

WARREN COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Warren county was formed in 1778 out of old Bute county, which was what is now known as Franklin and Wayne counties and that portion of Vance county cut off from that portion. Its present area is about 500 square miles. Population in 1900, 19,124.
 Chief Products—Tobacco, Cotton, Corn, Wheat, Oats, Grapes, Gold and Granite.
 Surfaces—Hilly and Rolling.
 Soil—Loam and Clay. No waste land, all well watered by streams.

OFFICERS.

Judge of the Superior Court, Second District, Hon. F. D. Winston, Windsor, N. C.
 Solicitor of Courts, Hon. W. E. Daniel, Weidon.
 Congressional Second District, Hon. Claude Kitchin, Scotland Neck.

TIME OF COURTS.

Superior Courts—Second Monday in February, Second Monday in May and Third Monday in September of each year.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

4 Clerk of Court, W. A. White, Warrenton. Sheriff, R. E. Davis, Warrenton. Register of Deeds, J. A. Dornin, Warrenton. Treasurer, J. L. Coleman, Macon. Coroner, S. P. Fleming, Crinkley. Bond Supervisor, Grant Bersley, Macon, N. C. Surveyor, A. F. Brime, Macon, N. C. County Commissioners, H. J. Hawkins, chairman, F. M. Stallings, J. J. Myrick, John Powell and Walter Allen. Board of Education, W. J. White, W. G. Coleman and A. S. Webb, chairman. County Superintendent, J. R. Rodwell. Public Examination days, second Thursday in July and October. Fee on those days, nothing, all other days, \$1.

WARRENTON DIRECTORY.

Situated on high rolling lands, three miles from the great S. A. L. system of roads and connected with the rail railroad by the Warrenton R. R.
 Communications with all the world by the Postal Telegraph and Western Union Telegraph companies, and telephone systems. Good water and a health record second to no other town in America. Population, 1,200.

OFFICERS.
 Mayor, W. A. Burwell. Treasurer, R. J. Jones. Chief of Police, J. W. Allen. Commissioners, J. S. King, H. T. Macon, W. G. Rogers, Dr. C. A. Thomas, H. L. Faulkner, Jr., W. T. Johnson and Tucker Folk.

CHURCHES.
 M. E. Church, Rev. E. H. Davis, Pastor. Services every second and fourth Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m. H. A. Boyd, Supt.
 Baptist, Rev. T. J. Taylor, pastor. Services every first, third and fourth Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m. J. E. Bodwell, Superintendent.
 Presbyterian, Rev. C. N. Wharton, pastor. Services every first and third Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. J. L. Henderson, Supt.
 Episcopal, Rev. J. S. Bronson, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 10 o'clock p. m. W. G. Rogers, Superintendent.

POST OFFICES.
 Warrenton, Macon, Embury, Oakville, Natsush, Elkins, Olive, Greenback, Church Hill, Old Mt. View, Wise, Embro, Arcolia, Warren Plains, Pitts, Merry Mt., Ridgeview, Poplar Mt., Newnan's, Love, Crook, a. m. Duke, Grove Hill, Vaughan, Alton, Brodie, Vicksburg, Astell, Crinkley, Elberon, Shocco, Dewberry and Norlan.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HENRY A. BOYD,
 Attorney at Law
 AND
 Notary Public.
 Warrenton, N. C.

References: Gardner & Jeffers, Bankers, Warrenton, N. C.

B. G. GREEN,
 Attorney-at-Law.
 WARRENTON, N. C.

Practices in all State and Federal Courts.

DR. P. J. MAOON,
 Physician and Surgeon.
 Warrenton, North Carolina.
 Calls promptly attended to. Office opposite court house.

PITTMAN & KERR,
 LAWYERS.
 WARRENTON, N. C.
 Will attend to business.

Dr. Robert S. Booth,
 DENTAL SURGEON.

Having permanently located in Warrenton for the practice of my profession, I offer my services to the people of Warrenton and surrounding country.

Quarantee Satisfaction.
 Office over The Allen & Fleming Co.'s store, opposite bank.
 Phone, Office 69, Res., 56-4.

Dr. H. N. Walters,
 Surgeon : Dentist,
 Warrenton, N. C.

Offices opposite court house in Fleming-Harris Building.
 Best work guaranteed.
 Phone: Office, No. 69; residence, No. 46.

