



## All Around Our County

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED EACH WEEK BY OUR REGULAR AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS IN AND AROUND MARTIN COUNTY.

## ROBERSONVILLE

Mr. Frank Judson, was here Tuesday.

A large crowd is expected at the Union Sunday.

Herbert Britton, of Bethel, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Joe Tom Ward is visiting relatives in Bethel.

Miss Leona Lassiter is visiting Miss Alice Grimes.

Miss Margaret Hoard went to Hamilton Monday.

Miss Lillian Taylor was in town a short time Tuesday.

Mrs. W. L. Ferrall and son left for Winston Tuesday.

Joe Barnhill, of Everetts, was here Tuesday on business.

D. S. Powell, of Parmele, was in town Monday on business.

Messrs. S. L. Ross and Ed James went to Norfolk Tuesday.

representatives of Robersonville at Smithwick's Creek Sunday.

A crowd from here attended the baptizing Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. N. E. Ward and baby were at the Burch Hotel Tuesday.

D. E. Burch, Esq., went to Tarboro Wednesday on business.

Miss Margaret Hoard returned from Rocky Mount Saturday.

Mrs. Mamie Johnson, of Shelmadine, is visiting friends in town.

W. A. James and W. Z. Morton went to Gold Point Wednesday.

George S. Edwards, of Norfolk, was here Wednesday on business.

Miss Francis Hoard began teaching at Spring Green last Monday.

Mr. R. L. Smith returned from Baltimore and New York Thursday.

Miss Glenn Andrews, of Hamilton, is visiting the Misses Hoard this week.

Ebenezer Knox, Esq., of Bethel, is keeping store for H. N. Butler this week.

J. H. Roberson, Jr., returned from Baltimore and New York Wednesday.

Miss Fannie Jammer will be the milliner with R. L. Smith & Co., again this season.

Masters Warner and Henry Burch have returned from a visit to relatives in Farmville.

C. A. Jeffries, in company with other tobacco men from Williams-ton were here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Butler left for Baltimore Monday where they will purchase their Fall stock.

Misses Leona Roberson and Sophie Morton, Messrs. W. A. James and R. E. Grimes were among the

Mr. Silas Lucas, of Wilson, was in town Wednesday looking after a site on which to erect a brick factory.

Saturday was a day of sanctification. Two colored women, ex-poundingers of that faith, held meetings on the streets.

The representative of the Imperial is on the market and is keeping the American man from robbing the farmers (?)

## Suicide Prevented

The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A sun down system, or despondency invariably precedes suicide, and something has been found that will prevent that condition which make suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and nerve will strengthen the nerves and build up the system. It's also a great Stomach, Liver and Kidney regulator. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by all druggists.

"Martin County is Prosperous," is the head line of a communication dated at Williamston, August 25th, which came out in the prominent State papers on the 26th. The article is especially interesting and well worth reading by all the tobacco growers of Martin County. The writer uses only facts beyond a doubt, and no one who has read the article would with impunity accuse him of prevarication. That the people of Martin are conservative is a fact of which we may boast, and because of this conservatism, no one or more of its citizens could afford to have any article published that did not conform strictly to that idea. These facts, it would seem, accounts for the conservative statements to be found in the communication referred to. The one gleam of hope referred to in this time of gloom should appeal to all the people of this section. Beyond peradventure of a doubt, the farmers should awake from their lethargy, turn their faces toward this bright and dazzling star and realize for themselves the truth of the situation.

## Cholera Infantum

This disease has lost its terror since Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy came into general use. This uniform success which attends the use of this remedy in all cases of bowel complaints in children has made it a favorite wherever its value has become known. For sale by S. R. Liggs.

## JAMESVILLE.

August 25th, 1903.

Miss Ella Moore was in town Monday.

C. D. Cherry, of Richmond, Va. was in town last Friday.

Several of our town friends went out to Smithwick's Creek church Sunday.

