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Lodges

Sharon Lodge, No. 90, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.
Knights Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 1st and 3rd Friday nights.

Church of the Advent

Services on the second and fifth Sundays of the month, morning and evening, and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before, and on Mondays (9 a. m.) after said Sundays of the month. All are cordially invited.
R. S. LAMBERT, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. R. E. Ross, the Methodist Pastor, has the following appointments: Every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and night at 7 o'clock respectively, except the second Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Holy Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hensley and Sunday at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services!

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday, morning at 9:30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent.
The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.
R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

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A... Farewell to The Old Year

We laughed with you, we chatted with you,
The glass of life we quaffed with you,
While sitting side by side,
You made life bright,
Put out of sight
The gloom we had to bide.

We danced with you, we pranced with you,
While others lay entwined with you,
Just slowly and
As you pleased.

We wish you new year's good.



WE GRIEVE THAT YOU SHOULD DIE.
We grieve that you should die,
Old man, who was so fat,
You were a friend
Close to the end,
Your joys and woes are past.

WE grieve that you should die,
And many, too, are wined with you,
Old man, who was so fat,
You were a friend
Close to the end,
Your joys and woes are past.

WE grieve that you should die,
And many, too, are wined with you,
Old man, who was so fat,
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Close to the end,
Your joys and woes are past.

A New Year's Oath.
Delicate or silver case has always been especially popular at New Year's. Like poundcake, it depends entirely upon eggs for its lightness. No baking powder or soda and cream of tartar are, as a rule, used in its preparation. The old recipe for this cake called for a pound of flour, dried and sifted; three-quarters of a pound of butter creamed with a pound of sugar and the whites of twelve eggs beaten very stiff. This cake is more often flavored with a little bitter almond than anything else. A cheaper rule for it includes a small quantity of cream of tartar and soda. Stir to a cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Sift a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a scant half teaspoonful of soda with two cupfuls of flour several times. Add the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth. The cake should be well stirred and the whites added the last moment and quickly folded in. Bake the cake slowly at first, and when it is risen let it brown. The juice of a lemon is often added and prevents the cake being too dry. Top it with a thick white icing or a dark one of chocolate and sugar.—New York Tribune.

New Year's in Russia.
On New Year's morning the prince of the Russian imperial family, court functionaries and servants of the palace come in regular order to present their homage to the emperor, who kisses all the members of his family and the highest of the officials three times, according to the Russian fashion. In the streets the people kiss each other whether acquainted or not. The favored ones who have been kissed by the emperor are permitted to kiss the hand of the emperor as well. The ceremony of hand kissing was suppressed for a time, but was re-established in the empire under the reign of Alexander II. On New Year's day at breakfast, dinner and supper the guests, standing about the table, touch glasses, drink the health of the emperor and offer good wishes to each other.

The New Year Banquet.
The New Year banquet, the sun shines on the world rejoices and it goes. The city loving birds from every to every
Fill beauty and twitter in my ear
Your little faces note of victory cheer.
From ruddy cheeks from the snow at the
New Year's of laughter gladder than in
While friend greets friend with "Happy be thy Year!"
So I would say if then wert by my side,
So would I laugh if then could laugh with
Me, let alone, in darkness I abide.
Mashed by the day that shines so more
at the
From this too merry world my heart I
I bid.
My New Year dawns not till the first
of the
Lovers' Chamber Monitor in Youth's
Company.

BEAUTIFUL MARRIAGE

Mr. Clinton Mundy and Miss Mary Whitley

LARGE CROWD PRESENT

The Wedding March Was Beautifully Rendered by Miss Carrie A. Biggs

December, the month of snow and ice and mirth, showered its choicest blessings, a clear, cold day, with a night that was as bright and beautiful as nature ever gives, the air filled with the spirit of happiness and holiday, on the wedding night of Miss Mary Smallwood Whitley to Mr. Clinton L. Mundy. The bright moonlight and cold breezes outside seemed to enhance the beauty of the interior. Oakhurst, the country place of the bride's parents, was a scene of much merriment. The beautiful decorations of holly, mistletoe, and flowers, with the fair faces of the women present made it an event long to be remembered.

It is pleasant to contemplate the associations clustering around the wedding day. It is the happiest hour of the human life, and breaks upon the young life like the gentle spring upon the flowers of earth. It is an hour of joyous expectancy, when the ardent spirit arming itself with bold hope looks upon the dark and terrible future. And when one of Miss Whitley's personal charms and sweetness of disposition gives herself to one of Mr. Mundy's class it may be said to be, "the heart's hour, full of blissful contemplations, rich promises and the soul's happy revels."

Miss Carrie Alexander Biggs, pianist, played the hymn, "Oh! Perfect Love!" with the following singers: Misses Mayo Lamb, Henrietta and Annys Peele, and Messrs. Kader Crawford and Alonzo Hassell. This hymn was one of the bride's favorites. When Miss Biggs began to play the inevitable bit from "Lohengrin", the spectators looked with admiration as the bridal party began to form. Miss Penny Biggs, a cousin of the bride, dressed in a pretty white costume, and Master Bruce Whitley, the bride's young-cousin brother, pulled the curtains dividing the large old fashioned hall, for the other members to pass.

