

Five Reasons

Why the

Citizens Bank

Is Popular among Money Savers:

- First-It is a safe bank. Second-It is a bank for all the people, rich and poor, men women and children. Third-It is courteous to depositors and aims to accommodate them. Fourth-It allows a reasonable rate of interest on money entrusted to its care. Fifth-It invites new accounts from all who wish to save or invest money.

CITIZENS BANK

HENDERSON N. C. J. B. OWEN, PRESIDENT. W. A. HUNT, CASHIER.



Edison Phonographs and Records, Cut Glss, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Fine Gold Jewelry of all kind for

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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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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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.

Taylor & Harris, BARBERS, Warrenton, N. C. Police service and all work strictly first-class. Two doors South of post office.

Warrenton Railroad Co.

WARRENTON, N. C., April 11, 1908. MAIL SCHEDULE. Trains will leave Warrenton daily except Sunday at 12:50 P. M., to connect with S. A. L. trains Nos. 41 and 34 at Warren Plains.

Trains will leave Warrenton daily except Sunday at 7:15 A. M. and 8:45 P. M. to meet S. A. L. Shanty at Warren Plains.

Land Sale. By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust executed to me by Charles E. Aiston, which deed of trust is recorded in 4058 G. 55 at page 108 in the office of Register of Deeds of Warren county, I will, at the request of the holder of the debt secured therein, sell to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Warrenton, N. C. on Monday April 26, 1909, the following described tract of land situated in Warrenton, Warren county, N. C., and bounded as follows: Lot no. 2 beginning at a stake on branch near a large cedar in line of N. C. Insurance Company land, thence N. 16 W with said company's line 4 ch. 25 1/2 to a stake, thence N. 61 1/2 W with E. T. Green 29 ch. 60 1/2 to millroad, thence with the mill road N 25 E. 5 ch. 5 1/2 to corner with No. 1, thence S. 61 1/2 E 18 ch. 70 1/2 with no. 1, containing ten acres more or less.

This 23rd day of March, 1909. B. G. GREEN, Trustee.

Sale of Land by Administrator. By virtue of authority conferred in me by the last will and testament of George Williams deceased, and by a decree and judgment of the Superior court of Warren county, North Carolina, in a special proceeding, entitled Hugh Williams administrator of George Williams deceased and others, Executors; I will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Warrenton, North Carolina, on Monday the 26th day of May, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock M., the following described tract of land, situated in Jenkins Township, said State and county, and bounded on the North by the lands of Catherine Kearney; on the East by the lands of R. B. Davis; on the South by the lands of D. A. Fisher and on the West by the lands of J. H. Harris, containing 25 acres more or less and being that tract of land described in the said last will and testament of said George Williams deceased, described and designated as "The Red Lot."

This the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1909. Hugh Williams, Admin. of George Williams dec'd., JOHN H. KERR, Attorney.

We Ask You to take Cardui for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that this great female remedy-

WINE CARDUI OF CARDUI has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

Sold in This City

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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

SWEETHEART OF OLD

Naomi is always cheerful—too cheerful, golden haired little Lillard says sometimes petulantly. But then Naomi is thirty, and it is years that "bring the philosophic mind."

Eighteen years ago, when Naomi was twelve, she had received baby Lillard, her newborn stepson, as a legacy from the hands of a "dying mother's mill."

When ten years later, their father, gay, debonair Ernest Romer, laziest and most charming of men and artists, had followed his wife, leaving her two children utterly unprotected, for Naomi had quietly and naturally slipped into the position of breadwinner and house provider. Then had come a lover, too poor to provide for both Naomi and Lillard. Then he had gone away to make a fortune in distant lands, and for eight years Naomi had never heard of him.

There comes a ring at the doorbell, and little Alice Sparrow, Naomi's maid of all work, puts in her head to say, "A gentleman for you, please, miss."

Naomi rises in surprise as a tall, well built man, with a sunburned complexion and a head of wavy hair, enters and, striding to her side, takes her hand.

"Naomi, have you forgotten me—Martin Colquhoun?"

For a moment the room swims round Naomi, but the next she has recovered herself and is saying quite calmly—how it astonishes her to hear her own voice:

"How do you do? I did not know you were in Washington."

"I only came yesterday," he says eagerly, "so you see I have not lost much time. I found out your address in the directory. What a grand institution it is! Naomi, you are not changed, are you?"

She smiles a little. "I would know you, but you are changed."

"I shall tell you all by and by," he says, and at that moment Lillard rushes in.

"Marie is out. Is it not a shame?" Then she pauses, blushing, and Naomi introduces the two.

"So you are Lillard?" says Martin Colquhoun, smiling. "I remember you as a tiny girl in short dresses, who always searched in my pockets for chocolates. Are you as fond of them yet?"

"I believe I am," says Lillard, laughing. Then she sits down, and so does Martin Colquhoun, and they spend a pleasant, even gay, evening together, Martin telling them of all the dangers he has passed in the search for a fortune, which, it seems, he has found.