There was preaching Sunday at Disciple church by Rev. D. H. Petree, of LaGrange.

Revs. Martin and Leggett closed a series of meetings at Cedar Branch last Wednesday night.

Miss Mae Bennett, one of Williamston's most beautiful and attractive young ladies, is visiting at Mr. M. D. Cooper's this week.

Last Thursday night we had with us Brother Bitha Leggett, of near Windsor. Mr. Leggett delivered us an able sermon. He is not one of the flowery talkers, but just speaks the plain truth of the Master's Will. He has been pastor of the Cedar Branch church for twenty years. We appreciate our brother being with us and wish him success in all his undertakings for the Master.

## Puts an End to It All

A grievous wail oftentimes comes as a result of unbearable pain from over-taxed organs. Dizziness, Backache, Liver complaint and Constipation. But thanks to Dr. King's New Life Pills they put an end to it all. They are gentle but thorough. Try them. Only 25c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

## DARDENS.

George Smith spent Sunday in Bertie County.

F. R. Smith was a visitor in Dardens Sunday.

Ex-Sheriff John Phelps, of Plymouth, was here Friday afternoon.

Miss Garnet McCaskey was a visitor in Dardens a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Macon Norman, of Plymouth, were visitors near Dardens Sunday.

Dr. U. S. Hassell and daughter, Mrs. Mary, of Jamesville, passed through here Tuesday.

Continued on third page.

## STORY OF A LOST WILL

By Eureka D. Metcalf.

"But, Maizie, this thing is worthless!" I said again, shrinking from the dread horror confronting us in the legal document on my desk. "I drew up a later will, in which your father bequeaths the bulk of his estate to you, leaving only a comfortable income to your brother. This was drawn by my father years ago, when you and Charlie and I were children. I tell you, sweetheart, there is another."

"Where?" she asked despairingly. "Aunt and I have examined every inch of the house, every scrap of writing since you told us, but we find nothing. Worse than the dependence on my poor, weak brother is the thought that he—oh, Maurice, if he has done what we fear, how can I bear the shame?"

I drew the girl's troubled face to my shoulder with a wave of my hand. "The conclusion, the methodical, who lived by the clock, had for once been careless in business. 'Darling, the fault is mine,' I declared, recklessly assuming all blame rather than give her further cause to grieve over a scapegoat brother. 'Let me go over the scene exactly as it happened, and perhaps together we can see a ray of light where my eyes alone are blind. Three weeks ago to-day I was preparing to leave my office, and had already put a number of papers in my bag—pointing to the alligator grip my fiancée was familiar with—you know it is my custom to stop at the safety deposit vaults on my way home and personally look up in my private vault all valuable documents accumulated through the day.'"

"I know," she answered, a shade of annoyance darkening her wood-violet eyes. "It has always seemed strange to me that you do not have a private safe in your office."

"I inherited the custom with the business," I laughed, ignoring her unwanted asperity. "As I was closing my desk your father came in apparently in the best of health and asked me, much to my surprise, to draw up a new will."

"There is nothing like being prepared," he said, in explanation. "Since my son has developed a passion for gambling he is not a fit guardian for my daughter's share of the estate. If I should die suddenly the old will would leave Maizie practically dependent on her brother's charity. Ah, he promised so, well, but now she is my tower of strength!"

"I immediately drew up a will at his dictation, which, as I told you, named you executrix, and your father signed it in the presence of Darby, the artist in the next suite, and the janitor. 'Why cannot they testify?' she asked quickly, her sad eyes brightening a trifle."

"Because the fates are cruel to us, sweetheart. That very night the janitor dropped dead in an apoplectic fit and Darby has disappeared. I have hunted him like a sleuth since this came up," indulging the offending will with my ruler.

