

LOCAL ITEMS

All notices published in this column, where revenue is to be derived, will be charged at the rate of 10 cents a line. (Count six words to a line) each issue. Special rates will be made on long contracts.

—Male quartette Tuesday night.
5 or 6 doses "666" will cure any case of CHILLS and FEVER.

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5 or 6 doses "666" will cure any case of CHILLS and FEVER.

—Don't fail to hear that quartette Tuesday night.

—Dr. Worthington's Southern Remedy kills pain. Used over 60 years. Price 25cts. Guaranteed by dealers.

—J. G. Godard is having the appearance of his residence greatly improved by putting on several coats of white paint.

—For sale 13 good mules weighing from 850 to 1200 pounds. Apply to Plenny Peef & Co., or W. C. Manning.

—The town no longer looks like a Western cattle ranch, for the happy sojourn of the cows on the streets has ended. Parting in this case was "such sweet sorrow."

—For sale or rent, Three (3) nice cottages in Williamston. Apply to The Williamston Land and Improvement Company.

—The banks will be closed Monday, the 4th. of July being a holiday but falls on Sunday this year. Young America will burn his hands with powder on the 5th. instead.

—The young people of the town are enjoying life if the number of pic-nics is any evidence. For the last two weeks, the road to the Staton and Daniel Mill has been frequently travelled.

—Dr. J. C. Caldwell preached a very instructive sermon at the Christian Church on Wednesday night. Dr. Caldwell is one of the strong men of the State and a leader in the educational movement.

—We desire to call attention to the advertisement of the State Normal and Industrial College which appears in this issue. Every year shows a steady growth in this institution devoted to the higher education of the women of North Carolina.

—Miss Frances Knight entertained a party of her young friends at the home of her parents on Monday evening. Games were played and refreshments were served. Those present found the hours filled with pleasure.

—Communications intended for this office should be addressed plainly with ink. An article intended for publication and mailed June 16th. reached the office Monday—the delay being caused by the inability of the post office clerk to decipher the writing.

—Mary Winnie Staton, a well-known colorer woman died at her home here on Sunday morning. She was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, and was buried with the solemn rites of the church. A large crowd of people attended the funeral, which was conducted Monday morning at 11 o'clock by the pastor of the Baptist Church.

—Some one entered the smoke house of Mr. W. U. Leggett one night last week and after supplying himself with hams attempted to out by one of the gates, was "accosted" by a load of shot from Mr. Leggett's gun. He is known to have been the recipient of a great number of shot, but not seriously hurt as the shot were number eights.

"For More Than Sixty Years a Standard Family Medicine."

IT SHOULD BECOME A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY. — Senator JOHN E. WOODARD: "To whom it may concern: Dr. Worthington's Cholera Medicine has proved an almost infallible remedy for those diseases for which it is recommended. It has been used, to my knowledge, with great efficacy in many distressing and troublesome cases. I believe that it should become a household remedy everywhere."

Price 25cts. Guaranteed by all dealers.

PERSONAL BRIEFS

C. C. Fagan was here from Dar-dens Monday.

Frank S. Hassell, of Wilson, is here this week.

Mr. C. A. Jeffress left Wednesday for Kinston.

W. P. McCraw, of Tarboro spent Sunday night here.

Alfonzo Everett, of Palmyra, was here Saturday

Mrs. S. J. Everett has returned from Scotland Neck.

J. L. Woolard went to Washington City Monday.

Elder Sylvester Hassell has gone to South Keys, Va.

Dr. J. A. White returned from Asheville on Monday.

Mrs. John Moore of Norfolk is visiting relatives here.

Landon Hilliard, of Norfolk has been in town this week.

Master Richard Smith is in Washington this week.

Miss Beit Gardner has gone to Vineland to visit friends.

Mrs. M. E. Bennett returned from Plymouth Tuesday.

B. A. Cletcher went to Rocky Mount Monday on business.

Miss Allie G. Little is visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. W. Blount.

Miss Hattie Kirby left Thursday for Norfolk and Virginia Beach.

Miss Eule Lee Waters is at home after a visit to Washington City.

W. Z. Morton, of Robersonville, was in town on business Monday.

Percy Milner, of Spray, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. T. J. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Watts returned home from Panacea Springs Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bagwell and children are the guests of Mrs. J. W. Walker.

Miss Frances Knight returned from Selma last week accompanied by her cousin, Reginald Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Lamb and children, of Wilson, are visiting their parents, Col. and Mrs. W. G. Lamb.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Biggs, Mesdames C. W. Keith and W. H. Crawford left Tuesday morning for Panacea Springs.

