

# The Messenger and Intelligencer

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## Aids Nature

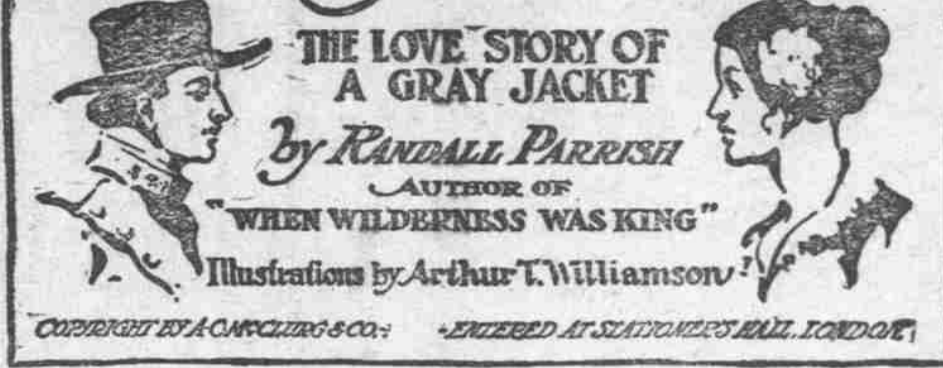
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If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

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## My Lady of the North



THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF  
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"  
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

It took me nearly a quarter of an hour to get myself tolerably clean. I could not have done that had I not used some grease that was upon the stand. At the end, however, I stepped back from the glass confident that with good luck I should run the gantlet safely.

Just as I prepared to step forth a new thought occurred to me—who was I? If questioned, as was highly probable, how could I account for my presence? Who should I pretend to be? I turned over the mass of papers lying before me on the table. They were mostly accounts and detailed orders about which I cared nothing, but finally my search was rewarded by the discovery of a recent army list. I ran my eyes hastily down the artillery assignments—Burry, Spangenberg, Pincus, Sloan, Kelly. Ah, there at last was exactly what I wanted—"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, McRobert's Division, Thomas's Corps, assigned special service, staff Major-General Halleck, Washington, D. C."

"Curran, Sixth Ohio"—good; and the other? I glanced again at the open order. "Culbertson, Fourteenth Pennsylvania." I would remember those names, and with a jaunty confidence in my success, born of thorough preparation, I stepped to the open door and strode forth into the brilliantly lighted hall. Barring the single accident of encountering a possible acquaintance in the throng below, I felt fully capable of deceiving his Satanic Majesty himself.

### CHAPTER XV.

At the Staff Officers' Ball. The young officer glanced up lastly at sound of approaching footsteps, and rose to his feet to permit of my passage. He wore the full dress uniform of an artilleryman, and his evident surprise at my presence made me realize the necessity of addressing him.

"Lieutenant," I asked courteously, resting one hand easily upon the balustrade, "could you inform me if General Sheridan and those members of the staff who accompanied him down the lines this afternoon have yet returned?"

"They have not, sir." "Ah, I was in hopes they might have arrived by this time." I bowed to them both, and passed slowly down the wide stairway, several couples rising as I drew near to permit of my passage. The lower hall was very comfortably filled with figures moving here and there in conversation or occupying seats pressed close against the walls. The greater portion were attired in uniforms of the various branches of service, yet I observed not a few civilian suits, and a considerable number of women, some wearing the neat dress of the army nurse, others much more elaborately attired—daughters of the neighborhood, probably, with a sprinkling of wives and sisters of the soldiers. Guards, leaning upon their muskets, stood in stately poses on either side of the main entrance, while the wide archway, draped with flags, opening into the ballroom, revealed an inspiring glimpse of swiftly revolving figures in gay uniforms and flashing skirts. Over all floated the low, swinging music of the band.

A fat, good-natured-looking man of forty, an infantry major, but wearing staff decorations, and evidently officiating in the capacity of floor-manager, after whispering a word in the ear of another of the same kind beside the ballroom door, hastily pushed his way through the laughing throng directly toward me.