A. S. PENDLETON, E. M. GAYLE,
DRS. PENDLETON & GAYLE,
 Practicing Physicians
 Warrenton Railroad.
 Warrenton, N. C., June 26, 1902.
 MAIL SCHEDULE.

On and after today the Mail Train will leave Warrenton daily except Sunday 12:45 p. m. to meet the south-bound and the north-bound trains.

W. J. White, J. M. Archer, B. P. Terrell,
 Pres. Sec. & Treas. Agent.

DREAMS Don't frighten you. Our "Pill" makes night visions absolutely impossible, or we forfeit \$100. Stop the cause and you stop the effect. Cures the worst cases. \$1.00 by mail. Order to-day. It will be worth thousands to you. Box 578, Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN WINTHROP'S DEFEAT.

A Novel.

JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

(Copyright, ROBERT B. CHAPTER XIX.)

(Continued.)

"Mr. Bensonhurst," she said, sweetly and low, and he began to grow ashamed of his anger. "You will forgive me if you consider me presuming; I mean it most kindly. I consider you my friend—you were my husband's friend. I know why you are angry. No one told me, but I know. Perhaps, too, I know Beatrice better than you do with your great love for her; for I know that you love her. I also know that she loves you. You smile unbelievably. Believe me, wait, and you will learn for yourself. My sister is proud to a degree that few women attain, but she is equally loyal, once giving her love. Winning her, you win her forever and utterly. Is not that worth waiting for?"

Her swift, brilliant smile was upon her face, and his own lips parted in a smiling, looking down upon the soft, light fingers upon his arm.

"I will wait," he said, gently. "You are like a good angel to me in my trouble. Mrs. Graham, I do love Beatrice, and I thought I might win her, until there came a whisper that she was no longer to be won, and that clearing away, her own reply to-day. But now I shall hope and wait, and if time proves that she does not love me—

"You need not fear," said Alecia softly, filling the pause of his voice. Her eyes lifted to his were perfectly steady; and as they passed up the staircase together, parting at her door, a new faith in woman entered the soul of Gregory Bensonhurst and stung his easy-going spirit into a more acute life and ambition.

Mrs. Graham returned to her room, seated herself again at the open window, and looked across the sand-hills to the glittering stretch of water bearing the ships right royally upon their way, and the smile was gone from her face, and only sadness rested there, the grieved look in the violet eyes betraying a troubled heart.

"Chiding my sister for her pride that wounds a true heart, am I free from the same? Was I unwomanly in my harshness to him?"

But going down to dinner, dressed in a slender, clinging gown, with her delicate lace and perfumes, no one would guess of the undercurrent of bitterness or the sadness behind the brave eyes. Her wit and laughter made the dinner one to enjoy and remember: one of the pleasant things of the day.

Her seat at the table was between Mrs. Winthrop and Jessica Gray, and she looked like a rose contrasted with the quiet elder woman, and the languid, pale beauty; and those who knew her during that other summer, whispered of how much more beautiful and charming she had grown during the past three years of sorrow and trial.

Perhaps the knowledge of this was strong upon John Winthrop, facing her at the table. He left the hotel that day on which he had made known to this woman his proud heart, going to the city upon business for Palmer Earle, and it was only this day that he returned, summoned by his mother in her anxiety for his good. Perhaps, too, this subtle change in the proud face of Alecia gave him courage to request her to walk with him upon the sands.

It was a simple request and utterly insignificant, but Jessica Gray, catching the words, moved gracefully and languidly across the room toward them from the window and murmured in her liquid voice—so strangely fascinating—that Mrs. Winthrop was so anxious for Mrs. Graham to go with her to the pavilion for a little while before she should retire to her room, although she, Jessica, had taken it upon herself to request the favor, knowing what friends they were.

So it was that Alecia smiled pleasantly up at John Winthrop, and said she must go to his mother, knowing that he would excuse her upon that plea.

"Mamma Winthrop has gone to her room for a moment," said Jessica, calmly, "but she will return directly. She has such an intense admiration for you, Mrs. Graham, that I often think how really wicked it is for her son to be so hard upon you. But then, Jack is so honorable and strict himself that he could not think lightly of wrong in others, and believing that you swore to a lie when they were trying to prove the extent of your husband's failure, of course he cannot forget it. You see, you came back with plenty of money, and not until after your husband died. But you must not fear, cross with me, dear Mrs. Graham, for I surely could not believe such a thing."

