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Mails, North and Southbound, 12:20
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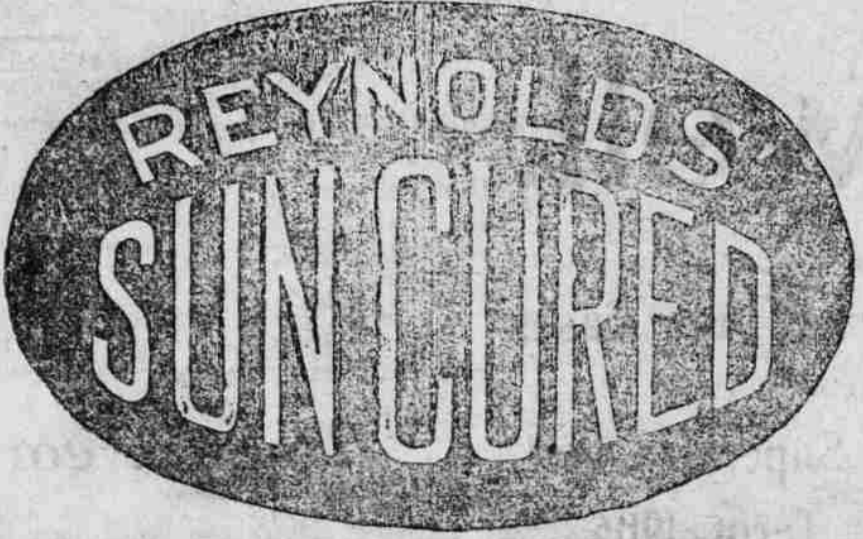
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HIGH-CLASS CHEW THAT YOU FOR-
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I wish to employ a competent
man to weigh cotton and cotton
seed. Address in own hand
writing stating salary expected
for three months.

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Macon, N. C.

Just received another lot of
those light running sorries. The
kind you need. Prices are right.
J. J. TARWATER.

Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as Executors
of D. M. Shenrin, deceased, late of
Warren County, N. C., this is to notify
all persons having claims against the
estate of said deceased to exhibit the
undersigned on or before the 10th
day of August 1907, or this notice will
be plead in bar of their recovery. All
persons indebted to said estate will
please make immediate payment.
This the 6th day of August 1906.
W. J. SHEARIN, L. W. SHEARIN,
Executors.
Louisburg, N. C.

Fishes are always heavier when
weighed in their own scales.

Well Worth Trying.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension
attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt. says:
"Next to a pension, the best thing to
get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He
writes: "They keep my family in
splendid health." Quick cure for
Headache, Constipation and Bilious-
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Given Up to Die.

B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia St.,
Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over
five years I was troubled with kidney
and bladder affections which caused
me much pain and worry. I lost flesh
and was all run down, and a year ago
had to abandon work entirely. I had
three of the best physicians who did
me no good, and I was practically
given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure
was recommended and the first bottle
gave me great relief, and after taking
the second bottle I was entirely cured."
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Serenading Felicia

By **OTHO B. SENGA**

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Run out, children; run out and
play," coaxed Felicia, "shooing" them
along with the skirt of her pretty
gown.

"You come, too, Aunt Fille," begged
Jimmie. "You said you'd play 'tim-
buktin' today."

"I'm going to be very busy this
morning, Jimmie," ended Felicia.
"Going to try on?" cried Gladys
ecstatically. "Oh, do let me stay!"

"I'm not going to 'try on,' Gladys; it
isn't the dressmaker who is coming,"
Felicia smiled happily.

The brown eyes of the adora-
ble opened wider and then narrowed
knowingly. "You goin' to have p'tic'lar
company?" he demanded.

Felicia's joyous laugh rang out
sweetly. "Yes, Bobby, very particu-
lar company."

"I'll bet anything it's Mr. Parker,"
grumbled Jimmie. "I don't want to go
away if it is."

"Oh, let us stay!" cried Gladys, jump-
ing up and down. "Mr. Parker'll want
to see us—he always does. You know,
Aunt Fille," argumentatively, "he
said the other day he was very fond
of children."

"Yes, I know," hurriedly, "he is
fond of children—good children, obedi-
ent children!"

"Then we'll stay," agreed Donald
placidity.

"Of course," assented Gladys and
Jimmie, with one accord, seating them-
selves on the steps with cheerful alac-
rity.

"Come on, Bob," Jimmie added pat-
ronizingly.

But the adorable one stood aloof,
regarding Felicia with gravely re-
proachful eyes. "Has he got somepin'
p'tic'lar to say to you?" feignedly.

Felicia laughed and blushed rosily.
"I think so, Bobby," gently. "Now,
Jimmie," coaxingly, "you are the oldest
—you ought to set the others a good
example. Take them away and have
them play something. I want to talk
with Mr. Parker a little while, and
then perhaps we'll play."

Jimmie rose grandly. "I'm most
sure," importantly, "I'll boss the
others. Come on, kids."

He stopped and turned to his pretty
aunt with masculine superiority. "But
if you're smart you won't keep Mr.
Parker shut up in that dark parlor
very long. I bet he'd rather play 'tim-
buktin' with you. Come on, Bob. What
you standin' there for?"

Felicia paused on the steps and looked
back apprehensively. The adorable one
stood in the path, his feet planted
wide apart, his hands thrust into the
pockets of the recently acquired
trousers and a faraway look upon his
beautiful face that somehow filled
Felicia's heart with foreboding. Had
she known Bobby better she might
have feared less—or more! She ran
down the steps and laid a detaining
hand on Jimmie's arm.

"Jimmie, dear," she whispered im-
pressively, "remember that Bobby is
your guest, and you must do every-
thing you can to make him happy."

"All right," gruffly, still with a sense
of being defrauded. "Come, Bobby."

"Go with the others, Bobby," coaxed
Felicia adoringly; "they will show you
their pets."

He brought his heaven turned eyes
down to her face.

"Some day," he breathed sweetly, "I
shall give you a Sarah Nade."

"So you shall, Bobby," gratefully,
"whenever you wish."

Bobby skipped away, and Felicia ran
singing up the steps.

"Isn't it sweet of him?" she thought.
"I never heard him sing except that
once at All Saints. I don't wonder they
call him the adorable one! Such a
lively thought, to give me a serenade!"

"This is my dora," introduced Jim-
mie proudly. "His name is Bunch o'
Brightness, but we call him Bunch for
every day. Get your cat, Gad. Gad's
cat is a blue ribboner!"

The big, duffy Perslan was brought
out for the admiration of the guest,
who regarded it with coldly critical
eyes.

"Where's Don's pet?"

"It's a parrot," explained Gladys.
"It's in the house—in a cage. When
we got Fluff we had to shut the parrot
up, 'cause he wanted to pick Fluff's
eyes out."

"You ever hear the parrot talk?"
cried Jimmie. "His can say 'Now's the
time,' 'Go it, old boy,' and 'I'll bet on
you,' plain as I can."

"Let's bring him out," tempted the
adorable one, "and look at all three
together and see which is the nice-
est."

"Oh, we can't!" cried Gladys hastily.
"If they should fight, Aunt Fille would
be most scared to death."

The back of the adorable one is
rained squarely upon the timorous
Gladys. "Girls," witheringly, "are al-
ways scared!"

"I guess we'd better, Glad," said Jim-
mie slowly. "She said do everything
we could to make Bobby happy."

"We'll make everybody happy," an-
swered Bobby serenely. "We'll give
her a Sarah Nade!"

"Now!" in concert from the three
masculines.

"Oh, I mean play dress up," pleaded
Gladys. "I'll put on one of mamma's
dress skirts, and Jimmie can put on
papa's coat."

"Has it got tails?" The possibilities
of the proposal appeal to the adorable
one.

"I can find one with tails," eagerly—
"two tails."

"All right. Can't you put a skirt on,
Don? Then there'll be two ladies and
two gentlemen in the Sarah Nade."

Don objected, but his minority vote
was not recorded, and twenty minutes
later the procession stole noiselessly
up the steps and opened the door into
the cool, dark hall.

Don, hearing the bellows parrot,
staggered patiently up the front of his
mother's new tailored skirt; Gladys,
with Fluff's claws digging wildly into
her bare arms, switched the train of a
pale blue foulard; Jimmie held his
hand over the quivering jaws of the
anxious Bunch and divided his atten-
tion between the trailing silk draper-
ies in front of him and the two tails
that dragged the ground at his rear.

The adorable one, walking somewhat
remotely, bore no indication of any
participation in the proceedings.

Don pushed aside the portiere at the
parlor door.

"In a Sarah Nade," the manager had
explained before starting, "every one
sings the things he likes best. Just as
quick as we reach the curtains all be-
gin!"

Don was like the heroes at Balakava
—not his to question why. He poked
himself into the dim, sweet smelling
room and opened his mouth in a dole-
ful howl. Gladys pushed in close be-
hind him, shrilly yelling; Jimmie plant-
ed both feet firmly on the blue foulard
and gruffly vociferated in an imitation
bass.

Their entrance was evidently not
happily timed. An athletic young man
sprang to his feet with a smothered
exclamation, and Felicia was silent
from sheer consternation.

"Don't meet stop, gasping "Where the
love in your eyes I could see," was
intended to renewals of any sort. Be-
ing born under Cancer, his movements
were usually sidewise and crablike,
and the clinging broadcloth skirt added
to his uncertainty of balance. He
fell heavily, and his chubby foot and
legs upon the shrieking Gladys and
bowed the valiant rag and bone
viewer on top of his suffering sister.

Gladys in falling grasped despairingly
at the legs of the astounded Parker
and brought him to his knees on the
howling heap.

Poll escaped from Don's clutches
and instituted a severe investigation
of every leg, arm or body within reach
of her vicious head, clamoring inces-
santly. "Go it, old boy! Now's the
time! I'll bet on you!" Bunch o'
Brightness showed his fighting blood
in violent attacks on Poll and the
yowling Perslan.

The man disentangled himself an-
grily and turned to the now hysterical
girl. "I suppose you call this funny,
Miss Austin, but I must confess my
idea of a joke falls to coincide with
yours."

He stepped grimly over the strug-
gling mass, kicked Bunch—not gently
—and with apparent relish cuffed the
sneaking parrot.

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,"
sang a scowling voice as Parker strode
into the hall. The adorable one was
standing in his most admired Sunday
pose, his hands loosely clasped before
him and his beautiful face turned up-
ward. He smiled beneficently into Par-
ker's face and completed his carol.

"Did she like it?" with sweet solici-
tude. "Did she like the Sarah Nade?"

"Bobby," sternly, "who put up this
job and what is it for?"

"Me," proudly. "We wanted to Sar-
ah Nade her."

From the parlor came a pitiful sob
and then a shrill, insistent, childish
voice. "Did he say, Aunt Fille—did he
say that p'tic'lar thing he came to
say?"

Parker went back.

"I didn't, Gladys, but I'm going to
now. I won't be driven off so easily."

And, to the astonishment of the serena-
ders, he took Aunt Fille in his arms,
whispering swift, passionate words
that brought back the sweet flush to
her cheeks and a tremulous, happy
smile to her lips.

Onions.

Onions are an excellent cure for
sleeplessness. They act as a kind of
soporific if taken in small quantities
before retiring. They will be found to
be more appetizing if finely chopped
up and laid between two thin wafers
or biscuits. Eaten in this way, they
are also easily digested. The reason
so many people complain of onions
arising with them is that they eat too
much of the homely vegetable.

Onions are not intended to be eaten
en masse. When they are taken raw
they should be thoroughly masticated,
or, better still, the juice of the onion
should be pressed out and taken on
bread or as a sauce. In this form the
onion is splendid for liver complaints
and acts in consequence as a purifier
for a dark and muddy complexion.

Salmon Sometimes Caught at Sea.

The salmon is one of the anadromous
fishes, of which the shad and sturgeon
are other examples, anadromous fishes
being those that come from the sea and
ascend fresh water streams to spawn
and return to the sea again after
spawning. It is not known of course
whether it remains in deep water in the
ocean not very far away from the
river whence it came or whether it goes
south, but it seems certain that some
salmon at least spend their sea life not
far away from their rivers, for salmon
have been caught at sea in northern
waters off the New England coast on
hooks baited for cod, haddock and hal-
but.

Worry Makes Disease.

A man who keeps worrying about
the state of his liver will almost be
sure to have trouble with it eventually.
Indigestion can be brought on in the
same way and a long list of other ail-
ments.—A Physician in World's Work.

Shoe Superstitions.

Never place a pair of new shoes
higher than your head, says an old
superstition, or you'll have bad luck
wearing them, and never blink one
before putting the other on for a simi-
lar reason.

The secret of being tiresome is in
telling everything.—Voltaire.

How Plate Glass Is Made.

The cast plate glass of which mirrors,
shop windows and such things are
made is prepared from the whitest
sand, broken plate glass, soda, a small
amount of manganese and cobalt
oxides. The glass when perfectly
melted is poured upon an iron table
of the size required, and the thickness
is regulated by a strip of iron placed
down each of the four sides of the
table. Immediately after it is poured
out the molten substance is flattened
down by an iron roller, which lowers
the glass to the thickness of the strips
at the sides. It is then, annealed or
tempered for several days, after which
it is ground perfectly level and polished
to transparent brilliancy. The first
plate glass was made in 1688 at St.
Piatry, France, where the process
was found out by an accident, as so
many other important methods in
manufacture have been discovered,
where there were eyes to see the acci-
dents and minds to apply them or the
lessons they taught to the advance of
art or industry.

The Irish Bull In Journalism.

