

CITIZENS BANK STATEMENT FEBRUARY 5th, 1909. RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts \$429,777.98, Overdrafts 2,829.43, Stocks and Bonds 29,461.25, Banking House and Fixtures 10,732.73, Insurance Department 1,217.51, Cash on hand and in Banks 156,761.20. LIABILITIES: Capital Stock paid in \$100,000.00, Surplus and Profits 56,097.95, Due to Banks 2,271.02, Cashier's Ch'ks Outstanding 5,075.04, Certified Checks 11.40, Deposits 466,844.79.

TWENTY YEARS OF UNBROKEN SUCCESS From the day of its opening, Jan. 23, 1889, down to the present time, the business of this Bank has gone forward without interruption. But never before has it been so well prepared to meet and satisfy the needs of its patrons as now. We therefore solicit your business. J. B. OWEN, PRESIDENT. W. A. HUNT, CASHIER.

Edison Phonographs and Records, Cut Glass, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Fine Gold Jewelry of all kind for Bridal or birthday presents is what you buy from your jeweler. Quality guaranteed. Thos. A. Shearin, WARRENTON, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DR P. J. MACON, Physician & Surgeon, Warrenton, - North Carolina. DR CHARLES H. PEETE, Attorneys at Law, Warrenton, North Carolina. B. B. WILLIAMS, Attorney - at - Law, Warrenton, N. C.

Plant Wood's Seeds For The Garden & Farm. 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 The Superior Quality of Wood's Seeds. We are headquarters for Grass and Clover Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Seed Oats, Cow Peas, Soja Beans and all Farm Seeds.

B. B. WILLIAMS, Attorney - at - Law, Warrenton, N. C. M. J. HAWKINS, T. W. BICKETT, Ridgeway, N. C. LOUISBURG, N. C. HAWKINS & BICKETT, Attorneys at Law. CHAS. E. FOSTER, LITTLETON, N. C. - Phone 43. Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

Rheumatic Pains "My mother is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills is the only remedy that relieves her." MRS. G. DAVENPORT, Roycefield, N. J. The pains of rheumatism are almost invariably relieved with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They also overcome that nervous irritation which prevents sleep because they soothe the nerves. To chronic sufferers they are invaluable. When taken as directed, they relieve the distress and save the weakening influence of pain, which so frequently prostrates. Many sufferers use them whenever occasion requires with the greatest satisfaction, why not you? They do not derange the stomach nor create a habit. Why not try them? Get a package from your druggist. Take it according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

Dr. H. N. Walters, Surgeon Dentist, Warrenton, North Carolina. Dr. Rob. S. Booth, Dentist, Warrenton, North Carolina. Dr. W. W. Taylor, Surgeon Dentist, Resides any services included in the practice of Dentistry Crown and bridge work, porcelain inlay, and cast fillings according to the methods of to-day. Office 'Phone 2. Residence 'Phone 6m.

S. G. DANIEL, Attorney at Law, LITTLETON, N. C. Practices in all the courts of the State. Money to loan on real estate. Reference—Planters Bank, Littleton. Will be in Warrenton every first Monday. KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

NOTICE Having qualified as Executor of the estate of R. B. Thornton, deceased, late of Warren County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at his store in Macon, N. C., on or before the 6th day of March 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 5th day of March 1909. T. POLK, Attorney. W. G. Egerton, Executor of R. B. Thornton, dec'd.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Everything Depends on the Viewpoint. "Mr. Wilson," said the head of the firm, "I understand that you are a personal friend of Mr. Spinks." "That is true, sir," said Wilson. "Well, I wish you'd try to collect this account from him. None of our collectors can turn the trick and it's a long time overdue." Wilson agreed to try. The next morning his face wore a curious expression. "What success?" asked the head of the firm. "That depends upon the point of view," said Wilson. "You see, I called last night and saw the old man. 'Mr. Spinks,' I began, 'I've called to ask you if—whereupon the old man butted in with: "That's all right, my boy. You can have her. I trust you'll be happy." "Then he added that I should find Alice in the drawing room and shut the door on me."—Edwin Tarrisse in Judge.

