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Practices in all the courts of the State. Money to loan on real estate. Reference—Bank of Littleton. Will be in Warrenton every first Monday.

**M. J. HAWKINS,** T. W. BICKETT,  
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**HAWKINS & BICKETT,**  
Attorneys at Law.

**B. G. GREEN,** H. A. BOYD.

**GREEN & BOYD,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
Warrenton, North Carolina.

## Eggs for Hatching.

My Barred Rocks, White, Golden and Buff Wyandottes

were among the winners at the State Fair, Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 1906 and at Monroe Jan. 1907.

My matings this season are better than ever.

**Ino. H. Fleming,**  
Warren Plains, N. C.  
R. F. D. No. 1.

## Statement Citizens Bank,

Henderson, North Carolina.

December 3rd, 1907.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 423,101.97	Capital Stock paid in,	\$ 100,000.00
Overdrafts,	2,339.07	Surplus and Profits,	52,332.48
Stocks and Bonds,	29,461.25	Due to Banks,	5,270.61
Banking House & Fixtures,	10,732.73	Notes & Bills Re-Discounted,	31,500.00
Insurance Department,	1,864.83	Cashier's C's Outstanding,	1,210.57
Due from Banks,	115,363.18	Deposits,	454,682.18
Cash on hand & cash items,	61,819.81	Total,	\$ 644,682.84
Total,	\$ 644,682.84	Total,	\$ 644,682.84

**Depositors' Security.** In addition to its ordinary available assets, this Bank is still fortified, and as follows:

Paid in Capital.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	50,000.00
Additional Liability of Stockholders	100,000.00
Security over and above all other Assets,	\$ 250,000.00

**SAFETY AND ACCOMODATION** are what we offer—safety for your money and accomodation in handling your business.

**J. B. OWEN,** President. **WM. A. HUNT,** Cashier.

### Notice of Summons.

State of North Carolina, Warren County, in the Superior Court.  
Jordan Davis, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Abbey Davis, Defendant.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of said Warren county for the purpose of having the bond of matrimony between the said plaintiff and defendant dissolved; and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the next term of the Superior of said Warren county, to be held on the second Monday of February 1908, at the court house of said county in Warrenton, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This Jan. 9th 1908.  
J. B. RODWELL,  
Clerk Superior Court.

Tasker Polk, Atty. for Plaintiff.

### Notice of Summons.

North Carolina, Warren county, in Superior Court, Feb Term 1908.  
Kate Beecher,  
vs.  
J. W. Beecher.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Warren county, to secure a dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between the parties to said action; and the said defendant, J. W. Beecher, will take further notice that he is required to appear at the next term of the Superior court of said county, to be held on the third Monday before the first Monday in March, A. D., 1908, at the court house in Warrenton, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint to be filed in said action thirty days before the beginning of said court, or the plaintiff, Kate Beecher, will apply to said court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This 8th day of Jan. 1908.  
J. B. RODWELL, C. S. C.  
JOSEPH P. PIPPEN, Plaintiff's Atty.

### Notice of Summons.

NORTH CAROLINA, } In the Superior Court, February Term, 1908.  
Warrenton County. }  
Citizens Bank of Warrenton, N. C. Against

B. E. Cogbill, East Coast Lumber Co., and L. P. Coleman.

The said defendants, B. E. Cogbill and East Coast Lumber Co., above named, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Warren county to subject their real estate in Warren county by attachment to the payment of a debt of three hundred dollars and interest thereon, which said defendants owe to the Citizens Bank of Warrenton, N. C., and the said above named defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the next term of Superior Court of Warren county to be held on the 3rd Monday before the 1st Monday in March, 1908, at the court house of said county, in Warrenton, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This 30th day of Jan. 1908.  
J. B. RODWELL,  
Clerk of the Superior Court of Warren County.

### Notice of Summons.

NORTH CAROLINA, } In the Superior Court, Feb. Term 1908.  
Warrenton County. }  
T. W. Harris,  
vs.  
B. E. Cogbill and the East Coast Lumber Company.

The Defendants above named will take notice of summons in the above entitled action was issued against said defendants on the 26th day of October 1907, by J. B. Rodwell, Clerk of the Superior Court for Warren county, N. C., for the sum of \$650.00, due said plaintiffs for manuf. factured lumber to the said defendants and that the same is now due. The summons is returnable at the February term of the Superior Court for Warren county, N. C., which commences on the third Monday before the first Monday in March 1908, at Warrenton, N. C. The defendants will further take notice that a warrant of attachment was issued by said Clerk of the Superior Court on the 26th day of October 1907, against the property of said defendants which warrant is returnable before the court at the same time and place named above for the return of the summons, when and where the defendant is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint or the relief demanded will be granted. This the 31st day of December 1907.  
J. B. RODWELL,  
Clerk Superior Court.  
T. O. Rodwell, Atty. for Plaintiff.