Miss Josephine Mundy, a cousin of the bridegroom, and Miss Laura Whitley, the bride's sister, dressed in simple white silk mull, with pink panne velvet girdles and collars, were the bride's maids. Her sister, Miss Marina Whitley was the maid of Honor, Miss Whitley wore a pink silk mull with pink ribbon and velvet. Next came the bride with her father Mr. George L. Whitley, who gave her away. She was met at the altar by the bridegroom with his best man, Mr. George L. Whitley, Jr.

Miss Whitley, the bride is one of the most charming young ladies in this community; she is a model of young womanhood, and on this occasion her beauty was never more attractive. Her gown was white Crepe de Chine with a yoke of hand made lace, the bandwork of her sister—Miss Emily—and her gift. Her long and beautiful veil was arranged prettily, held in place by orange blossoms, and she carried a bunch of lilies of the valley. Mr. Mundy wore full evening dress. When the gentle voice of the Rev. Nathaniel Harding, the rector of Saint Peter's Church, Washington, N. C., was heard, all knew that soon this happy couple would be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony which nothing can separate.

Miss Whitley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Whitley, and has been a great favorite by all who knew her. She has mingled in society, and left a pure influence—her place among Williamston's young ladies will be hard to fill.

Continued on Fourth Page

The Treasure House...

A New Year's Story

By HOWARD FIELDING

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GORDON PALMER raised his glass and heartily wished me a happy new year. He was in excellent spirits. His kind eyes were frank and bright and eager as a boy's. He seemed to see and cheerily to greet the coming year. Well, I saw it coming quite as plainly as he did, but it looked to me like the war of Juggernaut, and I was in a mood to lie down and let it run over me. I almost resented my friend's good wish. My ears twisted it into a bad joke, and, though nothing could have been more obvious than Palmer's sincerity, I returned him a bitter smile across the table.

"You really are down on your luck, aren't you?" said he.

"Why not?" said I. "Why should I welcome the new year? What did the last one do to me over there in England? My friend, I came home second class in a cheap boat, and you may be aware that my tastes are somewhat luxurious."

"Well," said he, "you lost your money. That's too bad. But think what fun you'll have making some more."

"I'm more likely to make a hole in the East River," I replied.

He regarded me for perhaps half a minute in silence, and I found it difficult to meet his eyes. I felt cowardly, envious and dishonest, the last because I wanted Palmer to give me a lift and was not open enough to ask him to do it. My glance shifted here and there in the room, and its quiet magnificence irritated me. We had \$100 to ourselves, for his father and mother were dining out that evening, and therefore Palmer himself seemed to be the more closely identified with the house of luxury.

"Billy," said he, waving his hand toward a door, "do you happen to know what's in that room?"

"I shook my head.

"But you're not afraid of it?" he asked.

"I perceived his meaning.

"If this room were full of treasure," said I, "I might infer that the other was no better."

"This room is full of things to eat and drink," said he, "you don't infer that it's so with the other one."

"Oh, I'll admit that I'm more ready to fear than to hope, if that's what you're after," said I. "Yet, having seen a part of this house, I'd agree to pay \$10,000, if I had it, for the contents of that unknown room, and I'd expect to make several hundred per cent."

He laughed with great enjoyment.

"You'd lose every penny," he said.

"The room is absolutely bare. We had a bit of a fire there, and we've taken everything out and even ripped up a part of the floor. Now, Billy," he continued, "you might get just as badly stuck if you should buy my future and pay your own for it. Mine may be bare and yours may be furnished with every luxury."

"I guess not," said I.

"It's amazing what changes a year may make in a person's fortunes," said he. "And that reminds me to tell you a story. It's the sort of story that I think will do you the most good, for it shows what may happen. Anything may happen, Billy, and that's why Kismet's words—the greatest line ever

he was a right nice fellow, but he would not be her choice today. You see, she developed wonderfully. Her mind reached up and out. If she outgrew this man that's not to say that he was dull. At the best he had not much chance, for his health failed, and he began to fight a losing battle with physical weakness. By and by the doctors told him that he must go to another climate, and he went to southern California. The engagement continued. There would have been a marriage but for the man's inability of spirit, which would not accept the sacrifice.

"Yet, upon the other hand, Miss Kendall would not break the engagement, and so she remained bound to him, and they were thousands of miles apart, and the years drifted away. Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four—I tell you, those birthdays meant something to Sylvia Kendall. All her glorious youth was obliterating away; her beauty was wasted; her toll and self denial seemed to benefit nobody, for it is very hard to give one's youth and beauty and strength to those one loves and yet to see them ever less hopeful and happy.