Never in her life had such fire blazed in Alecia Graham's eyes as at that moment, facing Jessica Gray upon the hotel piazza. The sweet violet color deepened to intense purple; her face was touched with the snow of passion; unconsciously the slim hand holding the ivory fan snapped the frail sticks under the grasp of the slender fingers, fighting back the blow to her honor and pride. The music of her voice, too, was frozen with pain, and the passionate heart beat fiercely under the silk and lace of her gown.

"I beg you to thank Mr. Winthrop," she said, haughtily, "for his courteous opinion of me, Miss Gray, and inform him that, perhaps, my husband's honor is more spotted than his own. He could never have insulted a woman! One would scarcely have believed this of your upright guardian."

"Turning away, her face still angry, she encountered Mrs. Winthrop.

"This is troubled, dear," said this gentle woman in her soft, low voice, laying one hand delicately upon Alecia's arm, searching the pallid, scornful face with kindly eyes. "Will they tell you trouble to me that I may help you, if I may? I am old and these young, and sorrow should not come too near to you, my dear!"

Alecia shook her head, an icy smile upon her lips. She must get away to her room and conquer this emotion, lest she betray her heart.

"There is nothing," she said, stead-

some unseen force, he felt more and more convinced that he should have refused to come out while it remained.

Still, he would not alarm any one, and, ready for what might come, he turned his attention to his guests, and at the request of Althea, echoed by the others, he started a song Leland had written to the Banjo, in memory of their many pleasant trips upon it, striking light accompaniment upon the strings of the banjo he had brought.

They were laughing and very merry, criticizing or complimenting Leland upon the song; none of them save Alecia's priestly thinking of harm, when—

"There came a sigh over the water like a monster's breath, a sudden bending and twisting of the trees on the distant shore, a shriek of wind, the rattle of falling sail and swift taut of the rudder turning to meet the squall, and the Banjo lurched and struggled up, and endeavored to beat around to the wind, answering her helm, but was struck down and over, and the waves went over her passengers!

CHAPTER XX.
FROM DEATH'S PRESENCE.

The squall passed nearly as quickly as it came.

The Banjo lighted herself as soon as she was lightened; her ropes were trailing in the water and the rudder swinging to and fro under the force of the shock and her swinging boom. George Priestly, on the lookout for some such thing as this, had kept firm hold of one of the ropes, and had shouted to the others to do the same, but only he had presence of mind enough to obey.

Althea was clinging to him, frantic with terror, and he was soon back in the boat with her drawn up beside him, and then with deft movements he had the sail hauled up to the rising breeze and was guiding the boat to where the others were struggling in the water.

He was not at all fearful of the consequences of the accident, for with ordinary level-headedness and prompt action they could be returned to the East none the worse for the wetting. And, in truth, it was scarcely three minutes later that all were safely back in the Banjo—all save Alecia Graham and John Winthrop.

Alecia, in falling, was struck senseless by the sudden swerve of the boom, and had sunk instantly, coming to the surface some few feet away. Her beautiful sunny hair was unfastened from its pins and drifted like ropes of gold about her death-like face. She was still unconscious and drifting farther away from the boat and her friends.

John Winthrop, sitting beside her when the accident occurred, was also struck by the jolting boom, but in such a manner as to receive a deep cut in his head just at the edge of his hair, but the dash into the water revived his instant giddiness and with the instinct of love—more powerful than hate at such a moment—he looked about him for Alecia.

But the wound upon his head was severe, unconscious though he was of the fact, and at first his sight was blurred and he saw only the dark outline of the Banjo. Then this pallid face with the drift of gold hair about it touched the surface of the throbbing water, and utterly forgetting himself in his thought of her he struck out to her rescue.

For the second time she sank and rose and he reached her, swimming as he was powerfully, and as he caught her to him, keeping himself afloat now with one arm, his eyes burned down upon her as though they held the night to restore life should life have gone.

And then they were lifted into the boat, and all things went out of John Winthrop's mind for many days—even the consciousness of this one woman.

"By George!" said Lane Leland, in a low tone, as they used every effort to restore these two to consciousness. "But there are the strangest jumbles about this life! These two sworn enemies seem fonder to be thrown across each other's lives, and always in some such dramatic manner. What will it end in, I wonder?"

"Oh, don't!" moaned Miss Caterwood, piteously, doing her best to obey instructions for restoring consciousness to the beautiful face of Alecia upon Beatrice's shoulder. "It is so dreadful, dreadful to have her look like this, Lane! What can we do and why did we ever come?"

