

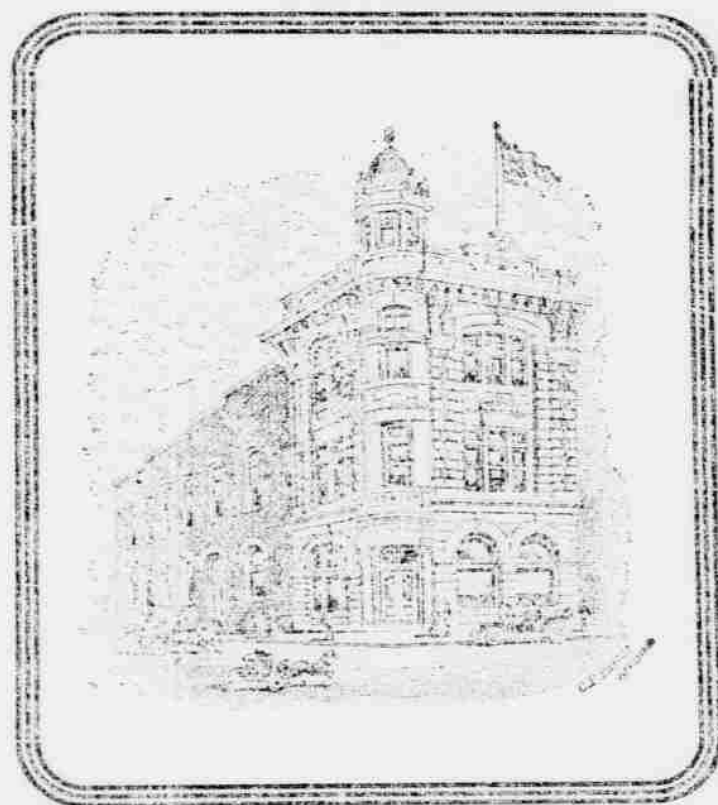
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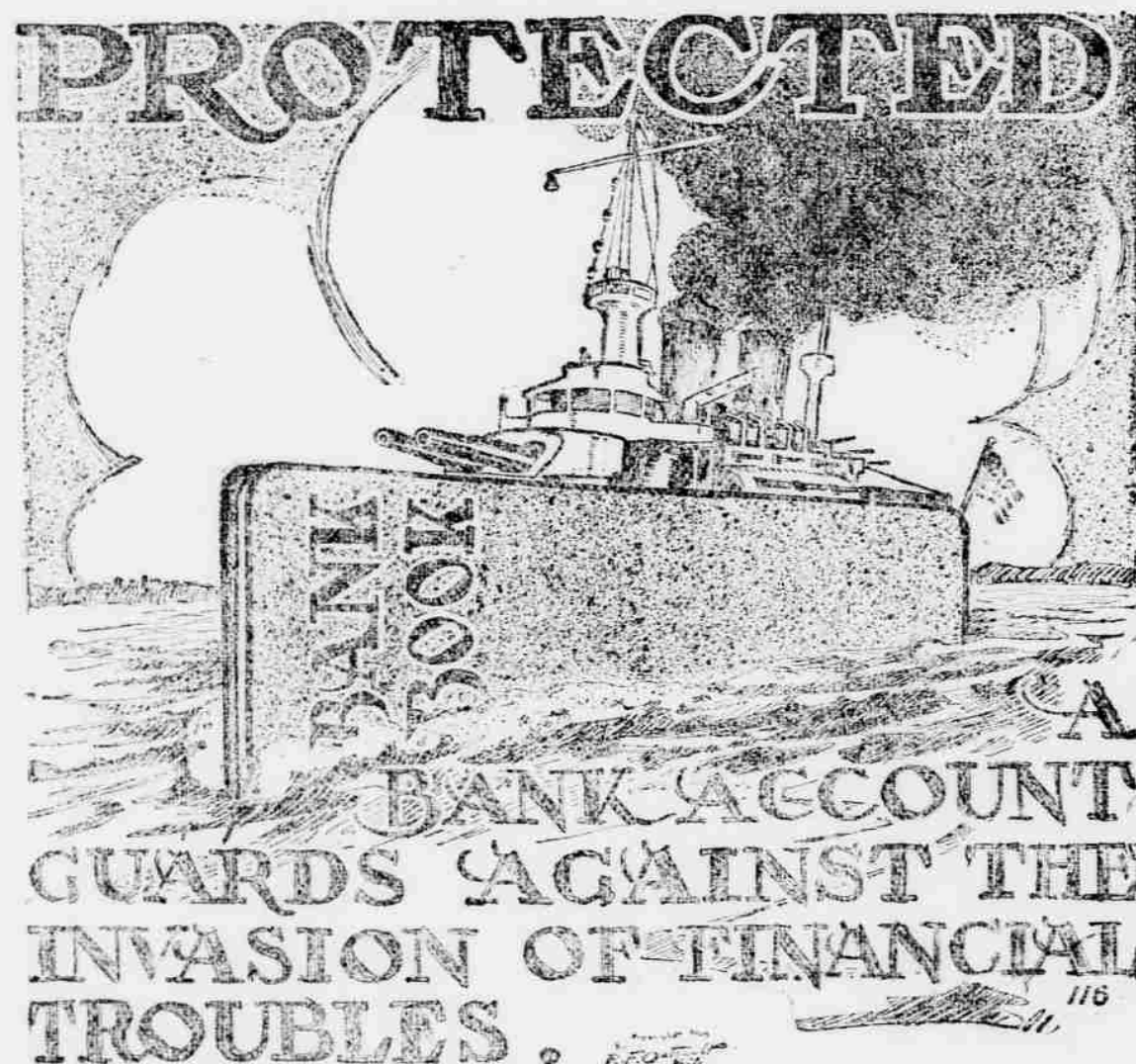
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The Best Kiteflier in Town.
 Some years ago there died in Nebraska a man named Walsh, who, as a boy, started a suspension bridge. When Walsh was about ten years old the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge at Niagara were taken. The first thing necessary was the stretching of a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across. "What boy is the best kiteflier in town?" he asked.

