, has made a strong fight against dishonesty and graft in the government of that state. Governor Hughes, of New York, is making a vigorous campaign against the grafters in the Empire State. In the fight against graft honest men of all parties should make common cause against an evil that can be eradicated through joint action by all the forces which ought to be arrayed against the grafter in public office and the special interests which thrive upon his dishonesty.

Well Looked After.
Chicago News.
The farmer's son had just returned to his farm after a few weeks' sojourn in the wicked city.

"Vuz yew garded in yore conduct while in town, son?" asked the old man.

"Shore thing dad," replied the boy, "I was guarded by two policemen most of the time."

Nature on the Job.
Lowit.—That woman tried to make a fool of me, but she failed.

Hibrow.—She might have succeeded but for one thing.

Lowit.—What was that?

Hibrow.—Nature beat her to it.—Chicago News.

It's just as important that you be clean inside as outside—more so, in fact. Unless your system is entirely cleansed of all impurities, you cannot be one hundred per cent clean, physically or mentally. Holinger's Rocky Mountain Tea is the greatest systemic cleanser known. For a Logon.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE.

Charity and Children.
Those who have not read "A Circuit Rider's Wife," in the Saturday Evening Post, have lost the cream of the literature of our time. Its virility and pathos are beautifully blended. Nothing more exquisite and uplifting has appeared in any of our magazines for many a day than this series of wonderful letters. The last is, perhaps, the best of all. The professional evangelist is so truthfully portrayed that we must give that portion of the article describing this gentleman to our readers, many of whom may have not been so fortunate as to see the Post:

"Brother Dunn was what may be called a professional evangelist. We had never seen him, but he had a reputation for being 'wonderfully successful' with sinners. And if sinners made a ripe harvest Springdale was as much in need of reapers as any place we had ever been.

"I never knew how William felt, but I was not favorably impressed with Brother Dunn when he arrived on the late evening train, a frisky, dapper young man, who looked in the face as if his light was turned too high. That night as he preceded us up the aisle of the church, which was crowded to hear him, he showed to my mind a sort of irreverent confidence in the grace of God, as if he had the spigot of it in his vest-pocket.

"The service that followed was indescribable in any religious language, or even in any secular language. Brother Dunn brought his own hymn books with him and distributed them in the congregation with an activity and conversational freedom that made him acquainted at once. The hymns proved to be nursery rhymes of salvation set to what may be described as lightly-splanning, dicky-byd music. Anybody could sing them, and everybody did, and the more they sang the more cheerful they looked, but not repentant. The service was composed mostly of these songs, interspersed now and then with wildly exhorting exhortations from Brother Dunn to repent and believe. He explained, with an occasional ha! ha! how easy it was to do, and there is no denying that the altar was filled with confused young people, who knelt and hid their eyes and behaved with singular reverence under the circuit stances.

"The cheating began when Brother Dunn attempted to make them 'claim the blessing.' He induced half a dozen young girls and two or three youths to stand up and testify that their sins had been forgiven, simple young creatures who had no more sense of the nature of sin or depth of genuine repentance than field larks.

"Later he frisked home with us, praising God in little foolish words, and rejoicing over the success of the service. Shortly after he had retired to his room we heard a great commotion punctuated with staccato shouts. William hurried to the door to inquire what the trouble was. He discovered Brother Dunn hopping about the room in his night shirt, snapping his hands together in a religious frenzy. He declared that as he prayed by his bed a light had appeared beside him.

"William tried to look cheerful and blessed, but there is one thing I can always say for him; he was an honest man in dealing with the most illusive and deceptive things men have ever dealt in—that is, spiritual values; and the more he observed Brother Dunn the more his misgivings increased.

"The next morning I met the evangelist in the hall.

"'Halleluia!' he exclaimed.

"'What for?' I demanded coldly.

"'He gave some stammering reply. But that was the beginning of the end of his spiritual peace in our house. After that I consistently punctured his ecstasies, quoting some of the sternest Scriptures I could remember to confound him.

"'William remonstrated with me. He said Dunn said my lack of spirituality 'depressed him.'

"'And, William, his lack of reverence incenses me. If you don't get rid of that cotton-baled evangelist everybody in this town will claim a blessing without repenting or being converted,' I replied.

