

STATEMENT

CITIZENS BANK

HENDERSON N. C. NOVEMBER 27th, 1908.

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$450,311.14	Capital Stock paid in,	\$100,000.00
Overdrafts,	7,755.01	Surplus and Profits,	61,791.17
Stocks and Bonds,	29,461.25	Due to Banks,	28,406.53
Banking House and Fixtures,	10,732.75	Deposits,	460,016.99
Insurance department,	1,871.73	Cashier's Ch'ks Outstanding,	1,480.66
Cash on Hand and Cash Items,	28,626.68	Certified Checks,	42.59
Due from Banks,	112,979.41		
Total,	\$651,737.95	Total,	\$651,737.95

REMEMBER

this Bank has One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars of its own Capital and Surplus to guarantee your deposits, and in addition to this, the stockholders are liable for an additional \$100,000.00.

All our officers are bonded.

We are fully insured against burglary and daylight hold up.

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J. B. OWEN, PRESIDENT. W. A. HUNT, CASHIER.

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Thirty years in business, with a steadily increasing trade every year—until we have to-day one of the largest businesses in seeds in this country—is the best of evidence as to

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BILLY AND "E 112."

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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To Billy Baxter every moment he spent in the theater was to his liking, but the best of all was when the band filled in and the house lights went up. Then the music and the rush of arrivals made a delightful stir.

These were busy moments for the ushers, because in the ten minutes preceding the rise of the curtain half the house had to be seated, and it was hard for Billy to bear in mind the managerial caution that the right hand aisle was not a cinder track laid for his amusement.

It is hard to walk when the music plays a lively air, and there were times when Billy would sprint up the aisle as though bent upon breaking all records for the hundred yards.

These ten minutes twice a day repaid the boy for the rest of the work, and it was work for all who were employed about the Century theater.

Calkins, the manager, had spent his days devising a system that was at-



HE WOULD STAND IN RAPT ADMIRATION.

most perfect in his schedules. Everybody cleaned house in the morning, with just time for a hurried lunch before sneaking into the uniforms for the matinee, and as soon as the rush was over all but two of the boys were taken off to perform other duties. Those who remained were water boys, parading the aisles with trays of glasses, which they offered to the patrons. Now and then a penny or even a nickel or a dime fell to the water carrier, but Billy was content if the ladies smiled their thanks.

All this was before "E 112" came. After that there was but one woman in the world for William, just as there is but one woman for each of us at some stage of boyhood.

"E 112" was worthy of his worship. Even the box office boy had confided to Calkins, the manager, that it was a dead sure thing that he would take the seat for Tuesday matinee, and the manager had condescended to approve the statement, though Calkins' own preference was for blends. "E 112" had dark hair of the soft, wavy kind that makes a fellow long to stroke softly, admiringly.

But Billy remembered nothing but her eyes after he had received one direct glance. He could look into those liquid depths clear down into the untroubled soul beyond.

Every Tuesday afternoon the girl occupied the same seat. The Century reserved seats for its regular patrons by the season, and once when the usher sought to shift Billy to the balcony, where there was a better chance of making this, Billy promptly forgot the fact that it was supposed to be a favor and pummeled his benefactor until the usher promised to put him back on his old aisle.

To such an extent had Billy become enamored that he even rejected one in the water job. He would work the front rows very slowly, waiting with patience for each patron to finish with a glass, and when "E 112" asked for a drink he would stand in rapt admiration, ignoring the request of others for glasses from the tray until she had returned hers and there was no longer any excuse for standing at her side.

Long before the middle of the season Eleanor Golden, otherwise "E 112," had come to know the earnest, freckled little face, and the day that she passed him in the street and gave him a nod and a bright smile was a golden one in the Baxter calendar.

Then came the day which even now Calkins likes to recall because of its one moment of nightmare. There was an act at the house that opened with the supposed explosion of an automobile off the stage, the comedian entering with a tire and part of the rim of a wheel hung about his neck.

The effect was obtained in the time honored fashion of firing into the air a shotgun loaded with salt instead of shot. The salt scattered harmlessly, and yet the report was louder than when powder alone was used.

On this day a tray bit of the wadding was carried into the air and flut-

tered against one of the huge drops hung above the stage.

There were four of these hung close together, and no one noticed the spiral of flame run up between this drop and the next. The scenery was fireproofed, but the rough surface of the canvas was coated with dust, and the dust carried the flame.

A watchful fireman discovered the smoke and turned in an alarm, while he gave the signal to the stage manager to lower the fire curtain.

As the great asbestos shield descended one of the actors stepped before the curtain line and made an announcement that an accident had occurred.

"There is positively no danger," he assured, "but merely as a precaution you are asked to leave the house as quickly as possible."

The band was still playing and the people in the rear of the house were moving toward the entrance when the stage hands in the flies cut the ropes and permitted the scenery to fall to the stage, where the fire could be fought with greater ease.

Until then there had been an orderly movement. At the speaker's suggestion the people in front were waiting until those in the rear seats had gone that there might be no crowding.