The Walsh boy was named as the best kiteflier in the town of Niagara Falls, and the engineer accordingly asked that he be brought to him. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara river. He flew it across and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite and by means of the string drew the wire across. By this, in turn, a cable was drawn across, and the bridge was well begun.—Harper's Weekly.

Antiquated Customs.
 There is no court in Europe more tenacious of its etiquette—which was inaugurated several hundreds of years ago—than that of Spain. It is said that King Ferdinand VII. once made a minister resign because he had accidentally touched his hand. One of the quaintest ceremonies is the closing of the royal palace gates at Madrid every night. Electric light has been in use in the palace for quite a long while, but nevertheless every evening at 11 o'clock the officiating gentleman in waiting appears, accompanied by several servants, who carry ancient lanterns, to demand a huge key from a higher official to lock the doors of the palace. This is all the more amusing as the huge key does not fit the modern keyholes. The key is then returned to a third official, and every night gentlemen in waiting have to patrol the corridors of the palace, though sufficient guards are about, to watch over the snubbers of their royal master.

Paul the Tyrant.
 Paul I. of Russia was very deaf and also very tyrannical. One day an aide-camp, intending to please him, approached and cried in his ear, "I am glad to see, your majesty, that your hearing is much improved!"

"What is that you say?" growled the czar.

Raising his voice, the aid-de-camp said, "I am glad that your majesty's hearing is so much improved!"

"Ah, that's it, eh?" chuckled the czar and then added, "Say it once more."

The aid-de-camp repeated the words, whereupon Paul I. thundered: "So you dare to make fun of me, do you? Just wait awhile!"

Next day the aid-de-camp was on his way to the mines of Siberia.

The Lesson She Learned.
 A fair western co-ed and one of the male seniors fell violently in love and neglected their studies shamefully. Both were expelled. The fair co-ed thereupon wrote this interesting reply to the faculty:

Gentlemen—You have expelled me for neglecting my studies, yet I have learned at your institution more than you will ever know. I have learned the meaning of love. What is the use of studying history if I am not allowed to gather roses? Why should I devote myself to astronomy if I may not look at the stars? What does it profit me to spend years on mathematics and neglect my own figure? You have expelled my fiance also. Do you think he is unhappy? We were married last evening.

