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Will be in Warrenton every first Monday.

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**GREEN & BOYD,**  
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## 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.  
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## SCRIP OR MONEY Which Did You Receive?

In need, probably actual money was demanded and scrip was substituted. Thousands of people over the entire country were sadly disappointed during the financial stringency. "Their" banks turned thousands of dollars worth of scrip upon the public. The Citizens Bank of Henderson paid out Currency on demand and not one penny of scrip was issued. Meeting every demand of its depositors.

Accounts receivable from one dollar and upwards, and if you cannot call in person, funds can be quickly and safely transmitted us by either registered mail, checks, drafts or express

**CITIZENS BANK, - Henderson, N. C.**  
Capital and Surplus, - - \$150,000.00.

The Sign of Quality.

**HERE IS AN OFFER FOR YOU**

## We Will Place a Piano or an Organ in Your Home.

You may select any one of the celebrated Cable line of Pianos—the Mason & Hamlin, Conover, Cable, Kingsbury, Wellington or DeKoven. Organs: Mason & Hamlin or Chicago Cottage.

We will ship to reliable, prospective purchasers in Virginia or North Carolina, prepaid freight, and give ample time to fully investigate its merits from every point of view. If we fail to come to a satisfactory conclusion, the instrument is returned at our expense. You are under no obligation until you are completely satisfied that the instrument is all that is claimed for it.

You may have an old Piano you wish to exchange; if so, let us know, and we will make you an offer.

**A Coupon--Send It Now.**  
The Cable Company,  
Richmond, Va.:  
I am thinking of purchasing a Piano. Send me your offers. I do not obligate myself to buy, but desire information.  
My Name .....  
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The Price of Pleasure in Money is as Nothing Compared With Results to be Obtained Through a

## Victor Talking Machine.

\$10. and Up. Easy Terms.

We are the largest distributors in the South of the Victor Talking Machine, Records and Accessories.

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**The Cable Company.**  
J. G. Corley, Manager. Richmond, Va.

Persons interested can communicate with our Mr. W. L. Royster, who is now in Warrenton.

## For Sale!

That desirable piece of property Situated in the town of Warrenton, N. C., known as The Shiloh Institute Property, Containing about eight acres, For terms of sale apply to N. A. CHEEK, CHAIRMAN, At Alert, N. C.

### Low Rates.

Winter Tourist and all Year Round Special Rates:  
Winter Tourist Rates from Warren Plains to—  
Camden, S. C., \$ 11.55  
Columbia, S. C., 13.55  
Haywards, Ga., 17.25  
Jacksonville, Fla., 39.43  
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All Year Round Tourist Rates from Warren Plains to—  
Hot Springs, Ark., \$ 14.50  
Salt Lake City, Utah, 149.68  
Mexico City, Mex., 144.00  
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Los Angeles, Cal., 135.80

Tickets to Hot Springs limited to return within ninety (90) days; no stop overs allowed. To other points, tickets limited to return within nine months, permit of stop overs, and are sold via diverse routes.  
We operate double daily vestibule service, with through Pullman Sleep ing cars to Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

For time tables, Booklets, Reservations or any further information call on W. S. Terrell, Agent, or address the undersigned.

**C. H. GATTIS,**  
Traveling Passenger Agent,  
No. 4 Tucker Building,  
Raleigh, N. C.

## Seaboard Air Line R'y.

Schedule Effective Jan. 5th, 1908.

These arrivals and departures are only as information for the public and are not guaranteed. Trains will pass Warren Plains as follows, subject to change without notice:

No. 32,—5:30 A. M., for Portsmouth-Norfolk.  
No. 38,—1:25 P. M., for Portsmouth-Norfolk arriving at Weldon 2:40 P. M., connecting with A. C. L. for Eastern Carolina points, arriving at Portsmouth 5:30 P. M., connecting with Steamship lines for Washington, Baltimore, Cape Charles, New York, Boston and Providence.  
No. 30,—6:45 P. M., for Weldon.  
No. 29,—7:55 A. M., for Oxford and Raleigh.

No. 41,—2:39 P. M., for local points Raleigh, Charlotte, Atlanta and South-west, connecting at Henderson for Durham and connecting at Hamlet with No. 43 for Florida points.  
No. 33,—12:24 A. M., for Charlotte, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and Norfolk, connecting with No. 40 at Hamlet for Wilmington.  
No. 81 for Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and all points in Florida.

