

STATEMENT
CITIZENS BANK
 HENDERSON N. C. FEBRUARY 5th, 1909.

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$429,777.98	Capital Stock paid in,	\$100,000.00
Overdrafts	2,923.43	Surplus and Profits,	56,007.95
Stocks and Bonds	29,461.25	Due to Banks,	2,271.02
Banking House and Fixtures,	10,732.73	Cashier's Ch'ks Outstanding,	5,679.04
Insurance department,	1,217.51	Certified Checks,	11.40
Cash on hand and in Banks	156,701.50	Deposits,	446,844.79
Total,	\$630,904.20	Total,	\$630,904.20

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. H. OWEN, PRESIDENT. **W. A. HUNT,** CASHIER.

Edison Phonographs, Cat. 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. Calls promptly attended to. Office opposite court house.
GREEN, BOYD & DUNN, Attorneys at Law, Warrenton, North Carolina.
DR. CHARLES H. PEETE, Consultation by Appointment. Telephone Connection.
B. B. WILLIAMS, Attorney-at-Law, Warrenton, N. C.
M. J. HAWKINS, T. W. BICKETT, Ridge way, N. C. Louisburg, N. C.
HAWKINS & BICKETT, Attorneys at Law.
CHAS. E. FOSTER, LITTLETON, N. C. Phone 43. Civil Engineer and Surveyor.
Dr. H. N. Walters, Surgeon Dentist, Warrenton, North Carolina.
Dr. Rob. S. Booth, Dentist, Warrenton, North Carolina.
Dr. W. W. Taylor, Surgeon Dentist, Warrenton, North Carolina.

Plant Wood's Seeds For The Garden & Farm.
 Thirty years in business, with a steadily increasing trade every year—until we have today 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.
 Wood's Descriptive Catalog the most useful and valuable of Garden and Farm seed Catalogs mailed free on request.
T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

Nervous Prostration
 "I suffered so with Nervous Prostration that I thought there was no use trying to get well. A friend recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine, and although skeptical at first, I soon found myself recovering, and am to-day well."
MRS. D. I. JONES, 5800 Broadway, Cleveland, O.
 Much sickness is of nervous origin. It's the nerves that make the heart force the blood through the veins, the lungs take in oxygen, the stomach digest food, the liver secrete bile and the kidneys filter the blood. If any of these organs are weak, it is the fault of the nerves through which they get their strength. Dr. Miles' Nervine is a specific for the nerves. It soothes the irritation and assists in the generation of nerve force. Therefore you can hardly miss it if you take Dr. Miles' Nervine when sick. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.
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 1910, 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.

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.

Cupid and Conversation.
 By **SUSAN H. MORLEY.**
 Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Mrs. Naughton came out of the parlor and shut the door carefully behind her.
 "It's too cold for you to set in there tonight," she said. "My, you can't see out of the windows! There's no sense in freezing this room to let the heat go in there."
 She knelt down before the battered sheet iron stove and ran the poker vigorously through the red-hot coals within. "You can get in here tonight, Dena," she went on. "For myself I prefer this room any day to the parlor."
 Dena listlessly swept up the ashes and did other trivial things, as her mother directed. The room had the shabby, much used look which no amount of care could transform into cheer or even homeliness.
 Dena felt it queer each time she returned to it after her absence as a district schoolteacher. If she could have bought a new carpet and a chair or two and a stove with Linifuss and Rebel the night had made it look to her liking, but her mother would not allow it.
 Dena in Mrs. Naughton's eyes was a trivial consequence indeed, although there were times when she regretted "only her daughter's apparent lack of it."
 Mrs. Naughton unfolded her skirt and smoothed out an imaginary crease. "You better set the teakettle on, Dena, and stir up the kitchen fire. It ain't quite supper hour yet, but I like to have everything ready in time."
 Dena hurried from the room. There were tears in her eyes, and her face looked flushed and wistful. What was the use of it all? She thought bitterly as she filled the teakettle.
 Had she not dressed obedient to her mother's bidding these four Saturday

