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Number 201

YOU MAY READ THIS LETTER

Danville, Va., July 10th 1910.

The Milan Medicine Co.,
Danville, Va.

Gentlemen:-

My notes suffered for many years with a trouble pronounced by her physicians to be urticaria. I determined to put her on it. She took six bottles and will always take pleasure in recommending Milan for urticaria troubles.

Yours truly,
C. R. Rucker

YOUR DRUGGIST CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH MILAM-IF HE DOES NOT KEEP IT HE CAN GET IT FROM ANY DRUG JOBBER

BALDNESS

Baldness is the direct result of Germs. To prevent the hair from falling out, use

TO-BAC-TON

"The Greatest of All Hair Tonics"

This wonderful new remedy is specially prepared to destroy the germs which cause the hair to fall out. The nourishing, stimulating and antiseptic qualities of TO-BAC-TON are the results of the juice of the tobacco leaf and other beneficial ingredients used in the preparation of this Hair Tonic. It contains no grease or alcohol, and has a most delightful odor. TO-BAC-TON stimulates the growth of the hair, prevents baldness, cures dandruff and all scalp diseases.

Try a bottle at our risk. If you are not entirely satisfied, we refund your money. TO-BAC-TON is sold at all drug stores at 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle and used by first-class barbers.

TO-BAC-TON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Pure Foods

When you buy a can of anything of us with the Sunbeam Pure Food label you get the best. We will just enumerate a few of them:

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- Sunbeam California Peaches
- Sunbeam Corn
- Sunbeam Salmon
- Sunbeam Salad Dressing
- Sunbeam Sweet Pickles
- Sunbeam Coffee

Phone us your wants.

HARDISON CO.

Phone 8.

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

By RAYNOLD PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

CONDOR BOOK CONCERN, INC. - NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHAPTER III.

An Unwelcome Guest.

This was the sort of work I had long ago learned to love; it warmed the blood, this constant certainty of imminent peril, this intense probability that any moment might bring a flash of flame into our very faces. Each step we took was now a stern, grim play of fate, where the stakes were life and death. I felt my pulses throbbing madly forward, fairly through my fingers as they gripped the reins. My left hand was on the saddle horn, my right on the reins. I was now in the center of our party, a sentry at last. A cautious sentry, a low laugh from the sergeant, and we circled the gaunt, blackened stump, as silent ourselves as the night about us, but with fiercely beating, expectant hearts.

But what! Surely that was no common sound, the boom of that great loneliness! No cavalryman can mistake the ring of accoutrements or the dull thud of horse's hoofs. The road here must have curved sharply, for they were already so close upon us that almost simultaneously with the sound, we could distinguish the deeper shadow of a small compact body of horsemen directly in our front. To left of us there rose, sheer and black, the precipitous rock, to right we might not even guess what yawning void. It was either wit of sword play now.

I know not how it may be with others in such emergencies, but with me it always happens that the sense of fear departs with the presence of actual danger. Before the gawsome fancies of imagination I may quake and burn like any maiden alone upon a city street at night, until each separate nerve becomes a very demon of mental agony; but when the real and known once fairly confronts me, and there is work to do, I grow instantly cool to think, resolute to act, and find a rare joy in it. It was so now, and, revolved in hand by hidden beneath my holster flap, I leaned over and touched Craig's arm.

"Keep quiet," I whispered sternly. "Let them challenge first, and no firing except on my order."

Almost with the words there came the sharp halt:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

I drew the cape of my riding jacket closer, so as better to muffle the sound of my voice.

"Friends, of course; who would you expect to meet on this road?"

Fortune seemed with me in the chance answer, for he who had halted exclaimed:

"Oh! is that you, Brennan?"

There was no time now for hesi-

tion. I fairly held my breath as Craig rode forward. If one of them should chance to strike a match to light a pipe, or any false movement of Craig's should excite suspicion! If he should even speak, his soft southern drawl would mean instant betrayal. And how coolly he went at it; with a sharp touch of the spur, causing his jaded horse to exhibit such sudden restlessness as to keep the escort well to one side, while I ranged close by to our unwelcome guest, and laying firm hand upon her horse's bit, let forth to where I waited. It was quickly, nobly done, and I could have hugged the fellow.

"Well, good luck to you, major, and pleasant ride. Remember me to Brennan. Deuced queer, though, why he failed to show up on such an occasion as this."

"He was unfortunate enough to be sent out in the other direction with dispatches—goodnight, gentlemen."

It was sweet music to me to listen to their hoof-beats dying rapidly away behind us as we turned back down the dark road, the sergeant still riding with his one hand grasping the stranger's rein. I endeavored to scan her figure in the darkness, but found the effort useless, as little more than a shadow was visible. Yet it was impressed upon me that she sat straight and firm in the saddle, so I concluded she must be young.

