

A SUPERANNATED HAS BEEN
By William H. Osborne
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He ascended the high stone steps in a slow and somewhat hesitating manner and stepped uncertainly into the bank. His hat was rusty with age, and the silk binding was innocent of silk and shone with a new luster from afar. His coat, which bore the appearance of having been made for some one else, hung upon his shrunken frame in folds. The bottom of his trousers barely reached his shoe tops. His collar was a bit frayed about the edge. He was no longer young, and yet his age was uncertain. He might have been fifty years of age or seventy-five. He used a cane.

A thin gold chain was somewhat ostentatiously displayed. One end of it reposed in his vest pocket. Whether it was attached to a watch or no he only knew. It seemed to be the last relic of former prosperity.

He stepped inside the door and glanced about, peering around as though seeking for something, he knew not what. Finally his gaze settled upon the glass door leading into the office of the president. With a sudden resolve the old man stepped forward and entered the room. He sat down in a chair with a sigh of relief and pulled out a white handkerchief, which as yet had not been unfolded, and wiped his brow. He was a clean old fellow, neatly shaved and with his scant locks well brushed, but he was shabby—too shabby, thought the president of the Monroe National bank as he looked him over.

"Well, sir?" he said curtly to the old man. The old man looked at him for a few seconds in silence. Then he replied: "I thought," he began, "that I would stop in and see the old bank. It was let me see—some twenty years ago that I was here. Everything looks so familiar to me. It seems like yesterday when I was here, I tell you, sir. But I see no familiar faces. I see none of the men who were here in my time." He said this with a forlorn air. "Even you, yourself, sir, are a stranger to me. Dear me! Burke and Halliwell and Stephens—they're all gone now. I ought



THE OLD MAN TAPPED BOLDLY AND IN HIS AGITATION SOMEBODY TOO LOUDLY to have known that, too, for seems to me I heard there was new management here. I—"

The old man rambled on. But the president, after his first glance at the man, frowned and kept his eyes on his work.

"Chatterton," he said, "I want to write that letter to the County National of New York. We'll need about \$250,000 from them, and I want to enumerate the securities we can put up. Bring them out here, will you?"

A man came out bearing a little drawer full of bonds. The old man looked on. The president glanced once more at him and then swung around in an impatient manner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said testily, "but you see I am very busy. You don't want to see me on business, do you?"

The old man looked first at the president and then at the bonds. There was an intelligent look in his eyes, but he shook his head.

"You wanted to see the old bank," he replied forlornly. "Used to work here myself, you know."

"Well, then," continued the president curtly, "you must excuse me. I'm a busy man."

"Good day, sir," replied the old man. The president turned his back. He did not deign to reply.

The old man stepped to the cashier's window. He nodded to the cashier in a conciliatory manner, but the cashier, who had watched affairs in the private office, was ready for him.

"Well, sir," he remarked in a banal, monotone tone, "draw or deposit?" He reached out his hand as though to receive either a check or some bills. None was forthcoming. The old man shook his head once more. "I used to be employed in this bank," he began. "Twenty years ago." The cashier reached to one side and asked some bills and began to count them hastily.

"None, sir," he replied, with an impatient air, "but by this belongs to the bank, and I don't stop to talk you know."

As a matter of fact he had nothing to do, but he could not be seen to be bored by an old fellow who had been in the old bank many years ago, and he thought he was getting some money from that man, so he counted the bills and handed them over to him.

he saw a stout, good natured man. The instant he saw him the old man tapped somewhat boldly, and in his agitation somewhat too loudly, on the window. The other man looked around, and then an expression of astonishment appeared upon his countenance. He hurried out.

"Well, Mr. — well, Jim," he corrected, in a hearty voice, as he led the old man inside, "what are you doing here? And how glad I am to see you. Let me see—why, it's twenty years since you and I— And on he rattled. The old man's face became flushed with pleasure. For some twenty minutes he and the other man conversed with their heads together. The employees of the bank went, one by one, to take a look at the two. "Gee!" they remarked. "Wolverton is a soft mark. Always ready for any old guy that comes along, he is."

Wolverton finally put on his hat and coat. "I am going out to dinner," he announced. Every man stopped work and watched Wolverton lead the old man out of the bank and down the steps and across to the hotel.

