

A Helpless Invalid

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A woman who is sick and suffering and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is, it would almost seem, to blame for her own wretchedness. Read what this woman says:

Richmond, Mo. — "When my second daughter was eighteen months old I was pronounced a hopeless invalid by specialists. I had a consultation of doctors and they said I had a severe case of ulceration. I was in bed for ten weeks, had sinking spells, and was pronounced to be in a dangerous condition. My father insisted that we try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought me six bottles. I soon began to improve, and before it had all been taken I was as well and strong as ever—my friends hardly recognized me so great was the change." — Mrs. Woodson Branstetter, Richmond, Mo.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

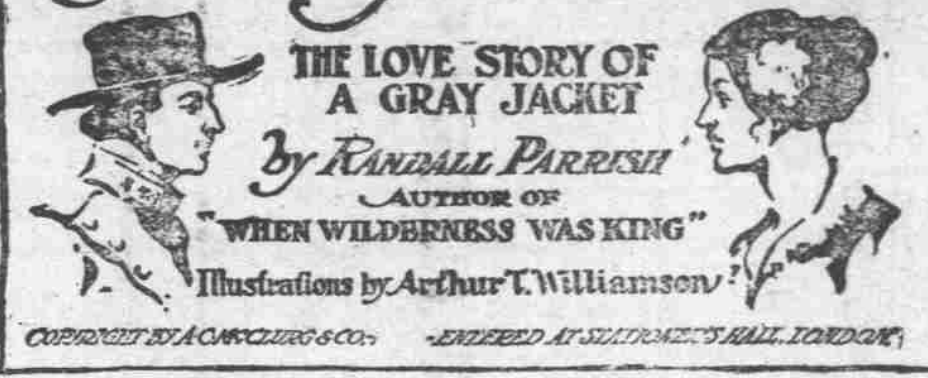
Read what another woman says:—
Jonesboro, Texas. — "I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for myself and daughter, and consider it unequalled for all female diseases. I would not be without it for anything. I wish every mother in America could be persuaded to use it as there would be less suffering among our sex then. I am always glad to speak a word of praise for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and you are at liberty to use this testimonial." — Mrs. James T. Lawrence, Jonesboro, Texas.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, it is not fair to suppose that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice—it is free and always helpful.

My Lady of the North



Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING

BYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens in a tent of the Confederate army at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee receives a message from Gen. Sherman's army, and the delivery of the message is entrusted to a young man named Wayne, an old army scout, who starts out on his dangerous mission.

CHAPTER II.—The two messengers make a wild ride, dodging squads of soldiers, almost lost in the darkness, and finally are within the lines of the enemy, having passed the cordon of pickets unobserved.

CHAPTER III.—Encountering a small party of soldiers in the darkness, Wayne is kept in a moment's suspense as he is recognized by the enemy as a deserter. He is given in his charge.

CHAPTER IV.—The female companion of the two southern scouts is a northern girl, who, when she becomes aware of their army affiliations, wishes Wayne with their army affiliations, wishes Wayne with their army affiliations, wishes Wayne with their army affiliations.

CHAPTER V.—One of the horses given to the two scouts by the enemy is a colt named Wayne, and the two scouts are left alone near a rocky gorge.

I could see her eyes now resting full upon me, and much of the hardness and doubt seemed to have gone out of them as she scanned my uncovered features in the dim light. I scarcely think I was ever considered a handsome man even by my friends, but I was young then, frank of face with that about me which easily inspired confidence, and it did me good to note how her eyes softened, and to mark the perceptible tremor in her hot voice as she cried impulsively:

"Oh, no! Not that!"

"Your words yield me new heart," I replied fervently, determined, now that my heart had broken, to permit no excuse for its again forming.

"For if you but once fully realize our situation you will certainly feel that I am merely endeavoring to perform my plain duty."

"It will, of course, bow to the inevitable, sir," she said, "and shall endeavor to adapt myself to the requirements of my unfortunate situation. May I venture to inquire what you now propose to do?"

To the right of where we stood the ground sloped rapidly downward until the dense darkness at the foot of the steep dingle shrouded everything from view. The descent appeared rocky and impracticable, and I could distinguish the sound of rapid water far below. On the opposite side stood a dense wood, the outer fringe of trees overhanging the road, and through the waving leaves the moonlight checked the ground with silver.