Mrs. A. S. Coffield left for Drake's Branch, Va., Monday to visit her father. She was joined at Everetts by Miss Susie Purvis

Miss May Bennett and Martha Slade Hassell spent Sunday in Plymouth. They returned Monday accompanied by Florence Hornthal.

Mrs. James E. Moore, accompanied by Master George Howard Kent and Thurman and Roscoe Cowper, left for Virginia Beach Thursday.

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POLLY of the CIRCUS
By MARGARET MAYO
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(Continued from page 5)

"What's that to you?"
"She isn't ill?" Douglas demanded anxiously, oblivious to the gruffness in the big fellow's voice.

"She's all right," Jim answered shortly as he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and avoided the pastor's burning gaze.

"And she's happy, she's content?"
"Sure."

"I'm glad," said Douglas dully. He tried to think of some way to prolong their talk. "I've never heard from her, you know."

"Us folks don't get much time to write," Jim turned away and began tinkering with one of the wagons.

Douglas had walked up and down in front of the tents again and again, fighting against a desire to do the very thing that he was doing, but to no purpose, and now that he was here, it seemed impossible that he should go away so unsatisfied. He crossed to Jim and came determinedly to the point.

"Can't I see her, Jim?"
"It's agin the rules." He did not turn. There was another pause; then Douglas started slowly out of the lot.

"Wait a minute," called Jim, as though the words had been wrung from him. The pastor came back with a question in his eyes.

"I lied to you."
"She's not well, then?"
"Oh, yes, she's well enough. It ain't that; it's about her being happy."

"She isn't?" There was a note of unselfish exultation in his voice.
"No. She ain't happy here, an' she was happy with you."

"Then why did she leave me?"
"I don't know. She wasn't goin' to do it at first. Somethin' must 'a' happened afterwards, somethin' that you an' me didn't know about."

"We will know about it, Jim. Where is she?" His quick eye searched the lot. His voice had regained its old command. He felt that he could conquer worlds.

"You can't do no good that way," answered Jim. "She don't want to see you again."
"Why not?"
"I don't know, but she told me she'd run away if I ever even talked to you about her."

"You needn't talk, Jim. I'll talk for myself. Where is she?"
"She'll be comin' out soon. You can wait around out here with me. I'll let you know in time." He led the way through a narrow passage between the wagons.

Jim and Douglas had barely left the lot when Deacon Elverson's small, round head slipped cautiously around the corner of the dressing tent. The little deacon glanced exultantly about him. He was monarch of all he surveyed. It was very thrilling to stand here on this forbidden ground smelling the sawdust, gazing at the big red wagons, studying the unprotected circus properties and listening to the lightning tempo of the band.

"Did you see him?" shouted Strong, who had followed closely upon Elverson's heels.

The little deacon started. Strong was certainly a disturbing factor at times.
"Yes, I—I saw him."
"Well?"
"He—he didn't see her."

"What did he do?" Strong was beside himself with impatience.
"He—he just talked to the big un and went out that way." Elverson nodded toward the wagons.

"I guess he ain't gone far," sneered Strong. "He come over to this lot to see her, and he ain't goin' to give up till he does it. You wait here. I'll take a look round." He went quickly in the direction of the wagons.

Elverson needed no second invitation to wait. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune when he all but collided with a flying apparition, vanishing in the direction of the main tent. Sophisticated eyes would have seen only a rather stout acrobat clad in pink tights, but Elverson was not sophisticated, and he teetered after the flitting angel, even unto the forbidden portals of the big top.

He was peeping through the curtains which had fallen behind her and was getting his first glimpse of the great sawdust world beyond when one of the clowns dashed from the dressing tent on his way to the ring.

The clown was late. He saw the limp coattails of the deacon, who was three-quarters in the tent. Here was a chance to make a funny entrance. He grabbed the unsuspecting little man from the rear. The terrified deacon struck out blindly in all directions, his black arms and legs moving like a centipede's, but the clown held him firmly by the back and thrust him headforemost into the tent.

Strong returned almost immediately from his unsuccessful search for the pastor. He looked about the lot for Elverson.

"Hey, there, Elverson!" he called lustily. There was no response.
"Now, where's he got to?" grumbled Strong. He disappeared quickly around the corner of the dressing tent, resolved to keep a sharp lookout for Douglas.

Elverson was thrust from the tent soon after, spitting sawdust and much discomfited, by the laughing perform-

ers who followed him. His knees almost gave way beneath him when Barker came out of the ring, snapping his long black whip.

"Get out of here, you bloke!" roared Barker, and Elverson "got."

No one had remembered to tell the groom that Polly was not to ride tonight, so Bingo was brought out as usual when their "turn" approached.

"Take him back, Tom," Polly called from the entrance when she learned Bingo was waiting, "and bring Barbarian." "I'm not going on tonight. Eloise is going to ride in my place."