"After our business was concluded," I went on, "your father, Darby and I sat talking on different subjects, which by degrees led up to psychic phenomena. Your father cited numerous cases investigated by the psychological society which he declared were sufficient proof that death does not destroy communication between the material and spiritual worlds. He confidently reaching a point where thought waves would become telephonic wires carrying messages between finite and infinite minds. The discussion was long and heated, and in conclusion he said, turning to me: 'There are none so blind as those who will not see. You refuse to voluntarily make or witness any experiments in telepathy to satisfy yourself, but the probabilities are strong that I will go first, my boy. If I do, expect me to communicate with you in a manner so weird and startling as to forever convince you I am right.' Then, laughing, he and Darby went out together and I never saw him again."

"Although I do not remember placing the new will in my bag, I probably did so the moment it was signed. One so methodical as I would naturally do so. Your father's earnestness was so impressive, and his unceasing stories took such a firm hold on me, I was reb under their influence when next day a messenger informed me your father had died suddenly from heart failure. My first thought after you (pressing her hand) was of my professional duties as his lawyer. I immediately went after the will. It was not in the safety box, neither was it in the bag, not on my desk, nor in the waste paper basket, standing full as I had left it the day before. No one had been in my office, for the only person who might have entered, the janitor, was dead. From the office to the vault the bag was unopened; was never out of my hands. I have the only key to the strong box. No one but the witnesses knew the will had been made, and Darby accompanied your father when he left my office. It was not in your father's possession, or it would have been found, either upon his person or among his papers. Could any one—who was with him when—when—"

"It happened Maizie?"

"Poor little girl! She went white as the hyacinths nodding on my desk. 'He was with my brother in the library where he kept his business papers. To follow that fingerprint to travel a yet darker road, Maizie, Charlie was alone with him some time before he summoned help. Don't probe any farther!'"

"Even I turned sick at the suggestion. The new will practically disinherited the son. He knew of the long-standing document that named him his father's heir. He was the only person benefited by the disappearance, and disparagement had-dulled his sense of honor. The pain in my fiancée's eyes nerved me to speak out the thoughts that had harassed me since I discovered the all-important document missing."

"Maizie, no need must be rejected as too slender to be a upon now. Perhaps your brother and I are both innocent, both truthful. I am not superstitious, you know, but after our last weird argument your father's will, suddenly, mysteriously missing, brought with it an uneasy thought. I have been unable to shake off with reason. Remember the promise made by the conscientious business man, whose word was equal to a bond, that he would communicate with me from the spirit world."

"Perhaps he has," I continued in a hushed voice. "Perhaps this is the promised proof." I paused again to weigh my words carefully. "If it is, he will dispel your grief, my darling, by directing us to or returning the paper that will vindicate your brother of attempted fraud. I will—"

She interrupted my declaration of a new faith eagerly. "It is possible, Maurice," she said. "Mind reckons no distance. If we both earnestly pray, our united concentration will put us in communication with my father, my real father, who is not buried under Oakwood leaves, but living in his next higher sphere, for prayer, you know, is the precipitation of individual will into the mysteries that surround the Godhead."

I gasped with astonishment, for my fiancée had never before expressed her concurrence with her father's peculiar beliefs, but so strong was her suggestion that under its reflection I lived the night on a mental altitude till then undreamed, floating as it were on waves of ether high above the material plane. I went down to my office next morning prepared for anything, and of course found nothing bearing on the case. My unvoiced mental tension broke, as it was sure to, under the day's cares, and left me irritable, disinclined to work. About 11 o'clock I closed my desk and went out, carefully locking the door behind me. When I returned in half an hour, although the door was locked, to my great amazement the top of my desk was rolled back, and a legal document lay like a white basis on the tidy green baize. I crossed the room with a bound, and stood with my arms behind me, regarding the lost will with bulging eyes. And something else. Written across it in the unmistakable cigraphy of my fiancée's father, I read:

"So much for the phenomena of spiritism! Yours for telepathy, Gilbert Weir."

A message from the dead! The supernatural seemed to have possession of my practical workshop, the air was dense with wraithy, floating shapes. "Maurice Bree, you are an imbecile or the victim of some clap-trap hoax," I declared in a hollow voice, but the ghostly chill refused to leave my spine.

