

The Famous Rayo

Gives the Best Light at Any Price

When you pay more than the Rayo price for a lamp, you are paying for extra decorations that cannot add to the quality of the light. You can't pay for a better light, because there is none. An oil light has the least effect on the human eye, and the Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made, though low in price. You can pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for some other lamp, and although you get a more costly lamp, you can't get a better light than the white, mellow, diffused, unflattering light of the low-priced Rayo.

Has a strong, durable shade-holder. This season's burner adds to the strength and appearance. Made of solid brass, nickel-plated, and easily polished.

Once a Rayo User, Always One

Standard Oil Company

LAND FOR SALE

What is known as the Creason place, containing about 150 acres, lying on Jones creek, about 4 miles south of Wadesboro. For further information see

J. C. MARSHALL, Wadesboro, N. C.

J. L. LITTLE, Morven, N. C.

Ferndon Farm Dairy

Has been enlarged by the purchase of the fine herd of cows owned by B. G. Covington. Will be pleased to supply his former customers.

Our Products

We give special attention and extra care to everything that leaves our dairy for the market. Our specialties are Sweet Milk, Butter Milk, Cream and Butter. We supply our products fresh and pure and our wagon makes two trips each day over the town of Wadesboro.

It Means Something to You

and your family to have pure dairy products supplied for your table. We sterilize every vessel after it has been used one time and employ the most up-to-date methods of sanitation. Phone your wants to No. 109C, or give order to driver of wagon.

Ferndon Farm Dairy,

J. COIT REDFEARN.

The Best Mules

Are The Cheapest Mules in the Long Run.

I have just received a car load of splendid mules—not a sorry one in the bunch. They came high, but every day are increasing in value.

Come and See Them.

M. W. BRYANT

We Offer For Sale

on most liberal terms, and at lower prices than will ever be asked again, a number of lots near and adjoining the Southbound railroad, suitable for all kinds of business, residence or industrial places, at

ANSONVILLE.

Come to see me, whether you wish to live here or to invest. Terms: 1-3 cash, balance in 6, 12 and 18 mos.

Ansonville Real Estate Company

A. H. RICHARDSON, Pres. and Treas.

The SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH,
Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

Copyright, 1909, by Harper & Brothers

On the third day after Boyd's deliverance Constantine sought him out in company with several of the native fishermen, translating their demand to be paid for the fish they had caught. "Can't they wait until the end of the week?" Emerson inquired.

"No! They got no money—they got no grub. They say little baby is hungry, and they like money now. So soon they buy grub, they work some more."

"Very well. Here's an order on the bookkeeper."

Boyd tore a leaf from his notebook and wrote a few words on it, telling the men to present it at the office. As Constantine was about to leave he called to him:

"Wait! I want to talk with you."

The breed halted.

"How long have you known Mr. Marshall?"

"Me know him long time."

"Do you like him?"

"A flicker ran over the fellow's copy-face as he replied:

"Yes. Him good man."

"You used to work for him, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Why did you quit?"

Constantine hesitated slightly before answering, "Me go work for Cherry."

"Why?"

"She good to my little broder. You savvy little child—so big?"

"Yes, I've seen him. He's a fine little fellow. By the way, do you remember that night about two weeks ago when I was at Cherry's house—the night you and your sister went out?"

"I member."

"Where did you go?"

Constantine shifted his walrus soled boots. "What for you ask?"

"Never mind! Where did you go when you left the house?"

"Me go Indian village. What for you ask?"

"Nothing. Only if you ever have any trouble with Mr. Marshall I may be able to help you. I like you, and I don't like him."

The breed grunted unintelligibly and was about to leave when Boyd reached



WITH A STARTLED CRY, CONSTANTINE WHIRLED, HIS FACE CONVULSED. He dashed suddenly and plucked the fellow's sheath knife from its scabbard. With a startled cry, Constantine whirled, his face convulsed, his nostrils dilated like those of a frightened horse.