While the dense mass beyond seemed to flow back up the steep side of the mountain, thick with underbrush. Just below us, and possibly fifty feet from the highway, I could perceive a small one-story log cabin as it slept, gloomy, and deserted, its outward appearance as were the somber woods of which it formed a part.

"There seems small chance," I said, speaking as cheerfully as possible. "But I propose to investigate the log hut yonder, and learn if it may not afford some degree of shelter. If you will rest here, in the shadow of these trees, I will soon discover whether it has inmates or not."

She followed me in silence across the road to the spot designated, but as I turned to leave her seated upon the grass, and well protected from prying eyes, she hurried quickly after me, and in her agitation so far forgot herself as to touch my sleeve with her hand.

"Oh, please do not leave me here alone! I am not naturally timid, yet everything is so gloomy I cannot stand it. Let me go with you, if you must go!"

"Most assuredly you shall if you desire," I returned heartily.

There appeared before us a dim, little-used path leading in among the trees, and following its erratic curves we were soon before the cabin, which grew even more uninviting as we drew near. As I passed a moment before the closed door, in order that I might listen for any possible sound within, I could hear her quick breathing, as though the terror of the moment had driven all else from her mind. The wooden latch yielded readily enough to my pressure, and pushing wide open the door, which creaked slightly upon its rusty hinges, I stepped across the puncheon threshold onto the hard earthen floor. There was no window visible, and the slight reflection of moonlight which crept in through the doorway scarcely revealed the nature of that dark interior. I could dimly perceive what I believed to be a table directly in front of me, while coming within the wide black chimney, and cast its red glare all over the little room. The activity died her good, the light flooding the gloomy apartment yielded renewed courage, and there was a cheerier sound in her voice as she came back to me.

"The great ugly brute!" she exclaimed, looking at the form in the center of the floor.

"He was certainly heavy enough to have been a bear," I replied, clenching my teeth in pain, "and sufficiently savage."

I viewed her now for the first time clearly, and the memory will remain with me till I die. How distinctly that entire picture stands forth in my mind's eye! She was a young girl, about twenty! The low-ceiled room, devoid of all furniture save of the rudest and

shoddiest, was lit by a single candle in a brass holder, and the light fell upon her face, revealing a beauty that was almost unearthly. Her eyes were large and dark, and her lips were full and red. She was dressed in a simple, but elegant, dress of dark material, and her hair was styled in a simple, but elegant, fashion.

"Let me go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

shadow that I could distinguish nothing of features.

"What is it? Are you indeed severely hurt?"

"Not seriously, I think, yet I have lost some blood, and am in great pain. There is brandy in the inner pocket of my jacket, but I am unable to move my arm in order to reach it. Would you endeavor to draw the flask out?"

I felt her bend over me, her soft breath coming almost in sobs upon my face, and I saw her fingers as she undid the buttons of my trooper's jacket and extracted the small flask I had been thoughtful enough to store away there.

The fiery liquid seemed to put new blood into my veins, and with it the sobbing was in her voice as she strove to speak.

"Oh, no, I am not; you do not guess how great a coward I am. I scarcely knew what I was doing when I fired. That horrid thing—what was it?"

"A huge mastiff, I imagine; one of the largest of his breed. But whatever it may have been, the beast is dead, and we have nothing more to fear from him."

"Yet I tremble so," she confessed, almost hysterically. "Every shadow frightens me."

I realized that no amount of conversation would quiet her nerves so effectively as some positive action; besides, I felt the hot blood constantly trickling down my arm, and realized that something need to be done at once to staunch its flow, before weakness should render me equally useless.

"Do you think you could build a fire on the hearth yonder?" I asked.

"An afraid I am hardly capable of helping you as yet; but we must have light in this gloomy old hole, and it is bound to cease us both. Take those broken chairs if you find nothing better."

She instantly did as I bade her, moving here and there about the room until she gathered together the materials necessary, but keeping carefully away from where the dead dog lay, until in a brief space of time the welcome flame leaped up in the wide black chimney, and cast its red glare all over the little room. The activity died her good, the light flooding the gloomy apartment yielded renewed courage, and there was a cheerier sound in her voice as she came back to me.

"The great ugly brute!" she exclaimed, looking at the form in the center of the floor.

"He was certainly heavy enough to have been a bear," I replied, clenching my teeth in pain, "and sufficiently savage."