The Similarity. Mrs. Gunner—Henry, you would persist in calling that last cook a vision. There was nothing pretty about her. Mr. Gunner—Not at all. Mrs. Gunner—Then why did you call her a vision? Mr. Gunner—Because visions fade away. She remained only two days.—Chicago News.

Retribution. "Goodness, Johnny, how you're growing! If you don't look out you'll be bigger than your father soon." "Geel, wouldn't that be swell?" "Why?" "Why, then they'd have to cut my old trousers down to fit him."—Cleveland Leader.

She Learned Quickly. "I've never played cards in my life," declared Mrs. Flurry, seating herself at the card table to fill out at the hostess' request. "But never mind. I always learn things quickly." "Please cut the cards, Mrs. Flurry." "All right. Please hand me a knife."—Judge.

Life's Uncertainty. "How do you like being engaged?" "What makes you think I'm engaged?" "Why, you told me so yourself yesterday morning." "Well, I didn't tell you so this morning, did I?"—Houston Post.

A Kick Coming. My claim walked around the lot and then saw with horror the hole made by the lion, who had torn out the mat walls and crawled under my bed. Then it dawned upon him what had happened, so he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down.

Doesn't Attract. "Deleg Haw vows we ain't had no cold weather to speak of since he bought a thermometer." "Well," declared Deacon Cripes, "Deleg oughter know that a thermometer won't act like a lightning rod."—Puck.

Near the Finish. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a ripe old age? Pa—It's the age, my son, at which a man is willing to admit that he's not the only dried apple in the pantry.—Detroit Tribune.

The Producer. "Does your husband play poker?" "I don't know," answered young Mrs. Turkins. "From what I hear he simply sits up to the table and enjoys seeing other people contend for what he puts up."—Washington Star.

But Not the Drains. He—If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains. She—Impossible. He not you? They do not derange the stomach nor create a habit. Why not try them? Get a package from your druggist. Take it according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

Not a Rival. "Miss Blirker is one girl I never heard any other girl say any but sweet things about." "How awfully uninteresting she must be!"—Kansas City Times.

Far as He Got. Helen—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him. Myrtle—Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something.—Puck.

Eccentric. Polly Pinklights—the leading man is rather eccentric, isn't he? Fanny Footlights—Eccentric! I should say so. His eyes goes around telling his real salary.—Philadelphia Record.

ATTACKED BY A LION.

Awful Experience of a Railroad Man in Africa. Dragged From His Bed by the Fierce Monster, He Was Mangled and Gashed and Carried Off Bodily by the Brute.

The following description of an attack by a lion, as related to Mr. St. Michael Podmore, F. Z. S., while he was returning from a sojourn in the wild-places of the earth, is so terribly realistic that we offer no apology for printing it. Mr. Podmore met the hero of this story while on a trip across the Pacific ocean and was shown the terrible scars on the man's body.

I was engaged on the transcontinental Cape to Cairo line, and my gang consisted of two white men and fifty blacks. We each occupied a separate hut. One dark night I was aroused from sleep by hearing something moving backward and forward beneath my bed. Becoming alarmed, I listened breathlessly to a loud, long and indescribable snuff-snuff which broke the stillness of the night. My experience of Africa was not extensive, but I instantly realized that some wild animal was under my bed. Every one of my faculties became immediately paralyzed with horror. I was unable to utter a sound.

After a moment or two I became aware that a man eating lion was sniffing his way along the edges of the bed, perhaps a little puzzled at the mosquito curtains. I then felt I must do something, and instinctively, yet noiselessly, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes over my head. No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor and immediately began to suck the blood which streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I raised my head he more savagely. As I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position he gave me a little pat with his paw which nearly broke my leg and inflicted a dreadful wound. Then suddenly the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, he gave four terrible roars of triumph and defiance.

My claim walked around the lot and then saw with horror the hole made by the lion, who had torn out the mat walls and crawled under my bed. Then it dawned upon him what had happened, so he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down. All this time the only thing I seemed to take interest in was the loud sipping suck, suck, made by the lion as he drew my blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered, with a pang of regret, that I had not lied a model life recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed I thought how curious it was that I did not feel the slightest sense of pain with a man eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood.

