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Do You Know Her?

I have a little friend who doesn't like to mend,
To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed;
The very thought of sweeping nearly sets her off a-weeping,
And she always got about it as though her feet were lead.
She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that some day, maybe,
She'll go away and linger where they've no babies 'round
To keep folks busy rocking—but really this is shocking,
And she doesn't mean a word of what she says, I'll be bound.
'Tis true she cannot bear to even walk a square
To buy a spool of cotton, or 'stamps for mamma's mail,
And it's much against her wishes that she's set to washing dishes,
While to speak of darning stockings is enough to make her pale.
In fact, she wants to shirk everything resembling work,
And the only thing she does enjoy, so far as I can say,
Is to take her doll and book, and within some quiet nook
To read of elves and fairies, and dream the hours away.

—Selected.

LITTLETON'S GALA WEEK.

(From a Visitor's point of view.)

The Commencement of Littleton Female College is looked forward to by the people of the community with eagerness and pleasure from year to year. Visitors, on asking meaning of draperies, flags and banners, in colors of "white and blue," flying from windows and doors of the principal places of business, soon find it is "Commencement Week at L. F. C."

This year, visitors to commencement began to arrive on Friday, May 23rd, and continued through Thursday May 29th, representatives from five different states being present during the week.

Commencement really began on Sunday, with a fine sermon before Faculty and Students by Rev. H. A. Humble, pastor of Littleton Circuit.

The Alumnae Banquet on Monday night was a new—a delightful feature of commencement. The decorations in yellow and white, the "daisy," were tasteful; the music was entrancing; the "Promenade Concert" most amusing and the supper, served by DUGHI, was all that could be desired.

Rev. R. C. Beaman preached the Annual Sermon on Wednesday morning, from the text "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" His forceful, practical thoughts on character will, without doubt, bring forth in the lives of the earnest young women to whom they were addressed.

All present at the Elocution Recital on Wednesday night expressed themselves as charmed with the "pretty girls in white," as with their recitations, music, drills and poses.

Among the places of interest to visitors were the Art Studio with its fine exhibit of work done by students during the year; and the Literary Society Hall which has been recently furnished in soft, rich shades of oak and brown.

Class Day, however, is regarded as the "Cream of Commencement," and thrills of pleasure, of hope, of joy seemed to run through the audience as the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors filed in and gave a "Salute" to the Seniors as they marched through the column, while the President of the Senior Class presented her class flag (Lavender and White) to the Junior Class President. After reading of the essays and presentation of diplomas, Bibles, badges and certificates, President Rhodes introduced GENERAL JULIAN S. CARR, the SPEAKER OF THE DAY.

Gen. Carr's splendid address on "Women," was listened to with

closest and most interested attention, eliciting frequent and enthusiastic bursts of applause. At the close of his address, Gen. Carr's establishment of a perpetual scholarship at Littleton Female College, in memory of Mrs. Melissa Frances Hester (the beloved and sainted mother of Mrs. Rhodes) was not only a most graceful and happy thing, such as Gen. Carr knows so well how and when to do, but will prove a channel of blessing, the width and depth and length of which can not be measured this side of eternity.

The concert on Thursday night was a "thing of beauty," the closing number (a chorus "Vacation,") presenting a scene of loveliness and giving forth tones of richness and grandeur.

The Social Hour following the concert closed a charming—a delightfully enjoyable—a highly profitable commencement.

"L. F. C. the day is BEGUN with God and ENDED with God," and many of the students regard "Chapel Service" as the "best part of the day." Visitors also, who were entertained in college found a blessed restfulness—a holy calm prevailing the building "at the hour of prayer," and a hush of spirit, a rest of soul, a "peace of mind" came upon all, which will remain as a sweet memory of the "quiet hour."

The college closes a most prosperous year with every indication of the largest opening next fall in the history of the institution. President Rhodes announced that he already had on file one hundred and twelve applications for admission in September, and that applications were being received almost daily.

His First Business Venture.

