The Enterprise.

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DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—Joshua L. Ewell.

Commissioners—Dr. J. B. H. Knight, N. S. Peel, Dr. J. D. Biggs, A. Hassell, F. K. Hodges.

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Clerk—A. Hassell.

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Attorney—Wheeler Martin.

Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

Skewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.

Roanoke Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2nd last 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. B. S. Lassiter, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. E. Rose, 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. Holly Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd 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.

Treasures of Brookmere

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"Jessamine, come in at once!" Mrs. Brookmere called acidly from the west porch. As her granddaughter rose obediently, but with a little impatient sigh, her companion, Austin Wills, whistled softly, then said:

"Jessamine! What a wax Madam Brookmere must be in! You're always Sunbeam and Fairy and Bright Eyes when she's in a good humor."

"That is to say when the Beveridge thing is around," Jessamine said, with a shrug. "She is in a wax—she always is when you come—and she feels in her bones when you are coming."

"H-m-m! I ought to be flattered, but I'm not the least bit," Austin answered, also rising and catching Jessamine's hand. She looked aghast, but he kept sturdily at her side until they were facing Jessamine's dragon. Then he said, with his best flourish: "Oh, Madam Brookmere, I have brought this young person to tell you why she can't possibly come in. She is to go rowing with me. We will be back by late tea time. The afternoon is too heavenly to be wasted on land."

"Jessamine, go upstairs and fetch my embroidery. Be sure you don't forget my glasses," madam said, as though the young man had not spoken. Jessamine made to obey, but Wills held her back. He lifted his hat to the elder lady, turned and walked off, saying over his shoulder: "Send the maid up, madam. It's bad luck to turn back. I can't allow Miss Jessamine to risk spoiling our cruise."

"Oh, what will she do to me?" Jessamine cried as they hurried away. Madam had been too paralyzed by Wills' audacity to say a word. Austin drew Jessamine's hand farther over his arm and smiled down at her, saying: "I hope it will be 'Out of my house, ingrate!' Then, you see, you will have to come to my house whether or no."

"Mercy, you do take a lot on yourself!" Jessamine said, pulling away her hand, her eyes dancing wickedly. "I begin to fear, Mr. Wills, that you have taken our little affair seriously"—

"Isn't it to be taken seriously? Really you lift a weight off my conscience," Wills interrupted in her own tone; then, after a chuckle: "Jess, I must lecture you—point out the sinful folly of your course. Here you might be, by taking pains and showing yourself properly devout and submissive, Mrs. Beveridge—possibly Mrs. Bishop Beveridge—I really believe the gentleman has it in him to go high ecclesiastically, he's so suave and silken, just the sort to worm himself into the minds of rich churchmen, not to mention their check books. Yet you are passing him up—passing up the chance of a lifetime—for the sake of"—

"A very commonplace sinner," Jessamine broke in.

Wills gave her a look of pained surprise. "I was going to say 'for the sake of having your own willful way,'" he protested.

It was early afternoon, and the long, smooth river reach, flecked with sun and shade, mirrored perfectly the summer world either side. Jessamine hung over the boat side, staring at her own image. Austin watched her with happy eyes, but after a little he drew her upright, saying softly: "Vanity, thy name is Jessamine. I can't have another case of Narcissus and his image upon my conscience."

"Really! Have you a conscience?" Jessamine retorted.

"Pirates even have consceinces—about some things," Austin answered, shipping his oars and letting the boat drift toward the other bank. "For example, it goes against their consciences to let treasure manifestly within reach go to some other fellow. That other pirate, Beveridge, shan't have the treasure of Brookmere."

"What is the treasure of Brookmere?" Jessamine asked demurely. "How much is it worth? And how are you going to save it from clerical clutches?"

"Let me see. I believe the Brookmere rating is about three millions," Austin answered reflectively, but with a twinkle of the eye, "handy millions at that," he went on, "all in gilt edged securities. If you were more than a baby, Jess, you would see a little beyond the end of your nose. Bishop-to-be Beveridge did want you—in fact, he still wants you, being a man of taste, for all his sins."

"Thanks!" Jessamine interrupted. Wills shook his head at her.

"He wanted you rather badly, but not so badly as he wanted the Brookmere money. And that he means to have—in spite of our teeth. Madam is only sixty and young for her years"—

"You can't mean he is trying to marry her?" Jessamine cried, aghast.

Wills nodded. "That's his present laudable aim. Therefore he would like nothing better than to have us openly defy madam. Our elopement would be a trump card for him. Now, although we are not mercenary, neither are we destitute of common prudence. Three millions, or even one or two, might come in handy a heap of times. Moreover, we owe madam a certain duty. We can only discharge it by meeting guile with guile. That means, in plain English, you have got to turn from your evil way of preferring my company and smile instead upon the bishop to be"—

"I don't understand. How will that help?" Jessamine asked in bewilderment.