But Emerson merely fingered the Indian's weapon carelessly, remarking: "That is a curious knife you have. I have noticed it several times."

He eyed him shrewdly for a moment, then handed the blade back with a smile. Constantine slipped it into its place and strode away without a word.

It was considerably later in the day when Boyd discovered with the Indians to whom he had given the note talking excitedly on the dock. Seeing Constantine in argument with them, he approached to demand an explanation, whereupon the quarter breed held out a silver dollar in his palm with the words:

"These men say this money no good."

"What do you mean?"

"It no good. No can buy grub at company store."

It was evident that even Constantine was vaguely distrustful.

Another native extended a coin, saying:

"We want money like this."

Boyd took the piece and examined it, whereupon light broke upon him. The coin was stamped with the initials of one of the old fishing companies, and he instantly recognized a ruse practiced in the north during the days of the first trading concerns. It had been the custom of these companies to pay their Indians in coins bearing their own impress and to refuse all other specie at their posts, thus compelling the natives to trade at company stores. Seeing that his words carried no conviction, Emerson gave up at last, saying:

"If the company store won't take the money I'll sell you whatever you need from the commissary. We are not going to have any trouble over a little thing like this."

He marched the natives in a body to the storehouse, where he saw to it that they received what provisions they needed and assisted them in loading their canoes.

But his amusement at the episode gave way to uneasiness on the following morning when the Alents failed to report for work, and by noon his anxiety resolved itself into strong suspicion.

Bald had returned from the banks earlier in the morning with news of a struggle between his white crew and Marshall's men. George's boats had been surrounded during the night, nets had been cut and several encounters had occurred, resulting in serious injury to his men. The grant, in no amiable mood, had returned for reinforcements, stating that the situation was becoming more serious every hour. Hearing of the desertion of the natives, he burst into profanity, then armed himself and returned to the banks, while Boyd, now thoroughly alarmed, took a launch and sped up the river to Cherry's house in the hope that she could prevail upon her own recruits to return.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Teachers' Meeting.

The teachers of Anson county are notified to meet at the Graded School Building, in Wadesboro, on Saturday, the 10th day of December, next, at 10 o'clock A. M. At this meeting the teachers' Reading Circle will be organized, and plans adopted to encourage teachers to secure and read the books directed by the teacher-training branch of the State Department of Education. Teachers will bring such books of the course as they may have, and will be expected to secure the others, including "North Carolina Journal of Education." Some leading educators will be present to address the meeting.

The colored teachers of the county will meet for the same purpose on Saturday, the 17th of December, at the same hour as above, in the graded school building for their race. This Nov. 18th, 1910.

J. M. WALL,
County Sup't of Schools.

Change of School Districts.

An application to enlarge the Polkton school district by adding thereto corners of the Brown Creek, High Hill and Poplar Hill districts will be heard by the Board of Education at its next meeting, on the first Monday of December, 1910, when all who are interested in such change are notified to meet the Board and make known their wishes for or against the same. This Nov. 10th, 1910.

J. M. WALL,
Sec'y Board of Education.

W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.

(OFFICE IN SMITH & DUNLAP BLD'G)
Wadesboro, N. C.
All Operations Warranted

Pay Your Taxes.

The State Treasurer and the County Commissioners are pushing me for money, and the only way in which I can furnish it to them is for the citizens of the county to pay their taxes. Let every one take notice, therefore, that the taxes are due and must be paid. Please do not put this important duty off any longer but come and get your receipt at once.

S. F. MARFEN,
Sheriff of Anson County.

Fox & Lyon, Druggists,

Wadesboro, N. C.

CHAMPION BOY CORN-GROWER.

Jerry Moore of Florence County, S. C., Has Taken Something Like a Thousand Dollars in Prizes.

