

# THE AMBITION OF MARK TRUITT

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER  
Author of *The Man Higher Up*, *His Rise to Power* etc.  
Copyright 1915 by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

This story epitomizes, in the life of one big man, his big foes and big friends, the strife, the hopes, and the aspirations of modern America. Involved with his ambition is the ambition of the laborer, of the capitalist, of the progressive, of the humanitarian, of the socialist, of the society woman, and of the woman who gives all for love.

## CHAPTER I

**Dreams.**  
He drifted into the desolate land that lies between sleep and waking, tasting the floating vapor of his dreams—the epic visions of full-blooded youth. They had passed just beyond memory, leaving a confused yet glowing sense of sharp contrasts, waves of red and blue, a golden haze entwined him. Through it filtered a dazzling radiance, an of some noble processionary sung by a departing far-distant choir. A wave of delight rippled over him. Then the thought that, not sharing his slumber, had patrolled his colorful dreams, worked to the surface.

"My last day here!"  
He awoke slowly. Before him, seen through the unshuttered window, lay a world somber enough to one taking against its restraint, loveliness when it was to be left behind. He saw the September sun peep over the hills at the head of the valley, rise majestically and swing clear, a golden disk hung in the sky, symbol of the reward of man's struggles, its radiance, streaming into the little room, dispelled shadows with a molten glow he could almost feel. The muffled sounds arose, according to time with the lingering echoes of his dream music. He revelled in a new perception.

He was twenty years old.  
He was not one to fall. He sprang from bed and stood naked, single beautiful youth, too slender for great strength but with the unconscious grace of the wild animal.

He dressed and stood by the window in the attitude of a listener. Intently he sought to define the faint other-world resonance that still seemed to vibrate about him. But the thought eluded him.

His illusion was effectively shattered. Into the subdued melody of the Sabbath morning thrust a profane intruder, the jerky wheezing notes of a cabinet organ in the day's hymn, played by some one who aspired beyond and under.

He frowned, then threw back his head and laughed silently—a trick he had sometimes—at the absurd anticlimax.

"I'm still in Bethel. It's a long way from here to—there." He drew a long deep breath.

A question halted him. "There—where?"

He shook his head vigorously, as though to throw off the query, and went down to the kitchen.

The odor of frying ham saluted his nostrils, he sniffed it hungrily. A man, apparently old, was placing heavy, clipped ironware dishes on the table. He nodded briefly in response to the youth's blithe greeting.

"I'll be ready," he said in a dull flat voice, "time you're back from the stable," and continued his slow precise setting of the table.

In a few minutes the other returned, the horses fed and his own hands and face scrubbed in cold water from the cistern. They sat down without speaking. The youth ate eagerly, gulping.

When the first loosening of appetite was gone, burning to talk of the great hour at hand, he broke the silence. "Well, father, this is my last day in Bethel."

The old man merely nodded, keeping his eyes on his plate.

Buythly the son began to set forth his plans and hopes and expectations, they were not small. But the old man maintained his silence. The youth conceived him to be an unsympathetic audience.

"Guess you're not interested," he said a trifle sulky.

"Yes, I'm interested, Mark," the father answered, "but there ain't anything to say." He raised his glance to the window. "Them I couldn't say anything that'd help much."

The sweep of the youth's anticipation faltered before a quality in the old man's words. Old, old Simon, so his neighbors called him. Yet he was not really old, but in the noonday of life wore the gray mantle of age. For he, too, had dreamed his big golden dreams. Below the village stood a dismantled rotting forge, monument to their faculty. After his failure he had returned to his shop and trade, shoeing his neighbors' horses, mending their wagons and plows, a dulcified, taciturn, spiteless plodder.

Simon Truitt rose and began to clear the table. The son moved toward the door. There he paused, vaguely sensible of a sorrow to which some soothing word was to be said. But the word would not come to him unschooled in such tender office. He went slowly out into the sunshine.

In the stable he curried the horses, lingering over the pretty brown mare—inset and finest trophy of his horse-trading—until her coat shone satiny. This labor of love ended, he lighted a pipe and sat in the stable doorway.

He sat there until from across the town came a flat unmisgiving clamor, the cracked church bell calling the faithful—that is to say, all Bethel save one—to worship. He rose reluctantly,

Shon he emerged from the little house, shaved to the blood and clad in the discomfort of Sunday clothes.

Always on warm Sabbath mornings Simon Truitt was to be found sitting on the stoop, and always facing the south, the dismantled forge lay to the south. He was that one for whom the cracked bell tolled in vain; he was supposed to be an atheist.

"Goin' to church?" he asked in the expressionless tone that was his habit. "I guess so," answered Mark. "In-lus," with sudden understanding, "you'd like me to stay."

Simon hesitated, then shook his head. "No, you'd better go same as always. Courtney'd want ye to."

"I owe him a lot."  
Simon nodded. "More'n to—anyone else here. Think a good deal of him, don't ye?"

"Yes. Sometimes he's kind o' queer, though."  
Simon nodded again. "I've," he asked unexpectedly, "do you believe what he preaches?"

"Why, yes?" said Mark. "Yes, I guess so," he amended.

The dull glance momentarily sharpened. "Not very much, I expect. But he believes it hard—or not at all. It's most time for church."

Mark swung heavily down the path. The father's eyes followed him wistfully.

Mark joined the straggling procession that moved, stiffly decorous, toward the house of worship. Once during the short journey, a spring wagon overtook and passed him; a girl in the rear seat turned and nodded. A wave of red surged into his dark face. Until the wagon drove into the churchyard, his glance clung to the mass of yellow hair under the pink hat. Unconsciously his step quickened.

He found an empty pew near the door, and entering, leaned back, half closing his eyes. He followed the congregation as it rose and sat in hymn and prayer and lesson, but he moved mechanically, without thought of worship. His glance sought the far corner where a shaft of morning sun-

shine had set a mass of yellow hair shimmering. The sight and his dreams gave him a new and daring resolve. The hour sped swiftly.

He went quietly from the church; in the yard he took a station by which the farmer folk must pass to their vehicles and there, as he had resolved, boldly, in the eyes of all, he waited for her.

She appeared, a slender girl who, as she moved slowly around the church, wore a spell over the betrothed portion of Bethel, even where she had not the subtle aid of dreams. She was not small, but neatly made, gave an effect of daintiness not characteristic of the maids of that valley. Unity was supposed to be "delicate," hence was spared those arduous tasks that leave so little time to study of beauty hints and fashions. If there were some to suggest that "Squire Martin's family let Unity make fools of 'em," at least no males were among these critics.

Self-conscious to the fingertips but not betraying it, she picked her duty way among the gossiping groups, tossing gay little smiles to the and that intoxicated youth, blissfully deaf to an occasional feminine titter in her wake.

She came to a halt beside Mark, looking up with a smile that made him forget cautious observers.

"Good morning, Mark!"  
"Unity!" His voice was low, tense, as though he announced some tragic happening. "I'm going away tomorrow."

"The clergy'll tell her face, leaving it very serious."  
"To the city? For good?"  
"To the city. For good."  
"I am glad."

"Glad!" he stammered. "I thought—I wanted you to be sorry."  
"Yes," she nodded emphatically. "I'm glad—for you," she added more softly.

He remained silent, an unreasoning, indefinite disappointment lingering. Something he wanted—he could not say what—was lacking in her words.

"Aren't you glad?"  
"Yes, but—" He dismissed the doubt. His eagerness returned. "I'm going driving this afternoon."  
She became girlish again. "Is that an invitation?" with a demure little smile.

"If you want to go."  
"Of course, Mister Solem! Aren't you—" She stopped, apparently overcome with confusion for his boldness.

"Say it!" he besought thirstily. There was a delicious moment of uncertainty, a breathless little laugh. "My lover. There! I'll be waiting for you, just after dinner." And the butterfly fluttered away.

He went from the churchyard and followed the street past the point where it returned to its native state of dust, wood-banked, country pike. He came to a place where the road rose sharply and fell again. Mounting to the crest, he threw himself on the roadside and waited, thither Richard Courtney would come on the after-noon walk that was his custom.

Up the rise, village-bound, leisurely creaked an ancient top buggy. In it slouched a middle-aged man upon whose face were written humor and patience, qualities of which he had great need just then. His horse labored heavily at the task, head hanging low, but the bellows in Simon Truitt's empty puffed louder or harder. At the crest it stopped without urging. Mark frowned impatiently. Then he noted the sad state of the horse and a grin displaced the frown.

"Hear you're going away," "Doc" Medlow remarked. "For the good of the town?"  
Mark nodded, the grin widening. "Maybe you'd like to help pay my fare?"  
"I have helped," the doctor rejoined dryly. "Going to get rich, ain't you? They all think that."

"It happens sometimes."  
"You might, though. Any man ought to get rich that could sell me this—would you call it a horse?"  
"Hum!" Mark considered the animal judicially. "Well, it has four legs."  
"So's a billy goat," drawled the doctor. "Goad'd be more use to me, too."  
"What did you buy it for, then?"  
"I ain't sayin' nothin'. Pretty sick customer, ain't you?"  
The grin returned. "I can sell horses," Mark modestly admitted, "to some people."  
"Humph! Only a fool'd buy 'em of you," the doctor agreed. "What'll you take for the brown mare?"  
"The brown mare ain't for sale."  
"Any horse is for sale," the doctor insisted, "at the right price. Give you a hundred and fifty."  
"I wouldn't sell her for two-fifty."  
The doctor sighed and clucked to the woe-borne horse.

Out of the dusty cloud trailing behind the creaky buggy emerged a tall stooping figure, clad in the rusty black of the country clergyman. He walked slowly, and when he came to the rise, with a slight effort, evidently he was a frail man physically. At the crest he stopped, breathing hard.

"Of yellow braids and a pretty complexion," Courtney said to himself bitterly.

Mark was frowning in an effort to recall and piece together detached phrases that had floated to him during the service and then, finding no welcome, floated away. "It was about," he said hesitatingly, "it was about a man finding his big idea."

"I am flattered." The dry droil in section was a concealment.

"The big idea," said Mark vaguely, "does it mean—God?"  
"It's His way of lifting the world forward. It's— Courtney stopped abruptly, with a hopeless smile. He looked away across the hills.

Suddenly, with an oddly appealing gesture, he turned again to Mark. All the intense longing of the man who has dreamed and failed and yet clung to some fragment of his hope, painting his vision, breathed in his words.

"Some day you may remember I told you. It's the big purpose that sometimes comes to you, the passionate man, to accomplish some work for his own sake; that grips him, drives him, makes him ruthless to his own desires, forgetful of his failures and blind to everything but his task; that transforms him into a narrow zealot, a fanatic, but a power—always a power, because he is his purpose incarnate. It is that without which the big man is wasted, because he is that dangerous, useless thing, a force uncontrolled. . . . It's what I wanted you to have."

Mark stared. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand."  
"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"Of yellow braids and a pretty complexion," Courtney said to himself bitterly.

Mark was frowning in an effort to recall and piece together detached phrases that had floated to him during the service and then, finding no welcome, floated away. "It was about," he said hesitatingly, "it was about a man finding his big idea."

"I am flattered." The dry droil in section was a concealment.

"The big idea," said Mark vaguely, "does it mean—God?"  
"It's His way of lifting the world forward. It's— Courtney stopped abruptly, with a hopeless smile. He looked away across the hills.

Suddenly, with an oddly appealing gesture, he turned again to Mark. All the intense longing of the man who has dreamed and failed and yet clung to some fragment of his hope, painting his vision, breathed in his words.

"Some day you may remember I told you. It's the big purpose that sometimes comes to you, the passionate man, to accomplish some work for his own sake; that grips him, drives him, makes him ruthless to his own desires, forgetful of his failures and blind to everything but his task; that transforms him into a narrow zealot, a fanatic, but a power—always a power, because he is his purpose incarnate. It is that without which the big man is wasted, because he is that dangerous, useless thing, a force uncontrolled. . . . It's what I wanted you to have."

Mark stared. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand."  
"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

"And I," Courtney cried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The fire began to die from his eyes and voice.

"If it comes," he added.  
For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, despite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

## CANDIDATES CARDS

### Political Advertising

#### For Legislature

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from the county of Halifax, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries to be held on the 6th day of August. The support of the Democracy of Halifax county will be greatly appreciated by me.

7-17-3t W. L. LONG.

#### For Register of Deeds

To the Voters of Halifax County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Register of Deeds, subject to the Democratic Primary, to be held on August 6th, 1914, and if elected I pledge to the people of the County the same promptness and courtesy extended to one and all.

Thanking the people of the County for the past support given me, I am,

Respectfully,  
J. HUNTER NORMAN

7-17-3t

#### For Clerk of the Court

I hereby announce that I shall be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Halifax County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary to be held the 6th day of August next. If nominated and elected, I promise to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, and with courtesy and fairness to all who have dealings with the office, as I have tried to do in the past.

I fully realize my obligations to the people of my county for their support in the past, and will fully appreciate whatever support is given me in the coming primary.

STERLING M. GARY  
Halifax N. C. July 13th, 1914.  
7-17-3t

#### For Clerk Superior Court

To The Democratic Voters of Halifax County:

A great many of my friends throughout the County having expressed the desire that I become a candidate for the nomination for Clerk of Superior Court at the Democratic Primary to be held on Thursday, August 6th, 1914, I hereby declare myself a candidate for that position subject to the action of said primary.

The primary was called sooner than was anticipated therefore it will be impossible for me to see every voter in the county personally between now and August 6th, so I take this method of informing you of my candidacy.

I belong to no faction or combination, and if nominated and elected, will try to perform the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the whole people.

I am appreciative of the consideration shown me by the people of Halifax County in the past and will thank them for their support in the primary.

W. T. CLEMENT.  
Enfield, N. C.  
7-17-2t

#### Call For Primary Election

Thursday, August the 6th, was the day fixed by the County Democratic Executive Committee at a meeting held at Halifax on the 6th. inst. for the nomination of legislative, county and township officers.

The polls will be open at the voting precincts of each township from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M. and no longer.

All Democrats who in good faith intend to abide the results of the primary are cordially invited to participate in the same and express their individual preferences for the different positions to be named.

I. E. GREEN, Chairman.  
N. FITZPATRICK, Secretary.

M. E. Faison returned last Sunday from a visit to Norfolk.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Mosher entertained a party of friends at rock on last Wednesday night.

Mrs. A. L. Baine and little daughter are here on a visit to Mr. Baine. We understand they contemplate making their home here.

## A BARGAIN

A GUARANTEED No. 7 COOK

THIS WEEK ONLY

# \$7.95

## CASH

FOR COOKING UTENSILS FOR

STOVE with Set of

We also Carry a Full Line of New Perfection Oil Stoves

## WEBB & JONES

Roanoke Rapids North Carolina

## "THE KEY"

To the Gate of Opportunity can be surely found by the average man nowhere but in a SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

Are you going to start that Savings Account NOW? Or will you be content to prow around outside the Gate while your more provident neighbor is reaping the benefits and advantages of thrift and economy.

4% PAID ON SAVINGS

### Rosemary Banking and Trust Company

DR. E. H. ADKINS, President  
T. W. MULLEN, Vice-President  
J. E. COX, Vice-President  
GEORGE CARMICHAEL, Cashier

DIRECTORS

J. E. BUCK J. H. LIVERLY D. E. H. ADKINS J. E. COX I. G. SHELL  
W. F. HORNOR T. W. MULLEN D. T. W. M. LONG A. T. WHITE

## During this Sizzling Summer Weather

Why roast and stew over a hot kitchen stove when at less cost and hardly a twentieth part of the heat, you can have the comfort and convenience of cooking with a

### Perfection Oil Stove

Simple, Scientific, Labor Saving  
No Fuss - No Bother - No Loss of Time  
No Red Hot Kitchen

All Styles and Sizes for Sale here

## Hancock-House Co.

### Report of the condition of The Rosemary Banking and Trust Company at Rosemary in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business June 30th, 1914.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$19,587.64
Banking Houses	3,950.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,250.00
Due from Banks and Bankers	8,251.45
Gold coin	30.00
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	782.39
National Bank Notes and other U. S. notes	6,420.00
Miscellaneous Expense	4.06
TOTAL	\$36,296.14

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$11,400.00
Deposits subject to check	18,069.62
Savings Deposits	5,987.77
Due to Banks and Bankers	117.25
TOTAL	\$35,296.14

State of North Carolina, County of Halifax, ss:  
I, F. C. Patterson, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
F. C. PATTERSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 6th