"He is mighty near committed to madam. Wait until he is quite committed, then do your best to take him away from her. You can do it, never fear. He's human, if he is a preacher, and no mere man yet born of woman is able to stand against you"—

"Thank you again," Jessamine said, tossing her head. "Oh, I want that clump of cardinal flower," leaning as she spoke toward the shelving shore.

Wills shook his head. "Snakes!" he said laconically, speaking very loud; then, in a low aside: "Here's where we quarrel, Jess. Insist upon getting out. The bishop to be is coming down the path."

"Oh, Mr. Beveridge," Jessamine called eagerly, "do come and pick some flowers for me. I want to pick them myself, but I find I am a prisoner," with a withering glance at Wills.

Beveridge ran down to the water's edge. "Won't you let me rescue you?" he cried, holding out his hand. "Jump! I promise you shall get nothing worse than a pair of wet feet by it."

"She needn't have even them," Wills said boorishly. "If you'll agree to see her to the house I'll be glad enough to put her ashore. Not in the humor for walking myself and still less for botanizing."

Half an hour later Mrs. Brookmere was surprised and, if truth must be spoken, not wholly pleased to see Jessamine sauntering home, her hands full of scarlet bloom, with the Rev. Bewly Beveridge at her elbow. Now the minister had been madam's own companion all through the earlier afternoon, and, though he had not said much—quite too little to make madam aware of her own state of mind—he had looked unutterably things. She had found the looking pleasant—she was of the women made to be married, childless, although she had buried three husbands, and still possessed of an alert and lively vanity. She liked to see her name at the head of lists of patronesses, especially missionary and rescue bands. Further, flattery was meat her soul loved to feed on. The Rev. Bewly had found that out at about the second minute and acted upon the knowledge. Indeed, his mind was pretty well made up to marry her before the interview ended. But then he had not seen Jessamine in this mood. Jessamine upset his calculations; she fairly swept him off his feet.

Madam was sadly puzzled throughout the next week. Wills haunted the house as much as ever, though Jessamine openly flouted him, at the same time smiling shy propitiation at the bishop to be. He also was in a maze. Jessamine's encouragement was too elusive to warrant giving over his pursuit of madam, yet sufficiently unsettling to make him at times distrait. Wills glared at him and ostentatiously ignored him. It was that which gave him the strongest hope. Wills must be jealous—madly jealous. If only Beveridge had never begun to court that old woman! She was in the beginning eager to play fairy godmother. It was sickening to feel that he had disturbed this pious purpose, making the lady feel that she was not too old to inspire grand passion number four.

Presently he began to see light. He would have it out with Jessamine—ask her plumply to be Mrs. Beveridge, and, if she said "yes," go to madam for her blessing, along with an apocryphal tale of a distant wooer ready to sue for her hand. He could make it appear he had been finding out her mind toward a fourth marriage. It would go hard with him, but that somewhere he would find a man to make good. Indeed, providentially he already knew the man—a college president, poor and pious, entitled to write half the alphabet after his name in honorary distinctions, with children all safely married, and much in want of a good home. So he went straight to Jessamine, begging her to sing to him. The music room was at the very end of the house, thus well apart. There was small chance of interruption. All the rest were busy with games or flirting or walking in the flower garden under a white moon.

Jessamine went with him, walking high headed and joyous. At the door of the parlors she waved him forward, running back herself upon some errand he did not understand. Whatever it was, she did it very quickly. He had hardly found the songs he wanted when she was beside him, smiling at him in the most bewildering fashion. As she reached for the music her hand, apparently by chance, fell lightly upon his. He tried to hold it, but she snatched it away, turned from him and began to sing very softly. He watched her with burning eyes, his breath coming hard and fast. As she made to rise he put his arms about her and gathered her to his breast, saying hoarsely: "Jessamine, darling, won't you make music for me always? Unless you do my life will be wasted."

"You—you are not in earnest!" Jessamine said, slipping from his arms and averting her face. "You, who are so great, so wise, so good, need another sort of wife—somebody who can help you. I—I should be only a burden."

"A blessed burden, one I shall rejoice to carry," Beveridge said, trying to take her hand. She drew away from him, saying as though in despair: "You—you are playing with me. You really want grandmother"—

"Grandmother! Oh, you jealous darling! How dare you name anything so preposterous?" Beveridge said, catching both her hands. "Grandmother is the most estimable of old ladies, but even if I knew she would take me I could not think of marrying her—not for all the money in the world."

"H-m-m! You've been trying to do it for a very moderate part of the money," grandmother said, stepping through the French window upon Austin Wills' arm. After one look at her the Rev. Bewly Beveridge stepped out through the same window. He knew the treasures of Brookmere were wholly lost to him, no matter how they were reckoned.