"Good-evening, Colonel," he said, bowing deeply. "Your face is not familiar to me, but you will permit me to introduce myself—Major Monsoom, of General Sheridan's staff."

I accepted the fat, shapeless hand he extended, and pressed it warmly. "It was just meditating a retreat, Major, when you appeared," I replied frankly. "For I fear my face is equally unknown to all others present. Indeed, I feel like a cat in a strange garret, and hesitate to appear at all. My only excuse for doing so was a promise made Colonel Culbertson previous to his being ordered out on duty. I am Colonel Curran, of the Sixth Ohio, but at present serving on the staff of General Halleck at Washington."

The Major's round, red face glowed with welcome. "Extremely pleased to meet you, indeed," he exclaimed eagerly, "and you may be sure of a cordial greeting. Will you kindly step this way?"

As we slowly elbowed our way forward, all desiring to escape from the ordeal fled, and I assumed the risks of the masquerade with the reckless audacity of my years. Before we reached the ballroom my conductor, his fat countenance fairly beaming with cordiality, had stopped at least twenty times to present me to various military titles, and I had accepted innumerable invitations without in the least knowing who gave them, or where they were to be fulfilled. Finally, however, we broke through the massed ring, and succeeded in reaching the tall individual in spectacles to whom the Major had spoken previous to seeking me, and I learned through the introduction which followed that I was in the presence of

Miss Minor, Colonel, is a native Virginian, who is present under protest, hoping doubtless to capture some young officer, and thus weaken the enemy."

I bowed pleasantly to the bright-eyed young woman facing me, and not sorry to escape the Major's inquisitiveness, at once begged for the remainder of the waltz. The request was laughingly granted, and in another moment we were threading our way amid the numerous couples upon the floor. She proved so delightful a dancer that I simply yielded myself up to full enjoyment of the measure, and conversation lapsed, until a sudden cessation of the music left us stranded so close to the fireplace that the very slight of it brought vivid realization of my perilous position. If it had not, my companion's chance remark most assuredly would.

"How easily you waltz!" she said enthusiastically, her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks testifying to her keen enjoyment. "So many find me difficult to keep step with that I have become fearful of venturing upon the floor with a stranger. However, I shall always be glad to give you a character to any of my friends."

"I sincerely thank you," I returned in the same spirit, "and I can certainly return the compliment most heartily. It is so long since I was privileged to dance with a lady that I confess to having felt decidedly awkward at the start, but your step proved so accommodating that I became at once at home, and enjoyed the waltz immensely. I fall to discover any seats in the room, or I should endeavor to find one vacant for you."

"Oh, I am not in the least tired." She was looking at me with so deep an expression of interest in her eyes that I dimly wondered at it. "Did I understand rightly?" she asked, playing idly with her fan. "That Major Monsoom introduced you to me as Colonel Curran of General Halleck's staff?"

"What the deuce am I up against now? I thought, and my heart beat quickly. Yet retreat was impossible, and I answered with assumed carelessness:

"I am, most assuredly, Colonel Curran, from Ohio?"

This was certainly coming after me with a vengeance, and I stole one quick glance at the girl's face. It was devoid of suspicion, merely evincing a polite interest.

"I have the honor of commanding the Sixth Artillery Regiment from that State?"

"You must pardon me, Colonel, for my seeming inquisitiveness," and her eyes sparkled with demure mischief. "Yet I cannot quite understand. I was at school in Connecticut with a Miss Curran whose father was an officer of artillery from Ohio, and, naturally, I once thought of her when the Major pronounced your name; yet it certainly cannot be you—you are altogether too young, for Myrtle must be eighteen."

I laughed, decidedly relieved from what I feared might prove a most awkward situation.

"Well, yes, Miss Minor, I am indeed somewhat youthful to be Myrtle's father," I said with a venture. "But I might serve as her brother, you know, and not stretch the point of age over-much."