Trains will pass Norlina as follows: North bound.  
No. 84,—3:15 A. M., for Richmond, Washington and New York.  
No. 86,—3:00 P. M., for Richmond, Washington and New York.  
No. 85,—3:10 P. M., local for Richmond.

**SOUTH BOUND.**  
No. 33,—12:40 A. M., Wilmington, Charlotte, Atlanta.  
No. 81,—4:05 A. M., Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and Florida points.  
No. 43,—5:20 P. M., for Hamlet, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and Florida points.  
No. 29,—8:20 A. M., Oxford and Raleigh.

No. 41,—3:10 P. M., for local points Charlotte, Atlanta and points West.  
Meal stations for 38 and 41 are Hamlet and Norlina, for 32 at Bookins, Va., 31 at Hamlet, all other trains carry Cafe dining cars. All through trains are equipped with Vestibule high back sleeping cars, Pullman drawing room sleeping cars.  
For further information apply to W. S. TERRELL, Agt., Warren Plains, or write to C. H. GATTIS, Tra. Pass. Agt., Raleigh, N. C.

## Decline in Lumber!

There has been a decline in lumber recently and many mills are closing down, but we will continue to operate, and during the Spring and Summer will be prepared to furnish nice Ceiling, Flooring and Casings. Place your orders now so as not to be bothered when it is wanted

**W. H. Pridgen,**  
CREEK, N. C.

## Nor Any Other Creature.

By Ina Wright Hanson.  
Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Looking up from a long drawn reverie before the unfinished picture on my easel, I saw Iolanthe beaming at me from the doorway.  
"Come on!" she cried. "Put up your work and come with me into the country. I believe you don't even know it is May day. Don't you remember the month of May, when the air is so full of sweetness and love that even one shaving begins to feel an affection for another shaving? Come, let us a May-day go."  
"I can't," I answered. "I'm up to my ears in it. I'm crowded to the wall. I'm broke."

Iolanthe laughed—the sweetest sound in this wise old world.  
"I had an intuition so, but that doesn't matter. This is my treat. You see, Isabel Dory took me to dinner yesterday, so I have enough to take us picnicking today. Come, brave knight, put on thy helmet and hasten."

I hastened. No one could resist Iolanthe. I took her little covered basket, and we went along the hall and down the stairs, with mock-doffed messages following us from our fellow workers, who were not going out into the blossoming May day world.

"What car are we going to take?" I asked as we reached the street.

Iolanthe blushed deliciously.

"We are not going to take a car. You see, I got so interested in buying a 'scrumptious' lunch that I forgot about the car, and—"

"I see," I said gravely. "And you don't know how glad I am that we are to walk. It is so much healthier. Then we won't have to mingle with the plebeians on a common car. When rich aristocrats like us—"

Iolanthe glanced up at me rather sharply, I thought. It couldn't be that she knew—of course she couldn't know. No one knew but my uncle's lawyer and myself, and maybe my uncle. I wondered if my uncle did know in that unknown country he had lately entered. By and by I should tell Iolanthe that, when the preliminaries were over, I should have enough money to buy her everything she wanted, even if on this blithe day I had not a pen-

ny, and all due to a never known rich old uncle, now dead. But Iolanthe was proud, so first I would win her promise—win it while she believed me poor as herself.

Purity and courage and gentleness and beauty—that was my Iolanthe. Mine? Ah, when our May day was over, should I be calling her mine?  
"Who are you today?" she asked, stopping to fill her lungs with the buoyant air.

We had a habit of playing we were other folks when we went on these excursions—childish no doubt, but we were never going to grow old, we said, so it was best to be children a long time.

"Why, I am King Cophetua," I answered promptly, with a great infatig of my kingly chest and throwing back of my kingly head as we walked on.

"Her arms across her breast she laid; She was more fair than words can say. In robes and crown the king stepped down. To meet and greet her on her way."

"Who are you today, Iolanthe?" "It's a pretty story," she mused, not answering my question. "But suppose it were Queen Cophetua and the beggar man. Would he be good and let her love him? And would he be willing to sit on the throne with her?"

"Oh, that's different!" I said. "Of course a man could not take favors from a woman. The beggar man would have to go out into the world and win his fortune. He couldn't take it from his queen. You know he couldn't, don't you, Iolanthe?"

"No, I don't know anything about it," she said a bit crossly. But Iolanthe never could stay cross long enough to make it pay, so in a moment she was talking merrily again.

Presently we reached the spot we were bound for, a spot of sun and shade and running water and new spring flowers. We ate our "scrumptious" lunch, and then we sang and talked and had long spells of social silence, and all the while I was wondering how I should make her say "yes" if at first she happened to say "no."