(To be continued.)

Friend—"Your two sopranos appear to be very good friends." Manager—"Yes; each thinks the other can't sing."—Trib-Bits.

HAVE FOUND A SMUGGLER'S HOARD.
 Illinois Men Unearth \$7,000,000 on an Island Near Porto Rico.

A smuggler's treasure of \$7,000,000 hidden on a small island a couple of hundred miles from Porto Rico has been found by Philo Reude and Abe Fogel of Herrick, a little city in the southern part of Illinois. During the civil war a party of half a dozen smugglers were engaged in the slave trade between Porto Rico and the United States. As there was constant danger of capture they merged their wealth, amounting in all to about \$7,000,000, and concealed it in a stone embankment on a small island 200 miles south of Porto Rico. At the close of the war they started for the island to recover their hidden treasure, but the elements interred and they were wrecked. There were but two survivors and they returned to this country. While at New Orleans one of these died, and the other, being financially unable to recover the money, kept his secret until just before his death, when he revealed it to his kinsman, Reude.

Just recently the latter confided in his friend Fogel, and together they organized the Porto Rico Prospecting company. Several prominent citizens of Shelbyville, Ill., took stock in the company and were greatly rejoiced to get this message dated at Porto Rico: "Amount all O. K.—Reude."

This message is taken to indicate that they had found the treasure and were in possession of it.

It is expected that the largest and most complete exhibit of motor vehicles ever installed at any exposition will be made at the St. Louis Fair in 1904.

ADDRESS OF J. R. RODWELL,

Supt. of Public Schools for Warren County, N. C., Delivered Before a Joint Meeting of the County Board of Education and School Committee-men, July 14th, 1902, and Published by Order of County Board of Education.

Gentlemen:
 You are called here in joint meeting with the Board of Education by their request, because the Board wishes to talk with you on the matter of progress in the public school system in our own county. I know I speak the heartfelt wishes of the gentlemen of the Board when I say they desire that whatever can be done to make our public schools more proficient, more beneficial to the children of Warren county, better patronized by the people of the county, they stand ready to do with all their power. Our grand old State is walking up to this subject—one of the most important works of this generation—universal education—the giving of every child in our borders a good chance to equip himself in the fundamental branches of education for life's work. The State is particularly exercised on this matter now, as never before, because of the magnificent educational campaign inaugurated and headed by our most excellent Gov. Charles B. Aycock, who has consecrated his administration to the most worthy and highly-to-be-commended task of wiping illiteracy from our beloved State. No people can attain to that height of citizenship and industrial prosperity that they should have universal education—the education of all the people.

North Carolina is beginning to awake to this immortal truth, and he is said to our credit, that an educational wave is sweeping over our beloved State—and is bound to sweep every dark spot before it, and will eventually practically sweep illiteracy from the borders of our State. God grant that this glorious day may be hastened. Now, my friends, if we, as a county, do not move along with the best of the world, we will be left, engulfed in despair, and be at a disadvantage as compared with our sister counties of the State. Let Warren county arouse herself, shake off her lethargy and put forth her very best efforts along the line of education. Warren county people are among the very best in the world. We are blessed with a good country, salubrious climate, excellent water, and a people that are kind, generous, peaceful and hospitable as any on the globe. We are also blessed with a people who are generally speaking, is commendable. We are not led away by every wind into imprudent enthusiasm, but our past history teaches us that without sound of trumpets or great bluster when Warren county people see the county we find dotted in mind to do it, nothing daunts them, nothing deters them, but like the powerful ship upon the mighty ocean they roll on and on to the desired harbor they set sail for. My friends, we have launched upon this warfare against ignorance, and let me congratulate you upon the attainments we have already made. Our school term averaged over four months in every school district in Warren county this past scholastic year, several having five months and more, and here the county we find dotted with schools, neatly painted and good seats and desks in the school room, with real live teachers in charge but there are only a few of these kinds. The great majority of our school houses are unsightly, with miserable seats and some even with no facilities of any kind for teaching writing. These things ought not to be—these things must not be allowed to so remain.

School Committees of Warren county, I desire to say that in these matters we can be taken in these matters without your enthusiastic, hearty cooperation. A County Board of Education and County Superintendent however energetic and enthusiastic they may be, cannot accomplish the desired result without whole-souled co-operation on the part of every school committee, and through them of all our citizens. We want you to help us, advise us, encourage us, hold up our hands in the great work of providing for our children and youth, in our life and condition or position in our beloved county. There are three things that are absolutely necessary to make our schools in Warren county what they ought to be—three things that we must work for and pull together to accomplish. First, we must have public schools of real merit, and worth. Let me give them to you for your serious consideration.