"Madam," I began, seeking to feel my way with caution into her confidence. "I fear you must be quite wearied by your long ride."

She turned slightly at sound of my voice.

"Not at all, sir; I am merely eager to push on. Besides, my ride has not been a long one, as we merely came from General Sigel's headquarters."

"The voice was pleasantly modulated and refined.

"Ah, yes, certainly," I stammered, fearful lest I had made a grave mistake. "But really I had supposed General Sigel was at Coulterville."

"He advanced to Bear creek yesterday," she returned quietly. "So you see we had covered some miles

WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had with me one sensation, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally held by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."

Mrs. NATHAN B. GREATON, 61 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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

much farther is it to where Major Brennan is stationed?"

I fear I was guilty of hesitancy, but it was only for a moment.

"I am unable to tell exactly, for, as it chances, I have never met him in the camp, but I should judge that two hours' riding will cover the distance."

"Why," in a tone of sudden surprise, "Captain Hale certainly told me it was all of twenty miles!"

"From Bear creek?" I questioned eagerly, for it was my turn to feel startled now. "The map barely makes it ten."

"It is but ten, and scarcely that, by the direct White Briar road; or, at least, so I heard some of the younger officers say; but it seems the Confederate pickets are posted so close to the White Briar that my friends decided it would be unsafe to proceed that way."

"This was news indeed—news so unexpected and startling that I forgot all caution.

"Then what road do they call this?" She laughed at my evident ignorance, as well as the eagerness of my tone.

"Really, you are a most peculiar guide," she exclaimed gayly. "You almost convince me that you are lost. I am unable to enlighten you to some extent. We are now riding due southward along the Allentown pike."

Craig leaned forward so as to look across his horse's neck to where I rode on the opposite side.

"May I speak a word, sir?" he asked, cautiously.

"Certainly, sergeant; do you make anything out of all this?"

"I know now exactly how we missed it, sir, where we are. The cut-off to the White Briar I spoke to you about this morning cannot be more than a hundred miles below here, and I have not ridden ahead carefully then, and see if you can locate it. Be cautious; there may be a picket stationed there. We will halt where we are until you return."

He swung forward his carbine where it would be handy for instant service and trotted ahead into the darkness. The woman's horse, being comparatively fresh and restless, danced a little in an effort to locate the picket, but I held her to the bit, and we sat waiting in silence.

I was eager to be off, to make up by hard riding the tedious delay of this night's work, and constantly tried to restrain my impatient sound of struggle down the roadway. But all remained silent until I could dimly distinguish the returning hoof-beats of the sergeant's horse; and so anxious was I to economize time that I was already urging my mount forward when his shadow grew black in front, and he wheeled in at my side.

"No picket, sir."

"Very well, sergeant; when we come to the turn you are to ride a few rods in advance of us, and will see a good pace, for we must make up for all this lost time."

"Very well, sir; here is the turn—to your right."

I continually distinguished the opening designated, and as we wheeled into it he at once clasped spurs to his horse and forged ahead. In another moment he had totally disappeared, and as I urged our reluctant mounts to move rapidly, all sound of his progress was instantly lost in the pounding of our own hoofs on the hard road.

CHAPTER IV.

A Woman With a Temper.

I think we must have been fully an hour at it, riding at no mean pace, and with utter disregard of danger. Although I knew little of where we were, and before I had sufficiently regained control over my own feelings to venture upon a suitable reply, the leader pressing so close to my side that I felt safer with my face well shaded.

"Where is your escort, major?" he asked, and the gruffness of his tone put me instantly on defense.

"Just behind us," I returned, with affected carelessness, and determined now to play out the game, lady or no lady. I was extremely sorry for her, but the cause outweighed her comfort.

"The sergeant and I rode out ahead when we heard you coming. Where is the lady?"

He glanced around at the group huddled behind him.

"All right, then. Nothing else, I believe," for I was eager to get away. "Sergeant, just ride in there and lead out her horse. We will have to be moving, gentlemen, for it is a rough road and a dark night."

"Beastly," assented the other, briefly.

I fairly held my breath as Craig rode forward. If one of them should chance to strike a match to light a pipe, or any false movement of Craig's should excite suspicion! If he should even speak, his soft southern drawl would mean instant betrayal. And how coolly he went at it; with a sharp touch of the spur, causing his jaded horse to exhibit such sudden restlessness as to keep the escort well to one side, while I ranged close by to our unwelcome guest, and laying firm hand upon her horse's bit, let forth to where I waited. It was quickly, nobly done, and I could have hugged the fellow.

