

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS

After 20 Years of Intense Suffering When All Thought He Had but Short Time to Live. Earnestly Prayed to Die. Condition Deplorable Beyond Description. Tries Cuticura. Eureka! Relief at Once. Stopped Terrible Burning Sensation from Word Go. In Six Weeks Skin Smooth as This Paper.

I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M.D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toenails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said, "We will try Cuticura." Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about hot heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

HIRAM E. CARPENTER, Henderson, N. Y.

"We hereby certify that we are acquainted with the foregoing Hiram E. Carpenter, and know his condition to have been as stated. We believe his statement to be true in every particular." (Signed) L. B. Simmons & Son, Merchants; G. A. Thompson, Merchant; A. A. Davis; Millard E. Joiner, Merchant; John Carpenter; A. M. Leffingwell Attorney and Counsel-at-law, all of Henderson, N. Y.

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

A 32-page booklet describing humors and affections of the skin will be mailed free to those desiring further information by Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 131 Columbus Ave., Boston.

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.

O. H. SALE.

Unless previously called for and charges paid, or otherwise disposed of, the Southern Express Company will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, in the express office at Wadesboro, N. C., on Saturday, July 23rd, 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M., all matter that has been on hand six months or over, an itemized list of which can be seen at the company's office in Wadesboro, N. C. This June 23rd, 1910. W. EGGLESTON, Superintendent. J. G. RIDDICK, Agent.

'A BREADWINNER FOR TEN.'

Baltimore Sun. Those in prosperous circumstances seldom realize the desperate struggle of the very poor to provide for themselves and their loved ones the bare necessities of life. There is no more heroic struggle in the world than that made by the father, straining every nerve and muscle, risking his very life at times, to provide food and clothing for his wife and children. The unknown heroines, too, are numbered by the thousands—the widowed mothers who spend their lives in supporting and rearing their fatherless children. The agents of the Federated Charities have brought to light the case of a family living in the most crowded quarter of Baltimore in which the father was the sole breadwinner for a family of ten. Not one of the eight children was older than 14. Therefore, all were dependent on him. He was a hardworker, but at his trade was only able to make \$12 a week. On that \$12 all the family had to subsist. They paid a rent of \$3 a week for their rooms; and this left only \$9 a week to pay for food, clothing, milk, ice, medicines and all the expenses of ten persons. The high cost of living, has borne heavily upon the best of households; and in the homes of poverty it has meant less food and of a poorer quality. It has put the large family on small wages dangerously near the hunger point. In such a condition things are difficult enough when all are well. When some of them fall ill, it becomes impossible to provide for their needs without assistance. In this Baltimore family first the baby fell sick, then the twins. Under such conditions, illness looks upon babies with the face of death. But it is in just such cases that charity can come to the rescue and render a service that means salvation for the sick and distressed. The charity workers did come into that home. They came with ice and pure milk and medicines, with wholesome, nourishing food, and they brought with them life and hope. They took the sick children to the Convalescent Home, where they could get fresh air, good food and competent medical attention. They took the burden from the mother's shoulders; they enabled the father to see daylight through the clouds of despair that lowered over him. That is not an isolated case. It is not only that the charities of Baltimore can do it; it is what they are doing—though handicapped by lack of funds as they are. For this very work of providing milk, eggs and ice for infants and the sick they need \$5,000 now. "He who gives quickly gives thrice." He who gives liberally to this cause is helping to heal the sick, to comfort the distressed, to save the lives of his own people right here in his own city of Baltimore.

JOHN D.'S SUNDAY AT HOME.