Let better school houses. We must have our school houses neater and more comfortable. I do not mean that we shall have expensive houses, but I do insist that we shall have neat, attractive houses, leasing to the sight and calculated to make teacher, children and patrons feel that the school houses are clean, pleasant and refining. This is an absolute truth, that all arguments in the world cannot controvert. A child raised with neat, pleasant, attractive, cleanly surroundings will 90 times out of 100 be a neat, clean, pleasant, attractive man or woman in life's mark your. I do not say raised in elegance, idleness and luxury. These latter surroundings generally damn the child that is surrounded by them. On the other hand a child raised in surroundings that are unsightly, unclean, unattractive, uninviting will 90 times out of 100 grow up to be a man or woman of uncleanly habits, negligent, sluggish in mind and body and will amount to nothing in life. Friends, we are dealing with the men and women of our country, when we are dealing with the reality of the money as they boys and girls of our day; and their responsibility is ours whether or not they shall be abreast of the times or lagards in life's race. Let us see to it that they have the very best we can give them. Some will say that each family should provide for its own children. Granted, but do they do it? Have they ever done it? No, nor will they ever do it. The greatest work of man is the uplifting and elevating and saving of his fellowman. The great teacher said when with you, "and we have always with you." And we do not do them good if we will. This does not refer exclusively to the poor in worldly goods, but the poor in spirit and in intelligence and refinement as well as poor in purse. More often than otherwise it is better charity, to agree a poor man to honest, pleasant, agreeable work than to give him aims in the way of money or things that he does

not obtain by his own labor. This is certainly true as to a real man. There are people around you, gentlemen, who will never rise any higher in life unless you or some one else takes them by the hand and help them up to a higher and better life, and this, in my opinion, just what the great Teacher meant. Help them in every way. Human beings need more help—help in a higher sense than our dumb brutes. Meat and bread are not all that wants and needs. Then I insist that we shall lift ourselves and our neighbors up to a higher plane of life and intelligence and happiness by making our school houses neater and more attractive, and especially more comfortable. It is an abomination to the Lord to have a school house with cracks in the floor and sides that let in great volumes of cold air all the winter, and seats that are miserable, and calculated to give the children that sit on them spinal diseases. No child in the world can do justice to his studies with such surroundings and it is high time that we were getting out of these things. Then, too, no teacher can do the work he or she ought to do, or could do, in a school room equipped with such seats as we usually have, and floors and sides of the houses with great cracks in them, and no blackboard, no nice, clean water bucket, and dippers, no wood with which to make a good substantial fire. In these things we are woefully deficient and must move up from them to make the progress that the times demand that we should in our public schools. Whenever a man or woman respects himself or herself as you possibly can, he or she is so with regard to every thing in life. If we would have people respect our school houses we must make them respectable by having good, neat houses and have them well furnished. I could say much more along this line but I hasten on.

2nd. More attention should be paid to the employment of teachers.

Not every one, by any means, who is educated, can teach. Hearing of lessons, and scolding children and sometimes switching them, is not teaching by any manner of means. A teacher is one who has that happy faculty of imparting to others what he or she knows. A great bear in a school room as a teacher is a monstrosity. You can't scare learning into children. That is an absurdity that has long since been proven to be absurd. It does not seem that in the twentieth century of our Christian age that all our people would learn the great lesson Christ taught in his life, and in the setting up of His kingdom. It is not by might or power, but by love that people are ruled and taught. You can lead men by love and gentleness much better than by force driving them—and children after all are little men and women.

The school committees are the people who have more power and control right here in the employment of teachers than all others. The county superintendent will have to give a person, who stands as good examination, a good certificate although that very same person may be no more of a teacher as you possibly can get, but is one that can gently and lovingly lead the children into their studies and uplift them in mind and soul and life. No power on earth can calculate the good a teacher will do in a community, both for children and parents, who to the committee, then, you get the very best school teachers, not school keepers, every time for your schools and great progress can be made. This brings me to consider the third thing absolutely necessary to make our public schools more proficient, more beneficial, and that is the means to secure real teachers.