"I am going to tell you a pretty story," she remarked after one of these silences. "It's a true one too. I am invited and so are you, and you'll go, won't you?"

"Oh, sure!" I answered recklessly.

"A reception tomorrow evening to meet the richest girl you ever saw."

Occurring an isolated position on the moors about five or six miles above Penzance, in Cornwall, a peculiar trio of stones is to be seen. They are arranged in a straight line, the two outside ones being four feet high and upright, while the center one is a little lower, but much wider. In the last mentioned there is a round hole large enough to admit of a man passing through. This pile is known as the "Men-an-tol," or "holed stone." Popular tradition states that any one crawling through the hole in the center stone will be forever immune from rheumatism and allied complaints. In times gone by the country people used to bring their children to the holed stone and pass them through.—Strand Magazine.

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She has so much money she doesn't know what to do with it all, but folks have just found it out. She has pretended to be poor for reasons. We're both going because you said you would."

"I would do anything or go anywhere to please you, little girl," I answered with so much meaning that Iolanthe flushed and her dark eyes wavered before my gaze. I don't know quite how it happened, but suddenly I had my dream in my arms—my unresisting, perfect, red liped dream—and I was quite mad with delight.

Then presently she cried out that I must never let anything come between us.

"Nor height nor depth nor any other creature," I said reverently.

"Nor any other creature," she repeated after me and made me say it every little while all the rest of that wonderful day, and I did not tell her about my fortune after all, though I had intended to. When you come to think of it, money is a sordid thing to discuss when two folks are quaffing nectar and nibbling ambrosia.

The next evening I went to the reception and was presented to the lady of riches. It seemed to me that all the room hushed its breath and watched while we two went through what was required of us. It seemed to me that I lived an eon before we were free from the great eye of the room and in some place where there were a splash of water and quiet and heavy perfume of flowers. There in the dim light she stood, slender as an English laburnum tree, swaying in her yellow silken robes toward me. Her hands, weighted with jewels, were held out to me. Her mouth that I had kissed was smiling at me—was saying:

"Nor any other creature!"

I stood there staring at this wonderful new Iolanthe, and all I could think of and all I said was:

"Blessed come the beggar maid, Before the king Cophetua."

Which, considering the circumstances, could hardly have been more absurd.

Iolanthe's laugh rang out; then she came closer to me, and her eyes grew very grave.

"Dearest," she whispered, "I was too rich to be happy, and so I ran away from everybody and went to work in the studio. I wanted to accomplish something. I wanted folks to say, 'She is a great painter,' not 'She is the richest girl in the country.' Then I found you, and—and I didn't care any more for fame, because I wanted something greater, love—your love—and you said 'Nor any other creature,' you know you did!"

"And meant it, too, my angel!" I exclaimed, coming out of my trance and taking her hands in mine. "You shall give me all the money you think I need, and I will sit on the throne with you like a good little man."

"I am so glad you are going to be sensible!" she said fervently.

And then I had to explain to her why I was laughing.

**No Use For a Pessimist.**  
Freddie and his mother were having a thoroughly satisfactory romp when a visitor was announced. As one topic of conversation after another came up it developed that the caller was in an extraordinarily pessimistic frame of mind and expressed her disapproval in no measured terms of everything and everybody under discussion.

This impartial "knocking" disturbed Freddie's amiable soul mightily, and he slowly drew nearer and nearer until he finally stood before the lady, with his small face puckered and the corners of his mouth drawn down.

She stopped in the midst of an "Oh, a dreadful bore, my dear!" to say:

"Whr, Freddie, please do unscrow your face. I don't like to see little boys look like that."

Freddie surveyed her for a moment and then said trenchantly, but with an obviously sincere wish for information:

"I guess you don't like most anything, do you?"—New York Times.

**A Bad Shot.**  
A hot headed Irishman accidentally insulted an equally hot headed Frenchman, who insisted on fighting a duel with the Irishman to wipe out the slight. The Irishman suggested that the two of them should each draw a card from a pack, and the one who drew the lowest was to go into an adjoining room and blow his brains out. The Frenchman demurred at first, but finally fell in with the idea, and the two opponents drew out the cards, one of which was bound to carry death in its wake. The Irishman drew the lowest card, and, with a smile, he charged his revolver and betook himself off to a small anteroom to complete the tragedy. Presently a loud report rang out, and the white faced people ran wildly to the little anteroom, fully expecting to see the Irishman a gory corpse. Instead he came coolly along the passage to meet them, and as they stared wonderingly at him he cried:

"Begorra, Ol missed meself!"

