

Why do We Solicit Your Business?

Almost any Bank can handle your business after a fashion, when times are good and money is plentiful, but the test of the ability of a Bank to take care of its customers is given when a panic, such as the one we have just passed through arrives.

Having maintained unrestricted currency payment to our customers during the entire period of the Currency shortage, and having taken care of every loan of our customers, we are proud of our record, a record which very few banks were able to make.

These things, coupled with conservative management, careful personal attention, given by both officers and directors, assure the patrons of this Bank supreme safety for their funds. We invite correspondence or a personal interview.

CITIZENS BANK, of Henderson, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

R. R. Road, Park, Timber, Town, City and Farm Work quickly done and accurately planned, mapped and plotted. Farm work solicited.

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Calls promptly attended to. Office opposite court house.

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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.

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B. G. GREEN, H. A. BOYD
GREEN & BOYD,
Attorneys at Law,
Warrenton, North Carolina.

Eggs for Hatching!

At Raleigh, Asheville and Munroe in Competition with the best the country affords.

My Barred Plymouth Rocks, White and Golden Wyandottes, were among the winners. They excel for laying and growing quick, strong broilers as well as for exhibition. I guarantee a fair hatch.

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

THE SMILER.

Be a smiler—up the hill, Rough or smooth, keep smiling still! Be a smiler—let the throng Hear your laughter and your song; Let the echoes of your cheer Calm the sobbing, stay the tear, On the lips and in the eye Of a brother passing by! Be a smiler—with the ring Of the heart of youth and spring In your "Howdy-do, to-day!" To the neighbor on your way. —Baltimore Sun.

Wonderful Warblers.

The wife of a Methodist minister in Ohio has already been married three times. Her first husband was named Partridge, her second was named Sparrow, and the present one is named Quayle. The children are now as follows: Two Robbins, one Sparrow and three Quayles in the family. One grandmother's name was Swan and another was named Jay; he is dead now and a bird of Paradise. One grandmother was named Ostrich and the other was named Byrd. This very interesting family of feathered songsters, at least in name, now reside on Hawk Avenue, Eaglesville, Canary Island, and a lyre bird says so, and as spring has now just arrived, of course they are pluming their wings and pouring forth sweet songs of praise and thankfulness that they have not ere this been mistaken by some sportsman for the real thing and been shot.—Durham Sun.

Local Self-Government.

The way to have good and safe government is not to trust it all to one; but to divide it among many, distributing to every one exactly the functions he is competent to perform. Let the national government be entrusted with the defense of the nation and its foreign and Federal relations; the State government with the civil rights, laws, police and administration of what concerns the State generally; the counties with the local concerns of the counties, and each ward direct the interest within itself. It is by dividing and subdividing these republics, from the great national one down through all its subordinations of every man's farm and affairs by himself; by placing under every one what his own eye may superintend, that all will be done for the best.—Thomas Jefferson.

A Pony Sentinel.

During one of General Custer's Indian campaigns he had a boy bugler with him who was mounted on a circus pony he had picked up somewhere. The animal was not only full of tricks but he himself a better sentinel than any of the soldiers. Three times in four months he saved the camp from a night attack when no one suspected that danger was near. Upon one occasion the pony, who was loose and walking about camp, discovered a sentinel asleep on his post. That was wrong, and the animal knew it was, and he gave the soldier such a bite on the arm as caused him to yell out and arouse the whole camp. Pony and boy both died in Custer's last battle. The pony had twelve arrows in his body when found.—Ex.

A Californian's Luck.

"The luckiest day of my life was when I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve," writes Charles F. Budahn, of Tracy, California. "Two 25c boxes cured me of an annoying case of itching piles, which had troubled me for years and that yielded to no other treatment." Sold under guarantee at C. A. Thomas drug store.

The North Carolina Mascot.