I had been lying on my back, with my neck and head resting against the side of the hut, when my friend smashed the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin and leaped out of the hut into the darkness. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back. The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards and put me down under a big baobab tree. I lay on my back with the lion on top of me, occasionally gazing with his great luminous, greenish yellow eyes, which filled me with unutterable loathing, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty.

The lion seemed perfectly content with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible breath. I half turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue worked its way toward my throat. I could distinctly feel each bite, because, although it did not cause the slightest pain, yet as the fearful fangs were driven into a fresh place I was conscious of a strange numbness in that particular part.

During all this time the negroes kept screaming, "Nkanga, nkanga!" My friend kept running round the clearing in utter bewilderment. The appalling blackness of the night added horror to the thing which no pen could describe. At last two negroes were induced to make a couple of bushes of dry grass, and by the light and uncertain light of these the lion was seen standing over my prostrate body. He was an enormous brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. My friend told me afterward that as he approached with his gun he was moaning and crouching softly to myself. For some time he was afraid to shoot lest he should kill me instead of the lion. He screamed out, "Keep cool, Jack, and I will see what I can do for you!"

As he crept nearer the lion took his fangs out of my groin and faced about, growling and snarling horribly. The rifle was leveled, there was a sharp report, and the first shot hit the lion in the eye. The ball as it came out shattered his lower jaw. Two more shots were fired, and the heroic monster fell dead by my side.—London Ideas.

FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY

"Well, sir," said the shoemaker shortly after the sun had quit biting, "I got a letter yesterday that done me a lot of good. You remember I told you the last time we was out fishin' together that I used to have a shop of my own up in old Illinois 'n' made good money too. Well, sir, all the kids in that town knowed me, 'n' they wasn't a one of 'em that wouldn't have gone to the bad place for me if they'd been old enough to know what that really meant. But they wasn't—bless their little hearts!"

"An' there was two of 'em in particular, the nicest little kids you ever seen. It's a fact that there little girl'd come from school every day leadin' her little brother by the hand. An' they'd never be a time they'd go to school, 'n' the shop on their way to school or goin' home to dinner that they wouldn't stop 'n' knock on the shop window. 'An' often after school 'd be out they'd stop in an' see me. Why, I've had as high as ten or twelve of 'em at one time after school in my shop slung 'n' the shoemaker song 'n' goin' through the motions just like their teacher 'd learn 'em to."

"Sometimes some of 'em would have to stop 'n' laugh—they thought it was such a good joke on the shoemaker. But there'd always be two or three of 'em would go on 'n' pinch out, 'cause they knowed they'd never get the dandy for candy if they didn't. An' there's where I used to have the joke on 'em. They never knowed how much I liked to hear 'em sing that there song. I'd soon hear it now than have a dollar. 'Well, that's just the way it was all the time with 'em kids. They all knowed me, 'n' they all knowed my dog. An' when they knowed my dog they knowed a mighty good dog."

"Well, sir, this little girl's daddy used to be station agent there at that town, 'n' it was knowed all along that part of the Big Four line that there wasn't a depot anywhere that was what you could call as model a depot as his. Course I knowed him, 'n' he knowed me, 'n' his wife she used to tell the little girl when they'd want me to come 'n' take dinner or supper with 'em. It wasn't very often I'd go, but I couldn't refuse when they'd send the little girl after me."

"Now, him keepin' his depot so model used to get him a reputation. The Big Four sent him over to a bigger town in Indiana. Course I was glad to see him don't better—he deserved it. But after they'd gone me 'n' my dog we used to shut up shop 'n' go fishin' 'n' huntin' a little often than before. 'Well, come along Christmas time 'n' what 'd I do but one day get a letter from this here little girl tellin' me her 'n' her little brother was goin' to have a Christmas tree 'n' couldn't I come over to Indiana 'n' see 'em Christmas?"

"So I made all arrangements to go 'n' you bet I laid out a dollar or two for presents. But course, like it had to be, one day I gets word her 'n' her little brother was took down sick—diphtheria, the dispatch said. 'So I makes up my mind I'd go anyway. There's no tellin', you know, what's liable to happen in a case like that. So I put \$100 in my pocket—'n' even at that I didn't have to put it there; I always carried at least a hundred in them days—'n' I went over 'n' I didn't get there none too soon neither. She died the afternoon of the evenin' I got there."