**Peculiar "Cure Stones."**  
Occupying an isolated position on the moors about five or six miles above Penzance, in Cornwall, a peculiar trio of stones is to be seen. They are arranged in a straight line, the two outside ones being four feet high and upright, while the center one is a little lower, but much wider. In the last mentioned there is a round hole large enough to admit of a man passing through. This pile is known as the "Men-an-tol," or "holed stone." Popular tradition states that any one crawling through the hole in the center stone will be forever immune from rheumatism and allied complaints. In times gone by the country people used to bring their children to the holed stone and pass them through.—Strand Magazine.

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## HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

President McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife.

In the early days of the Spanish war Mr. McKinley and Mark Hanna were engaged in a close and serious evening conference in the president's room. The time ran along to the hour of 9. Suddenly those busy in the outer room saw President McKinley rise and leave the apartment, saying, "Wait a few moments, Mark." He was gone about twenty minutes. In the meantime Senator Hanna walked restlessly between the two rooms, speaking a word or two to the secretaries and showing plainly that he shared with the president a feeling of deep anxiety as to the outcome of the military proceedings. He remarked on the fact of great shortage of supplies and from his words and leaning revealed to the assembled few in that outer room that the president and his closest advisers were lying awake nights and working to make up for the deficiencies of the military situation.

When the president returned he and Senator Hanna resumed their anxious consultation. Then the president's secretary remarked to one who was near him:

"I suppose you wonder why President McKinley got up so suddenly and left without a word to any one. You saw how anxious he was about the military situation. Even that would not cause him to break away from what has come to be the custom of his early evening."

"About the same time every night, when he hears a signal from the other side, he knows that Mrs. McKinley is ready to retire and wishes to see him. No matter how busy he may be nor how deeply engaged in any subject, he invariably drops everything on the instant and goes to their own apartments. There he sits by the bedside and reads a chapter in the Bible to Mrs. McKinley. Then he waits a few moments until she is quiet, tiptoes back to the door, comes over here to the office and without a word takes up the thread of his work and leaves it up until toward midnight."—Chicago Tribune.

## FLEET ANIMALS.

The Wonderful Speed Developed by the Greyhound.

Representations of the greyhound appear upon sculptures over 3,000 years old. There is no doubt that it is one of the very oldest fixed types of dog and the most universal in its distribution. India, Arabia, Persia, are among the countries that for ages past had the greyhound. Lately there was exhibited in England a greyhound from Afghanistan—a shaggy form suited to that mountain land. Of course these dogs are not all exactly greyhounds in the western sense, but they are essentially the same in type; they are "gazehounds," long legged, light built dogs, bred to run their game by sight and not by scent and to overtake it not by wearing it down, but by sheer speed and skill of running. How this type was evolved affords much interesting speculation.

"A greyhound is probably the fastest creature that moves upon the earth," says a breeder of these animals. "It is on record that a greyhound beat the famous race horse Flying Childers. An absolute trial between horse and greyhound is difficult to bring off, because, while the horse can be ridden at top speed, it is impossible to insure that the greyhound will run 'all he can.' But a dog that can start, say, fifty yards behind a hare and overtake it within another fifty, and this is about what a greyhound does, must surely be faster than anything else that lives or has his parallel only among the birds."

The same writer says of greyhound coursing: "One used to hear that it was a 'pothouse,' not a 'gentleman's' sport. But I have heard men who follow both declare that they prefer coursing to racing, and I can quite understand it. In coursing there is the absolute certainty that all is above suspicion of anything 'shady.' Every time a dog is run he is honestly run to win or divide the stakes. You cannot 'pull' a greyhound."—Chicago News.

**The New Cook's Way.**  
A new cook was in the kitchen, and the mistress was trying to be pleased with the way she served dinner. The salad was especially unappetizing, with large, coarse green lettuce leaves instead of the crisp, white little hearts the family was accustomed to.

"What did you do to the lettuce?" mildly inquired the lady of the house after dinner.

"Sure, I washed it all good," replied the new cook.

"But the small white part?" persisted the mistress.

"Oh, the core, ye mean. I threw it away, of course."—New York Times.

**Happy Tears.**  
A good cry is a solace to many women. It steadies the nerves and, added to a cup of tea and an interesting story, forms their idea of supreme happiness. Arising from the perusal of their books with red eyes, swelled features and a sopping pocket handkerchief, they feel their time has not been wasted.—Lady Violet Greville in London Chronicle.