She clasped her hands on my arm with a gesture of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad; I knew Myrtle had a brother, but never heard he also was in the army. Did you know, Colonel, she was intending to come down here with me when I returned South at the close of our school year, but from some cause was disappointed. How delighted she would have been to meet you! I shall certainly write and tell her what a splendidly romantic time we had together. You look so much like Myrtle I wonder I failed to recognize you at once."

She was rattling on without affording me the slightest opportunity to slip in a word explanatory, when her glance chanced to fall upon some one who was approaching us through the throng.

"Oh, by the way, Colonel, there is another of Myrtle's old schoolmates present to-night—a most intimate friend, indeed, who would never forgive me if I permitted you to go without meeting her."

She drew me back hastily. "Edith," she said, touching the sleeve of a young woman who was slowly passing. "Edith, wait just a moment, dear; this is Colonel Curran—Myrtle Curran's brother, you know, Colonel Curran, Mrs. Brennan."

(To Be Continued.)

COLDS VANISH. Quick Sensible Method That Doesn't Upset the Stomach. Have you heard of the overnight cold cure that is putting colds in the head and chest out of business between sunset and daybreak?

Here it is. Cut it out and save it if you don't need it now. If you have a cold, cough, throat soreness or acute catarrh, be sure and try it tonight just before going to bed. Pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-me) into a bowl of boiling water, cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for several minutes the vapor that arises, then go to sleep and awake with a clear head free from mucus.

HYOMEI is guaranteed for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, asthma, sore throat and bronchitis, or money back. Bottle of Hyomei 50 cents at Parsons Drug Co. and druggists everywhere.

A Terrible Blunder. To neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent another attack.

## JURY HOLDS THREE.

Negroes Guilty of Murdering Cleveland Farmer and His Wife.

Charlotte, Dec. 15.—Charged with the murder of Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon, a prominent and wealthy young couple of Cleveland county, Wednesday morning, John and Hack Ross, brothers, and Will Ross, their cousin, negroes, were formally committed by the coroner's jury today, and tonight were hurried to jail here to prevent lynching, which has been imminent all day. Hundreds of quiet but determined farmers flocked to Shelby, the county seat, this morning to attend the inquest.

After some delay it became whispered around that the hearing had been postponed and the impatient citizens began to wend their way toward the jail. Realizing the gravity of the situation, the sheriff rang the courthouse bell and the crowd retraced its steps. There Judge Webb, the solicitor of the district and others harangued them, pleading for law and order. The coroner, who had been conducting the star chamber inquest, then appeared and read the report of his jury, assuring the spectators that the right men were in custody and would have speedy trials. Governor Kitchen had been apprised of the seriousness of the situation and he wired the county authorities to remove the prisoners to Charlotte, stating also that he would call a special term of Cleveland court to try them. The negroes were spirited away under cover of dusk and landed in jail here tonight.

The murder of the Dixons was one of the most atrocious in the State's annals. Mr. Dixon was called from his bed Wednesday night and knocked in the head with an axe and with the same weapon the murderers slew his wife who lay asleep by the side of her tiny infant.

One of the negroes has made confession to the sheriff, giving as the motive for the double crime the fact that Dixon held a mortgage on his mule. Mr. Dixon was thirty and his wife twenty-three years of age.

## His First Live One.

"During one of my trips through Europe," says Charles Hawtree, "I found myself in a small village with no razors. They had been packed in my handbag, which I left at the hotel where I had stayed the day before. There was no barbershop in the place, and I was in a quandary as to how I might get shaved. The inn-keeper told me that there was a man in the village who occasionally shaved people, and I determined to risk a cut or two and sent for him. The amateur barber arrived and after a little hesitation he said to me:

"Will you please, sir, lie down flat on your back while I shave you, sir?"

"Thinking that it was probably the custom of the country, I stretched out comfortably on my back and nearly went to sleep while the fellow shaved me, so light was his touch. When he had finished I said:

"I am curious to know why you asked me to lie down to be shaved?"

"Because, sir," was his ingenuous reply, "I never before shaved a live man."

"I may add that I sent for no more amateur barbers to shave me during my trip."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## LAND POSTED.