Martin Colquhoun calls again and again. He comes in the evenings, when Naomi plays, and he and Lillard sit in the window together. He sits in the afternoon and takes them driving in the park and to Mount Vernon, and he and Lillard generally sit together and do most of the talking. And occasionally he takes them to a concert or the opera. And every day Naomi feels that the trial of her life is drawing near.

But why should she grieve? She loves Lillard. She loves—ahs—Martin. She desires the happiness of both. As for her, it only means that her sky will grow a little grayer, her life a little emptier, but at thirty, she tells herself, one does not feel the pain so keenly as at twenty.

One evening he calls. Lillard is out and Naomi alone. He looks strangely nervous.

"I have called to tell you I shall have to say goodbye," he said abruptly. "I am going away on Monday."

"Going away?" Naomi echoes faintly. "Yes, for four years. My business requires me. And I have come tonight to say something that means a great deal to me—that all my future happiness depends on—Miss Romer."

Naomi's heart is still. The blow is coming, then.

"I think I can guess what it is," she says, wondering if her voice sounds strange and unnatural. "Mr. Colquhoun, I will do the most I can. I desire your happiness as much as—ah—Lillard's."

He seizes her hands.

"Then you are willing? You have—have thought of it?" he asks, a little anxiously.

"I have no right to be anything else," she answers smilingly. "If Lillard is willing, that is all you require."

"Lillard? I do not understand you, Naomi. What has Lillard to do with it? Don't you understand, dear, that I love you more—yes, a thousand-fold more—than ever. Naomi, it was not my fault that I have been silent all these years. My letter—the last one—was returned, marked 'Left no address.' But I have never ceased thinking of you and now I want you as my wife. Naomi, Naomi, after waiting all these years, am I to be disappointed at the last?"

PLUCK OF A MAGICIAN

Houdini's Experience Among the Marabouts of Algeria.

AN ARAB TRAP THAT FAILED.

The Great French Conjuror Stood the Test and Then by Another Trick Cowed His Infuriated Antagonists. The Story of Palmer's Curse.

There are some points of resemblance between the story of the great French conjuror, Robert Houdini, and the marabouts and the story of Palmer's curse. The first named tale is, strictly speaking, incredible only when regarded from the oriental point of view.

In the fifties the administrators of the French African empire were seriously hampered by the fanatical marabouts, who by their tricks of juggling persuaded their followers of their own supernatural powers and used this belief to fan the spirit of insurrection.

Houdini was sent officially on a French warship to Algeria to confound them. While his task proved easy, the trip was not without its dangers.

In Algiers he had allowed himself to be shot at with pistols loaded by the marabouts. But once in the interior, when he was absolutely without the tools of his profession, he was forced to repeat the experiment. He was frightened, but he did not allow his fears to be perceived. He persuaded his audience to postpone the test until next morning in order that he might pass the night in prayer, as he was without the talisman that he needed if the feat was to be performed immediately.

The night he devoted not to prayer, but to insuring his invulnerability, and the next day before a great horde of Arabs he submitted to the test. The French conjuror insisted that in the sight of every one the pistols should be loaded by his enemies themselves. Then he calmly took his place and gave the signal. The sound of the pistol had not died away when Houdini opened his lips, showing the bullet head firmly between his teeth.

His infuriated adversary reached for the other pistol, but the conjuror was too quick. "You could not harm me," he said, "but now see how much behold your powers are than yours. Behold the wall." He fired, and out on the whitewash at the exact spot of his aim there crept slowly a great splotch of blood. The marabouts, in terror, covered before the prowess of the European magician.

Less fortunate in his fate than Houdini, was the English orientalist E. H. Palmer. He fell a victim to fanaticism, but the story of his terrible case will long be repeated and cause shudders to run round Bedouin campfires. Only upon the theory of metempsychosis can be explained his extraordinary power of assimilating the languages and ideas of the east.

He was brought up in the conventional atmosphere of England, but when he turned his attention to oriental subjects he did not merely learn; he simply absorbed. Not only were Persian, Hindoostanee and Arabic perfectly familiar to him, but he knew every obscenity of the slang of the camel drivers, and during his long voyages in the east his European origin was never suspected. Just as Houdini had been officially employed by the French government, so Palmer was by the English, but in a more intimate capacity.

Before the exploit that proved fatal he had many dangerous adventures. Once he was led away by a treacherous guide and betrayed to an Arab gang who meant to rob and kill him. He guessed their intentions, and when they began to inflict upon him petty annoyances he pretended not to notice them. Finally, however, the abuse became too obvious to be longer ignored. He sprang his feet and drew out a letter that he had received from an English lady. "This to me! Down on your knees, you dogs, and kiss the handwriting of the sultan!" Down on his knees, cowed and groveling, fell his 200 captors.

In 1882 Palmer was sent on a secret service mission among the Bedouin tribes to persuade them against joining the rebellion of Arabi Pasha. He was betrayed and shot. But just before his death he laid upon his assassin the weight of his terrible curse. Now, in the east a curse is something not to be regarded lightly, and Palmer's was one of particular awfulness.