—Exchange.

Sand Swept Asia.
 In the arid lands of central Asia the air is reported as often laden with fine detritus, which drifts like snow around conspicuous objects and tends to bury them in a dust drift. Even when there is no apparent wind the air is described as thick with fine dust, and a yellow sediment covers everything. In Khotan this dust sometimes so obscures the sun that at midday one cannot see to read fine print without a lamp.

It Really Happens.
 The Woman—Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years. The Man—That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman and for her sake made a fool of himself in two days.—Cleveland Leader.

Nothing More to Say.
 "Sir," said the candidate, "you promised to vote for me?"

"Well," said his Dutch friend, "and vat if I did?"

"Well, sir, you voted against me!"

"Well, vat if I did?"

"Then, sir, you lied?"

"Well, vat if I did?"

Smart Dobby.
 Minister—So you are going to school now, are you, Dobby? Bobby (aged six)—Yes, sir, Minister—Spell kitten for me, Dobby—Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat.—Chicago News.

A Great Thinker.
 "Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work."

"Yes; he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.—Henry F. Cope.

Figure It Out For Yourself.
 If you want a hard case there is the case of a man who late at night bought a bottle of whisky at a public house—price, 3s. 6d.—says the London Globe. He handed over a five pound note, and the publican would not change it. "All right," said the customer. "Give me the whisky and 10s. 6d. and keep my five pound note." Next morning the customer came in, plunked down four sovereigns and said, "Give me back my five pound note and we shall be straight." The publican and the shiner looked at each other. Can you tell at a glance which got the better of the bargain when the customer went away with his five pound note in his pocket?

The question puzzled a whole office full of literary, financial, sporting, philosophical and editorial men—until it reached a girl of eighteen who is engaged in dealing with cash. All the rest were calculating on paper and reaching the result by devious ways. The cash girl saw it in a flash of the eye. Do you? Shut your eyes and do it in five seconds if you wish to beat the cash girl.

Wonderful Victoria Falls.
 "It is well nigh impossible to describe a scene of such wonder, such wildness," says Lady Sarah Wilson in her "South African Memories" of the Victoria Falls. But she gives this graphic description: "Standing on a point flush with the river before it makes its headlong leap, we gazed itself in the swirling water being itself in snowy spray which beat relentlessly on face and clothes while the great volume was noisily disappearing to unknown and terrifying depths. The sightseer tries to look across, to strain his eyes and to see beyond that white mist which obscures everything, but it is an impossible task, and he can but guess the width of the falls, slightly horseshoe in shape, from the green trees which seem so far away on the opposite bank and are only caught sight of now and then as the wind causes the spray to lift. At the same time his attention is fixed by a new wonder—the much talked of rainbow. Never varying, never changing, that perfect shaped arc is surely more typical of eternity there than anywhere else."

Curran and Lord Clare.
 Curran, the Irish advocate, was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom, when a member of the bar, he fought a duel and whose hostility to him on the bench, he always said, caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £50,000. The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chambers Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog to the bench with him and during the progress of the most material part of the case began in full court to fiddle the animal. Curran stepped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was engaged in consultation!"

Two Smart Actors.
 In a popular historic drama the actor who takes the part of Napoleon is required to read aloud a document of considerable length which is brought to him by General Berthier. This, being written at length, is seldom committed to memory. A short time ago, however, the property master at an English theater mislaid the document, and Napoleon, who was new to the part, received instead a blank sheet of paper. For a moment he was agast; then, eager to escape from his predicament even at the expense of a fellow actor, he handed the paper to General Berthier, saying, "Read it to me."

The other actor was not in the least confused. "Your majesty," he said, handing it back, "I am only a poor soldier of fortune, and you must excuse me. I do not know how to read!"