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt, with or without gun, or trespass in any way on the lands, in Gulleuge township, of the undersigned. The law will be strictly enforced against any one violating this notice. This December 15th 1911.

T. L. ROBINSON.

## Seaboard Air Line

Schedule Effective Nov. 20th 1911.

NORTHBOUND.  
40—Charlotte to Wilmington (local) 6.43 a. m.  
38—Birmingham to Northern and Eastern points (through) 7.06 a. m.  
44—Charlotte to Wilmington (local) 6.55 p. m.  
32—Birmingham to Northern and Eastern points (through) 10.28 p. m.

SOUTHBOUND.  
33—New York to Birmingham (through) 8.18 a. m.  
45—Wilmington to Charlotte (local) 10.15 a. m.  
39—Wilmington to Charlotte (local) 9.04 p. m.  
41—New York to Memphis (through) 9.58 p. m.

Best service, quickest schedules and most direct connections to all points.

Call on us when information is wanted and, when practicable, notify us in advance of tickets wanted to unusual destinations. No trouble to answer questions, that's what we are here for.

G. T. SLATTERY, Agent.

## LAND FOR SALE.

I offer for sale 100 acres of land in Gulleuge township, near the Casson Old Field, about 60 acres in cultivation, 25 acres in woods and the balance in pasture. One 5-acre tract is also available.

## ATLANTIC COAST LINE GOOD ROADS TRAIN TO BE HERE.

The Atlantic Coast Line railroad is operating a special good roads train in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. This train has already visited a number of points in this State and everywhere has been enthusiastically received.

The train is scheduled to reach Wadesboro Wednesday, December 27th at 3:57 p. m., and will remain here until Thursday, December 28th, at noon. The lecturers' demonstrations will begin at 9:30 a. m., Thursday morning.

The train will be equipped with (1) a private car to accommodate the Government experts and representatives of the Highway Association and the Atlantic Coast Line. (2) An exhibition car, sixty feet long, with railings and counters and equipped with an engine for generating electric power for operating the models in the exhibition car and light for operating the lantern in the lecture car. (3) A sixty foot lecture car, equipped with platform for lectures and seats for the audience.

Models of all types of modern highway construction, and working models of road machinery will be exhibited and operated by electricity and their practical working will be clearly demonstrated. In the lecture car there will be given free illustrated lectures on road building. Exhibits and views of fine highways will be arranged in one of the cars.

With this train will be experts on road building from the United States Office of Public Roads, The American Association for Highway Improvement and a representative of the Atlantic Coast Line.

## Maine Was Blown up by Spaniards.

Washington, Dec. 8.—The battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor by an explosion from the outside. This is the gist of a short statement issued by the Navy Department today, based on findings made by the joint army and navy board, which spent several months in Havana harbor investigating the wreck.

The statement was as follows: "The board finds that the injuries to the bottom of the Maine were caused by the explosion of a charge of low form of explosives exterior to the ship between frames 28 and 31, strike B, port side. This resulted in igniting and exploding the contents of the six inch reserve magazine, A 11-B, said contents including a large quantity of black powder. The more or less complete explosion of the contents of the remaining forward magazine followed. The magazine explosion resulted in the destruction of the vessel."

## STOPS ITCHING SCALP OVER-NIGHT.

Guaranteed by Parsons Drug Co. to Stop Falling Hair and Banish Dandruff.

Itching Scalp keeps you scratching and feeling miserable all the time. Wash your hair tonight with pure soap and water, rub on a goodly quantity of PARISIAN SAGE and the distressing itching will be gone in the morning.

PARISIAN SAGE is a pure, refreshing and invigorating hair dressing. Besides putting an end to scalp itch dandruff and falling hair it nourishes the hair roots and puts a splendid radiance into faded and unattractive hair.

It should be used by every member of the family to keep the scalp free from dandruff germs and prevent baldness. Large bottle 50 cents at Parsons Drug Co. and druggists everywhere.

## WANTED—Second hand bags and burlap.

Write for prices.—Richmond Bag Company, Richmond, Va.

