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WHOLE NO. 178

Last Week's Storm.

A Summary of Late Reports.

The late reports of last week's storm show a great deal of damage to property throughout the country, but the loss of life, other than that reported the steamer "Olive" on the Chowan river, has been very light, in fact, it is remarkable that no more lives were lost, considering the severity of the storm especially on the coast. Quite a number of wrecks have been reported from along the coast, but in nearly every case the crews were saved and generally by the noble efforts of the life saving crews.

Bertie county suffered more from the storm than did Martin. The following report is taken from one of our exchanges:

"Tuesday night's storm caused great destruction in that county. The storm had two paths, one across the northern and the other across the southern end of the county. From 12 to 15 dwelling houses were blown down and Mars Hill Baptist Church was entirely wrecked; 18 horses were killed, and several men, women and children were injured, some seriously, but none fatally. The loss of timber was immense. A whirlwind tore through the forests in the northern part of the county leaving destruction in its wake."

The Commonwealth's report:

Monday night all this section was swept by a severe wind. At Hobbins there was some damage and below Palmyra the school house in which Miss Annie Dunn was teaching was blown down and she had to suspend school. Several tenant houses were blown down on Mr. Joseph Early's farm with a damage of \$1,000. Some men were caught under the houses, and were painfully injured.

A Washington, (N. C.) Special, says:

During the heavy gale of Thursday night the skipper Maco was capsized in Swan Quarter Bay, and Capt. Robert Wescom, master, and two white men were drowned. The reports are conflicting, but one rumor is that five negroes, also of the boats crew, were drowned. The same evening in Palmetto river, off Fork Point, two miles from this city, the schooner "Father and Son" was sunk. The crew, two in number, were saved. In the cabin is the purse of the captain, containing \$158. The service of John M. Edwards, submarine diver, has been secured and effort is being made to raise the "Father and Son" from her watery grave.

The lightship stationed off Diamond Shoals returned to her moorings Thursday and reported to the government telegraph station that the hurricane blew her sixty miles to sea.

Representative Woodley, of Chowan county, received a letter from the man in charge of his place at Ambury, telling of the destruction of nearly every house on Mr. Woodley's place and says that had the wind lasted longer than five minutes the horses would have been lost.

People are homeless. Some have no houses left in which to live and others are doubling up with friends. It can be built, they say, but it will cost a great deal of money to build.

Two houses except the one which was wrecked, says having cook's room, the fish house, fences are flat, ically gone and to begin re-

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Since the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain as practiced by the trusts of the country have been exposed by William Randolph Hearst, by the publication of the telegram sent by Rockefeller's man, Archbold, to Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania, the word outrage has come into common use in the capital of the nation. The word means the same thing when used by all, but it is used for many different standpoints. The President thinks it an outrage that anybody should send Senators of the United States a telegram to influence legislation that is aimed at them.

The Senators think it an outrage that anybody should have discovered that a telegram had been sent to an honorable Senator, also an outrage that any paper should have printed it thereby bringing that honorable body into disrepute with the vulgar rabble and the hot polloi of the country. The real outrage, however, is that a number of so-called honorable Senators of the United States should have received telegrams dictating to them how they should vote on any subject of legislation, and that, so far, has one man arisen in his place on the floor of the Senate and mentioned that fact and demanded an investigation. To this complexion has it come at last, that a trust magnet can, with impunity, insult the great deliberative body in the world without a murmur of protest from that body or any member thereof. When will it end, and where will it end? It is up to the people. If they like this sort of thing they can continue the Republican Party in power and they will get a surfeit of it.

Although the House has agreed to consider the Fowler currency bill at this session of Congress, it will never become a law. The edict hath gone forth from the powers that be that the only currency bill that shall become a law at this session is the Aldrich bill, which is in the nature of a substitute for the Fowler bill, and gives the gold trust and the banks of the country a tighter clinch on the people than even the Fowler bill. They say they intend to push it through, and I guess they will. They can do most any old thing they want to do, and the people pay the freight. This and the Philippine currency bill will be about all the currency legislation at this session of Congress. The Democrats, aided by a few republicans whose consciences were not as good as new, because they had been used some, compelled the Republicans in the House to pass a bill giving to the Philippine Islands the same currency as we have in this country, thus treating them as a part of this country and not as a colony to be exploited and looted; but when the bill reached the Republican Senate they smashed it and sent it back to the House with the same money system as was originally intended they should have by the republican House committee. In other words, it is a system that will give the exploiters and the looters the best of it and rob the poor Filipinos. This is a riot of rapacity and the republican slogan is: "What 't'ell, Bill, what 't'ell."

