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The Enterprise.

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VOL. VI. - NO. 47.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 307

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—E. F. Godwin.
Commissioners—A. Anderson, N. S. Peel, W. A. Ellison, J. D. Leggett, C. H. Godwin.
Street Commissioner—J. D. Leggett.
Clerk—C. H. Godwin.
Treasurer—N. S. Peel.
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 and 4th 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. LAMSTER, 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. Holy Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Haswell 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.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.
DIRECTOR FOR 1905:
S. S. Brown, W. M.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; M. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treasurer; A. E. Whitmore and T. C. Cook, Stewards; R. W. Clary, Tyler.
STANDING COMMITTEES:
CHARITY—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, M. G. Taylor.
FINANCE—J. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, R. J. Peet.
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges.
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The Fish That Get Away.

I've fished in the old Ohio
When a freckled, barefoot boy,
Pulled "cats" from the hold
With a hickory pole
And carried them homd with joy,
But among the cats, both large
and small,
That I hooked in my bygone day
The cat that I wanted most of all
Was the one that got away.
I've tossed the lively shiner
With a rod of supple steel
Where lie the bass
By the floating grass
And brought them in with the
reel.
But of all the bass I ever caught
None was so large and fine,
None sent the blood through my
veins so hot,
As the bass that broke my line.
I've waded the clear, cold northern
streams
And have cast for speckled trout,
Have found the fly
That took their eye
And lured the beauties out,
But of all the trout that ever rise
From many a teeming brook
None loom so large in memory's
eyes
As the ones that slip the hook.
So runs the world. Our wisest
words
Are the words we fail to speak;
The sweetest kiss
Is the one we miss;
The sweetest grapes we seek
Hang just too high, and we long
and look
And sigh as we sadly say
The best of the fish that come to
our hook
Are the fish that get away.
—Century Magazine.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Deaf-mutes are always ready to take a hand in arguments.
Rejected suitors are the victims of misapplied devotion.
It's a wise man who patches up the quarrel instead of his face.
Beware of the financial pointer; it usually points the wrong way.
As a weather forecaster there is nothing superior to a healthy corn.
Charity is a garment that serves to cover up much moral scrawiness.
There's something radically wrong with the man who enjoys visiting a dentist.
Isn't it a pity that the average reformer neglects to begin his work at home?
Cigarettes, if properly classified would come under the head of fowls of the air.
Any small boy can make a home run every time he knocks his ball through a pane of glass.
Nothing arouses a woman's wrath so much as a man who appears to be well satisfied with himself.
If the automobile is known by its horse power, the airship should be known by its bird power.
It doesn't necessarily follow that a man is rich because he happens to have more money than brains.
One man may be able to break a horse, but later the horse does a stunt on a race track and breaks a dozen men. — Chicago News.

A Jilted Man's Triumph.

Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, the novelist, nodded toward an angular woman of forbidding aspect at tea. "You would hardly believe," she said, "that she was once a very beautiful girl. And she was as vain and selfish as she was beautiful. She jilted three desirable young men in two years.
"She had, I suppose, a good time while her beauty lasted. Now her beauty is gone, and she is alone in the world—a hard, cruel old woman, with a bitter tongue."
"And if she once triumphed over men, men now if they are vindictive and cruel enough, may triumph over her."
"One of the men she jilted was sufficiently cruel and vindictive for such a triumph. She met him a few years ago and said:
"Let me see; was it you or your brother who proposed to me when I was a girl?"
"I don't know, madam," the man answered. "Probably it was my father." — Philadel. his Record

Future Man May Be All Mind.