"But if it was a joke, who could gain entrance and depart again through a locked door? And the door was locked on my return!" The same hand that touched it from a locked box, chuckled the dim shapes. "We of the spirit reckon no distance nor locks!"

To assure myself I was not suffering from an optical illusion, I lifted the paper and gravely pronounced my own writing genuine. But that pencil indorsement in a familiar hand which I knew was three weeks dead? I let it fall again with a shiver.

"From too much brooding I have become imaginative," I reasoned. "I will leave it here, just so, and go out again. If I find it on my return I will believe—something—if it is gone I will know I dreamed it all." And glad to escape the shadowy occupants of my gloom I again locked the door, trying the knob to make sure the key was not a trickster.

If I had only relied on my own judgment and kept the strange proceedings to myself! But half an hour later I again inserted my key, pale and trembling, and with Maizie at my heels. "There," I triumphed, as the door swung in. "Of course I was dreaming. There is no will on the desk." The top was closed as I had left it when I first went out.

Maizie dropped in my pivot chair with a burst of tears. "It is your cynicism, your unbelief, Maurice," she sobbed. "I know it was there; there is as much beyond our comprehension as we have no right to doubt what we cannot understand."

"But the door was locked," I soothed. "You saw me open it. I did very wrong to tell you. It would still be there if I had seen it, sweetheart."

"Unseen forces do not require keys," she alienated scornfully. "My father has removed the will again to punish you for doubting," going off into another hysterical shower.

"Maizie, I began, but before I could find words for my regret a step on the threshold recalled me to the impropriety of a love scene in a law office, I sprang up, glowering at a retreating visitor crossing the hall with long strides.

"Beg pardon," he called, keeping his back religiously turned. "I did not know—sorry."

But not so was Darby, the important missing witness to the lost will, to glance himself again. I dragged him

protestingly back. "Did you witness a will which I drew up for Mr. Weir?" I demanded fiercely, pulling my prisoner up before the equally embarrassed Maizie.

"Why, of course," said he. "I've just got back, bringing the will with me. I did not know until yesterday that Mr. Weir—that anything had happened. I hurried back as fast as I could. What's the matter, old man?" I staggered when he laid the lost will on the desk.

I sat down helplessly. "That will disappeared from my strong box three weeks ago, and as mysteriously appeared on my desk an hour ago, bearing an inscription from the dead. How, then, does it come in your possession? Are you a professor of legerdemain masquerading as a portrait painter, Mr. Darby?"

He looked puzzled. "I don't know anything about your mysteries. All I know is that Mr. Weir picked up the will from your desk and absent-mindedly put it in his pocket. When he discovered it in the car he wrote across it as you see, because our scientific arguments was to blame for his abstraction, and asked me to hand it to you. You were not in when I came back to my office, and finding a letter calling me from town, I foolishly took the will with me. When I returned this morning you were again out, and, knowing the importance of the paper, I took the liberty of unlocking your door with my key. Then, fearing you were out for the day, I came back intending to carry it to Miss Weir. Not being sure of her address, I am back again, the third time," smiling.

"And it wasn't in the bag nor the strong box at all," said Maizie after a long silence—a pregnant silence.

"No—I laughed then—and what about telepathic communication with unseen forces, Maizie?"

She looked up, so beautiful in the happiness of a new thought that I resolved never to mention spiritualism scoffingly again. "I don't care," she said, "the will, the tangible will, gives me back my brother—stainless."—Eureka D. Metcalf, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Maternal Collie.