home that she must rest for the remainder of the winter. Her mother grumbled openly. She did not like to see the girl idle, but she became reconciled to it when she discovered that Dena had an admirer.
 It was her belief that every girl should marry before she was twenty-five, and in Dena's case there was little time to lose. She set about hurrying up this possible match.
 The first evening Nick came it was she and not Dena who entertained him. Her nimble tongue scarcely paused. She gave him Dena's exact history from her first tooth to that day. Dena sat by and heard with Nick in an embarrassed silence that she could hardly have broken had she been permitted.
 Never had her mother been so voluble with that destructive volubility which wears and sicken. At intervals she glanced at Nick's puzzled, amused and clasped her hands harder to keep from crying out.
 All that week her mother discussed her prospects and gave the advice her own experiences warranted. Once Dena cried in agony, "But can't you see that I may not even think of marrying?" and fell thereafter into tearful silence.
 But the following Saturday evening she came again, and again Mrs. Naughton sat in the room and talked every minute. Nick and Dena parted with out having said half a dozen words to each other.
 But this time Nick looked neither puzzled nor amused. His eyes narrowed speculatively as he watched Mrs. Naughton.
 When at last he went away Dena knew to a certainty that he would never come again. But each Saturday evening her mother made her take up her role and play it through. She had to dress and sit and wait.
 Tonight she would not—she would assert independence.
 "Now run up and get ready," her mother commanded as she rose from the table. "I'll do the dishes."
 Dena turned and faced her desperately. "I'm not going to change my dress," she said breathlessly.
 "You ain't? Do you want him to see you in your common clothes?"
 "He won't see me."
 "What do you mean? What ails you?" Mrs. Naughton was astonished.
 Dena turned wearily away. "I mean that he won't come again—ever," she said and escaped upstairs to her room. Mrs. Naughton looked after her, her restless eyes steady enough for once and her restless tongue still.
 Dena heard her mother about the dishes rattled violently. Presently she called from the foot of the stairs:
 "I'm going out for a spell."
 Dena was lying on her bed crying now unreservedly. She lifted her head and managed to ask:
 "Where?"
 "Over to Miss Henderson's."
 Dena's head went down with a groan. She knew that her mother would drag her poor little secret forth and dissect it mercilessly before the hungry eyes of the old gossip who was almost her only friend. The outer door opened, closed, and then all was still. Dena cried until she could cry no longer.
 The doorbell jangled, and she sprang off the bed, polished her cheeks hurriedly with her damp handkerchief and ran downstairs. Her hands trembled as she opened the door, too dazed to realize who was waiting to enter.
 "Good evening, Dena," said a pleasant voice. "May I come in?"
 He put her aside gently, entered and closed the door himself. Dena stood motionless with surprise and joy.
 "Aren't you glad to see me? Did you think I was never coming again?" He took her hands and looked down at her tenderly. Then Dena's voice came, and she looked up at him.
 "Yes, I did think so. And I didn't blame you, for I understood. Oh, Dick!"
 He took her into his arms. "But I found, dear, that nothing on earth was a sufficiently big obstacle to keep me from loving you and wanting you to come back in a month for you, can you, will you be ready to go with me?"
 "Oh, Dick!" Dena cried, and her six weeks of trouble and doubt and despair melted from her like a garment of snow in this new sunshine.
 A Parisian Tragedy.
 "I am here to kill you for denouncing Colney!" The speaker was a man named Koentz and the scene a noisy, fifth rate cafe in a mean street in Paris.
 Koentz was a member of a gang of Anarches, the murderous Parisian hoodlums. Another member of the gang, Colney, had been denounced to the police by a woman named Sarah Baronne. A cousin of Colney's associates had tried the woman in her absence, condemned her and by lot had chosen Camille Koentz to carry out its sentence.
 "Make up your mind you have to die," continued the man callously. "I give you a quarter of an hour to settle your affairs." With these words he left the cafe.
 Some twenty minutes later the wretched woman summoned up courage to leave the place. She was hardly in the street before Koentz sprang upon her with an open knife and struck her to the heart.
 Koentz was arrested, but owing to the foolish leniency of French criminal law escaped with penal servitude for life.
 This story reads like cheap fiction. It is, however, an absolute fact, and any one acquainted with criminal life in Paris and other great cities knows well that organized crime never fails to take terrible vengeance on those who betray their fellow criminals.—Paris Letter.



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HINTS FOR FARMERS

Condiment For Hogs.
 Hogs which are being fattened, especially if they are being forced for quick finish, should have some kind of condiment. This will aid digestion and give tone to the system. In this respect sulphur to the amount of one teaspoonful every two or three weeks has sometimes been found beneficial. Probably one of the most common and at the same time beneficial preparations in this respect is prepared from charcoal, wood ashes and certain other adjuncts which are considered to be beneficial to the health of the hogs being fattened. The following mixture has been recommended: Six bushels of corneal charcoal that has been well crushed, with one bushel of ashes, eight pounds of salt and two quarts of air slaked lime. Dissolve one and one-half pounds of copperas in hot water, sprinkle it over the mass and thoroughly mix. But this is not feeding boxes or somewhere where it will be protected from the weather and let the pigs partake of it at will.—W. J. Kennedy, Iowa Agricultural College.