His Emancipation.
 Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes:

Beverly, Sept. 16, 1771.
 Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper. His house partner for seven long years. Many Old Noll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from treating said Trial of Vengeance. I have leave all the old (wines) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors relieve with me. A good Riddance of bad Ware. Amen!
 JOSIAH WOODBURY.

Not Troubled.
 Irrate Tennant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years. Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

A Narrow Escape.
 "What! That's a widow, dear cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a lucky escape for me. Do you know, I nearly married you once."—Bon Vivant.

A Roast.
 "It takes Freddie so long to make up his mind."

"Why should it? He has almost no material to work on."—Cleveland Leader.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

PROFESSIONAL

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 Office in Hicks Building Opposite Court House.

ANNOUNCEMENT CARD

Dr. L. V. Henderson takes pleasure in announcing that he has removed to the second floor of the Britt Building, opposite the Post Office, where he has equipped an up-to-date dental office, and where he will be pleased to receive patients.

Both Office and Resident Phones

Seaboard Air Line Schedule.

No. 428 leaves Oxford at 7:55 a. m., connecting with Shoo Fly for Raleigh and No 221 for Durham.
 No. 429 arrives Oxford 9:40 a. m. from Henderson.
 No. 438 leaves Oxford 11:45 a. m., connecting with trains both North and South, arriving at Richmond, 5:05 p. m., Washington at 9:00 p. m., Baltimore 9:52 p. m., Philadelphia, 11:51, New York 3:13 a. m. for the South arriving Raleigh 4:00 p. m., Hamlet 7:45 a. Savannah 3:20 a. m. and Atlanta at 7:15 a. m.

Train for Portsmouth arrives at Portsmouth at 5:50 p. m., connecting with Boats, No. 429 arrives at Oxford at 12:20 p. m. from Durham.
 No. 441 leaves for Durham at 2:40 p. m., arriving at Durham at 4:25 p. m., and the Southern Ry train for West is due to leave Durham at 5:08 p. m. No. 441 due at Oxford at 3:30 p. m., which brings passengers from the North and South.
 No. 442 leaves for Henderson at 6:05 p. m., connecting with Shoo Fly for Norlina.
 No. 442 arrives Oxford 8:10 p. m., and brings passengers from Raleigh.
 NOTE. No Sunday trains.

"Remember, that IAVIS pays the freight!"

The Folly of Burning Off Woods And Pastures.

Dr. Cooper Cutler, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who has had many years experience in tick eradication work, says that the idea that burning off the forest will get rid of the cattle tick is all wrong. "It is true that at certain times of the year burning the grass on an enclosed field may remove the ticks wherever the fire travels, but even then many places remain unburned and the owner depends on the fire for eradication, and consequently fails. Whenever the grass is repeatedly burned, the roots become eventually destroyed, the sweet or grasses give way to the more resistant, and finally the latter parish. Firing the leaves has not eradicated ticks, although followed for years." Fencing with fire is never generally very poor business, and unimproved fire in a forest is always harmful.—Ralph J. C. Progressive Farmer and Gazette.

Legal Advertisements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of John Hardy, deceased, late of Granville County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of June 1911, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 17th day of June, 1910.
 G. C. SHAW, Administrator of John Hardy, Deceased.

B. S. Rorster, Attorney.

SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to an Order of sale made by the Superior Court of Granville County in the special proceeding, entitled, "S. H. Tingen Agent, of Ellender Tingen, vs. Benjamin Duncan and others" we shall

ON MONDAY AUGUST 1, 1910, sell to the highest bidder, at public auction, for cash, at the Court House door in Oxford, a certain tract of land lying and being situated in Walnut Grove Township, and more particularly described and bounded as follows:

Adjoining the lands of C. N. Critcher on the North, Ben Curran on the East, Nancy Dean on the South and Ben Curran on the West, containing 33 and one half acres, more or less and known as "Jim Roe Evans place, and being the same land devised to the said Ellender Tingen under the will of said Jim Roe Evans.

Time of Sale between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M. This June 28th, 1910.
 A. A. Hicks,
 B. S. Rorster,
 Commissioners.

THE NORTH CAROLINA State Normal and INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

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JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.