It was his last means of defense, and while it did not save him, it befuddled the hearing and destroyed the lives of those upon whom it fell. They shrank away from one another in horror. Some of them confessed their crime and were executed; all of them within a few months came to violent deaths. Palmer's curse is still remembered with terror in the east.—Bookman.

Got More Than the Cigar. He was dining at a restaurant in the neighborhood of Leicester square, and while he was sipping his black coffee and bringing 500 glances to the minute at a girl in a duffy pink and white dress a stranger gracefully commanded his overcoat. He had just reached the door when the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," he said meekly "but would you allow me to get another cigar from my coat pocket if case I do not meet you again?"

Keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—Washington.

Origin of Silver Wedding.

The origin of silver weddings was in the reign of Hugh Capet king of France, in 987. One day when arranging his uncle's affairs he found on one of the estates a servant who had grown gray in the service of his relative. On the same plantation with this old man was also a faithful serving woman as old as he and also unmarried. When the king learned of the praises of the two he ordered them to be brought before him, and said to the woman: "Your service is great. I would say greater than this man's, whose services were great enough, for the women often finds work and obedience harder than a man, and therefore I shall give you a reward. At your age I know of nothing better or more suitable than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this day and hereafter belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you then there is no trouble of looking further for the husband."

"Your majesty," stammered the old woman, "how is it possible that we should marry, having come to years of silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," answered the king, "and here I give you a wedding ring," drawing a handsome and costly ring from his pocket and placing the hands of the thankful old couple together. This incident was made known all over France and it became the fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate the silver wedding.—New York Press.

Learning to Wake Up. The great Arnold, the finest schoolmaster England ever produced, used to say when a boy who hadn't waked up came to his school, "Oh, if the Peninsula War were on just now, I'd know what to do with that boy!" He meant that he would plunge him into the terrors of war, and in the midst of its excitement and its danger, would compel him to open his eyes and take notice to steady his nerve and take aim, to splurge his courage and line up with the hazardous situation. A young fellow doesn't need to go to war to learn that. Modern life gives him an adequate chance. "Steady, my boy," is a motto good enough for any fine young chap to enthrone above his life, and beneath the inspiration of which to work out his own fortune. Here's to the father who has confidence in his boy, and here's to the boy who, having grit enough and glory enough and grace enough in his character to steady himself in presence of his life, disappoints not his father's reasonable expectation of him.—Nehemiah Boynton.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor, than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Brigham, of Princeton, Ill. "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten a way eight toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead, he used Buckle's Arnica salve till wholly cured. It cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, boils, burns piles and astound the world. 25c. at C. A. Thomas.

Mr. Jordans Money Talked. Expended \$8 35 for L. & M. Paint to fix up his house. If for sale it will fetch a good price. The painter said it was the 3 gallons of oil they mixed with 4 gallons of L. & M. that did the job at 1 3 less cost than ever before. Its coloring is bright, beautiful and lasting. It won't have to be painted again for 12 to 15 years, because the L. & M. Paint is M-tal Zinc Oxide combined with White Lead and Waxes and covers like gold. Sold by W. A. Miles & Co.

Served you right," said the jailor, roughly, to the haggard fugitive. "I've a good mind not to take you back at all."—New York Tribune.

The Navajo language has 12 different words for "to go."

Words To Freeze The Soul. "Your soul has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blaws, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C. by two expert doctors—on a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery.

"After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blaws, "I was as well as ever, I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for coughs and colds, its the safest, surest cure of desperate lung diseases on earth. 50c. and \$1.00 at C. A. Thomas. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free.

Swept Over Niagara. This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warning - growing ripples and faster current - Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape maladies - Dropsy, diabetes or brights disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c at C. A. Thomas.

500 Singer sewing machines for sale in Warren County. To meet competition, the price has been reduced on all grades of machines, and we are here to stay.

We will sell you a machine for cash or on time. We don't want any mortgage. Old machines taken in exchange, and will buy all your country produce at highest cash price. Don't take a substitute when you can get a Singer machine for less money than any machine on the market. If you contemplate buying, get my prices before you buy and you will be convinced. Remember that the prices have been reduced. Will sell you any style that you want.

Yours truly, W. C. Ellington, Agent. Warrenton, N. C.

For nice summer driving get one of our new and stylish Tyson & Jones or Hackney buggies. New goods—best values. W. B. Boyd & Co.

ATTENTION, HORSEMEN!

Owners of fine mares will take notice that, for a short time we will have in this section our standard bred stallion,

L. L. POLK, 29953,

and we shall be glad to have persons interested to call and give him a look before selecting a horse or sire. He is in truth a standard bred, registered, underruled No. 6, and as handsome a specimen of horseflesh as can be found anywhere. His colts attract attention everywhere they go, and best of all, they are, so far as we know, as sensible and kind as they are handsome.

He is in charge of William Perry, who will take pleasure in showing him at any time.

I. J. Young. W. F. Gill. Henderson N. C.