Billy, watching over "E 112," had his sharp eyes on the people in his section, and as the heavy battens from which the scenery was hung came crashing to the stage one man sprang to his feet.

He was sitting in the fourth row, and in a flash Billy realized that should this man break the order of departure there would be a crush in which many would be hurt.

Billy still carried his now useless tray, and quick as a flash he pretended to stumble and fall against the panic stricken man. In falling he thrust the fellow back into his seat, and the ice cold water drenched the man's face and neck and trickled down inside of his clothing.

Those near by laughed, and the crowd, which had been upon the verge of a panic, cooled down. The panic was averted.

But Billy had slipped on one of the thick tumbler rollers under his feet. In an instant he was on the floor of the aisle on top of the clutter of broken glass, and his face and arms were badly cut before the girl in "E 112" could spring to his relief.

Strong arms bore the boy to the head of the aisle, where already the doorkeepers were turning back the crowd with the assurance that the fire was all over. And almost before he realized it he was lying on the sofa in the retiring room, and "E 112" was bathing the cut hands and face with soft cloths, while Calkins stood helplessly by.

"Gee," said Billy ruefully, "I bet I have to pay for a new uniform. This looks like I been working in a butcher shop."

"Nonsense," broke in Calkins, who could be human at times, though it was seldom that he exhibited this trait. "You saved the day, Billy, and you can have a new uniform every week if you want one. This lady tells me that in drenching that fool you stopped a panic."

"Well, he had it coming to him," said Billy. "He was a husky guy in D 112, and he had the willies, he was so scared. I says to myself that if he got 'em runnin' 'E 112' would have the chance of a snowball in hell, you know where. So I plugged him with the glasses, and then he was good for awhile. I wouldn't let them walk all over you," he added to the girl.

The glorious eyes grew more tender as she realized what the boy was saying. Men had sought to do great things to show their love for their ladyloves, but this boy of twelve was as brave and as fearless as any knight who ever wore his lady's favor in his helmet.

His thought had been solely for her, yet he had probably saved scores from death or injury, and it was she who was responsible for the deed. Slowly she bent her beautiful head and pressed her lips against his own.

"It was very brave of you, dear," she said in a whisper. "I am very proud to think that it was for me you did so fine a deed."

Billy blushed; then he looked with adoring eyes into the brown ones that were searching his face. The farmer was "I'd burn down the theater every Tuesday—when you come—for that," he declared as he lapsed into unconsciousness, and it was Miss Golden's turn to blush. Could he but know it Billy had for the moment become more than a boy. He was a man and the knight of "E 112."

A Paying Weakness.
For many years a certain old fellow had been engaged by a farmer to gather his potatoes at a fixed sum per acre. He did, however, and the farmer was obliged to get another man. A day or two later the farmer strolled around to see how the new man was progressing. To his surprise, at one end of the field he found a large heap of stones.

"Here, wot's this mean?" he demanded.

"Well, sir," responded the man in charge of the operation, "we thought we'd save ye a bit of trouble next seedtime, so whenever we finds a stone in the tates we just dumps it down there."

"Ah," remarked the farmer sadly, "I shall never find another man like Sam, the old one."

"Oh," replied the other, rather nettled, "why, old Sam was rather blind an' didn't know a stone when he seen one."

"Mebbe he didn't, and mebbe he did," sighed the farmer, "but he worn't so particular about keepin' 'em out of the tates. They weighs." — London Answers.

Law and Crime.

Washington Post.

Public opinion is to blame primarily. It does exact of judges and juries performance of duty. Moral and physical spolirooney accounts for many a miscarriage of justice; witnesses and intimidated or corrupted are jurors fear the evil consequences of faithlessness to their oaths. Legal technicality employed by skillful and unscrupulous counsel oft makes a farce of a criminal trial. But the big mesh through which murderers escape is the suborned witness.

When an influential citizen turns murderer the newspapers print full accounts of the crime and go into the minutest details of the tragedy. Of course, when an honest talesman is asked by counsel, when the work of impersonating the jury is in progress, if he has formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused he answers "Yes," if he has intelligence enough to read the papers; whereas your rascally talesman who has been "fixed" brazenly answers "No," and thus qualifies himself under the technique of the law to be a pillar of state in the administration of justice.

That is why we have scores of murderers where England has one, and that is why Judge Lynch is so active on the bench, and, it may be, why he is absolutely indispensable in the adjustment of numerous affairs.

A great many people have Kidney and Bladder trouble mainly due to neglect of the occasional pains in the back, slight rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, etc. Delay in such cases is dangerous. Take Dewitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are for weak back, backache, rheumatic pains and all kidney and bladder trouble. Soothing and antiseptic. Regular size 50c. Sold by Hunter Drug Co.

The Crowing of the Cock.

Will some one wiser than we are tell us why chickens always crow just about midnight—they do, but why?—Lenoir News.

And we on our part, would like to know why they crow at three o'clock and also again at the middle of the darkest hour—just before daybreak?