P. C. Whitlock in Charlotte Observer.

It was Emerson, wasn't it, who said if a man could do something better than anybody else the world would beat a path to his door? Well, the path to Jerry Moore's house is getting pretty slick. I added the weight of my footsteps, so to speak, today, though I was in an automobile.

Jerry is the champion boy corn-grower of the world. He lives in the county of Florence, and State of South Carolina, near the station with the winsome name of "Winona." His father, Rev. J. H. Moore, is a Methodist preacher, and they live in the parsonage here by the little brick church of Liberty chapel.

As we turned in and stopped the engine at the front gate, we knew we had struck the right place by the incredible patch of corn stalks off to one side. In front of the barn door there was a little slip of a fellow in blue overalls and brogan shoes. He was tying a hamstring on a big awkward horse. As he was the only one in sight, we greeted him by asking:

"Are you the fellow that raised the corn?"

"I am the one," he answered.

And so here we were face to face with a hero.

If Dean Swift had known Jerry Moore when he was talking about the man who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what would he have said. Jerry made 228 bushels and 3 pecks of corn grow where only about ten bushels had grown before.

Heroes do not look like heroes. Jerry Moore, is 15 years old and small for his age. He might tip the beam at 65 pounds, but it would be close. He is a modest, demure lad, and does not seem to think it any big thing to be the champion of the world. He showed us his pile of corn—and what a pile it was to come off of one acre of land! He had it stacked and planked off in one end of the crib, and overflowing innumerable barrels and boxes besides.

We asked him what he would take for an ear.

"I'll give you an ear," he said. And he went in the house and brought out two fine ones that he had picked out. "Here's one for each of you," he said.

I told him I would write him up for the ear of corn. He said, "I have been wrote up enough already."

We asked him for the facts, and he went in the house again and brought out a copy of the latest issue of The Manufacturer's Record. Awkwardly turning the big pages, he found a place with a blue pencil mark around it. "Here is the record in here," he said. "You can read it for yourself."

And so we read how Jerry Moore, of Winona, S. C., made the wonderful record of raising 228 3-4 bushels of corn on an acre of land. I send the article along—just as he tore it out of the paper for me. I don't know but that you have copied it already from some of the papers. If not, you can use such portions of it as you see fit. There are some mistakes in the piece, though, I am quite sure the "cold distributor" mentioned is a "colic" distributor, made in Charlotte.

Jerry planted Batts' Prolific corn. This came from North Carolina, also. Mr. Batts made 228 3-4 bushels on an acre in Wake county last year. Jerry beat him with his own seed.

One might ask what sort of land this boy raised his corn on. It is poor sandy land, such as hundreds of farmers in North and South Carolina have worn out and moved away from because they thought they couldn't make a living on it.

The most significant thing about the story of Jerry Moore is the indomitable grit and courage of the boy. Think of hauling 300 wagon loads of rich dirt out of the swamps and branches, and then 50 loads of stable manure. Jerry didn't go after that prize in a half-hearted fashion. He went after it to get it—and he got it. In fact he doesn't know how many prizes he did get. Some say they will amount to \$1,000. I haven't investigated to find out. I know one thing: Jerry Moore is a smart boy, and his father ought to be proud of him.

Jerry Moore, the boy champion corn-grower, is a son of Rev. J. H. Moore, who, three years ago, was pastor of Morven circuit in this county. Mr. Moore, who transferred to the South Carolina conference in 1907, has many friends in Anson who will be glad to hear of the success of Jerry.—The M. & I.]

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidney and bladder. They correct irregularities. Parsons Drug Co. and Poe Dee Pharmacy.

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, let me write to you for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery contains uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 2, Notre Dame, Ind.

He found the girl ready to accompany him, and they were about to embark when Chakawana came running from the house as if in sudden fright. "Where you go?" she asked her mistress.

"I am going to the Indian village. You stay here."

"No, no! I no stop here alone. I go long too." She cast a glance over her shoulder.

"But, Chakawana, what is the matter? Are you afraid?"

"Yes," Chakawana nodded her pretty head vigorously.