"'Fortunately Dunn dismissed himself. He said that it was impossible for him to hold a revival in such an atmosphere. He implied as plainly as he could that he was sorry for William, accepted the sum of ten dollars, which had been promised him for his services, and left.

"'I have never known what to think of such preachers. No one who ever knew one can doubt his sincerity. But they cultivate a kind of spiritual idiocy and frenzy that is more damaging to souls than any amount of hypocrisy.

"'I have always been thankful that the joy of William in the religious life was a stern and great thing, no more resembling this lightning, this slipshod, than integrity resembles folly.'

ATTACKED BY BURGLARS.

Hillsboro Family is Murderously Assaulted by Negroes.
Hillsboro Dispatch, 1st.
The home of Mr. Luther Vickers, living near Bellevue mills at this place, was broken into last night about 2 o'clock by three negroes. The intruders entered the sleeping room of Mr. and Mrs. Vickers through a pantry window, and were in their room before their presence was known. One of the men was armed with an axe with which Mr. Vickers and his wife were beaten into insensibility. The thieves then made away with about \$50 in money.

Both Mr. Vickers and his wife are seriously hurt. Mrs. Vickers being yet unconscious. Mr. Vickers, while conscious, is in a very critical condition, and death is not unexpected.

THREE SUSPECTS CAPTURED AT BURLINGTON.
Burlington, July 1.—Louise Brandt and James Evans, colored, were arrested here today and were sent to Hillsboro this afternoon to appear before Mr. and Mrs. Vickers, who were murdered last night and robbed in their home at about 2 o'clock this morning, for the purpose of identification. Both negroes admit having been in Hillsboro yesterday and in their statements taken separately widely conflicting stories were told.

The third negro, Glad Poteet, who with the other negroes claim was with them yesterday, was found near the tracks of the Southern Railway two miles east of Burlington badly bruised about the head and unconscious.

Still in "Dry" States.
Washington, June 29.—Commissioner Cabell, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, recently gave orders dispatching eight agents to Oklahoma, Tennessee and North Carolina to assist in enforcing the laws against illicit distilling. Reports received at the bureau show the great extent to which the business has developed in those States of the South and Southwest, which local prohibition laws have relegated to "dry" territory.

Mr. Cabell says there is more illicit distilling now than ever known in the "dry" States. The field force has been increased to the limit of the appropriation. Roundups of "moonshine" outfits are frequent, and a count kept recently showed that five agents or deputies had been shot in 60 days.

The Government officials labor under considerable difficulty in making arrests because of the indifference of the people in the localities affected to act in the capacity of informers or to give practical assistance in capturing the persons engaged in the illicit business.

REALLY ILLEGIBLE.

Youth's Companion.
One of the best stories of bad handwriting is told on Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras." A certain club, says a writer in the San Francisco Call, desired to have the post address the organization at an annual affair, at which an elaborate program had been prepared. The secretary addressed a letter to Joaquin, telling him of the purpose of the gathering and requesting his cooperation. He was scheduled for a recitation.

In due time there came an answer from the poet. It was in his own hand and covered four pages. In vain the secretary pored over the manuscript. He turned it over to the president, the board of directors and the members in turn, but all failed to decipher the scrawls. The question before the club was, "Has Miller accepted or has he declined?"

The secretary finally took the matter into his own hands, and addressed the following note to Miller: "My Dear Mr. Miller. Your letter received, but I have been unable to determine whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you will be present on the date mentioned, will you kindly make a cross on the bottom of this letter? If it will be impossible for you to appear, will you kindly draw a circle?"

In due time the letter came back, but the secretary could not decide whether it was a cross or a circle.

Nervous

"I was very nervous," writes Mrs. Mollie Mirse, of Carrsville, Ky., "had palpitation of the heart, and was irregular."

"On the advice of Mrs. Hattie Cain I took 2 bottles of Cardui and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took."

"I am 44 years old and the change has not left me, but I am lots better since taking Cardui."

Take GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic
Cardui is advertised and sold by its loving friends. The lady who advised Mrs. Mirse to take Cardui, had herself been cured of serious female trouble, by Cardui, so she knew what Cardui would do.

If Cardui cured Mrs. Cain and Mrs. Mirse, it surely will cure you, too. Won't you try it? Please do.

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.

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.