They crow at three different times during the night and with such accuracy that a clock may be set by them and not be ten minutes from true sun time.

Then there is another unfulfilling sign. If a cock goes to bed crowing—that is, crows during the early hours of night without being disturbed or excited—he will wake up with a wet head. It will rain before morning.—Statesville Landmark.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LEVAS CITY, vs.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1885. A. W. GLEASON, (SEAL) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sent for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Clubbing Offer.

We have made arrangements whereby we can furnish the weekly News and Observer and the Farmer and Mechanic, both published weekly at Raleigh, and THE RECORD for only \$1.50. So you see these three papers will cost you less than what one alone is worth.

Cash must accompany all orders. Send your subscription for this great offer today, for it will not be extended very long. This offer applies to both old and new subscriptions.

Address: THE RECORD, Warrenton, N. C.

The good health of our community is hard on our excellent physicians.

For health and happiness—DeWitt's Little Early Risers—small, gentle, pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by Hunter Drug Co.

A CLUB OF OPTIMISTS.

London Resort of Cheerful Men Who Always Smile.

New ideas in club life are constantly becoming realities in London, the home of clubs. The latest is an Optimists' club, which only those who acknowledge the duty of cheerfulness and make a point of looking on the bright side of everything can join. The hall porter is to be selected for his smiling, ruddy countenance, and all the house servants will have to be "sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights." None with "lean and hungry looks" need apply.

The decorations of the club house will be gay and bright, the furniture comfortable and attractive. The walls will be hung with mottoes such as "Why Worry?" "It will be all the same in a hundred years," and with portraits of the great optimists of fiction and history—Sir John Falstaff, Rabelais, Dr. Pangloss, Mark Tapley, etc.

As for the members any one who is convicted upon the evidence of two fellow members of being in the club for half an hour without smiling will be suitably fined. The penalty for expressing any doubt as to all being for the best of possible words will be champagne all round.

Why Working Women Do Not Marry.

In an article entitled "A Substitute for Matrimony" in the February Woman's Home Companion, Anna Steece Richardson proves conclusively that the majority of business girls of to-day do not marry because the men they might marry do not earn as much money as they do. Mrs. Richardson speaks with authority—she has a greater experience than perhaps any other woman in America. She concludes her article thus:

"The business woman of today is achieving financial success at the sacrifice of domestic content and maternal instinct. Is it worth while?"

The Wife's Economic Independence.

There is such a sense of independence in a small income, even, that all women should carefully guard their interests. To have one's own money for church debts and for gifts is joy unspeakable to most women. By all means keep the property separate, and married life will be all the sweeter and happier for this precaution.—The February New Idea Woman's Magazine.

A Horrible Hold-up.

"About ten years ago my brother was 'held up' in his work, health and happiness by what was believed to be leprosy, consumption," writes W. E. Lipscomb, of Washington, N. C. "He took all kinds of remedies and treatment from several doctors, but found no help till he used Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles. He is a well man to day." It's quick to relieve and the surest cure for weak or sore lungs, hemorrhages, coughs and colds, bronchitis, grippe, asthma and all bronchial affections. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by C. A. Thomas, druggist.

A Religious Author's Statement.

For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. My urine contained a thick white sediment and I passed same frequently day and night. I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Remedy and the pain gradually abated and finally ceased and my urine became normal. I cheerfully recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy. For sale by Hunter Drug Co.

Hunting A Dangerous Business.

Christian Work and Evangelist. Hunting in our American woods continues to be a dangerous business on account of the carelessness of the hunters. During the hunting season just closed, thirty-six human beings were killed in the four northern States of New England and the adjoining Canadian provinces. Twenty were killed in Maine, six in the provinces, four each in Vermont and New Hampshire, and two in Massachusetts. Eleven met their death through the accidental discharge of their own weapons, nine by the accidental discharge of weapons in the hands of companions; six were mistaken for game, and three fatalities were due to persons not knowing that the firearms were loaded. One hunter was shot by his father, four by brothers, two by cousins, and three by companions not relatives. Scores were seriously hurt—five or six of whom may yet be added to the list of the dead.

When a Man Calls.

When a man leaves, a girl says good-by to him in the parlor. She does not go into the hall to get his hat and coat, and does not open the door for him. These are things a man should do for himself when there is not a maid to do it. It is graceless and awkward for a girl to be stiff and formal about this. It is quite correct for her to saunter to the parlor door and talk while he is getting ready to go out; but there is a rule, as old as social convention, that a hostess does not go to the door with her guest, when that guest is a man. It isn't well for her to seem anxious to catch the last glimpse of him. Most conventions between men and women are founded on this theory.—The February Designer.

Times Had Changed.

Several years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race horses, and at the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor, Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad and me dear old mother, God rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am tonight sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in the old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Two more months of wind and rain. Have you taken advantage of our 25 per cent. off on Suits and Overcoats. Better make your purchase now and get a bargain before they are all picked over. Hilliard-White Co.

POLEY'S KIDNEY-TAR
For catarrh, urine, etc. No. 1000

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