### Trustee's Sale of Real and Personal Property.

By virtue of the power and authority conferred upon by a certain Deed of Trust, executed to me by Mark Perry and Nannie Perry, his wife, on the 13th day of November 1906, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Warren, State of North Carolina, in Book 73, page 507, will, on Monday, the 3rd day of February 1908, at 12 o'clock M., sell at the Court House door in the town of Warrenton, in said Warren county, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, all that certain parcel of land lying and being in Warrenton township, Warren county, State of North Carolina, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning in the center of Fleming's Mill Road five yards South of a chopped Red Oak, W. E. Fleming's corner, thence along said W. B. Fleming's line N. 11° W. 74 ft. 2 L. to a stake, thence S. 74 E. 35 P. to a stake, thence S. 9 W. 73 P. 5 L. to the center of Fleming's Mill Road, thence along said Road N. 44° W. 12 P. to the beginning, containing Two acres, more or less. Also the following personal property, to-wit: One bay horse, one bay mare, one new two-horse wagon (Chase City make), one second hand set of double wagon harness, one white and brown Ox and one ox-cart. Said sale will be made to satisfy the balance due on the debt secured by said Deed of Trust. This the 1st day of January 1908.  
TASKER POLK, Trustee.

## Settlement In Full.

By LULU JOHNSTON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

Dick Staley, perched on a furniture crate, looked disconsolately at Billy Blaine, who was regarding the wall paper and trying hard not to laugh. In spite of Blaine's efforts the twitching corners of his mouth curved, and as he met Staley's eye he exploded in a roar of laughter which served only to deepen Staley's gloom.

"Laugh, confound you!" growled Staley. "It's funny to you. It's no so funny to me. I've got to get this place settled in five days, and upon my soul I don't know what to do first!"

"The first step is easy," chuckled Blaine. "Get a man in to scrape the walls. The paper is the worst I ever saw."

"It looked all right in the book," said Staley defensively. "It was the prettiest thing in the whole book of samples."

"It may be all right in a sample," admitted Blaine, with another glance at the flowered monotony, "but there is only one square yard of the sample. It looks different, Dick, when you have a roomful of it."

"I know it," admitted Staley, "but that doesn't help matters. It only serves to make them worse. I wanted to surprise the matter by bringing her to her own home instead of taking her to a hotel. She hates to give up her old home, and I wanted to make the change as easy as possible."

The smile faded from Blaine's face at the allusion to Mrs. Staley. He was Dick's chum, and he knew how tenderly Dick loved the gentle faced woman who within the month had lost both husband and daughter. Now she was coming to live with Dick, and for weeks he had planned to take an apartment that she might not feel too keenly the loss of the home that had been here since marriage.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Dick," suggested Blaine. "Let's go downtown for some lunch. I'll phone Nell for one of those professional fixers for you. She knows a cracklerjack, a girl who used to move in good society and whose father lost his money. She knows what's what and how to do it, and Nell will get her to do it for you."

Dick patted his chum on the back while his eyes glistened. Nell Blaine

was the most accomplished matron of his acquaintance. She would extricate him from his trouble. Together they left the apartment, and while Staley ordered lunch Billy Blaine hung over the telephone in the restaurant.

"She'll bring her over tonight at 8," reported Billy as he took his seat. "Eat with a good appetite and consider yourself settled already."

Billy's words restored confidence, and when Dick Staley met Mr. Nixon Wadleigh that evening his last doubt vanished. The girl did not laugh at his blunders nor even at the wall paper. She listened with sympathy and took from her chateleine the tablets on which to make notes of what she wanted. With increasing admiration Staley followed her through the various rooms, noting the quick, business-like way in which she condoned his errors and approved his successes.

"I can do it over in four days," she said briskly when she had shut up her memorandum book and returned to the parlor where Nell Blaine, Billy's step-in-law, still sat in rapt admiration of the garish wall paper. "Suppose, Mr. Staley, that you drop in here Friday afternoon? Then you can suggest any last changes you wish made, and the place will be ready for you another Saturday evening. Shall I get you a servant also?"