An American capitalist who has made a fortune running far into the millions likes to tell a story of his first business venture and how he saddened the local grocer. At this time he was fond of frequenting a public saleroom near his home where all sorts of bargains were offered:

One day I noticed several boxes of soap of a certain brand which I had often been sent to buy at the corner grocery. I thought to myself, "That will go cheap," so I ran to the grocery and received a promise from the man in charge to buy as much of the soap at a certain figure as I could furnish. Of course he never suspected that I could furnish any of it.

I returned to the saleroom, and when the soap was put up I bid it in, and it was knocked down to me. My name was demanded, and when I gave it in a shrill voice everybody laughed, for I was only eleven years of age.

Amused as they were at the sale, the bystanders were amazed when I bid in the whole lot of twenty-two boxes. I had them carried over to the grocery and received the price agreed upon. The grocer wore a weary look when he heard how I had obtained the soap. He said:

"Well I guess I could have done that much myself."

I replied that I guessed he could, too, but he hadn't.—Youth's Companion.

PRICE \$1.00

It Jarred Him.

"Pleasant offices you have here," said a policy holder who visited a life insurance office in the Postal Telegraph building in New York to pay his premium. The windows overlook the City Hall park and the Nathan Hale statue.

"Yes," replied the insurance man, "but the inscription on the Hale statue, patriotic and inspiring though it is, strikes a discordant note in the soul of one who is underwriting risks of men's lives. Look at it—My only regret is that I have but one life to give in defense of my country."—New York Times.

North Carolina Crop Report.

The first of the monthly crop reports issued by the State Department of Agriculture has just made its appearance. It is as follows:

General condition and progress of farm work compared with the average, 98 per cent.

Land that has been, or will be, planted in cotton compared with last year, 89 per cent.

Planted in tobacco, 107 per cent.

Planted in corn, 106 per cent.

Planted in oats, 90 per cent.

Condition of wheat, 68 per cent.

Condition of wheat, 68 per cent.

Number of horses compared with last year, 97 per cent.

Number of mules compared with last year, 98 per cent.

Number of cattle compared with last year, 89 per cent.

Number of hogs compared with last year, 84 per cent.

Condition of the trucking interests compared with last year, 95 per cent.

Commissioner Patterson says there are many complaints of scarcity of labor.

Who Named America.

Few Americans are aware of the fact that the name of their continent is due to a German scholar. In 1507 Martin Waldseemüller, also known as Hylacomylus, of St. Die, in the Vosges, edited a book called "Cosmographie Introduction," in which he gave a translation of Amerigo Vespucci's description of his voyages.

That was just the time when Amerigo's fame filled the world, while Columbus' disgrace overshadowed his merit, and evidently his name had never reached the quiet village in the Vosges when Amerigo trumpeted forth his own glory. So Hylacomylus proposed that, since the new continent was, after all, not a part of the Indies, no name would suit it better than that of his famous explorer, Amerigo.

The book was read far and wide and so quickly was the proposition accepted that, when later on the true discoverer was known, the name was already rooted to deeply in general use to be abolished, and was even extended to the north part of the continent, while Hylacomylus had only meant it for the present South America.—National Geographic Magazine.

HAPPY TIMES IN OLD TOWN.

"We felt very happy," writes R. N. Beville, Old Town, Va., "when Buckle's Arnica Salve wholly cured our daughter of a bad case of scald head." It delights all who use it for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Boils, Ulcers, Eruptions, Infestible for piles. Only 25c at any drug store.

For Tired Eyes.

Eyes will be greatly strengthened by putting the face down into a glass or eyecup of water the first thing in the morning and opening them under water. This is somewhat difficult to do at first, but if the water for two or three days be tepid and gradually made colder by imperceptible degrees until it is no shock to put the face into quite cold water it will soon become quite easy and is very invigorating and refreshing.

If done regularly every day, this treatment alone will preserve the sight into quite old age. There is a right and wrong way of wiping the eyes after this, too, and the right way is to pass the soft towel very gently from the outer angle inward toward the nose.

If after a long day the eyes feel so hot and tired that they seem dim when one tries to read or to do a little necessary sewing for oneself, they should be bathed with cold tea from which the leaves have been removed.