"What are you afraid of?" Boyd asked, but she merely stared at him with eyes as black and round as ox-heart cherries, then renewed her entreaty. When she had received permission and had hurried back to the house her mistress remarked, with a puzzled frown:

"I don't know what to make of her. She and Constantine have been acting very strangely of late. She used to be the happiest sort of creature, always laughing and singing, but she has changed entirely during the last few weeks. Both she and Constantine are forever whispering to each other and skulking about until I am getting nervous myself." Then, as the Indian girl came flying back with her tiny brother in her arms, Cherry added: "She's pretty, isn't she? I can't bear ugly people around me."

At the native village, in spite of every effort she and Boyd could make, the Indians refused to go back to work.

"Since they can't use your money at the store, they don't seem to care whether it is good or not," Cherry announced after a time. "Oh, but it's maddening!" She stamped her foot angrily. "And I was so proud of my work. I thought I had really done something to help at last. But I don't know what more we can do. I've reached the end of my rope."

"So have I," he confessed. "Even with those fifty Aleuts we weren't running at more than half capacity, but we were making a showing at least. Now!" He flung up his hands in a gesture of despair. "George is in trouble, as usual. Marshall's men have cut our nets, and the yacht may arrive at any time."

"The yacht! What yacht?"

"Mr. Wayland's yacht. He is making a tour of this coast with the other officers of the trust and—Mildred."

"Is she coming here?" demanded Cherry in a strained voice.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't know; I didn't think you would be interested."

"So she can't wait? She is so eager that she follows you from Chicago clear up into this wilderness. Then you won't need my assistance any more, will you?" Her lids drooped, half hiding her eyes, and her face hardened.

"Of course I shall need your help. Her coming won't make any difference."

"It strikes me that you have allowed me to make a fool of myself long enough," said Cherry angrily. "Here I was breaking my heart over this enterprise, while you have known all the time that she was coming. Why, you have merely used me—and George, and all the rest of us, for that matter." She laughed harshly.

"You don't understand," said Boyd. "Miss Wayland—"

"Oh, yes, I do. I dare say it will gratify her to straighten out your troubles. A word from her lips and your worries will vanish like a mist. Let us acknowledge ourselves beaten and beg her to save us."

Boyd shook his head in negation, but she gave him no time for speech.

"It seems that you wanted to pose as a hero before her and employed us to build up your triumph. Well, I am glad we failed; I'm glad Willis Marshall showed you how very helpless you are. Let her come to your rescue now. I'm through. Do you understand? I'm through!"

TWO TABLETS AND STOMACH MISERY GONE.

Parsons Drug Co. sells and guarantees the best prescription the world has ever known for disturbed and upset stomach, gas, belching, heaviness, heartburn, acid stomach and biliousness.

It is called MI-O-NA, remember the name, and it banishes distress from over eating or fermentation of food in five minutes.

It is guaranteed by Parsons Drug Co. to cure indigestion, sick headache, nervousness and dizziness, or money back.

No matter how long you have suffered you will find a certain cure in MI-O-NA stomach tablets.

"About six weeks ago I purchased a box of MI-O-NA tablets for an aggravated form of stomach trouble. I had been troubled for four or five years, had tried different physicians and a great many patent remedies, but of no use, until I used MI-O-NA. They entirely relieved me from pain, and I can now eat most any kind of food and relish it!"—A. J. Fish, West Carthage, N. Y.

MI-O-NA stomach tablets are only 50 cents a large box at Parsons Drug Co., and druggists everywhere. Get a trial treatment free, by writing Booth's MI-O-NA, Buffalo, N. Y.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Parsons Drug Co., and Poe Dee Pharmacy.

What To Do FOR Sickly Children Letters from Mothers

"I wish I could induce every mother, who has a delicate, sickly child, to try your delicious Cod Liver and Iron Tonic VINOL. It restored our little daughter to health and strength after everything else had failed."—Mrs. C. W. STUMP, Canton, Ohio.