I viewed her now for the first time clearly, and the memory will remain with me till I die. How distinctly that entire picture stands forth in my mind's eye! She was a young girl, about twenty! The low-ceiled room, devoid of all furniture save of the rudest and

shoddiest, was lit by a single candle in a brass holder, and the light fell upon her face, revealing a beauty that was almost unearthly. Her eyes were large and dark, and her lips were full and red. She was dressed in a simple, but elegant, dress of dark material, and her hair was styled in a simple, but elegant, fashion.

"Let me go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," I said, my heart melting at her words. "I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

"I will go with you," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I will follow you to the end of the world, if you will only let me go with you."

TREE NOT DOING ITS DUTY.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Out in East Cleveland, on the other side of Mr. Rockefeller's estate, where there are wheat fields and woodlands and country lanes, there dwells a little boy. That child recently promised a friendly neighbor that he would bring her a bushel of walnuts this fall. He knew where the trees were, and he was sure he could make good.

But on the day he named for delivering the goods he did not arrive. A week passed, and he was still tardy. At the end of 13 days he appeared at his neighbor's back door with about a quart of nuts. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, breathlessly, "but—well, the tree ain't layin, very well this year!"

What It Would Mean.

Lippincott's Magazine.

In a secluded nook they sat, surrounded with palms. He had been buzzing softly for 10 minutes.

"But do you understand what it would mean if I were to give you such a beautiful solitaire ring?" he asked softly.

She thought she did, but she wanted to hear him say the blessed words. "What?" she cooed.

"It would mean that I should have to wear old clothes for a year and live on free lunches."

Then they returned to the reception room.

Determined to Keep Innocent.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"It has been established that you issued checks amounting to \$158,000 to our Lieutenants during the campaign," said a member of the investigating committee. "Haven't you any idea what was done with that money?"

"None whatever," replied the statesman who was being investigated.

"Didn't you require the men who got the money to render an accounting of any kind?"

"No, I was careful to avoid that. I made up my mind at the start that if any bribing or vote-buying was done I would remain perfectly innocent."

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Certain Ingredients That Really Promote Hair Growth When Properly Combined.

Regorin is one of the most effective germ destroyers ever discovered by science, and in connection with Beta Naphthol, which is both germicidal and antiseptic, a combination is formed which destroys the germs which rob the hair of its natural nourishment, and also creates a clean, healthy condition of the scalp, which prevents the development of new germs.

Pilocarpin, although not a colorant in matter or dry, is a well-known ingredient for restoring the hair to its natural color, when the loss of hair has been caused by a disease of the scalp.

These ingredients in proper combination, with alcohol added as a stimulant and for its well-defined nourishing properties, perfect perhaps the most effective remedy that is known for scalp and hair troubles.

We have a remedy which is chiefly composed of these ingredients, in combination with other extremely invaluable medicinal agents. We guarantee it to positively cure dandruff and to grow hair, even though the scalp in spots is bare of hair. If there is any vitality left in the roots, it will positively cure baldness, or we will refund your money. If the scalp has a glazed, shiny appearance, it is an indication that baldness is permanent, but in other instances we believe baldness is curable.

We want every one troubled with scalp disease or loss of hair to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic. If it does not cure dandruff and grow hair to the satisfaction of the user, we will without question or quibble return every cent paid us for it. We print this guarantee on every bottle. It has effected a positive cure in 93 per cent of cases where put to a practical test.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is entirely unlike, and we think, in every particular, better than anything else we know of for the purpose for which it is prescribed. We urge you to try this preparation at our entire risk. Certainly we know of no better guarantee to give you. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in Wadesboro only at our store—The Rexall Store. The Parsons Drug Co.

J. E. Parker, 2021 N. 10 St., Ft. Smith, Ark., says that he had taken many kinds of kidney medicine, but did not get better until he took Foley's Kidney Pills. No matter how long you have had kidney trouble, you will find quick and permanent benefit by the use of Foley's Kidney Pills. Start taking them now. For sale by Parsons Drug Co. and Morven Pharmacy, Morven, N. C.

Harking Back.

There are people who claim that they can remember when women tried to conceal the fact that they used powder on their faces.—Chicago Herald.

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Burdock Blood Bitters is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach, cleanses bowels, improves complexion.

ROYAL BAKING-POWDER

Absolutely Pure
Makes Home Baking Easy

No other aid to the housewife is so great, no other agent so useful and certain in making delicious, wholesome foods

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum No Lime Phosphates

A Railroad Man's Prayer.