Moisture Limit in Butter.
 The present law states that butter containing over 16 per cent water must pay a tax of 10 cents per pound, since it is classified as adulterated. It is quite necessary that buttermakers be absolutely sure that the butter they are making does not exceed the 16 per cent limit.
 For the benefit of those who have not the means of testing their product for percentage of moisture Professor Farrington of the University of Wisconsin suggests that they need have no fear of exceeding the 16 per cent limit if they will wash the granules of butter with cold water at about 50 degrees F., allowing the butter to stand in this water until the granules become hard and firm. Then, after draining off the water, wash and allow the butter to stand in the churn some time until it drains rather dry. Sprinkle the salt over this and give it the usual amount of working. Excessive moisture is held in butter that is soft and not thoroughly drained.

Value of Coal Ashes.
 Coal ashes are a valuable product of most every home. They should be sifted as soon as taken from the stove or before they get wet, as when once wet they are very hard to sift and not nearly so good, says Farm Journal. They are better for a dust bath for poultry than road dust, as they are not nearly so heavy. Then, too, the poultry eat quite a lot of them, which they use in eggshell formation. If coal ashes are used freely on the dropping boards there will be no foul odor present in the coop, and by their use the ammonia in the manure is entirely retained. The droppings should then be kept dry until used. The coarse ashes make ideal walks. Dig the foundation about ten inches deep, fill in the bottom with small stones or gravel and put the coarse ashes on top.

Care of Cured Pork.
 Coburn in his work on "Swine Husbandry" says: "Such portions as are not to be smoked should be stored in brine before insects appear, and the smoked meat may, like the cans of commerce, be covered securely with canvas and whitewashed or packed well in bran, dry ashes, oats or shelled corn. For considerable quantities packing in tight barrels is a good plan, and for family use a swinging shelf, with sides and ends covered with wire cloth, inside of which the pieces are hung, is convenient and is also secure against rats and mice as well as insects. The coarse ashes make ideal walks. Dig the foundation about ten inches deep, fill in the bottom with small stones or gravel and put the coarse ashes on top."

Improving the Soil.
 No farmer ought to be content to have his farm only in as good condition this year as it was last year. Every year ought to show some improvement. If you will lay out a plan and carry it through, the disposition of the manure on the farm, for the distribution of commercial fertilizers, you will find a steady improvement in the yield of the soil, and in the course of a few years you will find that the capital that your farm represents has greatly increased in value.—Farm and Home.

Hog Notes.
 A damp nest often gives rheumatism. It's poor economy to feed lice upon hogs. Skim milk finds its best market in the piggery. Next year's grain feed should be planned for now. The dairy hog has helped raise many a mortgage. Crowded sleeping quarters often cause diarrhoeal results. The hard coal ashes can be dumped into the hopen to good advantage.

Feeding For Eggs.
 Millet seed is an excellent egg producing grain. Beans, being highly nitrogenous, are equally beneficial. Sorghum and broom corn seeds will do to add variety to the bill of fare. Barley is about of the same merit. Popcorn contains more nitrogen and phosphates than does the regular Indian corn. Buckwheat is an egg producing food, but must be fed sparingly, as it is overfattening.

Dairy Notes.
 Do not keep the cream in damp, molly collars or in hot sheds. Let it have a cool, even temperature in some tight place.
 In balancing your ration remember to consider the market value of the feeds at hand.
 The cream should not be held long after it is ready to churn.

PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS.

Gradually Becoming to Be Classified as Governmental Function.
 Public employment bureaus could be as safely classed among municipal and State functions almost anything in the semi-socialistic line. Few persons five years ago would have considered the finding of work for the unemployed in this country a natural function of the Federal government. Centralization, paternalism and all that brood of old-fashioned terrors are raised up in the land as soon as the United States government takes upon itself the solution of the unemployed problem. And, seriously why cannot this form of activity be left to State jurisdiction and initiative without in jury to the unfortunates who are out of work? Secretary Strauss, of the Federal Department of Commerce and labor, however, has had a Federal employment bureau going since July 1st, work for 2,512 men having been found since that date. He proposes now to extend its activities very widely, his idea evidently being a great national labor exchange, free to employer and employee, with branches maintained at the expense of the Federal treasury in all large cities of the country. The Council of Labor that will convene in Washington next month will consider the secretary's plans and apparently is expected to endorse them.—Springfield Republican.