"That was what Miss Kendall had to bear, and I judge she bore it well, yet not without the mark. In her twenty-fifth year her mother, her father and that poor fellow out in California died, and I think it must have been a relief for them all, and not a thing to grieve for. Yet, of course, it left her bereaved, and she was left alone, and the bread of the house had held her to the narrowest sort of life, and her love had been the sorriest tragedy.

"To cap the climax, unexpected debts against her father's estate appeared and swallowed up her home and everything upon which she might have depended for a new start in life. I understand that she had about \$50 and no prospect of more—nothing, indeed, that could be called a means of livelihood—one year ago this night.

"There was a man in Chicago who was running a little weekly paper—advanced thought and that sort of thing. Somehow a copy of it had drifted out to Miss Kendall's home, and she had taken an interest in it, writing gratuitous contributions, which had been thankfully received. A correspondence had sprung up between her and the Chicago editor, and in her emergency she wrote to him and asked whether he could pay her a living salary if she would go to work regularly upon his staff. He offered her \$20 a week, and it looked to her like a fortune at once and began to work for that paper, and sometimes she got her \$20 and sometimes she didn't.

"She must have been dreadfully unhappy during those months in Chicago, yet she wrote the cheeriest stuff for that little paper. It was her forte. Her writings had the ring of laughter. Really the girl was a genius in her way.

"By and by the paper began to founder in its past obligations. It promised to do fairly well, but to make promises pay old debts, and to make a long story short, he went under. He owed Miss Kendall quite a bit of salary, but of course she could have no hope of getting it. She tried to secure work on the daily papers, and I think she might have succeeded, but the emergency was too pressing. She was absolutely without money. She was face to face with actual starvation.

"At this crisis she received a letter from Curtis Graham, managing editor of the Chronicle, and offered Miss Kendall a small sum for a certain number of paragraphs every week for the Sunday edition. He had noticed her work in the little weekly paper and obtained her address from the editor. Miss Kendall sent some paragraphs immediately, with a letter disclosing her utter poverty. Graham promptly telegraphed her some money, for which may heaven forgive him all his sins. He also raised the rate for the paragraphs.

"This encouraged Miss Kendall and she persisted until she had enough money to come to New York, and then she came. And what joy do you suppose it was that awaited her here?"

"Gooden," said I, "I know what it might have been, but I hope it wasn't. Somehow you've stirred up my interest in this poor girl. Don't, for pity's sake, tell me that she fell in love with Curtis Graham."

"Graham has improved since you knew him," said Palmer. "He is much steadier."

"He is the most erratic, unreliable, unbalanced creature that ever existed," said I. "Brilliant, I grant you, and quite the sort of man to win a woman's love. Yet I'd rather see Sylvia Kendall without a penny or a hope of one than married to Curtis Graham."

"I think you do him an injustice," said Palmer. "and yet he is erratic. And my story will prove it. When Miss Kendall reached New York she found that Graham had had a row with the Chronicle and had resigned, and his successor calmly informed the young lady that her services were no longer required."

"That girl and I must have been born under the same star," said I.

"Wait a bit," said he. "While Miss Kendall was staggering under this unexpected blow—for, of course, she didn't know that New York papers change their managing editors as a man might change one hat for another—an office boy gave her a note from Graham. It told her to cheer up and that he would be responsible for the continuance of her salary as a matter of plain business honor."

of a little magazine from a table. It happened that I had already seen this publication. It was a new one and was devoted to fiction and plain common sense.

"Yes," said I. "It looks like a mighty good thing. Who's back of it?"

"I am," replied Palmer, "though that's confidential. Graham suggested it to me and told me that Miss Kendall's work alone would make it pay. It has—well, perhaps not alone, for we've printed some other good stuff, and the business end has been managed rather well."

"It has if you've managed it, Gordon," said I sincerely.

"Well, I have given considerable attention to it, thank you," said he, "and—well, the long and short of it is that we're making quite a bit of money already, though we've been out less than



"HER FUTURE IS A GREAT TREASURE HOUSE."

three months. But Miss Kendall's work has been the big lift. We're paying her an enormous salary."

He rubbed his hands and smiled.

"She has an interest, too," he added.

"Graham had one, but he sold out to me."

"Sold out?"

"Yes; he's going to San Francisco with an idea of his own."

"I got up on my feet," said he.

"Gordon," said I, "did she—did she refuse him?"

"He did not ask the question," replied Palmer quietly.

"Because he knew what the answer would be," said I. "Well, I'm sorry for him, if he loved her, but for her I'm glad."

The tears suddenly came into Palmer's eyes.

"Not for her," said he, "for me!"

I leaned across the table, staring at him, the handsomest and the finest fellow that I have ever known; a man whose honor took the helm when he was a mere boy and has guided his course ever since, endowed with great wealth and with the infinite, unflinching kindness that could make it worth so much to her. And the girl's story rushed over me, the poverty and unvarying disappointment, the bitter mockery of love, the unrewarded toil—all destined to end in personal success that must renew her value to herself and in a love so fortunate.

A MATTER OF HEALTH



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