John D. Rockefeller went to his church, Cleveland Plain Dealer. On his first Sunday at home John D. Rockefeller went to his church. He delivered a little sermon to the Sunday-school class on "The Value of Little Things," and commiserated with the newspaper men because they couldn't persuade him to be interviewed. In his sermon he quoted the Outlook magazine, of which Theodore Roosevelt is associate editor, and prophesied the coming of a universal religion. When church was out Mr. Rockefeller gallantly took three women to their homes in his auto. Coming to church in the auto Mr. Rockefeller wore his giant goggles; but going home, seated between two of his guests, he valiantly kept the goggles off, though the dust was just as bad. When the big black Rockefeller auto pulled up at the East Eighth street door of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church it contained the master, his chauffeur and W. C. Rudd. Mr. Rockefeller looked a little worn as he alighted, his thin lips shut tight, his face tanned by the sun on the Forest Hill links. Directly upstairs to the Sunday-school rooms he went, and sat facing the class of boys and girls until "Throw Out the Lifeline" was ended. Then Professor Dittmer, superintendent, arose. "We should be disappointed if we did not hear from Mr. Rockefeller, who is back home," said Professor Dittmer. Mr. Rockefeller rose, Outlook in hand. MISSES SUNDAY-SCHOOL. "My friends, I am glad to be home," he began. "I miss you and I miss the Sunday-school and the church very much. It is part of my life." He launched into a eulogy of B. T. Quilling and Mrs. Cook, two useful church members who had died during the year, and then praised the present deacons and trustees. He urged the children to observe these people because "the work they are doing will soon be done by you." "This morning while I was dining with a friend," he continued, "I read a little incident. It was about a woman, an earnest Christian woman, who lost both lower limbs and walked about upon her knees." Mr. Rockefeller here interpolated an experience of his own when he appreciated what difficulty of locomotion meant. "I once had an accident that compelled me to walk on a crutch on the streets." He continued about the woman, who despite her affliction "brightened the lives of many." One day a hungry man came to her and she prepared him a meal; then she sewed a rent in his coat. The man had been discouraged and downcast, but her kindness changed the current of his life. Years after the same man called on his benefactress to tell what he had gained in life through the "little things" she did for him. "There is more of the spirit of Christ abroad today than ever before," continued Mr. Rockefeller. "The spirit is of greater power than ever before. The world will yet unite in a universal religion, regardless of little dissensions." A WORLD RELIEF. He opened the magazine brought from home to read to the class and read a letter sent by Bishop Bonomi, Italian Roman Catholic bishop in Cremona, Italy, to the world's missionary conference in Edinburgh. The prelate told his profound conviction that the Christian religion would some day be the world belief. The Sunday-school class dispersed. Three newspaper men hurried to Mr. Rockefeller. Genially he grasped their hands, gave each a lingering shake, and wouldn't be interviewed. The reporters were downcast. A Big Hall From a Bee Tree. Mooreville Enterprise. A telephone message from Terrel, Catawba county, to The Enterprise yesterday morning, furnishes us with the following interesting story: Monday afternoon Luther and Lester Sherril, Fred Settlemyre, Ransom and Walter Eades sallied forth to rob a "bee tree," and made a hall of honey. With their axes they began chopping on the butt of an old red oak tree, measuring 3 1/2 feet in diameter. It was not a great while until they struck hollow and to their delight as well as surprise, set walked an old sow possum. After carefully fastening her to a split limb, another yard was made, when nineteen baby opossums were captured. The tree was finally felled, and from nearer the top they caught two pretty gray squirrels, captured a swarm of bees and gathered a small quantity of honey. The greatest system renovator. Restores vitality, regulates the kidneys, liver and stomach. It Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea falls to cure get your money back.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TEACHING OF CHRIST ABOUT SIN.