Mr. Burt Green Wilder, the well-known neurologist of Cornell University, has a collection of human brains in the neighborhood of a thousand in number, and he is constantly adding to it. Not a few prominent men, among them "Mark Twain," have willed their brains to Dr. Wilder. Naturally the neurologist, with his large collection now in hand, has an exceptional opportunity to study the organ.
A short time ago, while in conversation with a group of student friends, he made the most startling prophecy for the future of man. "It is no play of the imagination," said he, "to say that some time in the future the body of man will not exist—he will be just brain. We are fast approaching that state now. The eternal law of nature, which says that all things that are not used shall not exist, is at work with man. Man is not using his body, therefore the body must cease to be. Evolution works slowly but truly. You know Emerson said we have coaches and street cars, but we have forgotten how to walk. It is true.

FRAT OF ANCIENT ATHLETES.
"Just to give you an idea how fast our bodies are becoming dwarfed and weakened I might mention the fact that less than 3,000 years ago—an extremely short time in the course of evolution—all people were athletes, and a man at the Olympic games in Greece made a broad jump of sixty feet. Something like twenty-five feet is the limit now. In these days an athlete is such a wonder that we pay money to see him perform little feats that a 6-year-old child could do in former times.
"Conditions have changed wonderfully in this short space of 3,000 years. Even at this very moment evolution seems to be jumping and hastening forward at a pace unknown to the past. This is especially true with the brain. Dr. John Carty, of Chicago, who has made measurements of the heads of students for the last dozen years says that the head of the average American student has grown an inch in circumference in that space of time. I do not doubt the truth of the statement.
"When, however, we consider what the brain must yet come to and how hard it is now to learn and to perceive things we know the brain has just begun to develop. It is even difficult to remember what we have once been told. We have to be drilled and drilled before we learn a thing. In fact, the brain is quite stupid when we consider its limitations. This will not be true when the brain is further advanced.

EVOLUTION WILL SHOW A WAY.
"You probably wonder, when we have become a mere lump of brain without a body, how we can transport ourselves from place to place, how we can talk without a mouth, how the brain will get nourishment for itself, and how the race will reproduce itself. It is not so difficult to understand how all this will be done. Evolution and science will take care of it all. You know that even now a person often knows what another is thinking without a word having been uttered. Wave thoughts seem to pass through the air.
"So, by the mere thinking, wave currents of thought will be sent out and all other brains may receive them, even as wireless telegraph instruments receive their wave vibrations. As for transportation, this will be easy when we consider that we now have instruments which can detect the heat of a candle a mile away. We shall have more delicate machines which will catch the power of the wave thoughts and set the machine in motion. Likewise, chemically pre-digested food will be supplied to the brain by the use of a machine run by the force of thought. The science of chemistry will easily take care of the reproduction of the race of brains." — Chicago Chronicle.

OFF MILTON POIT.

(By Ruby Juglans.)

Dorothy picked a way carefully across the silty, seaweed-covered stones to the bigging rocks off Milton Point. The sunset oxfords were wet, her hair blown about in an untidy, if witching fashion and on either cheek the delicate blue rose had bloomed into a veritable american beauty, its coloring.

Perhaps for the first time she realized what a capital a masculine arm is when one is fishing and climbing over slippery rocks. Her arm was tired from carrying her rod and bait and cushion—both could not go fishing without cushion.
She had waited all the way from the Oxford house a certain young man with whose she did not care to have any more to do had gone to the beach and she had not set a bait without coming in contact with his distasteful presence.
The flat rock was deserted, and Dorothy heaved a little sigh of relief. She hoped the usual angler would not come because—well, because one rear should be alone when one fishes.
Little wrinkles of perplexity dodged in and out on her brow and played hide and seek with the beruffled sunbonnet when she began to get her rod and line ready for fishing. Such a tangle as it was in. She almost cried with vexation at the rod, of course.

One by one she undid the tangles and did not notice the boat coming over the sound toward the rocks. A big-hatted, gray-whiskered person with a pipe and several rods was preparing to engage himself on the rocks.
"I never thought he would do such a thing," Dorothy was commenting mentally. "An then for him to think I would accept an apology. It was an unpardonable fence—to let a girl go home with wibble crowd and at their mercy. Who ever heard of a man's being bid by force when he had a girl to take home?"
At last she had straightened out her line and, gingerly, she drew the bait toward her. She looked in among the crawling dillers and shuddered. How could she ever pick up one and stick a hook through it?

