

Fisherman and Farmer.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1901.

REPORT

Of The Condition of The

First National Bank

At Elizabeth City, in the State of N. C.
At the Close of Business
Dec. 10, 1901.

| RESOURCES. | |
|--|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$158,535.76 |
| Overdrafts secured and unsecured | 2,456.00 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 50,000.00 |
| Premiums on U. S. Bonds | 2,900.00 |
| Stocks, Bonds, etc. | 31,905.77 |
| Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures | 9,000.00 |
| Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents) | 18,476.20 |
| Due from State Banks and Banks | 287.09 |
| Due from Approved Reserve Agents | 20,259.18 |
| Cheques and other Cash | 1,644.82 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 1,711.00 |
| Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and cents | 108.68 |
| <i>Loans in Money Reserve in Bank (viz):</i> | |
| Special | \$ 2,135.00 |
| Legal tender Notes | 6,700.00 |
| Redemption Fund with U. S. Treas. (5 per cent of circulation) | 2,500.00 |
| TOTAL | \$310,779.50 |
| LIABILITIES. | |
| Capital Stock paid in | \$50,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 2,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Divs. paid | 10,412.45 |
| National Banks' Notes outstanding | 50,000.00 |
| Due to National Banks and Banks | 1,173.16 |
| Dividends unpaid | 20.00 |
| Individual Deposits subject to check | 174,674.59 |
| Customers' checks outstanding | 593.49 |
| Notes and bills rediscounted | 7,108.50 |
| TOTAL | \$310,779.50 |
| I, W. T. O'LEA, Cashier of the above named bank, do hereby certify that the above statement is to the best of my knowledge and belief. | |
| W. T. O'LEA, Cashier. | |
| Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of Dec. 1901. | |
| GEO. B. PENDLETON, Notary Public. | |
| Directors: Chas. H. Robinson, J. B. Flora, D. B. Bradford. | |

He Walked.

An insurance officer who claims to be the only man in his business who ever talked business to J. Pierpont Morgan remarked the other day: "I could more easily see the hundred hardest men in San Francisco than do it again. Never mind how I did it. I walked in on Morgan at the office one day and stated my business."

"How did you get in here?" said he.
"I walked in," said I.
"Well, walk out," said he.
"I did."

Leap Years In This Century.

The twentieth century will have the greatest number of leap years possible for a century—namely, twenty-five. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that up to and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948 and 1976.

Really Very Simple.

"Teacher says that 'booms' can't be compared," said the little one.
"Can it?" asked her mother.
"Why, of course," was the reply.
"Positive, boom; comparative, boomer; superlative, boomerang."
"Correct," said her father promptly.—Chicago Post.

The Naked Truth.

It was an extremely formal wedding.
"I didn't see you there," said I to Love later.
"No," said Love; "I wasn't dressed for it."—New York Sun.

Entirely Willing.

John L. Sullivan was in the North station the other day and, seeing a little Irish baggage man coming along with a bicycle, squared off at him with that easy humor for which he is noted. The little chap, who didn't weigh over 135 pounds, put up his free hand.
"Wait on a bit," he said, "till I lean my bicycle against the rail."
John L. was so tickled he tipped back his head and roared. Then he told the pygmy who he was.—Boston Journal.

Edwards, Star Bowels With Cascarata. Cures Catarrh, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

WOMAN IN THE KLONDIKE.

Just at dark we made a landing on the banks of the Yukon, directly in front of the little town of Dawson, and, pitching our tents in the snow, we camped for the night under our first shelter—even of tent—for ten days. All were so pleased and happy that good fortune had enabled us to escape the perils which threatened, as well as the danger of an ice block in the river, that the men proposed a celebration of their good fortune. They were going up town, but I told them it was not right to leave me alone the first night in a strange place and that if they would remain in camp I would pay for enough for them to drink and have their celebration in their tents. To this they agreed, and one of them went to the town and shortly returned, stating that whisky, Canadian case goods, was \$10 a quart. I sent him back and purchased a couple of bottles, which the men drank without becoming boisterous. I then went to my war sack, and, taking out my guitar, which I had carried over the summit, we sat on the ground around the little tent stove and all joined in singing the songs of home.—Emma L. Kelly in Lippincott's Magazine.