"Can you?" Staley had heard of the servant problem, and he had worried greatly. This businesslike girl offered even to take that trouble off his hands. He was rapidly coming to regard Marion Wadleigh as a tailor made angel.

He dropped in the next morning on his way to the office, and found a paper hanging crew already installed, removing the paper that had proved so disappointing. Marion was there in a gingham apron even more becoming than the cloth costume of the night before, and Dick's heart beat faster in answer to her greeting.

There was something "homey" in her appearance that appealed strongly to the man who for years had enjoyed but an occasional glimpse of home in vacation time. The soft dark hair was hidden by a cap and the plangent face was flushed with exertion, but the heightened color only added to her beauty, and the cap did not shadow the tender light in the brown eyes.

Dick went to his office with his head in a whirl. Ever since he had come to the city he had sunk himself in work. Fortuna had come his way rapidly, and up to the present he had found work all sufficient. Now he be-

gan to realize that the years had been lonely.

Marion was not at the house when he dropped in the following morning, nor did he see her again until Friday afternoon, when he went to make his final inspection of her work.

Dick gasped as he entered the apartment. In place of the gaudy paper the walls were now covered with quiet tones and the flowered carpets had been exchanged for rugs whose soft tints harmonized with the new perfume. Instead of the solid office-like furniture were lighter and more tasteful pieces, and the whole apartment suggested a feminine presence.

"Best of all, Marion Wadleigh was there. The print dress had been exchanged for an afternoon costume, and immediately Dick decided that after all a print dress was not the most becoming costume which Marion could wear, though that had been his impression since he had seen her last."

Quietly she moved about the place, giving an account of her expenses, and Dick followed, hearing only the rich voice, full tones, without caring what she said. At last the tour of the rooms was ended, and she returned to the parlor.

"If you like," she said, "I can buy the material for dinner tomorrow and be here to welcome Mrs. Staley when she arrives. Mrs. Blaine wanted to come over, but she had to leave town last night with her husband."

"I should be delighted if you could arrange to be here tomorrow," said Staley. "I am sure that my mother will wish to add her thanks to mine for the beautiful home you have provided. You will stay to dinner?"

"I only suggested being here to welcome her," said Marion, her face flushed. "You see—in business—it is best to maintain strictly business relations. You don't have to thank me for what I have done. My charges cover all services, you know."

"But money could not pay for pulling me out of a hole and setting me up," insisted Dick. "Besides, I don't want to maintain a purely business relationship unless you insist, Miss Wadleigh."

"I don't insist," the girl answered softly. "I have been much interested in your devotion to your mother, and I am sure that I shall be glad to know her better. She must be a dear old lady to deserve such affection."

"I want you to know her very well," explained Dick. "You see you have only partly settled mother. You have provided her with a home, but I want a home of my own, and I want you to furnish it complete."

"Complete?" she asked, not quite catching his meaning.

"Even to a wife," explained Dick. "I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"As a business woman I have always considered propositions," she said with a laugh, but the look in her eyes belied the briskness of her words, and Dick realized that when they should know each other better there was a prospect of being settled "in full," as he termed it some months later when he placed a solitaire on Marion's finger.

He Got the Job.  
He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business for over twenty years.

"How much to beat that parlor carpet?" she asked.

"Four shillings."

"Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for 2 shillings."

"Exactly, madam, but how was he prepared?"

"He had a stick in his hand."

"I presume so. He intended to take the carpet out on a vacant piece of land, didn't he?"

"Yes; our yard is too small, you know."

"Exactly. That is a tapestry Brussels carpet. It is badly worn. He would make a great show in getting it out and in here. Out on the piece of land he would give your name to every one who asked who the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

"I take the carpet out through the back yard. I wheel it home. I beat it in a yard surrounded by a high board fence, and while I am returning it, all nicely rolled up and covered with a cloth, if any one asks me what I have I reply that it is a velvet carpet for 234 Blank street. If no one asks any questions I call at the houses on either side of you and ask if they have just ordered a new willow. They watch me and see me come in here."

He was given the job.—Pearson's.

A Post's Vision.  
For years the poet Francis Thompson had been one of the "submerged," selling matches, calling cabs, anything to obtain the pence necessary to buy food. At last he yielded to despair, and having for some days saved up all he could earn, he devoted it to the purchase of a single dose of laudanum sufficient to end his troubles. With this he retired at night to his haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden market. Then by his own narrative the following incident occurred. He had already taken half the fatal draft when he felt a hand upon his arm and, looking up, saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed.