A Baltimore jeweler has succeeded in engraving the letters of the alphabet in capitals on a pin head. As it was his first attempt and was done in an hour and a half with a common engraving instrument, he is proud of the job.—Wil. Star.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

How Colonel Gib Wrong Routed The Yankee Cavalry at Bull Run.—An Amusing Picture of That Awful Battle, Which Was a Serious Happening at the Time.

Colonel Dan Henderson was induced to relieve his mind from the weight of oil for a few minutes yesterday, while waiting for quotations from the oil field, and he related an incident of the war. His yarn runs like this:

Some of the most ridiculous occurrences that transpired during the Civil War were the result of knowledge of military tactics, or absolute ignorance of the rules governing civilized warfare, on the part of the soldiers from many sections of the Southern States.

For the most part in the Southern army was made up from the rural districts, and was composed of boys, and generally they were officered by their own comrades.

One of the best things that happened during the whole campaign was the result of this ignorance on the part of one of the best men who was in the Confederate army. The story has never been told before likely. One reason for this was that the principal actor used to say if it was ever told in print he would travel a long way to thrash the man who did it. It occurred at the battle of Manassas or Bull Run.

When the war broke out and a call was made on the boys of the State of Georgia to come forward and enlist in the defence of their country, a lot of fellows got together over in the southwestern part of the State and organized themselves into a regiment or cavalry.

Among them was a great, big good natured fellow who had somehow picked up a little law and was practicing it on the people of the locality. This big fellow was made Colonel. Like everybody else in his locality, he knew about as much about military usages as a common cow. He never had seen a military arm of any kind in all his life, but in this respect he was not a bit worse off than his men. Some of them had read about guns and swords and war and the like, but there was nothing more suggestive of a military arm to be met with in that locality than the old fashioned squirrel rifle, and what most of them knew about such things was what little they had read. So it was when Colonel Gib Wrong—for that is not his name—and his regiment filed out of the little town of A—on that beautiful spring afternoon, it looked more like an overgrown squirrel hunt than a military expedition.

It was not very long before Colonel Gib and his men were at the front in Virginia, and ready for a scrap of any kind. A few days after they got into camp a whole wagon load of cavalry sabers were sent down to him as part of his equipment. He had never seen one before in all his life, and the first one he got hold of he examined with curiosity mixed with astonishment. The thing was not what he expected to see, and he proceeded to make an inspection of the whole lot. They were all alike. They had no more edge to them than a fence rail, and this was what astonished him. After inspecting the whole lot he was inclined to return them, but being a practical sort of man, he reasoned the matter over with himself and finally came to the conclusion that the condition of the swords sent him was attributable to the natural outcome of the hurried way in which the Southern Confederacy had been forced to get its equipment together. The blacksmiths, he decided, had only just time enough to hammer out the swords and kinder take off the roughness, and it was expected that the soldiers themselves would sharpen up the swords between the fights.

This was a practical and common sense view of the matter, and the first order that went out from that camp was for two large grindstones and a half dozen whetstones. Men were detailed and put at the grind-

stones, and at the end of about a week's time Gib felt like he had done his part in aiding the blacksmiths, and when he had inspected the weapons after the work was done he felt sure he was on a more respectable war footing than he was before he received the grindstones, and he was rather anxious to try the things on. He had only a few days to wait as it turned out. The battle of Bull Run was pulled off, and everybody knows that was a warm time. Gib's regiment was ready but was held in reserve the fore part of the day. In the afternoon an order came from General Beauregard to the division commander telling him to send some cavalry to chastise a lot of Yankee cavalry that were annoying him very much. The work was turned over to Colonel Gib and his men and he swooped down on those Yankees like a whirlwind, and just what they did to those fellows was a heap. At the very first start the Yankees found they were up against something serious and they simply hit the ground in the highest places in getting away out of danger. The stampede got such an impetus that it was said that horses with a portion of their tails cut smoothly off were seen miles and miles away.

The next day the Yankee officer who had been up against the Gibs outfit made formal complaint to General McClellan, explaining how he was treated the evening before. McClellan took up the matter with General Beauregard and sent in a protest under a flag of truce, telling him in effect that some of his men had their best coats cut clean off, and that hardly a horse of that particular detachment could boast of a whole tail, and furthermore, if the rebels proposed to fight him with razors he would not fight with such a push, but would go right home.

