

Faith Healer Keeps Pistol by His Side

Correspondent Sends Out Interesting Story from Monroe About This Odd Character

The alleged Bethune, S. C. "faith doctor," said to be a fake by many, and to possess wonderful curative powers by others, who has been visited by scores of Union county people in an effort to receive a cure for afflictions, keeps a pistol by his side, according to a correspondent, who writes from Monroe, as follows, in the Winston-Salem Union Republican:

"The blind receive their sight, rheumatism goes as a bad cold, old men who have been stiff and almost bedridden for years are made fleet as deer, tuberculosis leaves its victims in despair—this, in brief, is the story of the miracle-working 'Faith Doctor' Shehorn, who has sprung into fame across the state line in South Carolina near Bethune, S. C., some 50 miles from Monroe, as told to the correspondent by people who have gone to him seeking health and claim to have been benefited.

They have even quit talking politics down here. The antics of John Parker, Cam Morrison, Governor Cox, and Senator Harding no longer seem interesting. Instead they talk about the wonderful working 'Faith Doctor.' His fame has spread throughout the territory covered by the Seaboard Air Line railway. From Forest City, Henderson, Charlotte, Mineral Spring, Moores, Wingate, Marshville, Wadesboro and other towns, victims of this affliction have traveled to visit the doctor. The majority return with their praises and declaring that there is 'something to it,' while only a few declare that the old man and his work is only a fake. Already, it is said, the fame of the 'miracle man' has spread throughout South Carolina and threatens to rival that of the New Orleans 'hermit,' whose story was carried by the Associated Press last spring.

"Witnesses verified in my files about 20 years ago and I've been in a bad fix ever since. Three weeks in a hospital and I couldn't do anything, so I went down there to see him. I never asked any questions, but took

practically the same stories were told, and by people who have themselves been to visit the man.

At Marshville, the correspondent met M. L. Walters, whose farm the reputed miracle worker lives on, and from information secured from him and other who have visited the scene the following description is given:

Fifteen miles from Kershaw, South Carolina, three miles from a public road, the wizard carries on his work in the barren sand hills. From the main highway to the home of the man the little side road is a lonely trip. The blackjacks line the road to its very edge and it takes careful driving to keep the hubs of a car from striking the trees. In all it is rather a dismal drive. A church is passed, with one of the largest cemeteries in the section lying close by. Then the home of the wizard comes into view. It is an old, dilapidated tenant house of the style of years ago. The hall extends entirely through the house and there are no doors to close it.

Keeps Pistol Handy.

In a room to the right of this hall is the sanctum of the 'wonder worker.' Here, with a pistol on the table, he receives those who come for aid one or two at a time, questions them about their trouble and invariably tells them to go rub themselves—always with castor oil.

The pistol, so men who have taken the wonder's treatment say, is kept because threats have been made upon his life. Jealousy on the part of some over his rapid rise to fame is the cause, it is said. Anyway, the old man is not taking any chances.

"How does he look?" the correspondent asked Mr. Walters. "He is just the ordinary farmer of about 65 years of age. Weighs about 150 pounds, is medium built, and doesn't appear or talk at all like a person gifted with wonderful powers. He never had the chance of an education and can hardly more than read or write."

"Where does he say he gets his power or ability to cure?"

"Well I have known him all my life and even as a youngster he used to say he was able to take off warts or to cure old sores. He says that before he sprang into reputation and demand, that the Lord appeared to him in a dream three nights in succession and told him of the power that was his—the power to cure all ills of humanity."

The only diseases which the man does not claim to cure, according to information obtained, are diseases or infirmities which were present at time of birth.

Hundreds of people are said to visit the man in the course of a week, coming from all parts of the south. On one day, it is declared, 200 cures, bringing patients to the man, travel-

led the little, lonely road to his home. He is so busy receiving these seekers after health that often he does not have time to get dinner, people who claim to have been cured by him tell the correspondent.

Refuses Big Gifts.

In no case does the man make any charges. Patients may give him money if they desire, but he makes no charges. Usually they give something. It is estimated that the average amount is \$1, but there are all kinds of stories about large sums being offered to him out of gratitude for help which the patients think they have received. For instance, it is told that a certain patient was so rejoiced at the outcome of his trial of the man's rubbing method that he went to a nearby bank and depos-

ited \$1,000 to his credit. The miracle man however, as it is told drew the money from the bank and returned it to the depositor, retaining only \$10. Another thankful patient, prepared a deed for a large farm to present to his benefactor, but to no avail. He was content to continue in his dilapidated little home on a rented farm. And the crowds grow larger, they say, and his name and fame spreads over a larger territory. Now, the correspondent learns, the number going to the place has become so numerous that parties from Kershaw have gone to the place and started a restaurant to supply the food needs of the patients as they wait their turn for consultation with the "miracle man."—Union Republican.

MONROE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From The Journal of this date 15 years ago.)

Esq. McWhirter was in town Friday, having just returned from Charleston, S. C., whither he had went on an excursion. He says that he found no relief from baseball on the trip, as every street car that he saw had a big card on it with "base ball" in big letters. When the Esq. travels he keeps his eyes open and always sees something to talk about. Two things he noticed on this trip besides the everlasting baseball. One was the size of the corn down that way and the other was the unusually small statue of the free niggers. His father used to own a negro that make three or four of the small guinea ones that he saw in Charleston. As for the corn, Esq. McWhirter says he thinks he saw ten thousand acres not more than "fork high."