Raleigh, May 12.—Henry McKee is the name of a large black william goat that will be mascot of the cruiser North Carolina. The animal was purchased today, and sent this afternoon to Norfolk to join the cruiser. Victor Blue called for a mascot, and the goat is sent.

Valued Same as Gold.

B. G. Stewart, a merchant of Cedar View, Miss., says: "I tell my customers when they buy a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills they get the worth of that much gold in weight, if afflicted with constipation, malaria or biliousness." Sold under guarantee at C. A. Thomas drug store. 25c.

The World's Biggest Clock.

A clock which, it is said will be the largest in the world will be finished soon at Thomaston, Conn., for a Jersey City soap factory. The clock will be placed on the company's sign on the top of the soap factory in Hudson street, between York and Grand streets Jersey City, and will be visible from the river and the New York piers. It will have a diameter of thirty-eight feet. Philadelphia has a clock with a diameter of twenty-five feet, and Westminster, London, one with a twenty-two and a half foot diameter.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is best for women and children. Its mild action and pleasant taste makes it preferable to violent purgatives, such as pills, tablets, etc. Get the booklet and a sample of Orino at Hunter Drug Store.

She Was Going.

Jones—I saw a great deal of Evelyn Swellington last winter. I saw you talking to her this morning. "Yes; she was telling me she hoped you were going to Morehead City again this season." "A! She's going there, eh?" "No; she's going to Asheville."

A man's enemies anxiously await an opportunity to meet his widow.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ANOTHER INSULT TO FARMERS.

Liquor Forces Give Grossest Insult to Farmers Ever Offered Them By Men or Devils.

TO THE EDITOR:—Will you be so kind as to allow an old gray-haired farmer, who has toiled in summer's heat and winter's cold, to resent the damnable insult heaped upon them by the whiskey gang in the State? The gross insult is enough to make the old farmer buckle on the sword to defend himself against the live and wicked infamy heaped upon him.

Listen, farmers, all over North Carolina, and hear them say: "We have used the negro to stand by whiskey and save it in every election, but while we haven't got the negro any longer we have got the farmer, and we are banking on him in every place.

Who among us ever dreamed in the darkest period of our history that the farmers of North Carolina would ever be so grossly insulted by men or devils? It is enough to wake up the dead, much less arouse the fiery indignation of the living. We know that the farmers, like all other classes, have black sheep in their flocks, like all other professions, but as a class, so far as patriotism, honest, sobriety and integrity is concerned, they will compare favorably with any other class of our people.

In 1861, when the trump of war sounded, all over the South the farmers, young and old, rushed from their homes to defend Southern rights beneath the stars and bars, and as many farmers as merchants and others are sleeping on the battlefields of Virginia and elsewhere. And in dark days of carpet-bags and reconstruction, the farmers were in the proud ranks of those gallant patriots who delivered us from the horrible pit and miry clay. And it is now too late in the day for public insult to be offered to the best class of citizens.

The farmers may not be dressed in Prince Alberts and have silk beavers on their heads and kid gloves upon their hands. They may not have college diplomas or much bank stock, but when it comes to doing right and fighting wrong, they are just as honest and patriotic as the city folks.

It is said that whom the gods propose to destroy they first make mad, and this applies to the whiskey man or men who made this sabre thrust upon the innocent farmer. Some of us do like a drink sometimes and have it shipped in white jugs to our homes from Wilmington and Virginia, but this does not prove that we are dirty devils like the nigger to be used as mere machines by the political demagogues and whiskey men.

"We can't use the nigger any longer," but we can use the farmer to help us to put in a grave without a hope of a resurrection the vile whiskey slanderers who so grossly insult us and our homes. We must not accept any apology for this insult, but dig graves wide and deep to put these fellows in. The good old book speaks of the unpardonable sin, and the whiskey men have certainly, so far as farmers are concerned, committed the great and unpardonable sin in insulting the farmers.

Whiskey men, if you are depending on the rural districts, you are in full pursuit of a vain hope.