This was the second time today that Bingo had been led away without going into the ring. Something in his big, wondering eyes made Polly follow him and apologize. He was very proud, was Bingo, and very conscientious. He felt uneasy when he saw the other horses going to their work without him.

"Never mind, Bingo," she said, patting his great, arched neck; "we'll show 'em tomorrow." He rubbed his satiny nose against her cheek. "We'll make them sit up again. Barker says our act's no good—that I've let down. But it's not your fault, Bingo. I've not been fair to you. I'll give you a chance tomorrow. You wait. He'll never say it again, Bingo, never again!"

Polly had nothing more to do tonight except to get into her street clothes. The wagons would soon be moving away. For a moment she glanced at the dark church steeple; then she turned to go inside the tent. A deep, familiar voice stopped her.

"Polly!"
She turned quickly. She could not answer. Douglas came toward her. He gazed at her in amazement. She drew her cape about her slightly clad figure. She seemed older to him, more unapproachable with her hair heaped high and sparkling with jewels.

She found strength at last to open her lips, but still no sound came from them. She and the pastor looked at each other strangely, like spirits newly met from far apart worlds. She, too, thought her companion changed. He was older; the circles beneath his eyes were deeper, the look in their depths more grave.

"We were such close neighbors to-day I—I rather thought you'd call," he stammered. He was uncertain what he was saying. It did not matter—he was there with her.

"When you're in a circus there isn't much time for calling."
"That's why I've come to call on you." They might have been shepherd and shepherdess on a May day wooing for the halting way in which their words came.

"You're all right?" he went on. "You're happy?"
"Yes, very," she said. Her eyes were downcast.

He did not believe her. The effort in her voice, her drawn, white face, belied her words. How could he get the truth from her?

"Jim said you might not want to see me."
She started.

"Has Jim been talking to you?"
"Yes, but I didn't let him stop me, for you told me the day you left that you'd never change—toward me. Have you, Polly?" He studied her anxiously.

"Why, no, of course not," she said evasively.
"And you'll be quite frank when I ask you something?"
"Yes, of course." She was growing more and more uneasy. She glanced about for a way of escape.

(Continued next week.)

Pinesalve, carbolized, is good for burns. It penetrates the pores, draws out inflammation, and is healing. It is also good for cuts, sores and bruises. Sold by Chases Drug Store.

Miss Nora J. Fowden,
Registered Graduated Nurse.
Services Rendered Promptly.
Williamston, North Carolina

A Slanderous Tale.
"Briggs is awfully hoarse this morning."
"Yes. You know how damp it was last night? Well, Briggs and his wife stood on the corner waiting for a street car, and Briggs' wife started in to say something, and Briggs stood there for fully a half hour with his mouth open trying to get in a word edgewise. That's where he got his hoarseness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deferred Snowstorm.
The leading man had just appeared before the curtain.
It was not in response to an enthusiastic recall. The play, in fact, hadn't commenced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he clearly and forcibly announced, "the management regrets to state that owing to the continued high price and scarcity of white paper the snowstorm in the third act will have to be omitted."

Clothes and the Artist.
A now eminent English artist's first chance in life came when a certain noble lord invited him down to his country mansion to paint a view of the house. When he arrived the door was opened to him by the butler. "I am Mr. So-and-so," said the artist, who was emphatically bohemian in his apparel. "I have come down to paint the house." The butler surveyed the visitor's shabby clothes for an instant.

"That's strange," he remarked. "His lordship ain't said 'anything to me about 'aving the 'ouse done up!'"

Report of the condition of the Bank of Hamilton

Hamilton, N. C., at the close of business June 23, 1909.

RESOURCES:

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$17,149.23 |
| Banking house furniture and fixtures | 570.66 |
| Due from banks and bankers | 7,367.35 |
| Cash items | 145.30 |
| Gold coin | 284.00 |
| Silver coin including all minor coin currency | 934.22 |
| Total | \$26,450.75 |

LIABILITIES:

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Capital stock | \$ 5,000.00 |
| Undivided profits less current expenses and taxes paid | 589.73 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 5,251.52 |
| Deposits subject to check | 14,535.38 |
| Due to banks and bankers | 1,000.00 |
| Cashier's checks outstanding | 54.12 |
| Total | \$26,450.75 |

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss: I, E. A. Council, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. A. COUNCIL, Cashier
Correct—Attest: P. L. Salisbury, F. L. Gladstone, T. B. Slade, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25 day of June, 1909.
J. A. DAVENPORT, Notary Public

Report of the Condition of the Bank of Martin County

at the close of business June 23, 1909

RESOURCES:

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$99,538.81 |
| Overdrafts secured | 5,808.87 |
| All other stocks bonds, mtgs | 1,375.00 |
| Banking house fur. and fixtures | 1,750.00 |
| Demand loans | 1,900.00 |
| Due from banks and bankers | 8,568.76 |
| Silver coin, including all minor coin currency | 2,485.52 |
| Total | \$121,426.96 |

LIABILITIES:

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Capital Stock | \$ 15,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 15,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid | 2,058.39 |
| Dividends unpaid | 6.00 |
| Notes and bills rediscounted | 5,000.00 |
| Bills payable | 6,000.00 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 25,888.99 |
| Deposits subject to check | 52,473.58 |
| Total | \$121,426.96 |

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss: I, J. G. Godard, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. G. GODARD, Cashier
Correct—Attest: Wheeler Martin, J. G. Staton, S. L. Godard, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25 day of June, 1909.
C. H. GODWIN, Notary Public

Report of Condition of the Farmers & Merchants Bank

at the close of business June 23, 1909

RESOURCES:

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$105,419.88 |
| Overdrafts secured & unsecured | 7,113.50 |
| Banking house 7,538.28 | |
| Furniture and fix'ts | 3,383.18 |
| Due from banks and bankers | 10,921.46 |
| Silver coin, including all minor coin currency | 1,969.05 |
| Total | \$133,285.83 |

LIABILITIES:

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Capital Stock | \$ 25,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 3,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid | 4,120.99 |
| Notes and Bills Rediscounted | 5,406.46 |
| Bills Payable | 5,000.00 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 38,588.33 |
| Deposits subject to check | 51,794.12 |
| Cashier's checks outstanding | 370.93 |
| Total | \$133,285.83 |

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss: I, F. F. Fagan, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
F. F. FAGAN, Cashier
Correct—Attest: W. H. Crawford, C. D. Caestaphen, John D. Simpson, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25 day of June, 1909.
C. H. GODWIN, Notary Public

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Bank of Robersonville

Kobersenville, N. C., at the close of business June 23, 1909.

RESOURCES:

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$ 46,850.12 |
| Overdrafts | 730.51 |
| Banking house \$2,539.20; furniture and fixtures \$944.75 | 3,483.95 |
| Due from bank and bankers | 2,925.39 |
| Silver coin including all minor coin currency | 3,479.63 |
| Total | \$ 57,420.60 |

LIABILITIES:

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Capital stock | \$ 15,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 7,160.00 |
| Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid | 332.31 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 6,270.13 |
| Deposits subject to check | 28,634.21 |
| Cashier's checks outstanding | 23.95 |
| Total | \$ 57,420.60 |

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, County of Martin, ss:—I, J. C. Robertson, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. C. ROBERTSON, Cashier
Correct Attest: J. H. Robertson, Jr., A. S. Robertson, R. H. Hargrove, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25 day of June 1909.
S. L. ROSS, Notary Public

Littleton Female College
One of the most successful and best equipped boarding schools in the South with hot water heat, electric lights and other modern improvements. 28th annual session will begin Sept. 15, 1909. For catalogue address J. M. RHODES, President, Littleton, N. C.

We Do Any Kind of Printing
Except
Poor Printing

The Union Central Pays Claims Promptly

Williamston, N. C., June 5, 1909
The Union Central Life insurance Co., Cincinnati, Ohio,
Gentlemen:—

Your agent, Mr. Frank F. Fagan, has this day handed me your check for \$1021.00, the same being due, with dividends, additions to policy on the life of my late husband McGillbert Riddick. I desire to take this opportunity to commend the Union Central for their prompt payment of this claim. My husband died on May 12th, 1909, and the company's check is dated May 28th, 1909, just sixteen days after his death.

Very respectfully,
MAGGIE L. RIDDICK,
Administratrix.

If You Desire a policy in the UNION CENTRAL Call on or Write—
FRANK F. FAGAN, Local Agent, Williamston, N. C.

M. J. BROWN & CO.
Successors to
BROWN & HODGES
Fancy and Staple Groceries
Let Us Supply Your Table Wants
Our stock is complete
Free delivery within corporate limits
Phone us your orders

"The Piano With the Sweet Tone"
Personal!
When you come to Norfolk, this summer, stop in to see us.
Never mind about not wanting a piano. We just want to show you how the hospitality kind we dispense.
Rest in our chairs, and let our musicians entertain you. Use our telephones &c., and if you want to write, we have a desk at your service, or our stenographer will write for you.
Of course we would like to sell you a **STIEFF PIANO**, but call and get acquainted anyway.
"We want you to feel 'at home' here every time you come to Norfolk."
CHAS. M. STIEFF
L. C. STEELE, Manager
114 Granby St. NORFOLK, VA.
Mention this Paper.
Official Piano, Jamestown Exposition