Got a Big Pearl With His Oysters.

Morgan H. Morgan, file clerk in the office of the clerk of the circuit court, in company with several friends, lunched in a restaurant at Clark and Randolph streets, and, among other things, the entire party partook of fried oysters. Morgan picked out a large, juicy one and was beginning to eat it with a relish when his teeth grated on a hard substance.

He removed the object from his mouth and was about to tell the waiter that he had not ordered the oysters to be seasoned with gravel when his attention was attracted by the reflection of the light upon the object he had thrown on the table. Investigation showed that it was a pearl of good size.

Morgan put the pearl in his pocket and after leaving the restaurant went to the office of a lapidary in the Champlain building, where he was offered \$14 for the gem. He took the money.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our Excess of Men.

Whatever differences Dame Nature may have intended between the spheres of influence of men and women, she evidently intended that numerically at least the two sexes should stand on nearly the same footing. The world over, except where recognizable and what might be called artificial causes interfere, the male and female elements of the population are about equal.

Curiosity, not to say astonishment, is excited, therefore, by a recent announcement of the census bureau. The enumeration of 1900 shows that there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 76,303,387. The excess appears more distinctly perhaps when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every thousand people in the United States.—Chicago Tribune.

Sixty Dollar Overcoats For Soldiers.

Just at present a buffalo overcoat is a very scarce article, and yet the humblest of Uncle Sam's soldier boys may have one of these highly prized garments for the asking. All he has to do is to include the item in his requisition for supplies, and the coat will be issued to him, although it will still belong to the government, and if he loses or destroys it he must pay \$60 for his carelessness.

The coats in the possession of the war department are relics of the days when no man living in the northwest was thought to be properly equipped without a buffalo coat. All of them have been worn, but they are still in fair condition and are issued annually to those soldiers who may want them.—Minneapolis Journal.

Sepia.

The familiar brown pigment known as sepia is the product of a ten armed cuttlefish found in all European waters and common in the Mediterranean. The fish is of a whitish brown color, with red spots, and possesses a sac containing a dark liquid having an extremely high coloring power. When the animal desires to conceal its movements or escape from a dangerous enemy, it squirts this liquid in the surrounding sea water.

FOR SHUFFLING CARDS.

A card shuffling machine has been invented by R. F. Bellows of Cleveland. It should make business poor for crooked card players. The device is complicated, yet simple in its action.

The shuffling machine is a metal box about 12 inches high, 3 inches wide and 6 inches from front to back. All the mechanism is inside. The cards are dropped in at the top and rest on a tiny shelf. Below this there are five small fingers, one on each of five thin steel blades extending across the full width of the machine. When a shutter on the front is dropped, the shelf falls and the cards drop upon the blades and are separated into five little irregular bunches by the fingers. The blades separate, and one by one cards drop from the various bunches into a receptacle at the bottom, the drop being regulated by a clock-work mechanism.

There is now way of telling where any particular card will be found in the pack after they are shuffled. The same card, placed on the top of the pack, will rarely be found twice in the same place after the shuffle.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sulphuric Acid For Snake Bites.

Those who fear snakes or live where snakes are found will find comfort in the assurance of Dr. John H. Henry of Montgomery that sulphuric acid is a specific. Dr. Henry says:

"The poison of animals and snakes is intensely alkaline, and sulphuric acid taken internally and injected hypodermically, diluted or pure, in the fang puncture immediately kills the poison. This discovery was given by a gentleman who says he has been bitten by snakes and insects over a hundred times. This gentleman takes delight in keeping snakes in his room running all about. Six weeks ago he was bitten in the foot by his big rattler. He immediately used hypodermically the acid, and it did not swell or give him any trouble. He says he fears no poison of animal, snake or insect bites if he has his acid with him."—New York Times.

Fiddles Without Hands.