"Well, I didn't know then what to do. I wasn't what you could call a friend of the family, but I wished I could do somethin' for that poor little girl 'n' lay'n' there. An' before three days was out I got my chance. 'You see, her dyin' of diphtheria, they wouldn't let 'em ship the body back over the railroad. Her daddy he'n' agent didn't help 'em none in that case, neither. He tried hard enough to get a permit, but it didn't do no good. He just couldn't get it."

"The mother was just about crazy to think they'd have to lay her away in Indiana instead of the old buryin' ground over in old Illinois alongside of 'em that had gone before. But you bet yer life they didn't have to, fer I went 'n' got a team 'n' a wagon, 'n' I says, 'I'll drive her through.' 'It was 12 below zero when I started, a little before midnight. They took the mornin' train next day 'n' got there long ahead of me. Ninety-one miles in a spring wagon at 12 below ain't no picnic. 'I didn't get to see 'em after the funeral. I felt just a little bit worse out 'n' I thought the best thing I could do was to go lay down awhile. An', leave me tell you, I got all the lay'n' down I wanted in the next year 'n' a half, 'n' it cost me everything I had but my tools 'n' shoemaker's kit. I've got that stored up there in old Illinois yet. 'I wrote to her folks one time, but I didn't get no reply. I thought maybe they thought I wasn't quite as good as they was, so I never tried writin' no more. 'This here letter I got the other day was from a friend of the family that knowed them 'n' knowed me. It said they hadn't never heard a line from me 'n' they often wondered what had become of me. It said that little girl's mother often wished she knowed where I was at, so she could write, because, this letter went on to say, she said I was the best friend of the family they ever had. 'An' that's the kind of letter that makes a feller feel good."—St. Louis Republic.

Pa Knows. "Pa, what's Doc I see fruit?" "The good things you were going to buy with the profits you expected to have if your investment in mining stock had turned out right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

GIRLS WHO DIE YOUNG.

Many Tobacco Workers Die Before They are Twenty-five.

"I wish you to follow me into my office," said Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the Great New York physician, "where, amongst others, I see a goodly number of young girls who work at tobacco—mostly in shops—many at home. The latter are worse off than the farmer, for to them there are no regular hours at all. To them their cramped living and sleeping quarters are also their shops, filled day and night with tobacco dust and odor. 'All of these patients are anemic, pallid, thin, underweight. They are poorly paid, poorly nourished, early risers, for they begin their work at seven, without appetite. Their breakfast consists generally of what they call a cup of coffee, a roll, or a piece of bread. They take their luncheon in the half hour or hour of recess—a sandwich, perhaps in cheap seasons an egg. Almost every one suffers from catarrh of the throat and catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and the inhalation of tobacco dust, which results often in solidification and pigmentation of the lungs."

"Their sedentary occupation causes obstruction of the abdominal and pelvic organs, frequently causing irritation of the kidneys. Bright's disease is becoming more common, partly from that cause. The stomach and digestion suffer invariably, partly from the same causes, partly from the insufficient muscular action of the stomach and the bad air inhaled. 'All of these causes cooperate to affect the nervous system. Depression, migraine, hysteria are the results. During the constant sitting, the chest does not expand, is flattened, compresses the heart, and prevents the lungs from developing. Tuberculosis of the lungs is very frequent among these young tobacco workers, who are carried off in great numbers between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth year. 'The Women's Invasion,' in the March Everybody's."

It Saved His Leg. "All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swanson, Wabtown, Wis., "Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Backless Arnica Salve cured it sound and well." Infants to skin eruptions, eczema, salt rheum, boils, fever sores, burns, scalds, cuts and piles. 25¢ at C. A. Thomas.