3rd. More school funds. Ah, some one is ready to say right straight that our people will not take advantage of the times. The schools run now, but the friends who get the best teachers, real teachers, unless you pay them a salary that will command them, I just as confidently believe, as I believe in any thing, that if you will raise the money to have your school houses comfortably fixed, well seated with neat desks, have the buildings painted and yards properly cleaned and ornamental, and then put a good teacher, a real teacher, in such a school house that you will have no lack of pupils at any time of the year. How is this to be done? Will you have the ways to suggest, 1st. If your district is in earnest about this matter, supplement your public school funds with private subscriptions and thereby have enough money to properly fix up your school houses and around and employ the best teachers available or 2nd. consolidate your numerous schools, so closely located, and build up a good school house centrally located and with the two or three districts funds thrown together employ you the very best teacher and run as long as you can.

3rd. vote a special school tax on your self for purpose of supplementing your own school fund, and thus raise all the money you need. And just in this connection comes in the offer made by the Northern Educational Association that so generously help the cause of education our children—for every dollar any school district taxes itself by local taxation these philanthropists of the North agree to give a dollar. In this offer is found one of the best helps to raise needed funds for better school houses, better school teachers and therefore better schools.

These people do not manage the funds, but they give it to any people in the South who will show that they want to help themselves and let the local authorities dispose of the money as they see proper, except that they require that the aid shall be given to all classes of people in the district. And just here is offered a chance for those who have heretofore opposed local taxation for schools on the ground that the whites would pay all the taxes and the colored people would reap as much if not more of the benefits. Under this offer a district can tax itself and get the full dollar from the Northern Educational Association and that will allow the white people to utilize every dollar they raise by taxation on white schools and let the amount given by the good men of the North go to the colored schools, or a part of it at least. The distribution of this fund supplement to local taxes will be entirely in the hands of the local authorities.

It is far easier to keep the ordinary wolf from the door than it is to keep the "gray wolf" out of office.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



HE sorrow of death is not in his going but in our staying.

The world is profited nothing by the pleasure-seeking life.

It is better to miss being rich than to miss others poor.

Some men are born with a reverse gear and nothing else.

The true servant is discovered in his master's absence.

A man's desire for religious truth is not shown by his despising all other truth.

The brotherhood of man is not much helped by the brotherliness of the church.

The arrangement of the Bible is prophetic of our lives, culminating in a revelation.

Even though the face of the hypocrite went to heaven all the rest would go the other way.

Men lose sight of doctrinal lines in the glorious light of divine love.

Not the things we endure but those we miss make life's tragedy.

When laws and legislators are respectable they will be respected.

It is not our fault if temptation call on us; but it is if we entertain them.

No man can both measure his work and do it at the same time.

You cannot serve God with tools invented by the devil.

Victor Hugo's Absent-Mindedness.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in the Place Royale he used to be chased by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know how way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for soles and balls," and M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet, when about to be shaved, was suddenly inspired, and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies, many of whom waited vainly for their coiffeur.

That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.—T. De Witt Talmage.

Seaboard Air Line Ry.

Double Daily Service
 Between New York, Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans and Points South and West.

IN EFFECT MAY 27, 1902.

SOUTHWARD.		Daily	Daily
		No. 32	No. 31
Lv. New York	7:15 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Philadelphia	" 7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Baltimore	" 7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Washington, W. S. D.	7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Richmond, S. A.	10:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Petersburg	" 11:20 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Norfolk	" 1:15 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Henderson	" 1:25 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh	" 1:35 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Southern Pines	" 1:45 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Hamlet	" 2:00 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Columbia	" 2:40 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh, S. A.	10:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Jacksonville	" 7:00 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. St. Augustine	" 10:30 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Tampa	" 6:45 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
		No. 33	No. 34
Lv. New York, N. Y. & N.	7:15 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Philadelphia	" 7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. New York, O. D. S. Co.	7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Baltimore	" 7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Washington, W. S. D.	7:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Richmond, S. A.	10:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Norfolk	" 1:15 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Henderson	" 1:25 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh	" 1:35 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Southern Pines	" 1:45 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Hamlet	" 2:00 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Columbia	" 2:40 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh, S. A.	10:15 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Jacksonville	" 7:00 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. St. Augustine	" 10:30 p. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.
Lv. Tampa	" 6:45 a. m.	12:15 noon	7:15 p. m.

Notes:—Daily, except Sunday.
 Central Time, Eastern Time, etc.
 W. S. TERRELL, Agent.
 Warren Plains, N. C.