## THE MAN AGAINST THE BEAST.

The Endless War That Goes on in India.

The conflict between man and wild beast in India continues to be waged on an increasingly tremendous scale. Year by year the number of savage or noxious animals slaughtered by men increases, and year by year the number of human beings who fall prey to such creatures also increases. By far the largest items in both accounts pertain, of course, to snakes, but the doings of many other creatures also figure largely. The grand total of all in 1908 was 21,904 persons killed by beasts and 88,662 beasts killed by men. In 1900 the deaths were 23,860 human beings and 105,859 animals, and in 1910 they were respectively, 24,873 and 110,386.

It is of interest to note that last year only twenty-three wild elephants were killed, while fifty-five persons were killed by them, the figures in both cases being about the average for some years past. Hyenas killed twenty-five persons, presumably chiefly children, while 414 of the beasts were slain. The "gray brothers" of Mowgli are still numerous and destructive, for 319 persons were killed by them, while 3,114 wolves were killed. Bears killed 103, and themselves were killed to the number of 2,292. Leopards were charged with the deaths of 351 persons, and 5,029 of them were slain. The balance between the number of human and animal victims was closest in the case of tigers, for while only 1,421 of these dreaded marauders were killed, they killed no fewer than 853 human beings. As for snakes, 119,386 of them were killed, and the appalling number of 22,478 persons fell victims to their venom.

These are the statistics of a country which is still only partly civilized, and of which a large proportion is still overgrown with savage jungle and forest. It would be instructive to compare them with the statistics of disease and death in this country which are due to wild creatures of very different kinds, the flies and mosquitoes, which are purveyors of agues, fevers, typhoid, cholera and other of our deadliest plagues, and which continue to exist and ply their destructive trades largely through the carelessness, the slovenliness and the wilful ignorance of those who tolerate them.

## Fairly Numerous.

Cosmopolitan. Curtis Guild, former Governor of Massachusetts, was once asked for the funniest story he ever heard. This is the story he told:

"An Irishman and a Jew were discussing the great men who had belonged to each race and, as may be expected, got into a heated argument. Finally the Irishman said: 'Ikey, listen. For every great Jew you can name ye may pull out one of me whiskers, an' for every great Irishman I name I'll pull one of yours. Is it a go?'

"They consented and Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker, said, 'Robert Emmet,' and pulled.

"'Moses!' said the Jew, and pulled one of Pat's tenderest.

"'Dan O'Connell,' said Pat and took another.

"'Abraham,' said Ikey, helping himself again.

"'Patrick Henry,' returned Pat with a vicious yank.

"'The Twelve Apostles,' said the Jew, taking a handful of whiskers.

"'Pat emitted a roar of pain, gasped the Jew's beard with both hands, and yelled, 'The Ancient Order of Hibernians!'

## FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale one-fourth interest in the lands of the late W. D. Webb. The land lies in Gulleuge township and is in a high state of cultivation. Apply to, MRS. D. D. COWARD, Wadesboro, N. C.

### COMMUNITY SILVER.

helps to decide Holiday purchases. No hand-somer, more serviceable, or more appreciated gift could be made. Beautiful as long as it lasts—and it lasts a lifetime. See it and decide for yourself.

In addition to full line of Community Silverware, Rogers and Keen Kutter Silverware, we are carrying a fine assortment of very rich patterns of cut glass, and it will pay you well to look at our line before making your Christmas purchases.

We also ask you to look at our line of Coffee Percolators, Chafing dishes, Serving dishes and full line of Aluminum ware.

### BLALOCK HDW. COM'NY

## 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 Loan AND Insurance Com'y

WADESBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

R. T. BENNETT, JR., Pres.  
H. W. LITTLE, Treasurer

J. H. K. BURGWIN, V. Pres.  
WALTER E. BLOCK, Sec'y

### We Write All Kinds of Insurance

Ordinary Life Accident  
10, 15 & 20 Payment Life Health  
Endowment policies Plate Glass  
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