"Now, Chatterton," remarked the president inside, "I guess that's all right. Send this letter right off and express the securities. The County National treats us white and we pay a good low rate of interest to them, and we want to hold their favor if we can. And I think that's a pretty fair letter that I've written to them."

Later Wolverton came back alone. The cashier called to him and a few others sauntered up to hear what was said.

"Say, Wolverton," began the cashier, "what's your poorhouse cry?"

Wolverton turned a bit red. "Oh," he answered shortly, "he's a man that used to work here a long while ago; that's all."

"Say," remarked the cashier, "you'll have enough old men on your list pretty soon to start a home. What's his name?"

Wolverton turned redder still. "His name," he replied, "is Minton."

"Minton?" repeated the cashier, "seems to me I've heard the name. Where does he hail from anyway?"

"Well," returned Wolverton reluctantly, "I'll tell you. He's a sort of a director in some railroads—seventeen of 'em, in fact."

"What!" exclaimed the cashier. "And he's president of three others," went on the other.

"What you giving us?" sarcastically remarked the cashier.

"And what's more," went on Wolverton, "he's—his president of—of a bank."

"A bank?" demanded the other. "What bank?"

Wolverton smiled. "Of the County National bank of New York. His full name," he continued apologetically, "is J. Prentiss Minton. You have heard of him."

The cashier turned pale and reached under his desk for a book. It contained the portraits of every bank president in the United States. He leafed it over rapidly. Finally he found the place. "Great Caesar's ghost!" he exclaimed. "You're right. It's the very man. I'd heard that he was that kind of an old duck too. But I never supposed—Gee! And I've been trying for the last six months to get a place in his bank too!"

Wolverton nodded soothingly. "I know," he replied, "I haven't been trying to get a job there, but I've just been offered one at twice my present salary. I think," he went on slowly, "I think I'd take it, maybe."

Two days later the president received a letter from the president of the County National of New York. It ran like this:

We find ourselves unable to make further loans to you at 3 per cent. We must hereafter demand 5% or more, as the occasion dictates. Your securities are hardly sufficient to cover loan. Better send more at once. Hereafter kindly make applications for loans to our new loan, note and discount officer, Charles J. Wolverton, Esq. He is empowered to deal for the bank in all matters of this kind. Yours, etc.,

J. PRENTISS MINTURN, President.

"By George!" exclaimed the cashier ruefully to the president. "That man's a bird!"

"He is," repeated the president sorrowfully, "a very fine bird, but with very indifferent feathers, unfortunately for us."

Animals That Squint.
The eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time; so that, as a rule, the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can co-operate, as any one who watches a plaice or other flatfish in an aquarium will soon discover. This is true, too, of the curious rolling optics of a chameleon, which roll round swivelwise in a somewhat aimless manner. When they do converge it is but for the insect upon which they fix themselves.

Many animals possess more than three eyes, which do not all act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizards have an extra eye on the top of the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes, which possibly help each other and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

It Is Only Warm.
"After all, my friend," said the moon, "she is not a dove."

"What do you mean?" asked the bird.

"I mean," said the moon, "that you were once a dove, and now you are not."

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Just around the corner from LaRoque's Store

STATEMENT OF
Citizens Savings Bank
at the close of business on June 30, 1903.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$128,238.54
Overdrafts.....	840.88
Bonds.....	1,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,984.99
Real Estate and Material for Bank.....	3,686.09
Due from Banks.....	30,535.11
Cash Items.....	109.76
Cash on hand.....	12,967.78
	\$178,863.15
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$35,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	6,102.52
Notes Redeemed.....	5,700.00
Bills Payable.....	7,500.00
Deposits subject to check and Certificates of Deposits.....	132,175.02
Cashier's Checks outstanding.....	285.89
Dividends unpaid.....	2,000.00
Due to Banks, none.....	
	\$178,863.15

Comparative Statement of the Citizens' Savings Bank condensed from Reports to North Carolina Corporation Commission:
No. Depositors Deposits
July 15, 1901 44 \$ 8,774.50
July 15, 1902 254 71,539.40
June 9, 1903 507 122,033.75

We Are in the Swim
ALL Summer Goods MUST GO
To make room for Fall Stock our entire stock of LIGHT DRESS GOODS, STRAW HATS, Ladies' and Men's SLIPPERS will go for 30 days AT COST
Step in and get a bargain Very truly,
TOWNALL & HILL

W. H. TAYLOR, Agent,
COTTON DEALER.
We can furnish such quantities and deliveries as suit the requirements of mills. Reference: Citizens Savings Bank
SEE YOURSELF!
Have those old defaced Mirrors re-plated—as good as new.