Sale of Gold Mine. The sale of the Portis Gold Mine property recently was one of the largest deals in real estate that has ever taken place in this county. It embraced the gold mining property in the northeast part of the county and it is understood that the expectation is to develop the property. It is certain that there is gold there and the Times hopes that the purchasers may "strike it rich." Mrs. Sturges who owned the property, was represented in the deal by Messrs. T. B. Wilder and A. C. Zollicoffer, while the purchasers (an incorporated concern under the Maine laws, by name, the Portis Mining Co.) were represented by Messrs. Gathrie & Guthrie of Durham, Womack & Pou, of Raleigh, M. Boykins, of Philadelphia, Jas. McMullan, of the Philadelphia law firm of Dickson, Butler & McCouch, and T. L. Herrman, of the New York law firm of Cuggenhiem, Yorkmeyer & Marshall.

The Times congratulates Mrs. Sturges upon the sale, and also her attorney Mr. Wilder, who has faithfully worked to bring about a successful sale of this valuable property.—Franklin Times.

Kills Would-Be Slayed. A marvellous murderer is Appendicitis with many victims. But Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing constipation, biliousness, chills, malarial sea sickness and indigestion, etc. 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by C. A. Thomas.

Where Was The Deacon?

Deacon Jones, the great man of a little village of Massachusetts, whose outward piety was of the vociferous order, but whose charity toward his fellow men was not as abounding as it might have been, was dangerously ill, and his brother deacons impressed with the custom of issuing bulletins from the sick rooms of prominent individuals, decided to follow the fashion, with the following results:

"6 P. M. Deacon Jones is in a serious condition." "7 P. M. Deacon Jones has rallied slightly." "9 P. M. Deacon Jones has suffered a relapse." "11 P. M. Deacon Jones has departed for heaven."

Thus the bulletins read at midnight; but early in the morning some unregenerate mortal who did not love the Deacon, evidently passed that way, for the light of a new day showed the curious towns people the later report: "Heaven, 7 A. M. Great consternation here. Deacon Jones has not arrived."—Woman's Home Companion for March.

The best known pills and the best pills made are Davitt's Little Early Risers. They are small, easy to take, gentle and certain, and are sold by Hunter Drug Co.

As to Newspapers. It is foolish to argue that county papers are not necessary and proper in the intelligent dissemination of information, or that they are not necessary to properly inform their constituency fully as to the various matters of importance which arise in every county. They perform a very great work in the newspaper life of the world, and every man should support his county paper in good faith for the common good. It is absolutely impossible for the great dailies, covering large territories, to handle all these county matters in detail, and if they could there is a certain percentage of the people who would be deprived of the daily account of its price. On the other hand there are many people residing in the various counties, men of means, with families whose intellects could be greatly improved by reading a high-class daily newspaper. It is a duty every man who can afford it, owes to his family. The Observer Company of Charlotte, N. C., publishes every morning The Daily Observer, carrying full telegraphic news from every part of the world, full news of State in general, and a variety of editorial comment, presenting views of all sides on every question, all of which tends to improve the thinker, makes broader-minded people and develops independent thought. The Observer Company also publishes every afternoon The Evening Chronicle, and every Tuesday and Friday The Semi-Weekly Observer. In a general way all these papers strive to attain the same end—the making of a paper which will be a welcome visitor to every man's home, and to be a means of enlightenment. The Observer is \$5.00 per year; \$2.00 per three months. The Chronicle is \$5.00 per year; \$1.25 per three months. The Semi-Weekly Observer is \$1.00 per year; 25 cents per three months.

Sample copies will gladly be sent upon request. "The price may seem high, but the recollection of quality remains long after price is forgotten."

Near Death In Big Pond. It was a thrilling experience to Mrs. Ida Soper to face death. "For years a severe lung trouble gave me intense suffering," she writes, "and several times nearly caused my death. All remedies failed and doctors said I was incurable. Then Dr. King's New Discovery brought quick relief and a cure so permanent that I have not been troubled in twelve years." Mrs. Soper lives in Big Pond, Pa. It was wonderful in coughs and colds, sore lungs, hemorrhages, laryngitis, asthma croup, whooping cough and all bronchial affections. 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by C. A. Thomas.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills stop pain in just a few minutes. Sold by druggists everywhere, 25 doses 25¢, not sold in bulk.

DR. KING'S NEW LIFE PILLS FOR COLIC, CHOLERA, AND ALL BOWEL AFFECTIONS.