General Beauregard got on his horse and rode down to Gib's headquarters. What met his eyes astonished him very much. He found some of Gib's men slicing bacon with their swords, while others were whetting theirs up after the fashion of sharpening a razor.

Gib's swords were taken away from him at once, but he did good

A POINTER FOR INVENTORS

If you wish your patent business properly and promptly done send it to SWIFT & CO., PATENT LAWYERS, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. they have no dissatisfied clients. Write them for their confidential letter; apostol card will bring it, and it may be worth money to you. See their advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

Dealing in Futures.

Mr. Newed—I have an option on that Blank avenue house. How would you like it for our home, my dear?

Mrs. Newed—Oh, it's a pretty place, but you know it is said to be haunted. Mamma says she couldn't set her foot inside the door for any amount of money.

Mr. Newed—That settles it. I'll close the deal for it the first thing in the morning.—Chicago News.

SPRING FEVER.

Spring fever is another name for biliousness. It is more serious than most people think. A torpid liver and inactive bowels mean a poisoned system. If neglected, serious illness may follow such symptoms. DeWitt's Little Early Risers remove all danger by stimulating the liver, opening the bowels and cleansing the system of impurities. Safe pills. Never gripe. "I have taken DeWitt's Little Early Risers for a torpid liver every spring for years," writes R. M. Everly, Mountville, W. Va. "They do me more good than anything I have ever tried." S. R. Biggs.

To Save Time.

Visitor—No, I won't come in. Could I see Mr. Jones for two minutes?

Servant—What name shall I say, sir?

Visitor—Professor Vonderspin-kentoodleheimer.

Servant—Och, sure ye' better step in and bring it wid ye, sir! Punch.

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

service after that for he became a brevet Brigadier General and fought to the end of the war. After the war he came back home to his little town in Georgia and is there to this day practicing law, with no blot on his name save the one here recorded, and nobody ever thought of blaming him for that one except General McClellan and the officer who got his horse's tail cut off, and it was to be expected of them, for the next day after the battle of Bull Run General McClellan was a mighty whipped man.—Ex.

LEADS THEM ALL.

"One Minute Cough Cure beats all other medicines I ever took for coughs, colds, croup and throat and lung troubles," says D. Scott Currin of Loganton, Pa. One Minute Cough Cure is the only absolutely safe cough remedy which acts immediately. Mothers every where testify to the good it has done their little ones. Croup is so sudden in its attacks that the doctor often arrives too late. It yields at once to One Minute Cough Cure Pleasant to take. Children like it. Sure cure for grip, bronchitis, coughs. S. R. Biggs.

Answers to The Guessing Contest.

The following are the names of the persons who took part in the contest which was published week before last.

The person's name is published first; then the number of counties named correctly; the premium last.

There was only one person who named the whole list correctly; two had the same number of correct answers, but one was received earlier than the other.

Miss Mac Bennett, Williamston, N. C. 27—2 years subscription.

Irwin Coffield, Everetts, N. C. 24—1 year.

J. R. Woolard, Washington, N. C. 23—1 year.

C. B. Hassell, New Bern, N. C. 22—1 year.

Joseph B. Roberson, Mineola, N. C. 22—1 year.

J. L. Leggett, Hertford, N. C. 17—1 year.

Edward Matthews, Hamilton, N. C. 17—6 months.

T. D. Jones, Hamilton, N. C. 16—6 months.

Miss Allie Griffin, Jamesville, N. C. 14—6 months.

1. A lady standing on brink of a precipice dressing her hair?—Edgecombe.

2. What a R. R. Attorney shows a conductor, first word of a very popular novel and a receptacle for water?—Pasquotank.

3. Young man, with fence between himself and sweetheart, wishing to kiss her good-by, says?—Lenoir.

4. A peculiar characteristic of the cat, nominative singular of a Latin pronoun, and an improper plural for "MAN"?—Perquimans.