O. G. Hartsfield
IF YOU WANT A Pump Repaired or a new one put down, or Awnings put up, or a Sign painted call on me at BELL'S SHOPS, two blocks east of A. & N. C. depot.
JULIUS BELL.

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The printing we do more than pays for itself in the favorable impression it gives others of the office or business house from which it emanates.
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Beautiful Turned Work, Columns, Balusters, Newels, Etc.
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is no doubt the proper maxim, but just the same you want what you do eat to be of first-class quality and
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A. & N. C. RAILROAD CO.
TIME TABLE NO. 28.
In effect Sunday, Nov. 9, 1903, at 7:30 a. m.

WESTBOUND TRAINS.

Station	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	Su.
Goldboro	11:10	5:50	7:10	11:30	9:45	10:45	
Leffings	10:20	7:10	8:10	12:30	11:00	12:00	
Falling Creek	10:00	7:40	8:40	12:45	11:15	12:15	
Kinston	10:10	7:50	8:50	12:55	11:25	12:25	
Core City	9:50	7:30	8:30	12:45	11:15	12:15	
Corn Creek	9:30	7:10	8:10	12:30	11:00	12:00	
Thomasboro	9:10	6:50	7:50	12:15	10:45	11:45	
Newbern	8:50	6:30	7:30	12:00	10:30	11:30	
Hartsville	8:30	6:10	7:10	11:45	10:15	11:15	
Newport	8:10	5:50	6:50	11:30	10:00	11:00	
Morrisville City	7:50	5:30	6:30	11:15	9:45	10:45	
Morrisville City Depot.	7:30	5:10	6:10	11:00	9:30	10:30	

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

Station	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	Su.
Goldboro	11:10	5:50	7:10	11:30	9:45	10:45	
Leffings	10:20	7:10	8:10	12:30	11:00	12:00	
Falling Creek	10:00	7:40	8:40	12:45	11:15	12:15	
Kinston	10:10	7:50	8:50	12:55	11:25	12:25	
Core City	9:50	7:30	8:30	12:45	11:15	12:15	
Corn Creek	9:30	7:10	8:10	12:30	11:00	12:00	
Thomasboro	9:10	6:50	7:50	12:15	10:45	11:45	
Newbern	8:50	6:30	7:30	12:00	10:30	11:30	
Hartsville	8:30	6:10	7:10	11:45	10:15	11:15	
Newport	8:10	5:50	6:50	11:30	10:00	11:00	
Morrisville City	7:50	5:30	6:30	11:15	9:45	10:45	
Morrisville City Depot.	7:30	5:10	6:10	11:00	9:30	10:30	

The Last Call.
The Tax on Dogs must be paid by August 1st or I will proceed to get warrants for the owners. This is the last call and must be heeded.
G. F. SIMMONS,
Chief of Police.

SPRING MILLINERY
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E. F. COX, President. J. W. GRAINGER, Vice-President.
The Bank of Kinston
Capital Stock, - \$50,000.00
Surplus—Profits, \$21,000.00
Legal Depository for State, County and Municipal Funds
Solicits deposits from Farmers, Merchants, Corporations and Individuals.
Capital and Surplus—Profits was \$21,000 six years ago.
This Bank was safe then—you can see that it is nearly three and one-half times stronger now.
If you are not a depositor would be pleased to have you open an account.
Yours truly,
R. C. STRONG, Cashier

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Tobacco Twine,
Thermometers, Lanterns,
Fruit Jars,
Stone Churns,
Flower Pots, Jardinieres,
Crockery, Glassware,
Paints, Oil, Varnish
and a complete line of
Builders' Hardware,
Farming Implements,
Stoves,
House Furnishing Goods,
Tinware, etc., etc.
Be sure to get my prices before buying.
Very respectfully,
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