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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.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

A Noted Labor Advocate.
Samuel Gompers, labor leader, whose support of the Democratic national ticket has aroused some criticism from trades unionists, is a cigarmaker by trade. As president of the American Federation of Labor and vice president of the National Civic Federation he occupies a prominent place in the world of organized labor.

Mr. Gompers is a native of London, England, and is fifty-eight years old. At the age of thirteen he came to this country and worked at the trade until he was thirty-seven. Since then he has been a writer on labor topics, an agitator and organizer of unions. When only fourteen he helped organize the Cigarmakers' International union, which he later served as secretary and president.

In 1881 he was instrumental in organizing the American Federation of



Labor and has been president of that body since its beginning with the exception of one term. It is a salaried office.
Mr. Gompers is a voluminous and indefatigable writer. He is constantly appearing in the newspapers, and much of the American Federationist is written by his hand.

Episcopal Wit.
"Our Bishop Burgess," said a Garden City man, "is one of the few American clergymen who, being graduates of the famous University of Oxford, are entitled to wear the Oxford hood."

"At a certain service another bishop, also an Oxford man, nodded toward the officiating clergyman and whispered excitedly to Bishop Burgess: "Why, look! He has got an Oxford hood on."

"So he has," said Bishop Burgess. "But he is not entitled to it. He has no Oxford degree," exclaimed the first bishop. "Why, the man is wearing a lie on his back."

"Hush," said Bishop Burgess. "Don't call it a lie. Call it a false hood."—Cleveland Leader.

A Tarkington Epigram.
"Booth Tarkington at a theatrical supper spoke rather well," said a playwright, "on marriage."
"One remark in his speech struck me particularly by its epigrammatic truth. It was this: "Before she marries him a girl's opinion of a young man is the same as his mother's; after marriage she comes round rather to his father's view."

The Prohibition Leader.
Eugene Wilder Chafin of Chicago, candidate of the Prohibition party for president of the United States, is a great campaigner and has been on the lecture platform for thirty years. For the past eleven years he has given practically his entire time to the prohibition reform.

A native of Wisconsin, Mr. Chafin's youth was spent on a farm. His father died when he was twelve years



old, leaving thirteen children, he being the eldest at home. He ran the farm for his mother and eight brothers and sisters until he was of age. Since his fourteenth birthday he has been a member of the Good Templars and was grand chief templar of Wisconsin for four years. He also held a similar position in Illinois for one year.

Seven years ago he left a lucrative law practice in Wisconsin and went to Chicago at a salary of \$1,500 to take charge of the Washingtonian home. During his management he came in contact with 3,000 drunkards, many of whom he reformed. Mr. Chafin received a flattering vote when he ran for governor of Illinois a few years ago.

FOLEY'S HONEY-TAR
stops the cough and heals lung

A WALKING GALLOW

The Horrible Deeds of Lieutenant Hepenstall.

HANGED MEN FROM HIS NECK

This Handsome but Brutal Giant of the Wicklow Militia Was the Most Cold Blooded and Eccentric Executioner That Has Ever Existed.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieutenant Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "the walking gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained to the rank of lieutenant in 1798. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir Jonah Barrington in his memoirs states:

"I knew him well and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial law enforced, Hepenstall, upon the expedition of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of seditious tenets. At the present day the story seems almost incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the period, that when rebels, either suspected or caught red handed, were brought before him Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off and then, rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victims had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

The "walking gallows" was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions the lieutenant would frequently administer an anaesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with, Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own and then, when both were cheek by jowl, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse until the rebel had no further solitude about subsidiary affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "the walking gallows." He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross examination, admitted the aforementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer. Lieutenant Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.

A Slight Difference.
The globe trotter was telling about the wonders of India.
"The scenery in some portions of the country," he said, "with enthusiasm, is incomparable. Far, far away, the mountains pile up toward the sky, and stretching off to them are beautiful valleys, while close at hand you can get in sight of a man eating tiger."
"I beg your pardon," interrupted an eager listener, "but did you say inside of a man eating tiger or in sight of one?"—New York Press.

All Bound.
A citizen of culture and poetic taste went to a public library and asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."
He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied, with great hauteur: "We don't keep any unbound books in this library."