Best cotton today, 10-50. Esq. C. N. Simpson says that he is informed that lie soap is a sure cure for catarrhs. The remedy is certainly simple enough.

Mr. J. C. Bates writes a friend that he is spending the summer with his family at Falmouth Heights, Mass. He says that the climate there agrees with him and that he is getting so much better he hopes to be entirely well before long.

Mr. Frank Griffith, brother of Mr. John Griffith, is here visiting. In a letter, Mr. Griffith left this county about twenty years ago when a boy for the west and this is his first trip back. He has done well in that section and is now sheriff of Webster Parish, or county, La.

The county commissioners are in their regularly monthly session. The usual monthly routine of claims and small matters are being handled. Mr. L. N. Presson has been appointed keeper of the medical depository to succeed the late Esq. Kriminger.

Out in the neighborhood of Waxhaw there are four well-known old darkies who are brothers. But as a result of the ways of slavery, you would never suspect from their names that more than two of them are akin, much less brothers. They are Peter Craig, Lun Norwood, Hugh Craig and Calvin Hood. They were the sons of Lun Everette, who died a few years ago at a very advanced age. It is never the policy of the county board of education to appoint two men who are akin on the same board committee, yet for years Lun and Hugh have served in this capacity in their district, and the several boards knew not that in reappointing them they were violating one of their rules. When told of this Hugh chuckled very much but said that he guessed it was all right, though, as he was worn out and Lun had gone blind, no neither one could serve any longer.

We thank Mr. Clyde R. Hoey of Shelby for an invitation to attend the "Home Coming" exercises of the Cleveland county people, which will be held at Shelby August, 16-18. A very interesting program has been arranged and addresses will be delivered by Auditor Dixon, Senator Overman, Mr. John S. Cunningham, Hon. W. C. Heath and Governor R. B. Glenn.—Charity and Children.

That settle Capt. Heath's hash. Henceforth he is an "Honorable." You can't fool around the legislature very much without paying the penalty.

Down below Mr. Roscoe Phifer's house on west Franklin street is a

low place and much overgrown with weeds and briars. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Phifer was sitting on his front porch musing on the vanities of existence, when a stranger came along the sidewalk by the briars. As he got to the top of the hill he yelled like a Comanche and nearly jumped out of his clothes. His next yell was Mr. Phifer to come and help him. The latter struck a pin in his cogitations and ran to the aid of the distressed traveler. He found that a big snake about the size of a broom handle had struck the man's leg, caught his trouser leg, and was swinging on for dear life. Mr. Phifer killed the reptile and helped the stranger quiet his nerves.

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Mrs. E. P. Garland, 504 Alfalfa St. She says: "The first symptom of kidney trouble I noticed was a dull, beating-down pain through my back. It made me feel tired out and run down. When I tried to bend over and straighten, a sharp pain would shoot through my back. I got dizzy and everything would turn black before me. Often I got nervous and had such severe headaches, I could hardly stand them. My ankles swelled, too. Mornings I felt all tired out, sore and lame. My kidneys didn't act properly, either. Doan's Kidney Pills are what cured me of this suffering and I only had to use a few, too. I haven't had to take this remedy since."

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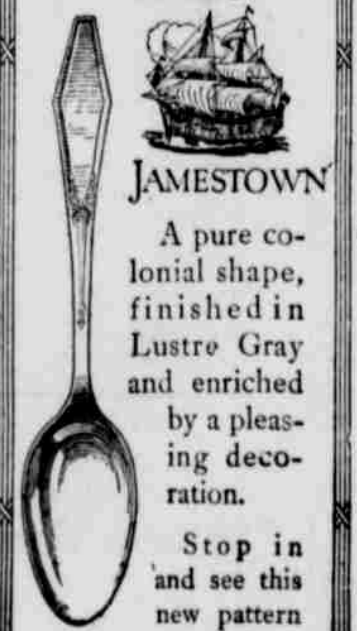
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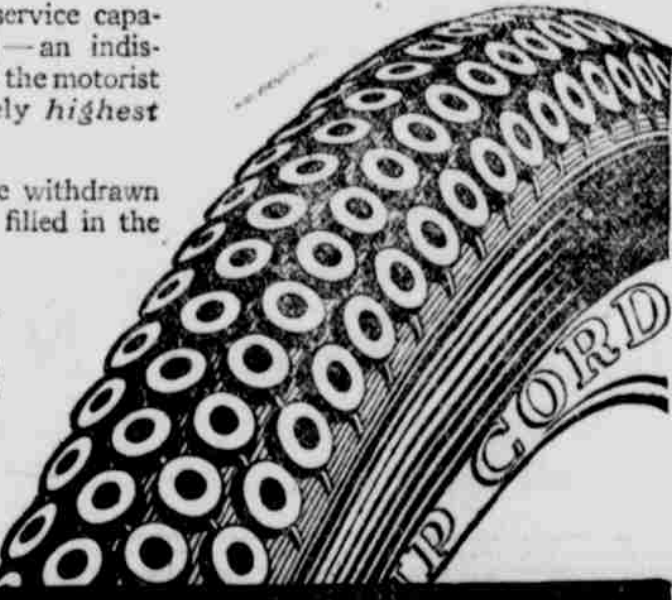
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