The great Grover, of Ohio, the mouthpiece of the McKinley administration, the member of the committee on rules in the House, through whose hands go all the legislation, passed by that body, and who has been the republican oracle, the statistician and political prophet and seer and as Champ Clark calls him the "stud bug of arithmetic," has come to grief. The republican idol is shattered, and its earth star fled. The immaculate and white-souled Grover has fallen from his altitudinous perch, and he popped like a painted bladder.

He has been caught pulling trust magnate's legs in the most approved latest fashion. Grover once admitted a book called "The Book of

the Presidents" and he entered into an arrangement with a book agent to sell them and in doing so Grover wrote letters of introduction for his man Friday to all the big trust folk importuning them to buy his book and telling them to make out checks payable only to his order. Of course he got returns. He has been for years serving the trusts and why should not they reciprocate? A New York newspaper exposed the whole game and published a facsimile letter from Grover to one of the big trust magnets of the country, also facsimile checks, one from J. Pierpont Morgan for \$1,000 and one from the Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, for \$100. The book really was worth about a dollar and a half, but these checks were in the nature of a present to the statesman from Ohio in recognition of his valuable services to the party of trusts and combinations, one from the biggest duck in the trust puddle and one from the man who loans money to the trusts' banks without interest, thus defying the law of the land.

There was some talk in the press of the East before the last stroke, and Grover rushed into print and denied the whole thing and said he had never written a letter to anyone asking them to subscribe to his book, and that he had placed the whole thing in the hands of the agent who was to pay him a royalty on his sales. It was then that the newspaper came out with the facsimile letter and checks, and it squelched Grover and silenced his batteries. He has not opened his head since. He has nothing to say. He has been caught with the goods on him.

The trusts' magnets of the country either have worked a flim flam on the President of the United States and no one accuses him of being a fool, or else he is in league with the trust magnets to fool the people, and the recent so-called anti-trust legislation.

The inside history of the telegrams sent to the republican Senators by trust magnets, peremptorily ordering them to stop all anti-trust legislation, shows a queer condition of affairs in the higher councils of the republican party. When the republican leaders found that the democrats looked with disdain upon the so-called anti-trust legislation that the republican leaders and the trust magnets have concocted, and would not say a word against it, they feared the result of this silence on the minds of the voters. Something had to be done to make it appear that the trusts were being curbed, and the job was put up that Rockefeller should telegraph orders to stop all anti-trust legislation, and one of these telegrams was shown to the President. He made public the fact that these telegrams were being sent. In fact, he sent for the representative of the associated press to tell him about them and immediately it was announced by the administration press that here was evidence of the trust-busting nature of the legislation.

As I said in a former letter, the trusts now are jubilant because they are aware of the utter worthlessness of the legislation so far as trust curbing is concerned. The people will have an opportunity to witness the working of the anti-trust legislation enacted at this session by the republicans before the election in 1904, and if they like that kind of anti-trust legislation then they will vote to retain the republican party in power and continue to pay tribute to the trusts.

The leaders of the democratic party in Washington are beginning to exhibit some interest in the different booms for the presidential nomination on the democratic ticket that are being turned loose in several sections of the country.

There is the Onley boom which was started in Memphis, Tenn., and is being nursed to keep it warm by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston. Mr. Onley was in the last Cleveland cabinet. He was Attorney-General and then Secretary of

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State. He is an able man, as every one will admit, but he is about seventy years old. He has always kept his democracy on straight, but he did not tear his clothes for the ticket in '96.

There is the Parker boom. Judge Parker is chief judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, and undoubtedly is a good man and a good democrat, but his only claim to recognition is the fact that he was elected to his present position by about 60,000 majority the year following the big McKinley majority in New York.

There is the Gorman boom. Senator Gorman is looked upon here as one of the best political leaders and strategists of the country, but he had not been very strenuous for the ticket during the last two campaigns. He has done much service for the party, however, and he has many friends among the leaders of the party.

The latest to be cut loose was that which former Governor Budd, of California, let go in Columbus Ohio, a few days ago at the big Jefferson-Jackson-Lincoln barbecue, when he names William Randolph Hearst as his choice. The people of the country know Mr. Hearst as one who, in 1896 and 1900, stood by the democratic party when then the wealthy men deserted. In the two campaigns he is said to have contributed \$100,000 to the democratic cause. His Jeffersonian democracy is unquestioned. His philanthropy has often manifested itself. He was elected to Congress last fall by an unprecedented majority from New York.

Found a Bear in Her Bed.

A correspondent from Mitchell county of the Morganton News-Herald gives this exciting story:

"On last Thursday, while gathering galax on the Grandmother Mountain, about two miles east of Kawana postoffice, Mrs. E. W. Robbins found a very large bear in her bed with three small cubs. She not knowing what to do, guarded the bears and sent a small boy after her brother, Fate Thompson, a son of the famous hunter John Thompson. He soon arrived with his gun. After firing two shots he killed his prey and captured the three small cubs, which he sold for \$15.00. Dr. W. C. Gross, of our town, purchased one."