5. One half the name of a popular pickle and an "article"?—Chowan.

6. Hypnotic vision and a girl's name?—Transylvania.

7. Name of one of Eastern Carolina's most noted lawyers, now dead?—Moore.

8. The change of a letter is what men wage for?—Stokes.

9. A favorite stew?—Burnswick.

10. Outer covering of a chestnut and a Chinese beverage?—Bertie.

11. On the decline?—Wayne.

12. Keenest part of a razor and a consonant?—Bladen.

13. To encore, an exclamation, part of a lock?—Cherokee.

14. A common carrier and a small town?—Cataet.

15. Name of a Judge who frequently held courts in Martin immediately after the war?—Jones.

16. County, whose capital is the name of a girl?—Mecklenburg.

17. A guinea chicken standing in an alley?—Alleghany.

18. Cutting the soil?—Cleveland.

19. A narrow street and a parsonage house?—Alamance.

20. Portion of a fish and a familiar way to cross a stream?—Gulford.

21. The name of a martyr President?—Lincoln.

22. These are my two children, daughter?—Anson.

23. Part of a compass, part of a hog and 20 cwt?—Northampton.

24. Spelled backwards is what a waiter always expects?—Pitt.

25. John will you do me a favor? Yes?—Surrey.

26. A place of public sale and a house of entertainment for travellers?—Martin.

27. A county that is not old?—New Hanover.

FILTHY TEMPLES IN INDIA.

Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that's polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively livers, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at any drug store.

A GENTLEMAN.

What is a gentleman?
A man who reads, and perhaps can speak
Some French, some German, a little Greek?
A proud product of a costly school—
Sometimes a sage, or sometimes a fool?
A man who by nature is rude of gruff,
But who boasts a degree—is that enough?
Is that a gentleman?

What of the men who paved
Their way thro' life on a noble plane
And built on virtue without a stain?
And what of the men who loved mankind
With all the strength of a courtly mind,
And lived alone for the good in life,
Angels of peace in a world of strife,
Their virtues all self-taught.

What of the man who died
The tears that welled from a broken heart,
And gave the failure another start,
Or lent his hand, in their deep distress
To those who'd swoon in the mighty press?
Is there no place for this gentle man
Within this very exclusive clan?
Must he remain outside?

Show me the simple man
Whose gentle speech is a soothing balm
To aching hearts, and whose quiet, calm
And gentle manners dispel the cloud
That hangs o'er life like a gloomy shroud.
What boots where we got it? Why hunt for the source?
He may have omitted the college course
And yet be a gentleman.
—Baltimore Sun.

Chance for Young Men.

In almost every town in the South the young men are seeking employment, even at small compensations, while in the same towns skilled mechanics are scarce and high priced. While the young man in many a small town is seeking employment it frequently happens that there is not a first-class machinist, bricklayer, or carpenter in some of these towns.

The remedy is for the young men to learn trades. They should acquire practical training and practical skill. In industrial life it is the mechanic who is advanced. The best mechanic becomes the foreman. The best foreman becomes the superintendent. The best superintendent becomes the president. The president in turn becomes the proprietor on his own account.

Educators both in common schools and colleges, is all right. But practical training cannot be neglected. Indeed the young man of twenty-one having a fine college education, but no practical training or skill, is in a worse situation than the young man at same age with only a common school education and a good trade.—Charlotte Observer.

A REAL THING.

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for fifteen years," says W. T. Sturdevant of Merry Oaks, N. C. "After I had tried many doctors and medicines to no avail one of my friends persuaded me to try Kodol. It gave immediate relief. I can eat almost anything I want now and my digestion is good. I cheerfully recommend Kodol." Don't try to cure stomach trouble by dieting. That only further weakens the system. You need wholesome, strengthening food. Kodol enables you to assimilate what you eat by digesting it without the stomach's aid. S. R. Biggs.

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

NOTICE!

A convention of the Democrats of Martin County will be held in Williamston, N. C., on Monday, June 23rd, 1902 for the purpose of naming delegates to the State, Judicial, Congressional and Senatorial conventions.

By order of the Executive Committee.

H. W. STUBBS, Ch'm,
Jno. C. Lamb, Sec'y.