Mr. Editor, the whiskey men down here ars as silent as the grave, but they are working like beavers, and they are putting out lots of money to buy votes, and you are going to hear from them just before the election. They all ought to be spotted and their names published to the whole world, so that the generations yet unborn may know the names of the Judas Iscariots and Benedict Arnolds who are employed with whiskey money to blast our homes and ruin our children.

The fight is on, and let us bury the enemy in the last ditch. I can't write much, but I can think world without end. Amen. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the same.—J. Williams, in News and Observer, April 12th.

THE "MERRY WIDOW."

You know that "Merry Widow" don't you? If you should chance to meet her, Just step aside and let her pass, Don't even stop to greet her.

She's dressed in yellow, black and blue; I tell you she's a hummer. Have patience with her, she's only here To spend just this one summer.

She's on hand most everywhere, At church you'll always find her. But if you want to see or hear Be sure don't sit behind her.

The boys—alas, don't like her much, I don't know why they won't, For she's a dear and winsome thing, Its just because they don't. T.

HE STOPPED HIS PAPER.

Because Something That Was In it Didn't Please Him.

Some time ago a cranky sort of an old man came into this office and stopped his paper because something in it did not just suit his fancy. We have met him several times since on the street and it is interesting to see the surprised look on the old fellow's face that we are still in existence regardless of the fact that he stopped his paper. Some day—and that will not be long either—that old gentleman will turn up his toes. Neighbors and friends will follow his lifeless clay to the silent city and lay it among the flowers. An obituary will be published in these columns telling what a good neighbor and beloved citizen he was, which the recording angel will overlook for charity's sake, and in a short time he will be forgotten. As he lies out there in the cold, cold ground, wrapped in the silent slumber of death, he will never know the last kind word spoken of him by the editor of the paper which in life he so spitefully "stopped." Did you ever pause, reader, just for a moment and think that the editor of your paper, whoever he may be, will write your obituary some day? If the writing of the obituaries of that class who never have a kind word to say, nor the price of a subscription for their home paper, was all, many editors would feel that the burdens of life were light.—Snow Hill Locomotive-Standard.

King Cotton.

The South is producing an average of about twelve million bales of cotton a year. The time is rapidly coming when this must be increased to twenty million bales or more to meet the world's requirements. The gain in consumption will require an average of half a million bales a year. At this gain it would require but ten years to make it necessary for the South to raise seventeen million or eighteen million bales annually.

There is no reason why the world will not eventually need forty million or fifty million bales or more of Southern-grown cotton; and with good prices and an increase in the labor supply, even this would not be the limit of the South's ability.

The practical monopoly of cotton production is a potential power for the South as great as would be an equally strong domination of the world's iron-ore supply.

Sooner or later, when this section fully comprehends this great power, it will make the world pay tribute to its coffers, just as would England or any other country which owned the world's iron-ores.

By reason of this condition cotton-growers ought to be the most prosperous farmers in the world, and in time they doubtless will be. R. H. Edmonds, in The Youth's Companion.

The World's Best Climate

is not entirely free from disease, on the high elevations fevers prevail, while on the lower levels malaria is encountered to a greater or less extent, according to altitude. To overcome climate affections, lassitude, malaria, jaundice, biliousness, fever and ague, and general debility, the most effective remedy is Electric Bitters, the great alterative and blood purifier; the antidote for every form of bodily weakness, nervousness, and insomnia. Sold under guarantee at C. A. Thomas drug store. Price 50c.

SOUTHERN STATESMEN.

Larger and More Independent Views on National Questions.

It leaves upon the mind a wholesome impression of growth in statesmanship to hear a Southern Senator like Simmons, of North Carolina, ably advocating an ocean subsidy for the mails and the merchant marine for our Pacific coast, and to hear other Southern Senators, like Bacon, of Georgia, interspersing their argument with keen and intelligent comment.

The South, which clamors eagerly so tremendous in this policy has been heretofore especially handicapped in its consideration by the leadership of blind and virulent partisans.