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CALVE'S RED PETTICOAT.

Mme. Calve, the world famed opera singer, is seen at her best as Carmen. The first time she took this part at Paris she considerably astonished the stage manager by wearing a gorgeous red silk petticoat during the first act. Objections were raised, for it was said no gypsy cigarette girl could afford so expensive an article. The prima donna, however, confessed that she had been to Seville and followed a genuine cigarette girl to a second-hand costumer's and there saw her buy a brilliant red skirt. The next day the girl wore it and occasionally lifted her dress a little so as to show the underskirt. Mme. Calve bought it of her, and it is that identical skirt which the operatic singer now wears when playing this part.

Two Bad Puns.

At a Maine educational convention Rev. Nathaniel Butler, formerly president of Colby college, but at present professor of English literature in the University of Chicago, was down for an address. As he was about to speak Hon. W. W. Stetson, state superintendent of schools, said to him:

"Doctor, is your address like a cat's tail?"

"How is that?" asked Dr. Butler.

"Why, fur to the end," replied Mr. Stetson.

Dr. Butler smiled appreciatively, but kept silence. He opened his address by saying: "Your superintendent just asked me if my address was to be like a cat's tail—fur to the end. I assure him that it is like a dog's tail—bound to occur."

Weighing a Perfume.

An Italian physicist, Signor Salvioni, has devised a micro balance of such extreme delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of musk by volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indirectly weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass, fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end, and the amount of flexure produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 100 diameters. A note weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

Patti, Kubelik and Insurance.

It was Mme. Patti who originated the idea of insuring the voice. Hers is "underwritten" for \$5,000 a performance or \$40,000 for total loss of voice. Only twice has she drawn the insurance, although she is nearly sixty years old.

It is interesting here to recall the fact that Kubelik, the latest wonder in violin performers, has his right hand insured against accident for \$10,000, while total disablement of his left arm would bring him \$50,000. When he tours, six persons accompany him—his manager, valet and four others.

Edge Making Aluminum.

The most surprising property of aluminum is its newly discovered power of giving a fine, razorlike edge to steel cutlery. Magnified a thousand times, the knife edge produced on the ordinary whetstone appears rough and jagged, while that yielded by the aluminum sharpener is straight and smooth.

Beat the Cabmen.

The cabmen of Evansville, Ind., recently formed a combine and advanced their prices for taking a couple to the theater from \$1 to \$2. This led to the formation of a "gum shoe" union on the part of the society girls, who walked rather than pay the price demanded. The business of the cabmen fell off, and they had to go back to the old prices. The girls are now rejoicing over their victory, to which they were helped by the support of the traveling men, who were affected by a corresponding increase of other rates and had arranged to ask the city council to pass an ordinance establishing a uniform price for cabs.

Senator Hoar's Priceless Books.

"And this," said Senator Hoar, picking up a volume in his library, is a copy of Chapman's Homer. I suppose it would sell for from \$1,200 to \$1,500 at auction. Here is a Chaucer, printed in 1587. There is no duplicate of that in existence. And here are some fine old Bibles. This one is a family Bible that belonged to Roger Sherman. See this long record of births. The name of Sarah Sherman, my mother's name, is written there." And so the venerable senator went over one of the finest collections of rare and choice old volumes in the country. It is priceless because it is not for sale.—Boston Herald.

Wine Sellers' Salaries.

Hector D. Mackenzie, agent of a wine company in New York, was sued on a judgment for \$258. He acknowledged that he received \$12,000 a year salary, but declared that he had to spend most of it in pushing the business of the company he represented. "In fact," he said, "I am practically a tank into which I pour the wine in order to earn a living. Why, I know a wine agent who gets \$40,000 a year. Between pushing the business and paying household expenses I haven't a cent."

A Tati Reply.

Jay Gould had no use for a man who drank, and this aversion has been inherited by all his children, especially Anna, Countess de Castellan.

A rather bibulously inclined young man about town recently said to the young countess, "Would you call a man a drunkard who only gets drunk now and then?"

"Would you call a man a thief who only picks pockets now and then?" was the reply.

The Labouchere System.

Labouchere, the London editor and wit, used to be a regular visitor to Monte Carlo, but that was a good many years ago. In the old days he used to follow a certain plan of play which is known there to this day as "le systeme Labouchere." Not long ago some one asked him regarding this system, and he replied, "Ah, many millions have been won through it—I mean by M. Blanc, owner of the gambling salon."

Cats' Fur.

It is noticed that for some time in Warsaw innumerable cats have disappeared. According to the local press, this is due to the fact that a number of fur dealers from Leipzig have been endeavoring to secure 10,000 catkins, which apparently are worked up and dyed so as to be like more valuable furs.

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Will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands. It will cure you, or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25 cents.

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