C. Ernest Smith, D. D., D. C. L., in The Baltimore Sun. "Then drew near to him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.—St. Luke, xv, 1. Following these words of the text is one of Christ's exquisite sermons. It is a sermon which deals with the subject of sin. Perhaps it can be best described as a psychological sermon, for it shows how men come to be sinners and it answers the agonized questions of a sin-stained and sin-burdened soul: Is there any deliverance for me? Any return for God's loving favor for me? Note, first, how the sermon came to be preached. Christ was engaged in a great evangelistic campaign, and in the course of His labors He had not hesitated to go in and out among the outcasts and sinful classes generally and to eat and drink with them. To those poor creatures such conduct on the part of a religious teacher was something new. And it appealed to all that was best within them and drew it out. Then as big dogs follow their master and look into their faces wistfully, so these erring ones followed Christ. In ever increasing numbers they came to Him. Then the Scribes and Pharisees, the orthodox religious folk of the land, looked out on the strange scene, and as they looked they could scarce restrain their indignation. Their comment on Christ's actions betrays the depths of their feelings. "This man"—not even Jesus of Nazareth, nor even this prophet—"this nameless person is actually going about receiving sinners and, oh, horror, He even sits down at the same table and eats and drinks with them! Could anything be worse on the part of one claiming to be a religious teacher? For is He not there by wiping out all distinctions of right and wrong and breaking down all the barriers between good and evil which the experience of men for a thousand generations has found to be necessary?" This attitude was not unreasonable. I venture to believe that if some great religious teacher of our day engaged in evangelistic work should go down to the people of the slums and alleys and should there eat with them many Christian people would express just such feelings as moved the Scribes and Pharisees, and more particularly would they do so if that same religious teacher should be found criticizing the orthodox clergy and laity in the very unfavorable way in which we know that Christ did criticize them. "If that man wants to make friends of the sinner dwellers and those found in the haunts of vice, very well, but we don't wish to have anything to do with him. A man is known by the company he keeps. One can't touch pitch and not be defiled." This is how we should treat the situation. Then Jesus preached His sermon in which He showed how men and women fall into sin from divers causes, and then told His hearers that if they bore in mind what it is which make men sinners and how they are to be saved they would be both more lenient in their judgment and more unceasing in their labors. From a flock of sheep safely housed one strays away. He does not mean to leave fold or pasture, but he does so all the same, and presently he is on the moorland or mountain side, where roam his natural enemies, the wolf and the bear. Who of them would not go after that lost sheep? Yet how much better is man than a sheep? The sheep strayed simply through ignorance, and many are the souls of men that stray through ignorance too. As the sheep was lost without ever meaning to be willfully disobedient, so it is ever with men and women. Again, from a handful of silver coins one falls to the ground and rolls in obedience to the law of gravitation and in consequence lies lost in the darkest corner of the room. So in obedience to the law of heredity, the law of its birth and blood, a soul rolls naturally, inevitably toward the darkness. A child is born of depraved parents—a girl baby—born in a prison cell. What chance of right living has such a child? Has it one in a thousand? It will grow up amid criminal surroundings and with vicious companions. But worse than its environment are its inherited evil passions—and the law of its being. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth have been set on edge." Who dares neglect this one? Who dares throw a stone? Be kind. Be charitable. Go after the lost. Stand between it and evil. Again, even the boy who has willfully left home to sow his wild oats is not rejected of God when penitent and responsive to the inward pleadings of the heavenly voice. He presents himself at his Father's door begging for mercy. It was a gracious and comforting word that Christ preached that day