The South, which clamors eagerly for the vast subsidy which the government pays to the fast mail service running South from Washington, has been led in time past to denounce bitterly the encouragement which the government might give to vessels carrying the mails and developing commerce from the ports and coasts of other sections of the country.

This absolute inconsistency of attitude is unworthy of a great section which has been so prolific in time past of the highest and most honest statesmanship.

It suggests, then, a return to the larger and more independent statesmanship of the South when a Senator from the Carolinas, rising above the traditional prejudices of party and section, frankly and ably champions a broad national policy which looks clearly to the welfare and growth of interests common to all the States.

We welcome the sanity and independency of Senator Simmons' speech on the ocean mail service, and we hail it as a sign of the increasing liberty and individuality which is coming to the Southern people in their political life.

For now, if ever in their history, these gulf and southeastern States need independence in their political policies and alignments. —New York American.

The Biggest Man Ever.

"I'll bet none of you folks know that the biggest man that ever lived was born and raised in North Carolina," said a Tar Heel at the Hoffman House the other night. "His existence and dimensions are vouched for in the American Encyclopaedia, says the New York Press.

"His name was Miles Darden. He was seven feet, six inches high and in 1845 weighed 871 pounds. He was born in North Carolina in 1798 and died in Tennessee, January 23, 1859. Until 1853 he was able to go about his work in active manner, but his weight increased so fast that year when he wanted to move about he had to be hauled in a two-horse wagon. In 1839 it was chronicled that his coat was buttoned around three men each weighing more than 200 pounds, who walked together down the streets of Lexington, N. C. At his death he is said to have weighed not less than 1,000 pounds. His coffin was 8 feet long, 35 inches deep, 32 inches across the breast, 18 across the head, and 14 across the feet. The measurements were taken at the time and are matters of historical record."—Washington Herald.

A contemporary wonders what Jefferson would say if he were to appear again on terra firma. It is doubtful if he would say any thing for a while. He would be lost in thought. An automobile would cause him considerable surprise and an express train at full speed would surprise him more than anything he saw in Europe, while the Atlantic cable, the telephone and the Muarentania crossing the Atlantic in five days, would complete his astonishment, that is, provided he is not familiar from observation, with the little things that take place on earth.



Hamilton Railroad Watches are the best watches in the world. I carry them. I also carry Elgin, Waltham, and other makes of watches.

A nice line of Jewelry always on hand. I have come here to stay, so you need not be afraid to give me your patronage.

Thos. A. Shearin,

JEWELER,

WARRENTON, N. C.

Notice of Summons!

Rosa Powell, Plff. } In Superior Court
vs. }
Willis Powell, Dft. } June Term 1909.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Warren county by the plaintiff against the defendant to secure an absolute divorce. And the defendant will further take notice that he is hereby required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of said Warren county, State of North Carolina, to be held in Warrenton, North Carolina, on the third Monday in June, A. D. 1908, the same being the 15th. of said month, and answer or demur to the complaint filed in said action, or the said plaintiff will apply to said Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 11th. day of April, 1908.
J. R. RODWELL,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

Many a poor man has nothing but money.

Notice to Our Customers

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar is coming out in a new and improved form. It is now in a more palatable and more effective form. It contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. Hunter Drug Co.

And now Ella says the grandest verse is the universe.

It Reached the Spot

Mr. E. Humphrey, who owns a large general store at Omega, O., and is president of the Adams County Telephone Co., as well as of the Home Telephone Co. of Pike county, O., says of Dr. King's New Discovery: "It saved my life once. At least I think it did. It seemed to reach the spot—the very seat of my cough,—when everything else failed." Dr. King's New Discovery not only reaches the cough spot; it heals the sore spots and the weak spots in throat, lungs and chest. Sold under guarantee at C. A. Thomas drug store. 50c. and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

People insist on morality unless it's for theMselves.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

PHILES
Dr. Sheep's Magic Ointment
FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs