

# FINANCIAL

## \$6,000,000,000

Represents the savings in the banks of the United States. The United States ranks first in the "Savings habit" of all the nations of the earth.

If this vast sum were divided up each man woman and child in the United States would get at least \$60.00.

But this money is not going to be divided, so if you want to be represented in this grand sum you must save for yourself. No better place to start than at the

### CITIZEN'S BANK,

CREEDMOOR, N. C.  
The Bank That Pays  
**4%**

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Z. E. LYON, President.  
J. S. COBB, Vice-President.  
I. E. HARRSI, Cashier.

**DIRECTORS.**  
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S. C. LYON, S. W. MINOR,  
A. A. LYON, H. D. MANGUM,  
T. H. PERRY, W. D. SANDLING,  
Z. T. PERRY, J. H. KEITH,  
L. D. EMORY.

**The Best Pocket Knife for The Money at STEDMAN'S**

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by J. G. Hall, Druggist.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Having qualified as administrator with the will annexed upon the estate of Elandor D. Tingen before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Granville County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make immediate payment of same. Persons holding claims against said estate will present them to me for payment on or before the 10th day of December, 1909, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

This the 10th day of December, 1909.  
Sterling H. Tingen,  
Administrator with Will annexed.  
A. A. Hicks, Atty.

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.**  
Having qualified as Administrators of the Estate of the late W. H. Green notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them to us on or before the 18th day of November 1910 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. And all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make prompt payment to us.

This November 18th, 1909.  
I. T. GREEN,  
A. S. GREEN,  
Administrators of W. H. Green, dec'd.  
Graham & Devin, Attys.

**NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.**  
Notice is hereby given that the 1st day of January, 1910, the co-partnership heretofore existing between W. J. Long, J. C. Haskins, and F. B. Bialock, under the firm and style of Long, Bialock & Haskins in the conduct of a mercantile business in the town of Oxford N. C., has been dissolved by mutual consent, the interest owned by Long, Bialock, & Haskins, being bought out by J. C. Haskins, J. L. King, F. B. Bialock, A. F. Morris, and L. S. Farabow, who will in the future run the business under the firm name of The Long Company, Incorporated. All persons holding claims against Long, Bialock & Haskins will present them to F. B. Bialock and all persons indebted to same will present them to F. B. Bialock.

W. J. Long,  
J. C. Haskins,  
F. B. Bialock.  
This December 17th—1909.

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metal boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no others. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Time of Lodge Meetings.  
Oxford Lodge No. 103, I. O. O. F. Tuesday night.  
Granville Camp No. 49 1st and 3rd Friday nights.  
Junior O. U. A. M. 2nd and 4th Friday night.  
Masonic Lodge A. F. & A. M. 1st Monday night.  
W. O. W. No. 17 Thursday night.

**Don't Buy a Knife Until You Have Seen STEDMAN'S STOCK.**

# THE BLUE JAPANESE VASE.

### A New Year's Story.

By EDNA PLYMPTON.  
Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

**O**CTAGON in shape, its rich blue sides reflected the morning sunlight as Mannering examined his new purchase. The vase had stood on the dusty shelf of an auction room, and its appearance had brought vividly before his mind's eye a quiet New England parlor with curious sea treasures displayed on the high, white mantelshelf and a pair of blue Japanese vases like the one in his hand.

He had bought the vase because of the recollections it stirred within him. Now he looked it over with the eye of a connoisseur and finally placed it on a teakwood cabinet in his study.

A faint odor of dried rose leaves hovered about him as he resumed his chair in front of the fire.

His newspaper was dull. The work piled on his desk had no attraction for him today. A year before overwork had driven him to seek rest and quiet in a Connecticut farmhouse—a farmhouse within sight and smell of the sea, where many ships pass to and fro. Here in the crisp winter weather he had met a girl. He loved her, and she was promised to another.

"I am sorry you must go," she had said evenly. "The new year begins tomorrow. I hope it will bring happiness to you."

"It will not bring happiness to me," said Mannering dully.

Then Mannering had gone away with the dawning of the new year, and it was as he had said. He had not found happiness.

The sight of the blue Japanese vase recalled the fact that tomorrow another new year would dawn—the beginning of another dreary twelve months.

At dusk he was restlessly pacing the floor of his study. The glow of the fire was reflected in the highly polished surface of the porcelain vase, and glittering points of flame caught his eye.

He carried the vase to the fire and sat down in his deep chair. Again the odor of rose leaves assailed his senses, and he plunged his hand deep within the vase. He brought it forth filled with dried and crumbling roses and a tiny envelope—bearing his own name.

He had never seen her handwriting, but perhaps it might have been—Slowly he tore it open and read the few lines with dazed eyes.

So she had had the note? Was she married? Of course she was now.

Outside the snow spat against the window panes and the wind howled around the corners and rattled the doors. Presently the knob turned, and Johnson intruded a sleek head.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said. Mannering got upon his feet and placed the vase on the mantelshelf. "A lady?" he repeated dully.

"Yes, sir. She says she will only detain you a moment, sir."

"Very well."

Again the knob turned, and a girl entered, slender and bronze haired and gowned in clinging black.

She shrank back against the door as Mannering came across the room. "You wished to see me," he inquired.

"Yes," she said in a low tone. "You bought a vase at the auction rooms this morning—they directed me here—it belonged to my family. Something was placed in it for safekeeping and forgotten. I want it."

Something in her low toned voice stirred Mannering strangely. He peered nearsightedly at her closely veiled face and then stepped to the shelf and held the vase toward her.

"STAY, ESTHER," SAID MANNERING.

Reluctantly she came forward under the blaze of the chandelier. She took the vase and thrust one gloved hand within. It came out empty.

"It is gone," she said nervously. She bent her head toward him. "Thank you for permitting me to examine it." She moved rapidly toward the door. "Stay, Esther," said Mannering. "Why—you—oh, I did not recognize you!" she cried.

"I found something in the vase, Esther—a note from you saying you loved me and could not marry any one else. What does it mean?" He was bending over her tenderly now.

"I did write it—I did mean it. I gave it to little Tom to mail. He has just told me that he forgot to mail it, and long afterward he hid it there because he was afraid to tell me. I wanted to be sure that you had not received it, because I wanted to remember that you were not false, and so I traced the vase to your house. But I did not know your name, only the house number, and I did not know I was coming to you." She was crying quietly into her handkerchief, and now Mannering drew her hands away from her face.

"And you would have gone away from me again," he said slowly. "We have had death and disaster, and tomorrow I was starting forth to take a situation as governess."



# My New Year's Resolution

By GERALD PRIME

**O**NCE I made a resolution That I'd be an eremite; Tried to pore o'er pond'rous volumes

E'en until the morning light; Aimed to flee from foolish fondness And the lighter side of life, Sternly looking toward the glory Of the soul's seraphic strife.

Banished all were wine and roses. St. Stylites on his perch Ne'er outdid me, nor did even Sculptured saint within a church.

Then I chanced to meet her walking, And she smiled—well, what's the use? My fine New Year's resolution Galloped madly to the fence.

# CURE FOR THE SWEAR-OFF HABIT.

By FRANK H. SWEET.  
Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

**D**ingle, dong, dong! With merry din Nineteen hundred and ten steams in, And off the train with laugh and cheer

There steps the jolly, glad New Year. His baggage after him they throw, Twelve big boxes in a row.

Twelve big boxes, wide and deep. Oh, for just a single peep— Just a single peep to see What's inside for you and me. One thing, though, I know is true— There are valentines in number two.

Number seven's marked, "With care!" I believe there's powder there. Five and six are labeled "Flowers."

In this manner Simon swore off from smoking, from looking on the wine when it is red—or green, amber, dark brown or any other old color—from telling white lies, from procrastination, from playing poker at the club and telling his wife that he had been held at the office, from flirting, from taking a flier in stocks, from betting on the ponies, from fishing on Sunday, from saying naughty swear words and from other peccadillos that would make a dictionary of vice to mention. He even swore off from swearing off. Then he resolved to quit breaking his resolutions. All in vain! Every one of his vows was splintered as speedily as an expensive dish in the hands of the hired girl.

At last Simon Jones struck a novel expedient. He resolved to stop all his transgressions and then vowed to break his resolution. Strange to say, the natural perversity of his nature kept him straight for two days in place of one.

If you know any Simon Joneses suggest to them this plan.

JOHN INGLIS.

**Sad Days For Sammy.**  
"Mamma, is it true that the way you act on New Year's day you'll act all the year?" asked the angel child.

"Well, my dearie, I have heard that said, and it may be true. So you are going to act today just as your little heart would have you act every day in the year, my precious?"

"You bet! I'm goin' right out an' lick Sammy Smith, an' if this rule holds good the 'won't be nothin' left o' him by next New Year's."

**At the Desk in the Dining Room.**  
"The old year's passing," wrote the bard. ("Please pass the butter," said his wife.) "He shrieks—he gasps—he's dying hard!" ("Now, James, we've forks—don't use your knife.")

"The New Year comes, a tripping youth." ("Say, paw, lick Jim; he tipped me up.") "Now let us feed on love and truth." ("Now, Jimmy, go and feed the pup.")

**The Chinese New Year's.**  
New Year's is an important holiday with the Chinese. They are supposed to bury all hatred and to pay all their debts. It is a disgrace to begin the new year in debt, and for weeks beforehand the almond eyed residents of American cities skirmish for funds with which to meet their obligations. During the continuation of the celebration every Chinaman in town keeps open house and is visited by all the other immigrants from his native land. They eat birds' nests and other equally questionable dishes and drink quantities of the oily stuff which serves the same purpose as American whisky. The houses of the Chinese are decorated with lanterns, paper flowers and lit tie josses, and discordant noises evoked from their musical instruments rend the air during the night hours.

# Elderly People Helped Free

The last years of life are the sweetest, and yet the most difficult to prolong. It is then that the greatest care is exercised in maintaining bodily health. But the chief care should always be with regard to the food you eat and whether you are digesting it properly. You should not allow yourself to become constipated.

No doubt you have tried salts and cathartic pills, purgative tablets, etc., and have come to the conclusion that they are violent in action and do but temporary good. Listen, then, to the voice of experience with regard to a wonderful and mild laxative, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is not new, only we are trying to find new friends for it.

A. A. Felts, of Johnston City, Ill., suffered from stomach trouble for six years and found his cure in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. His wife uses it too with success. We could name hundreds of others. Some heard of it first through neighbors or friends; others through the doctor's offer to send any sufferer from a stomach, liver or bowel complaint a free sample bottle for trial, without charge. If you will send your name and address he will send you a trial bottle direct to your home. If it proves itself as he claims then continue the treatment by buying a 50-cent or \$1 bottle of your druggist, as all of them sell it. Old people, like children, should look for purity, and it is well to mention that the purity of this remedy is vouched for with the U. S. government. Also, though a free bottle is sent to prove its merits, results are always guaranteed when the regular bottles bought of druggists, who will refund your money if it does not satisfy you. Send at least for the free test bottle today.

If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand, or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 500 Caldwell bldg., Monticello, Ill.

For Sale by Crenwill Drug Co.

Any one who wishes to buy a second hand surrey can get some information by applying at the Ledger Office.

**Seaboard Schedule.**  
Trains leave Oxford as follows:

No. 428	at	7:45 a. m.
No. 438	at	11:30 a. m.
No. 440	at	2:40 p. m.
No. 442	at	5:15 p. m.
Trains arriving Oxford:		
No. 429	at	9:40 a. m.
No. 439	at	12:20 p. m.
No. 441	at	3:20 p. m.
No. 443	at	7:15 p. m.

**J. G. HALL,**  
Druggist and Seedsman.  
Books, spectacles, seeds  
Fruits, Confectionaries,  
Patent Medicines and  
Toilet Articles.

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Don't Forget The  
National Segar  
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too Good for More Than  
One in a Town.

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