Missed It.
The prodigal son wrote the old man as follows: "I got religion the other day. Send me \$10." But the old man replied: "Religion is free. You got the wrong kind."

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.—Bacon.

CLEAN UP THE BACKYARD.

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness" Says the Old Adage.

Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, you will be called on to show those inspectors around, that "our grand and glorious President" is sending to all farms, to get the exact truth of how we live, and move, and have our being from a hygienic stand point, as a financial one.

Can we fail to look with unparalleled astonishment on the fact that the present incumbent of our national Capitol condescends to think of the welfare of the lowly tillers of the soil? Surely he must be an uncommon man to stoop from his exalted positions to help poor ignorant (?) farmers to a better way of living. Axe to grind? Why how suspicious, and uncharitable one must be to think of that when he thought he had hidden it so securely! It is perfectly genuine—just like everything he ever did—right along in line with his expressed desire for a third term so that he could wipe out Wall street and the trusts—the two things he had been fostering so carefully for six years. But we are drifting from the subject. These men will have to dine or sup with each of us, to inspect the food. Now what a fine report they will have to carry back if our ladies get on their mettle! The "Grand Mogul" would have to postpone his lion hunt, and come down to sample Southern cooking.

Before the inspection day, we had best eliminate every malaria-breeding weed, bury every particle of refuse vegetables, and be sure that not a drop of water is thrown out in the backyard. Every germ-laden carpet must be removed and the floors scrubbed to immaculate whiteness, and all sleeping apartments aired to the limit. You need not move the well—till after they come or you might have to move it again. If you haven't got a dozen small children—why you will have to borrow. Any kind will do just so they are the same age, and size.

We are sorry for the good man—it will put him in such a haste. If there is a single spot in the barnyard (which according to the new health laws, must be a good half mile from everywhere in which a germ could hide his name will be cast out as evil, and he will have to hunt for a lodging place in some vast wilderness to hide his disgraced head from an outraged public.

Now Roosevelt's dear (?) common people can read him like an open book. We can almost see the wink with which he favored his "regulars" when he issued this mandate, but we cannot do a better thing than to pay strict attention to small things that always make, or mar the health of any family. Of course many germ theories that are widely promulgated are the worse kind of "bosh," but the fact will ever remain that careless house-keeping, impure air, and water, and the eating of food, improper in quality and quantity, is responsible for all the ill health that afflicts mankind.

It makes no difference who graces or disgraces—rules or misrules in the White House, the farmer has more power over his own destiny than any other class under the sun. The very "isolations" that bring him so much sympathy from those who are herded like brutes, is one of his best possessions, for he does not suffer from other peoples careless way of living. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and it is an inflexible rule that one cannot have a clean heart or life that has an unclean person. Dirt and grace will not fraternize. Any one can keep clean, and one is selling his birthright for less than nothing not to bend every energy to have pure surroundings.

RUTH FLETCHER.
DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by Hunter Drug Co.

A Sure-enough Knocker.
J. C. Goodwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salva is a sure-enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns, etc. 25c. at C. A. Thomas drug store.

PILES get immediate relief from Dr. Hoop's Magic Ointment.

An Autumn Song.

There's a calm and tender feeling, as of Autumn in the air,
Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere;
The shallow leaves sail down, crimson'd-green and golden'd-brown,
Here and there, here and there:
Old Rock Face is sad, haughty, handsome, stern and bad,
But the young Cohuttas smile,
Dreaming softly all the while.
With the calm and tender feeling, as of Autumn in the air.

There's a tender, holy feeling, as of Autumn in the air
'Tis a prayer, 'tis a prayer;
Sweet benedictions and all blessings beam upon us,
Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere;
While memories of Summer now faintly fade away,
Hill and valley sing in glee,
'O, let Love be harvest be',
With the tender, holy feeling, as of Autumn in the air.
—Robert Loveman, in Uncle Remus's —The Home Magazine for Sept.

Flowers By the Wayside.

A young girl visiting the country was following the farmer's wife along a winding, half overgrown path amid a winding tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their variety and beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry when we come back and have a little more time," she said. Better pick them now, if you want them," said the elder woman. "It isn't likely we'll come back this way." It was one of those simple, homely incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. We must pick now, if we want them at all, the flowers that God scatters along our way. The pleasant hours, the dear friendships, the offered confidences, the happy gatherings—all the brightness and blessings that we so often push aside, but mean to find leisure to enjoy sometime—we must take them day by day as they come, or we shall lose them altogether; we can never turn back to find them.—Selected.