Of a well known reporter of a past
generation many curiosities of style
are still repeated with zest by Dublin
journalists. It was this man who ex-
plained, describing a case of drown-
ing off Dalkey, "The body was washed
ashore by a receding wave." Of a fugi-
tive from justice he wrote: "The
burglar was surrounded on all sides by
the police. Escape was impossible.
Suddenly he made his way down a
cul-de-sac and disappeared through a
side street." The most popular story
of this impressionist writer, however,
relates to Mr. Gladstone. On the
Grand Old Man's one and only visit to
Dublin he was interviewed by the ec-
centric press man. Mr. Gladstone, at
the conclusion of a somewhat amusing
array of questions, very courteously
expressed his pleasure at meeting the
interviewer. The latter, in a high state
of delight, said with enthusiasm, "The
pleasure is mutual, Mr. Gladstone, but
it is all on my side."—London Tribune.

The Oldest Sense of Humor.

The oldest idea of humor is surprise.
This the child exhibits (for that which
is oldest we shall find in the youngest)
when it hides and cries "Hoo!" both
surprising and frightening its senior, be
the senior father, mother, brother, sister
or friend. One may find this primal
sense of humor distributed through the
modern short story. Frequently the
turn in the plot, if not in its develop-
ment, hinges upon this child humor of
surprise. Even some grownup folk
will pull a chair from under one, thus
showing themselves still children in
their sense of fun. The verbal conceit
found in much of the verse in the
pages of modern cable papers is of
this same class of humor and furnishes
conclusive evidence that a number of
men and women are at child's play in
literature. Poems which end contrary
to their forebodings are of this sort.
—New York Herald.

A Curious Custom.

In certain parts of India in families
where there are several daughters the
youngest sisters may only marry after
the elder sister is married. Of course
it frequently happens that no suitor
appears for the elder, in which case
she is got out of the way by a very
neat expedient. She is wedded to a
tree or a large flower, and then the
younger sister may marry. The elder
sister must be careful, however, to
choose a plum, apple or apricot tree
from which she can get a divorce, for
if she married an elm, pine or poplar
these are sacred trees and must not be
trifled with.

His Wig In His Pocket.

Benjamin Franklin once wore his
wig in his pocket at the court of Ver-
sailles. When he was about to present
himself at the court for the first time
he was informed that a wig was essen-
tial. Franklin's head was so large that
no ordinary wig would begin to fit it.
However, one was found sufficiently
large to pass him through the ante-
chambers, after which he was permit-
ted to remove the ridiculous conven-
tional appendage and place it in his
ample pocket.

Hard to Please.

Mr. Snuggs was accosted on the street
the other day by a beggar who was
covered with a very remarkable mass
of patched and ragged garments and
who said:

"Mister, haven't you some old clothes
you could give a fellow?"

Snuggs surveyed the beggar from
head to foot and then asked:

"Are not the clothes you have on
old enough for you?"

Discriminating.

A thoughtful hostess gave a child-
ren's party and decided it would be
healthier to serve only mineral waters.
One little girl tasted of her carbonic
and laid the glass down.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you
like charged water?"

"No, ma'am. Please may I have
some water that you've paid for?"—
Life.

Worry Makes Disease.

A man who keeps worrying about
the state of his liver will almost be
sure to have trouble with it eventually.
Indigestion can be brought on in the
same way and a long list of other ail-
ments.—A Physician in World's Work.

Shoe Superstitions.

Never place a pair of new shoes
higher than your head, says an old
superstition, or you'll have bad luck
wearing them, and never blink one
before putting the other on for a simi-
lar reason.

NO CURE FOR THIS DISEASE

"Medical science has not yet pen-
etrated the secret of spotted fever,"
said Dr. W. W. King, passed assist-
ant surgeon in the public health and
marine hospital service.

Dr. King has just returned from
a several months' study of the dis-
ease in the Bitter Root valley of
Montana.

"There are many baffling charac-
teristics about spotted fever," said
he. "In the first place, the disease
is only known in a few valleys in the
west. It is exceedingly dangerous,
but not even prevalent where it oc-
curs. For instance, in the Bitter
Root valley there were ten cases this
year, with eight deaths."

"A peculiarity of the disease is
that it appears only on the east side
of the Bitter Root valley. People
on the west slope have never been
affected."

"Many theories have been ad-
vanced regarding the transmission
of spotted fever, none of which has
been proved. For instance, some of
the people maintain that the wood
tick spreads the disease in the same
manner as the mosquito does yel-
low fever. Others believe that it is
caused by drinking water contam-
inated by the refuse of sawmills."—
Washington Post.

The Big Locks at the Soo.

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