Mrs. F. P. Skonnard, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes, "I want to recommend VINOL to every mother who has a weak or sickly child. My little boy was sickly, pale, and had no appetite for two years. I tried different medicines and doctors without benefit, but thanks to VINOL, he is a well and healthy boy to-day."

C. Allen, of New Bedford, Mass., writes, "My two puny children gained rapidly in flesh and strength in a very short time after taking VINOL."

We positively know VINOL will build up little ones and make them healthy, strong and robust. Try one bottle, and if you are not satisfied, we will return your money.

Fox & Lyon, Druggists,
Wadesboro, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM

JOSHUA A. BURNS.

The axman death has felled an oak! One of the landmarks of Cedar Hill has passed away! Sunday afternoon in the evening of the day and he in the evening of his life, Mr. Joshua A. Burns joined that innumerable caravan that moves to that calm and dreamless sleep. He lived his life in 73 years of well spent days. Faithful in business, fervent in spirit, he served the Lord with an humble and happy heart. He has paid his toll at the gate of Heaven and entered into that rest for the people of God.

For some months his health was poor, but had been sufficiently restored to enable him to visit his friends and fulfill his duty to his country at the polls and enjoy physical comfort. On Thursday he was attacked with pneumonia and his enfeebled constitution succumbed rapidly. One of the county's props, a yeoman of fidelity passed away! A brave boy he enlisted in Company H., 14th North Carolina Regiment, and served his country through the war. A godly man he served his Lord in church and Sunday School.

He was the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Burns and was the last of his immediate family. He was born in Stanly county the 30th of Dec., 1837, and passed away the 27th of Nov., 1910.

To mourn his irreparable loss are his wife, a woman of unusual character and womanliness, two daughters, Miss Nannie and Mrs. George Andrews, of Mt. Gilead; three sons George, of Cedar Hill, Paul, of Greensboro, and Ernest, of Richmond, Va. One daughter, Mrs. Clarence Clark, and four small children had gone before and were there to welcome a loving father.

The funeral services were conducted from the old family homestead by his pastor, Rev. P. L. Terrell. Interment was at Concord church.

The tenderest sympathies of a large circle of friends and relatives go out to the sorrowing family.

D.

Get the Genuine Always.

A substitute is a dangerous makeshift especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. Parsons Drug Co., and Poe Dee Pharmacy.

It's a delight to Nannally's candies because they are so good and pure and fresh.

She knows—all women know—that Nannally's are the highest grade candies made in the South.

Nannally's

are shipped us by fast express. They're the freshest, as well as the choicest money can buy.

ZOO PHARMACY.

If It Is Insurance That You Want, Call the Anson Real Estate and Ins. Co.

Telephone No. 52

(The Strong Agency.)

We are agents for the strongest fire insurance company in the world, the strongest company in the United States, and the strongest company in the South.

Insure Your Life in the Southern Life & Trust Co.

the most successful life company in the South. Its surplus to policy holders is now over half a million dollars. The dividends which the Southern Life and Trust Co. returns to its policy holders are larger on premiums charged than any other company in existence as far as we are able to find out.

Investigate fully before placing insurance.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

Anson Real Estate & Ins. Co.

T. C. COXE, Pres. W. T. ROSE, Sec'y.

We Guarantee OUR Horses and Mules to be just as we represent them.

We Received Another Carload

last Friday, and their quality has been highly praised by every one who has seen them. We consider them

The Best Ever Brought Here

If you need a good horse or mule now is the time to buy it. It can probably be bought more cheaply now than at any other time, as prices are advancing all the time. We sell as low as it is possible to sell.

WADESBORO LIVE STOCK CO.

T. S. CLARK, Manager.

SUMMERS BUGGIES

We sell them. They are the kind used by people who buy a great many buggies—and know by experience that the Summers wears the longest and looks the best.