Art Moving West.

Referring to the artistic development in the United States, the Commissioner of Fine Arts for France to the St. Louis Exposition summed up the outlook in the prophecy that it was to the heart of our country that the future must turn for the much-discussed national art.

The deductions made by this distinguished visitor from abroad it would seem, even now, are being exemplified to a pronounced degree. The trend of to-day is a shifting of the center of really earnest and serious artistic endeavor from the Atlantic to the great central plain. This evinced in every department of the fine arts. Among the crafts, the Eastern man will acknowledge the truth of this. In architecture however, the exponent will not always be so generous, but he will at least admit curiosity, and sometimes interest, concerning achievement in the West. The sturdy Western type, full of energy, frankly enthusiastic, impatient of restraint, glories in his self-appointed freedom and delights in identifying himself and his expression with his surroundings.—Maude Oliver, in Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine for September.

A Purpose in Life.

No boy can stay a boy or a youth or young man; he must prepare for a mature manhood. No girl can remain a girl or a young lady; she will have to be a mature woman after awhile. Some day each boy and girl must take up his or her share of the work of the world, and either succeed or fail in it. Beneath fun and play each of us must have a purpose in life, and get ready for useful living. Are we doing this, or are we forgetting it?—The Youth's Evangelist.

A Paying Investment.

Mr. John White, of 38 Highland Ave. Houlton, Maine, says: "Have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised remedies, but the cough continued until I bought a 50c. bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery; before that war half gone, the cough was all gone. This winter the same happy result has followed; a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at C. A. Thomas drug store, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

IN LEE'S HONOR.

Proposed Statue a Tribute to American Spirit.

The statue of Robert E. Lee, for which the State of Virginia will ask a place in the Memorial Hall of the Capitol at Washington, has been completed. In the near future Congress will be asked to accept the gift, and the strong hope and belief is that no individual or organization in the whole length or breadth of the North will so much as murmur against the intention to honor the memory of the great Confederate soldier.

If it had been said in the days immediately following the Civil War that in time a memorial to Lee would have a place of honor in the nation's Capitol, there would have been few to admit that such a thing was possible. Time has brought its changes. Robert E. Lee is honored in the North only to a degree less than he is honored in the South. He was an American who fought as he thought, and he was one of the greatest soldiers who ever went to battle.

In no other country on earth than this is it likely the government would consent to admit into the halls of its Capitol a memorial of a man who had fought against its unity as a nation. The fact that it is possible here is a tribute to the American spirit. Lee will have a place beside Washington, another son of Virginia, in the country's hall of fame, and Americans are glad of it.—Chicago Post.

The Story You Hear.

If you hear an unpleasant story about an acquaintance, perhaps you will not feel like keeping it is true. The chances are that you will pass it along, imagining that you will have freed yourself from all responsibility if you were told, and that personally you know nothing about the matter. Have you ever noticed how soon all these little qualifications are dropped out of a story? Every "perhaps" and "maybe" is lost by the second telling. "I thought" soon becomes "I saw," and somebody's careless guess is accepted as his positive statement. Since this is true, you cannot escape any responsibility by saying that you heard a certain report, but are not positive as to its truth. The results of repeating it are likely to be just as bad as if you pledged your honor for its correctness in every point.

When you hear a doubtful story which attacks somebody's character, set your lips together and resolve that no word of this shall pass them. If true it will be verified only too soon. If false you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not helped to harm a brother or sister by lending the weight of your influence to a lie.—Written for The Inland Printer.

Using Our Reputations.

Reputation has its uses as a stimulus. It is not of nearly so much account as character, to be sure; for our reputation is only what people think we are, while our character is what we are. But there is one way by which we can make of our reputations—and we all have more than one—valuable helpers. A shrewdly thoughtful business man has told how in this advice: "Be what your friends think you are; avoid being what your enemies say you are." There is a sure way to justify our friends and to confound our enemies—and nobody gets hurt by it.—Sunday School Times.

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