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Charity and Children. Bishop Galloway wrote for the Methodist Review which was reprinted in the North Carolina Review of July 3rd a remarkable paper on the life and labor of Jefferson Davis. This paper ought to be read in every public school in North Carolina at the opening of the fall term; and it ought to have a place in every Southern home. It is not only a faultless piece of literature reviewing in intelligent and vigorous fashion the feverish and sorrowful period of the South's humiliation, but it puts in proper light the real attitude, spirit and mission of a man who suffered for our sins. We are not unmindful of Jefferson Davis. He had his faults and they were grave ones. He was an ambitious man and a vain one. He lacked that prudence of judgment and that unselfish spirit that made Alexander Stephens the South's idol; but he was not a traitor as some of our folks are led to believe. Why do Lee and Jackson's careers fill every month with praise and every Southern heart with pride and gratitude, while Davis is denounced as an enemy to his country? He stood for precisely the same things that made Lee and Jackson immortal, and he alone went to the dungeon and languished there for two long years because he believed the cause that plunged the South into war was righteous. Lee loved the union; so did Davis. Lee clung to the constitution; so did Davis. Lee pleaded for a peaceful settlement of our differences; so did Davis in some of the most impassioned speeches that have ever been delivered in the U. S. Senate. Davis was a man of regal mind. As a cabinet officer and a Senator from Mississippi he performed high service for his country. He may have been mistaken in resigning his seat in the Senate and allying himself with the fortunes of the Confederacy, but whether he blundered or not, he did what every true Southerner would have done and did do. Let us keep history straight and not allow our children to be misled into believing that this vicarious sufferer was punished for his own sins. The truth is he had violated no law and his enemies dared not arraign him before the Supreme Court of the United States, because that Court has always been composed of honest men. Jefferson Davis loved his country and made a vast sacrifice for the South. He deserves our everlasting gratitude.

THOS. BLEWETT.

Cap. W. I. Everett in Rockingham Post. Thomas Blewett, who lived, died and was buried near Blewett Falls, owned a large tract of land, embracing the above mentioned Falls. He owned also a ferry, known as Blewett ferry—this was one-fourth of a mile below the Falls. A road lead from Cross Creek to Fayetteville, to Anson courthouse, then located on the hills west of the Pee Dee river, and onto the mountains of Western North Carolina, this portion of the road then and for many years later was known as the catfish road. The tomb of Thomas Blewett was made of a slab of granite on each side of the grave about 2 or 2 1/2 feet wide, 6 to 8 inches thick. A piece over foot and a head stone on which was the following: "Thomas Blewett, born 1764, died 1835 in his 81st year." On the top of the above is a slab of the same kind of rock; carved on this is a portion in the shape of a coffin elevated 4 or 5 inches above the edge; that is the shape is made by cutting the edge or border down 4 or 5 inches. Some years since the head piece had fallen down. This was kindly replaced and connected by the engineers in charge of building the dam at the Blewett Falls, though entire strangers to any of the connections of the family. Later they enclosed the graveyard with a neat iron fence at the expense of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi, who married a great-granddaughter of this Thomas Blewett. However, before the completion of this fence, both General Lee and his wife died. There are two graves on the Dockery level, about one mile west of the residence of the late General Alfred Dockery. On the headstone of one is the following: "Nancy Blewett, died in the year 1789." "Remember pray as you pass by, As you are now so once as I; As I am now, so you must be, Prepare for death and follow me." On the other grave near by only initials, "A. B."

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EXCURSION RATES.

To Wilmington and Return July 20th on Regular Trains 40 and 44 Via Seaboard Air Line, Ry.

Why Conductor Williams is Popular.

Marshville Home. If you have any doubt as to what makes Capt. Williams the most popular conductor on this section of the Seaboard, here's a little incident that explains it. The writer was on Capt. Williams' train a few days ago when a lady carrying a baby in her arms and accompanied by two little girls got off the train at a small town where there were no conveniences for waiting. Her people were not there to meet her and it was pouring down rain. Capt. Williams stepped to the ground, helped the lady off and handed her his umbrella and told her if she never saw him again to keep it and use it. Again we are reminded that "kindness is dearer and better than gold."

Was of the unconquerable, never-say-die kind.

the kind that you need most when you have a bad cold, cough or lung disease. Suggest troches, cough syrups, cod liver oil or doctors have all failed, don't lose heart or hope. Take Dr. King's New Discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed when used for any throat or lung trouble. It has saved thousands of hopeless sufferers. It cures whooping cough, obstinate croup, hoarseness, is grippe, cruet, colds, sore of all kinds.

A Rightful Wreck.

of train, automobile or buggy may cause cuts, bruises, abrasions, sprains or wounds that demand Buckle's Arnica Salve—the earth's greatest healer. Quick relief and prompt cure result. For burns, boils, sores of all kinds.