DESIGNING A HEAD.

An Interesting Tonsorial Operation by the Famous Whistler.

"Amazing!" the favorite ejaculation of the brilliant and eccentric artist, James MacNeill Whistler, is the word which seems best to fit the curious combination of personal peculiarities—mischievous wit, tricksy jests, gay quarrels, harmless vanities and remarkable artistic performance—revealed in Mr. Mortimer Menpes' recent recollections of his "Master." The eccentricities of Whistler's character were matched by those of his appearance, for he never dressed like anybody else, and he had, just over his left eye, a single lock of white hair amid a mass of black curls. His own interest in his appearance was great, for he regarded the composition of costume and coiffure with the same seriousness which he would have bestowed upon the composition of a picture, and indeed the result was unmistakably picturesque.

"Customers ceased to be interested in their own hair," says Mr. Menpes of Whistler's entrance into a barber's shop. "Operators stopped their manipulations; every one turned to watch Whistler, who himself was supremely unconscious. His hair was first trimmed, but left rather long. Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the barber in the glass. He, poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated the scissors. The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operators imperiously on one side, and we observed for some time the rear view of his dapper little figure, stepping backward and forward, surveying himself in the glass. Suddenly he put his head into a basin of water, and then, half drying his hair, shook it into matted wet curls. With a comb he carefully picked out the white lock, wrapped it in a towel and walked about for five minutes, pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his face—a stage which much amused the onlookers.

"Still pinching the towel, he would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (combing would not have given them the right quality) until they fell into decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air. Whistler wanted a comb. This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say but two words, 'Menpes, amazing!' and sail triumphantly out of the shop."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An awkward man in society is usually a thoroughbred in business.

The only case of overwork we know of, though many claim it, is that of the growler.

A great many people tell not the way a thing is, but the way they would like to have it.

To win in this world you must have more confidence in yourself than you really amount to.

Here is the mark of one who boards: Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets.

Give father credit for one thing at least—at his place at the table there are no wads of chewing gum on the underside.

When you attend a circus turning a somersault looks easy, and when you attend a lecture talking in public looks easy.—Atchison Globe.

Among the Lawyer's Facility.

Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man. Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Practice Verses Preaching.

"You kin help de cause of honesty a heap," said Uncle Eben, "by preachin' about it, but you kin help it a heap mo' by not dangling' roas' chicken under a hungry man's nose."—Washington Star.

A man is not going to get a crown of righteousness just because he gives some poor fellow his old straw hat along about November.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CURVED BALL.

It Is the Atmosphere Which Causes Its Eccentric Shoots.

Most any ten-year-old youngster can curve a ball, even though he does not know why he can do so except that the leather must be held in a certain way. Possibly a half dozen of the major league twirlers know something about the science of the curve, but comparatively few understand why they can produce their "benders." The Scientific American gives the following as the scientific explanation of the matter:

"The pitcher in the field tells us that the ball curves because he gives it a twist, but scientifically this will not do. Why will the twist make the curve? If a ball were thrown in a certain direction and if the force of gravitation were not at work the ball would continue on in a straight line forever. Some force of resistance is then at work when a ball is made to deviate in a curve from its straight course. If a feather is dropped in a vacuum in an exhausted receiver of an air pump it will drop like a shot, but if it is dropped out in the air it will go down irregularly and slowly, shifting from side to side.

"It is the atmosphere which causes the ball to curve. Bearing in mind that the atmosphere is a compressible, elastic gas, we find that when the ball leaves the hand of the pitcher with a rapid rotary motion it 'impinges upon a continuous elastic cushion,' and this moderate resistance, or friction, changes its course in the direction which is given to the rotary motion. Take an outshoot of a right handed pitcher, for instance. He impresses upon the ball a rapid centrifugal rotary motion to the left, and the ball goes to the left because the atmosphere, compressible and elastic, is packed into an elastic cushion just ahead of the ball by the swift forward and rotary motion, and the friction, which is very great in front of the ball, steers it in the direction which it is turning."

A NOTABLE MEETING.

Held in the Interest of "Woman's Rights" in 1701.

The first recorded public meeting in the interest of "woman's rights" was held in the town of Medford, Mass., in 1701. The gallery of the church was occupied by the young unmarried people of the congregation, one side and one half the front gallery being given to the young men, the other side and the other half being given to the young women. But in the seating in this eventful year the young men were given the entire front of the gallery as well, and the young women were only allowed one side of the gallery.

Then it was that things began to happen. Treatment like this wasn't to be tolerated even for a moment. The blood of the future mothers of the Revolution was fully aroused, and the young women made such an uproar and commotion that it speedily became a town matter, and a town meeting was called to restore to them their rights in half of the front gallery.