Giles, the shepherd of Folly Farm, was brushing the white ruff of his \$1,000 collie. "The collie," he said, "is the most intelligent of dogs. Permit me to tell you a true collie story. There was a Scottish shepherd, whose dog gave him a litter of pups. All but one of them died and the mother devoted herself so thoroughly to this sole remaining child that her master's work was quite neglected; the sheep were not looked after at all. The man, enraged at this state of affairs, took the pup and drowned it in a bucket before his mother's eyes. Then he went off to the town for the day. In the evening, on his return, the drowned pup was missing. The shepherd said to his collie, pointing to the bucket: 'What did you do with your pup, Bess?' The collie gave a low, mournful howl and set off, looking backward often to signify to her master that he should follow. She led him to a knoll and paused, moaning, beside a spot where the earth had a fresh look. The shepherd turned up the soil, and there beneath it the drowned puppy lay. Its mother had taken it out of the bucket and given it decent burial."—Philadelphia Record.

A Wyoming Social Function. Saturday night was a cold one, but the "leaders" were a "milk" all the ground with no thought of "bed ground" for that night.

The "circle riders" began rollin' in about 9 o'clock, and an hour later all "reps," some accompanied by sonoras, were there and ready for the "stampede" to turn loose.

There were three reps present from the Fiddleback outfit, the Robinson brothers and Billy Blair, who were called for first "roll" on night herd, and when the inspiring tones of the two violins and organ pealed forth the tune, "Turkey in the Straw," a bunch of mavericks didn't do a thing but break loose and go to the "wild bunch," and such a warmin' up there never was down in Dixie.

Round-up Boss Howell, assisted by his amiable better half, had replenished the supply tenfold for the mess wagon, and at midnight a big feed was spread for those present, to which ample justice was done.—New Castle, Wyo., News-Journal.

## Turned the Tables.

Mary Noailles Murfree, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, is the great-granddaughter of Colonel Hardy Murfree, the Revolutionary hero, and she has on the tip of her tongue a number of stories which, according to tradition, Colonel Murfree used to tell with great success.

One of these stories concerns a judge and a drunken barber. The judge was being shaved, and the barber, whose hand was unsteady from drink, cut him four or five times. Regarding gravely in the mirror his countenance bleeding from all those cuts, the judge said:

"Friend, you now perceive, I trust, the evil effects of intemperance."

Capers are the flower buds of a bush that grows in France, Spain, and Algeria. The buds are picked by women and are placed in barrels of vinegar for preservation. An expert can gather forty-four pounds a day. It is believed that the bush would do well in California.

Actions not only "speak louder than words," but have a more lasting effect.

Works hard—older.

## State and General News

A CONDENSED WEEKLY REPORT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS THAT HAVE HAPPENED IN OUR STATE AND ELSEWHERE.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Lord Salisbury, England's distinguished statesman, died last Saturday.

The Richmond (Va.) Street Car Strike has been declared off. The estimated cost of this strike is \$250,000.

Lon Dillon, the California bred mare, is queen of the turf, having broken the world's record Monday at Readsville, Mass. She trotted a mile in two minutes.

Judge W. H. Taft, Governor-General of the Philippines, will succeed Secretary of War Elihu Root and General Luke Wright will succeed Judge Taft.

Judge George Gray, of Delaware, has been recommended by the Lackawanna County (Pa.) Democratic Convention for the Presidency of the United States.

The Reliance won from Shamrock, III, the race last Saturday and again the one Tuesday. The first was won by 9 minutes and the second by one minute and nineteen seconds.

Maddened by want, a mother commits murder and attempts suicide in Philadelphia, Pa. She locked herself and children up in a room and turned on the gas. Her husband arrived in time to save her life, but two of his children were dead.

There is much excitement in the State of Oaxaca over the discovery of rich gold fields, about 100 miles west of the city of Oaxaca and 12 miles from the town of Ejutla. The ore found is said to assay at \$5,000 a ton, and so great is the local excitement that cavalry has gone to guard the claims already located.

Plans for a gigantic railroad, with a trunk line connecting Hudson Bay, British Columbia with Buenos Ayres, South America, and having a network of branches, was disclosed Monday when articles of incorporation of the Pan American Railroad Company, with a capital stock placed at \$250,000,000 were filed at Guthrie, Okla., with the Secretary of the Territory. The purpose of corporation, it is said, is to build a line of railway extending from Port Huron, Hudson Bay, to Valparaiso on the South Pacific Ocean. The road will contain 10,000 miles of track.