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 works wonders in coughs and colds, sore lungs, hemorrhages, laryngitis, asthma, croup, whooping cough and all bronchial affections. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by C. A. Thomas.

Be What You Will Be.
 If you desire to be anything in character, disposition or conduct—be it.
 Say to your self each day—I am love, cheerfulness, joy, usefulness, kindness.
 Sit in your room, alone a few moments morning and night, inhale deep, slow breaths, and make these assertions. Then go forth every day determined to look for the agreeable trait in everyone you meet—for the pleasing or pathetic quality, and, for a chance to add a little to the worlds store of happiness by some kind act.
 Think of yourself as necessary to the world—say: "There is need of me or I would not be," and then look for the opportunity to prove the fact. You will find it.
 There is need of each one of us every hour in the twenty-four, so help brighten the world for others less fortunate than ourselves. Your great trouble seems to be that you dwell too little of other people about you. Think of yourself just as you would like to be, and insist mentally that you are that. Never mind if no change seems to come at once. Keep on insisting, and by and by the results will appear.
 And all the time watch for opportunities to do kind acts.
 It is wonderful what an interest we will find in people whom we can benefit.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Religious Authors Statement
 Rev. Joseph H. Fesperman, Salisbury, N. C., who is the author of several books, writes: "For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was suddenly stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. I commenced taking Foleys' Kidney Remedy, and the storm gradually abated and finally ceased. I cheerfully recommend Foleys' Kidney Remedy." Hunter Drug Co.

The Lurid Glow Of Doom.
 was seen in the red face, hands and body of the little son of H. M. Adams, of Herricks, Pa. His early plight from eczema had, for five years, defied all remedies and baffled the best doctors, who said the poison blood had affected his lungs and nothing could save him. "But," writes his mother, "seven bottles of Foleys' Bitters completely cured him." For Eruptions, Eczema, salt Rheum, Sores and all blood disorders and rheumatism elect Foleys' Bitters is supreme. Only 50c. Guaranteed by C. A. Thomas.

Rev. A. L. E. Weeks, a negro preacher and teacher at New Bern, has been brought to grief and by his own race. Weeks wrote a letter to a Boston philanthropist about the ignorance and superstition of the negro, declaring that they worshiped idols; that they had no religious educational advantages and that there were 300,000 of them in his section. Seeing Weeks' letter several preachers in New Bern, all colored, have gone after him, showing that he has been lying like a dog. Weeks was after money, of course.—Greensboro Record.

This is the most dangerous time of the year to catch cold, and it is the best time to cure it. If you should take a cold, a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative cough syrup will set very promptly. Its laxative principle cures the cold by driving it from the system by a gentle but natural action of the bowels. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative cough syrup, as it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by Hunter Drug Co.

Courts North and South.

It is a hard thing to say, but the facts seem to justify it—that in New York juries are selected to render justice, while in some parts of the South they are selected with a view to acquitting the accused. In New York City, last week, a man who killed another by way of collecting an alleged debt, was given 18 years in the penitentiary. At the same time, the perpetrator of a brutal murder in South Carolina was sent to prison for two years. There is a difference, too, in the court procedure. In New York the argument of the jury is limited to one speech for the defense and one for the prosecution. It is the custom in the South for both defense and prosecution to put out drag nets for lawyers and have a speech from all of them. Virginia is one Southern State where escape from the penalty of the law is not so easy, though her record was not long ago broken in one notable instance. North Carolina is not so much under criticism, but there must be a great improvement in the courts of some other Southern States before we could champion them.—Charlotte Chronicle.

My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two doses of Foleys' Ointment Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foleys' Ointment Laxative saved his life." A. Wolke, Clatsop, Wis. Hunter Drug Co.

Do you ask from whence comes the beautiful word "wife?" It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it, instead of that dreadful word "famre."
 But where do you think it comes from? The beautiful characteristic of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either leave men's fortunes and embraider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay.
 Whenever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her. Better than house ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quite light far for those who else were homeless. This, then, believe to be the woman's true spare and power.—Ruskin

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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR Stops the cough and heals lung
PILES Get immediate relief from Dr. Snoop's Magic Ointment