It happened so with Thompson, for after infinite pains the editor of a magazine who had accepted and printed an essay and a poem of his, but could not discover his address, had that very morning traced Thompson to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand.—London Academy.

## THERE WAS NO CHARGE.

All the Seats In That Particular Church Were Free.

At a certain church an aged usher, to save the exertion of continually marching up and down the aisle to conduct persons to their seats, used to take a stand in the center of the church and when any in-comers appeared beckon to them and then conduct them to a seat.

The usher's peculiarity, used to pop their heads inside the church door and mimic his action by beckoning to him. Many times he tried to catch one and one Sunday morning nearly did so. But the boy rushed away from the church and ran into the arms of a policeman.

"What have you been up to?" demanded the policeman.

"Thought the boy, 'I'm caught,' but he said, 'Oh, sh, there's a disturbance at that church, and they have sent me to fetch a policeman.'

"Very good," said the officer. "I'll step in and see about it."

So he opened the door at the west end of the church and, taking off his helmet, entered.

The moment the aged usher saw him he beckoned to him and motioned him to a seat next an old gentleman.

Immediately he was seated he touched the old gentleman and said, "Come quiet."

The old gentleman replied, "What do you mean?"

Officer—You know what I mean, and I don't want no chat. Come quiet or I shall have to take you by force.

Old Gentleman—I really don't understand you.

Officer—Look here! We don't want no more disturbance! You have been kicking up quite enough, and I'm going to have you out quick.

By this time the congregation were looking at the pair and wondering what was the matter, so the old gentleman said: "Very well, I have not made any disturbance, but to save any I will go with you."

So together, to the wonderment of the congregation, they marched up the aisle.

When they had passed out of the church the usher followed them, and the policeman, turning to him, said:

"Now, then, you have to make your charge."

"Charge?" said the usher. "There ain't any charge. All the seats are free."—Detroit News-Tribune.

## THE CRITIC'S SHRUG.

A Story of an Old Persian Poet and an Aspiring Shah.

"To be fair," said a noted dramatic critic, "is sometimes hard and cruel, and sometimes it is rash. You know there are reprisals. The unswerving fair critic often takes up his pen with the shrug of Omar, the old Persian poet."

"You have heard of Omar's shrug? No? Well, it was elegant. The shah once had sent for the old poet.

"Omar," he said, "I have written some verses. Listen, and I will read them to you."

"And he read the verses and in the ensuing silence looked at Omar anxiously. 'Well?' he said.

"Heaven born," said Omar gently, "each to his own calling. Scepter in hand, you are most wise, just and powerful, but pen in hand—Omar shook his head and chuckled. 'Heaven born,' said he, 'such verses would disgrace a nine-year-old schoolboy.'

"His eyes flashing with wrath, the shah shouted to his guards: 'To the stables with this old fool, and let him be soundly flogged!'

"Yet the shah, for all, respected Omar's judgment, and when, a week later, another idea for a poem came to his mind and was feverishly executed he sent for the fearless and fair critic again.

"Another poem, Omar, a better one. I'm sure you'll think it is a better one," he said wistfully. And he began to read the second poem to the old man.

"But in the middle of the reading Omar turned and started for the door. 'Where are you going?' said the shah in amazement.

"Omar looked back and shrugged his shoulders.

"To the stables," he answered, 'for another flogging.'—Denver Republican.

Which of Them?  
A certain two men are possessed of exactly \$10,000.

One buys a modest house for \$4,000, a modest business for \$3,000 and salts the remainder of his money away against a rainy day. The other puts his entire \$10,000 into a motor car and thereby acquires such credit that he can have a house worth \$50,000 and become a partner in a business paying \$100,000 a year.

Assuming that both men have a wife and some daughters, which of them lives to kick himself?—Puck.

Object in His Preaching.  
Towne's funny. Burroughs is forever preaching to his friends about the necessity for saving their money. Browne—Well? Towne—Well, he's the last fellow in the world who should preach that. Browne—Not at all. The more his friends save the more he has the chance to borrow.—Chicago Journal.

Accomplished.  
Mr. Goodie—My boy, you'd never hear me use language like that! The kid I let you don't! Why, it took me five years to learn all dem words.—Sketch.

A Dark Secret.  
Wanted—The name of the man who first made the welkin ring.—Detroit News.

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NEURALGIA. SCIATICA. RHEUMATISM. BACKACHE. PAIN IN CHEST. DISTRESS IN STOMACH. SLEEPLESSNESS.

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When kidneys and bladder get it

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