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"He advanced to Bear creek yesterday," she returned quietly. "So you see we had covered some miles

more passing through the Federal lines with dispatches. In order to save ourselves from discovery and capture we were compelled to take you in charge. It was the fortune of war. If now we could honorably leave you here we would most gladly do so, for having you with us adds vastly to our own danger; but these mountains are simply overrun with wandering guerrillas who would show you neither respect nor mercy. We simply dare not, as honorable men, leave you here unprotected, and consequently you must continue to ride in our company. Now answer me plainly, will you proceed quietly, or shall we be compelled to tie you to your horse?"

I knew she was crying; but with an effort she succeeded in steadying her voice sufficient to reply:

"I will go," she said.

"Thank you," and I gravely lifted my hat as I spoke. "You have saved me a most unpleasant duty. You may ride on, sergeant; this lady and I will follow, as before."

She scarcely changed her posture as I spurred forward, riding now so close to her side that I could feel the flap of her saddle rise and fall against my knee. Whatever of evil she may have thought of us, I felt that she was sorry enough now for her hasty action, and I forgot the pain that yet stung me, and longed, without well knowing how, to tell her so.

(To Be Continued.)

Any skin itching is a temper-temper. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema, any skin itching, at all drug stores.

WANTED—Second hand bags and burlap. Write for prices.—Richmond Bag Company, Richmond, Va.

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ROYAL BAKING-POWDER

Absolutely Pure

To have pure and wholesome food, be sure that your baking powder is made from cream of tartar and not from alum.

The Label will guide you

Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum No Lime Phosphates

Hoffman News Notes.

Hoffman, Oct. 28.—A large number of people from here attended the fair at Raleigh each day last week.

Mr. Edd Wilson, of Blewett Falls, was visiting one of our girls Sunday.

Mr. A. D. Maness and his bride, came in from Georgia Tuesday night.

Mr. Daniel T. Blue, of Eckman, Va., returned to his home Wednesday, after spending a week here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Blue.

Messrs. W. J. O'Quinn and Jasp. Ponds spent a few days last week in Laurinburg.

Mr. W. H. Olive spent several days last week with his parents near Raleigh.

Miss Vera Ratliff, of Ellerbe Springs, spent Tuesday and Wednesday night with her friend, Miss Lucy Scarborough.

Mr. Lyon Sneed, of Laurel Hill, was calling on his best girl here Sunday.

Mrs. James Blue and little daughters, Dora Belle and Mamie Jane, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Livingston, in Scotland county.

Mrs. Haddock and children, have returned from Wilmington, after spending some time with relatives.

Mrs. Pearl Hoggan, of Rockingham, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Quinn.

BROWN EYES.

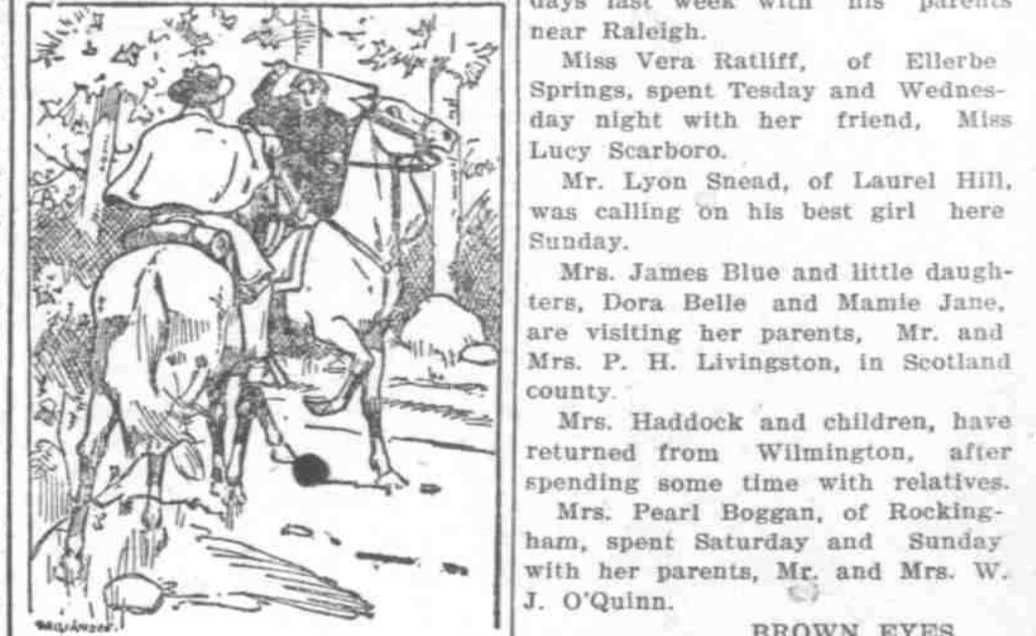
Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



I quickly flung up my arm to ward off a second blow.

me a most unpleasant duty. You may ride on, sergeant; this lady and I will follow, as before."

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