Exchange.

An old railroad engineer experienced religion and when asked to lead in prayer, this is the way he worded it:

"O Lord, now that I have flagged Thee lift my feet off the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all of the couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and Heavenly Father keep all switches closed that lead off on sidings, especially those with a blind end."

"O Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping on Lord give us the ten commandments as a schedule time; and when my train shall have pulled into the great dark station of death, may Thou, the superintendent of the universe, look with a smile and say, 'well done thou good and faithful servant, come up and receive the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

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.

Dissolving.

The court had decreed that the trust must dissolve.

"Well, water is the best solvent I know of," remarked the magistrate, proceeding accordingly to add some more.—Los Angeles Tribune.

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

What He Took.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Judge," said the guilty man. "I inherit this felonious habit. I can't resist it. My father was a grafter and my mother a photographer. I can't help taking things."

"Then take seven years at hard labor," said the judge kindly.

A specific for pain—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, strongest, cheapest remedy ever devised. A household remedy in America for 25 years.

Extra Nice Horses

I have just received a car of extra nice, well broken, Western horses. If you are looking for a good horse I think I can suit you, either in a trade or a straight sale.

I also have a number of first class mules that arrived at the same time as the horses.

Both Horses and Mules Guaranteed to Be as Represented

M. W. Bryant.

Let Us Gin Your Cotton

Cotton ginning time has rolled around again and we are ready for it. Both of our ginneries—No. 1, located near the power house, and No. 2, located near the depot—have been thoroughly overhauled and placed in first class condition. Bring us your cotton, and we will do everything in our power to please you.

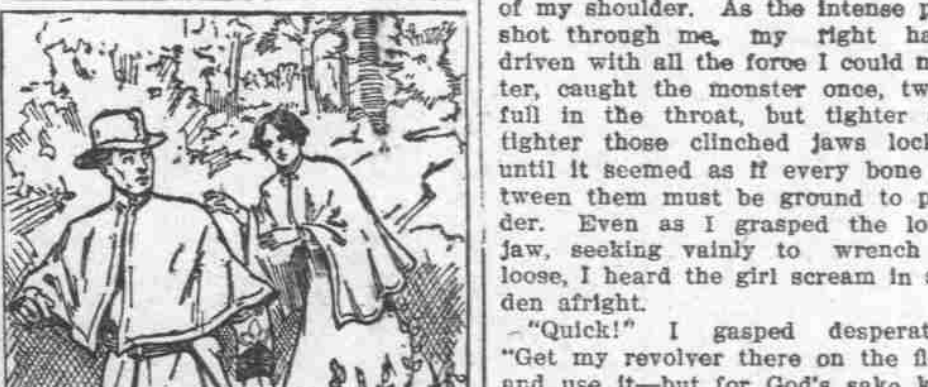
WADESBORO OIL MILL.

WADESBORO OIL MILL.

WADESBORO OIL MILL.

WADESBORO OIL MILL.

WADESBORO OIL MILL.



Let Me Go With You.

ford some degree of shelter. If you will rest here, in the shadow of these trees, I will soon discover whether it has inmates or not.

She followed me in silence across the road to the spot designated, but as I turned to leave her seated upon the grass, and well protected from prying eyes, she hurried quickly after me, and in her agitation so far forgot herself as to touch my sleeve with her hand.

"Oh, please do not leave me here alone! I am not naturally timid, yet everything is so gloomy I cannot stand it. Let me go with you, if you must go!"

"Most assuredly you shall if you desire," I returned heartily.

There appeared before us a dim, little-used path leading in among the trees, and following its erratic curves we were soon before the cabin, which grew even more uninviting as we drew near. As I passed a moment before the closed door, in order that I might listen for any possible sound within, I could hear her quick breathing, as though the terror of the moment had driven all else from her mind. The wooden latch yielded readily enough to my pressure, and pushing wide open the door, which creaked slightly upon its rusty hinges, I stepped across the puncheon threshold onto the hard earthen floor. There was no window visible, and the slight reflection of moonlight which crept in through the doorway scarcely revealed the nature of that dark interior. I could dimly perceive what I believed to be a table directly in front of me, while coming within the wide black chimney, and cast its red glare all over the little room. The activity died her good, the light flooding the gloomy apartment yielded renewed courage, and there was a cheerier sound in her voice as she came back to me.

"The great ugly brute!" she exclaimed,