Major Charles H. Smith, widely known by the people as "Bill Arp," died at his home, "The Shadows," late Monday evening, after an illness of many months, which within the past few weeks had become serious. Following an operation for the removal of gall stone, several days ago, he became gradually weaker, most of the time unconscious, until the end Monday evening. Of his family, his wife, four daughters and two sons were at his side when he passed away. The four other sons, two in Texas, one in Mexico and Carl Smith, of New York City, were summoned by telegraph. The funeral was held Wednesday morning.

Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on the right lung, writes J. F. Hughes of DuPont, Ga., "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Coughs, Colds and Throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 50c. and \$1.00 Trial bottles free.

## End of Bitter Fight

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on the right lung," writes J. F. Hughes of DuPont, Ga., "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Coughs, Colds and Throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 50c. and \$1.00 Trial bottles free.

Actions not only "speak louder than words," but have a more lasting effect.

Works hard—older.

Subscribe to THE ENTERPRISE

## STATE NEWS.

The A. & M. College opens Monday.

It is reported that a dozen prisoners escaped from Madison county jail Monday night.

The A. C. L. blacksmith shops at Rocky Mount were destroyed by fire last Friday night.

Harry Leach, the hotel thief, was convicted at Greensboro Tuesday morning and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Craven county farmers defy the tobacco trust. They will form an association to buy their own tobacco and hold it for higher prices or manufacture it.

The clerks of Durham have organized a union and will ask that the stores close at seven o'clock each evening, except Saturdays, and ten p. m. Saturday.

An unknown negro brute attempted assault on a white girl near Newton Monday morning. The girl escaped from the negro. A posse is searching the country for him.

Dr. T. P. Wynne, of Tarboro, died suddenly in New York Sunday. He had only been married a few days. His bride was Miss Alberta Robbins, of Durham.

On the morning of the 22nd the tobacco stemmy owned by G. E. Roberts at Kingston was destroyed by fire. The estimated loss was about \$25,000 with \$16,000 insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Gus Atkins, John Atkins and John Rice, the murderers of James Rice, of Madison County, were arrested in Thacker, W. Va., Saturday. These men escaped from jail on the 11th of November with seven other prisoners.

Thos. M. Gardner, an Englishman, went to jail Saturday at Washington in preference to paying the fine for violating the revenue law. Gardner sold dress goods and delivered them. He paid no license. He will test the matter in the courts.

## Taken With Cramps

Wm. Kirmse, a member of the bridge gang working near Littleport, was taken suddenly ill Thursday night with cramps and a kind of cholera. His case was so severe that he had to have the members of the crew wait upon him and Mr. Gifford was called and consulted. He told them he had a medicine in the form of Cholic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he thought would help him out and accordingly several doses were administered with the result that the fellow was able to be around next day. This incident speaks quite highly of Mr. Gifford's medicines. — Elkador (Iowa) Argus.

This remedy never fails. Keep it in your home, it may save life. For sale by S. R. Biggs.

Hancock's Liquid Sulphur cures skin troubles of every nature. No home should be without it. Ask your merchant for a book on Liquid Sulphur. Sold by C. D. Carstarphen Co.

Anderson Hassell & Co., Keith & Godwin.

If you are suffering from Eczema, Pimples, Herpes, Ringworm, dandruff, or any blood or skin disease, Hancock's Liquid Sulphur is a sure cure. Sold by C. D. Carstarphen & Co., Keith & Godwin.

For cuts, burns, open sores, sore feet, dandruff, falling off of the hair or any skin disease, use Hancock's Liquid Sulphur. Sold by C. D. Carstarphen & Co., Keith & Godwin.

Subscribe to THE ENTERPRISE