In Atlanta, a small town in Illinois, lives Frank Clawson, a fiddler whose chief bid for fame lies in the fact that he is without hands. Several years ago he was caught in a blizzard, and both hands were so badly frozen that they were amputated at the wrist. Being somewhat of a mechanical genius, he evolved a contrivance out of heavy wire which enabled him to wield the bow. The matter of fingering was more difficult, but by hard practice he trained the stump of his left hand to make the necessary shifts from one string to another and from position to position. With the fiddle held in place by his chin and knees and with the help of his fingerless arms Clawson manages to play the old time airs with nearly as much success as formerly.

An Unfinished Sentence.

Shortly after President Roosevelt entered the White House a politician called upon him with reference to appointments. After the preliminary expressions of high esteem, unbounded admiration and eternal loyalty he began to disclose his business. "I want to speak to you about Mr. Blank, who holds a small office down in my district." The politician didn't finish his sentence. "What?" exclaimed Roosevelt, interrupting him. "Is that infernal scoundrel still in that place? I had some knowledge of him when I was a civil service commissioner." The politician acknowledged that Mr. Blank was still there and then turned the subject.

Two Quarrelsome Women.

A novel method of suppressing two quarrelsome women has just been adopted in Wilkesbarre, Pa. Day after day they quarreled over their back fence, and their scoldings so annoyed the neighbors that a sixteen foot fence has been erected between their houses. It was put up the other night by masked men and a warning was posted that it should not be torn down. The women were unable to see each other, but they found a hole in the fence and made remarks through that. Then a committee waited on them and said if they quarreled any more they would be driven out of town.

Bring us your job work.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Dead Johnny's Sister After All His Christmas Presents.

Missionaries to faroff lands, and especially those who have labored among people whose principal article of diet is rice, are apt to refer to their lukewarm converts as "rice Christians," because the converts so termed care much more for the material than the spiritual food that the missionaries dispense. Something of the same spirit animates Christians, young and old, in this corner of the world, particularly at holiday time, and among the younger element when Christmas trees and gifts are in order. The story told recently by a Sunday school teacher is an illustration.

A couple of weeks before Christmas one of the small boys in this teacher's class contracted pneumonia and died. He was much beloved, and his death was felt by his classmates and the workers in the school. His name was on the list for a handsome gift at Christmas, and the superintendent of the school decided that it would be a graceful thing, and the boy's family would doubtless appreciate the act, if the gift set apart for the boy were sent to his home, to be given to a younger brother or disposed of as his parents thought fit. When the gift distribution was in progress, a sister of the little fellow, also an attendant at the school, was asked to take his gift home. She received it in silence and stood around with an expectant air. At last the teacher remarked: "What is it you are waiting for, Lucy? You have received your gifts and Johnny's also." "Yes'm, I know; but doesn't Johnny get a box of candy too?" Johnny's sister got the candy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Much Faith.

"So the glasses don't help your eyes at all?"
"Not a bit. And the fellow that sold 'em to me told me they surely would."

"And you believed him?"
"Of course I believed him. What do you think I'd better do about the matter?"

"Oh, there ain't anything to do about the glasses you've got, but before you buy any more you'd better take the faith cure."—Chicago Post.

The Way to a Woman's Heart.



First Tramp—Why, 'ow did she come to give you so much as a shillin'?

Second Tramp—She arst me 'ow old I wuz, and I told her I wuz old enough to be her grandfarver.

Pure Sympathy.

"That Mr. Berrien you introduced me to is a very sympathetic man."
"Think so?"
"Yes, indeed. I was telling him about a neighbor of mine who is dangerously ill, and he said he'd call right away and leave his card."
"Yes, Mr. Berrien is an undertaker, you know."—Philadelphia North American.

Alluring.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish you would let me go where the bookmakers are."
"Into the betting ring?"
"Yes. I saw it from a distance. The way those people are hustling and jamming one another makes me think that there must be some splendid bargains there."—Washington Star.

Her New Recipe.

Mrs. Brownley-Boogs—Mary, the salad was particularly delicious to-night. What did you use in it?
Mary—I used them new kind o' yaller cabbages that Mr. John sent home, mum.
Mrs. B.-E. (faintly)—Heavens, those were chrysanthemums!—Chicago News.

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