The young men of the day were bitterly opposed to extending any new privileges to women, and the fight extended beyond Medford. Shortly after the introduction of "pues" into the churches, by which families were separated from the remainder of the congregation, the selectmen of the town of Newbury gave permission to a group of young women to build a "pue" in the gallery of the church upon their own side of the house. This extension of privilege was resented by the young bachelors to such a degree that they broke a window of the church, forced an entrance and hacked the pew in pieces. For this act of sacrilege the young men of Newbury were fined $10 each and sentenced to be whipped or pilloried. But they were manly enough to confess their folly and ask pardon, so this part of their punishment was omitted. So you see the "woman's rights" movement isn't a modern one.—Boston Herald.

Getting His Punishment.

Barnes—One has to suffer in this life for his sins even though he forsake them.

Howes—Yes, Bingle's wife married him to reform him, they say.—Boston Transcript.

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THE POOR OF BERLIN

HOW THEY ARE SUPERVISED BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Begging Is Not to Be Seen on the Streets of the City, and Rags and Misery Dare Not Lie About In the Parks and Public Places.

"What," I exclaimed in Berlin, "are there no poor in this city? Are you altogether without rags and wretchedness?"

"My dear friend," said the German, winking a heavy eyelid, "we are a very clever people. We do not show our dust bins."

Berlin is ruled by municipal experts. It has its wretchedness and its despair, but these things are not permitted to increase. To be out of work in Berlin is a crime, even as it is in London, but with this difference—in Berlin the municipality legislates for labor in a fashion which makes idleness all but indefensible.

The laws to this end may not commend themselves to English minds, for the Germans are not soft hearted in such matters, but they have this engaging recommendation, they succeed. Let a ragged man make his appearance in Friedrichstrasse or the Lindens or in any of the numerous open spaces, and a policeman is at him in a minute. "Your papers!" demands the man of law. The beggar produces his documents. If it is proved that he has slept in the asylum for the homeless more than a certain number of nights he is forthwith conducted, willynilly, to the workhouse and made to labor for his board and lodging.

Now, the workhouse in Germany is not a prison, but the vagrant would as leave go to the one as to the other. The administration of the workhouse is conducted with iron severity. Every ounce of bread and every drop of thin soup consumed by the workhouse man is paid for a thousandfold by the sweat of his brow. So it comes about that the man least disposed to work, the born vagabond, finds it more agreeable to toil for his bread in the market than to fall into the hands of a paternal government.

Berlin takes advantage of the system in Germany which numbers and tickets every child born in the fatherland. No man can roam from district to district, changing his name and his life's story with every flitting. He is known to the police from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death. For a few pfennigs I can read the history of every person in Berlin. Therefore the municipality has an easy task. Every citizen's life story is known to them, and every vagrant is punished for his crime against the community.

Moreover, every person of humble means is insured by the state. Even clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure against sickness and against old age. This insurance is effected by the pasting into a book of certain stamps every week, and it is the duty of each employer to see that this contract is faithfully obeyed. And the state has at Beelitz an enormous sanitarium costing 10,000,000 marks (£500,000), where the invalided citizen is sent with his pension in order to expedite his valuable return to the ranks of the wage earners. It pays the city of Berlin to nurse its sick and cherish its invalids. The whole object of the municipality is to secure the physical and intellectual well being of its citizens, and on this task it concentrates its labors with amazing energy.

Berlin has a huge building resembling a factory where the unemployed, whole families, are received and provided for, but no one must take advantage of this hospitality more than five times in three months. Consider this point of view. If you are homeless five times in three months you are dubbed a reckless creature and packed off to the workhouse. Private enterprise has provided another asylum where the homeless may come five times in one month and where the police are not allowed to enter at night. I have visited this place and seen the people who attend it, some decent enough, others criminal in every line of their faces. There are many of these desperate men in Berlin, many of these dirty, ragged and unhappy wretches, doomed from the day of their birth, but they dare not show themselves in the decent world as they do in London. They slink into these asylums at 5 o'clock; they have their clothes disinfected; they cleanse themselves under shower baths; they eat bread and drink soup, and then they go to bed at 8 o'clock like prisoners to their cells.

Now, this system is a hard one, for when once a man gets down in Berlin it is almost impossible for him to rise. But it has this clear advantage—everybody feels that it is better to work than to fall into the hands of the law.

Rags and misery dare not lie about in the parks or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the state will certainty develop it as well as it is possible to do so. There is a central bureau for providing men with work, and when a man knows that not to work means the workhouse he solicits employment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the state has secured employment for 50,000 men.

The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food with schools and technical colleges and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel almost from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brilliantly lighted and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts instead of by amateurs.—London Mail.

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