She tried to summon up courage, and finally puther hand into the pail. "O! O!" she cried, jumping up and dropping her rod into the water. One of the dillers had nipped her finger and was stubbornly hanging on.
At her screams the other occupant of the rock turned from his poles and looked at her.
"Please," he said timidly, seeing that the oldman did not offer to assist her, "won't you take this awful thing off?"
With some difficulty she recovered her pole and baited it, and was soon sitting placidly on the rocks, fishing and thinking.
"If only it all rained," she was saying to herself, "he might have come back, but the horrid crowd would not wait for him."
A nibble called her back to her occupation. She pulled in her line but found nothing but a portion of the fiddler on the hook.
Suddenly there was a strong tug at her line and Dorothy gave such a jerk that the long, slippery, squirming something on the end landed squarely on the head of the fisherman and sent his broad straw hat flying.
"O, what have I done?" cried Dorothy.
And then she gasped. A sleek head of brown hair. What a surprise to see that hair with the gray whiskers. The man took the eel—for it was an eel Dorothy had caught—and threw it back into the water.
"Tom Stanford!" Dorothy whispered almost inaudibly.
"Dorothy!" he replied, smiling.
Neither of them paid the least attention to the hat and the rods which were floating about in the waters of the sound.
"How could you do such a mean, mean thing?" she asked, pushing her hair back beneath her bonnet and trying, generally, to recover herself.
Tom did not know which of the things she referred to—the escapade of the night before, or the prank he had just played on her.
"Because of you," he ventured, answering the latter idea.
"But—but I wasn't going to have anything more to do with you after last night," she said, slowly, tying and untying her bonnet strings.
"It was absolutely unavoidable, Dorothy. That gang of fellows held me forcibly against me, and I could not get away to join you. Do you think that I would purposely leave you to go home without me when I had escorted you there?"
"No," she admitted reluctantly.
"And you will accept my apology and admit that I played a clever game to see you alone and force you to listen to me?" he asked, going nearer to her.
"Perhaps," she said.
"And you'll forgive me, too, for taking that fiddler off your finger so unfeelingly and without making myself known?"
"Yes," Dorothy was very submissive. She was glad she was not alone on the rocks.
"And, dear, will you promise, while you are in the mood, to marry me?" He put his arm about her.
"If—if you'll take those whiskers off," Dorothy answered.
And later a boat arrived at the hotel with two occupants who had been fishing, but they had neither poles nor fish.

He Was a Wise William.



Winnie (during the elopement)—Do you think papa will pursue us in his automobile?
William—He can't. I filled his gasoline tank with water.

Couldn't Otherwise.
Photographer—Now, look pleasant, please.
Henpeck—Put my wife in the next room and I will.

No Race Suicide.



First Hen—You say he received a congratulatory letter from the President?
Second Hen—Yes; you see he is the father of over 300 chickens.

Want of Confidence.
Little Girl (to Curate, who is waiting for his hostess)—Don't touch anything while I'm gone, will you, Mr. Jones?—Punch.

Nearly a Third.



Jack—I believe that Cholly is half-witted.
Maudie—He's more than that.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Horrible Example.
Mrs. Henpeck—Our son has gotten married secretly.
Mr. Henpeck—I thought I was a horrible enough example to deter him from such a foolish step.

A Difference.



Hoax—I thought that coat was a four-button cutaway.
Joax—So it was, but one of the buttons came off.

True as Preaching.
"The sleep one gets before 12 o'clock at night does one the most good," remarked the preacher.
"I guess you're right, Parson," observed the young man; "I know pop says the sleep he gets in church always seems the soundest."

Let Us Forget.



He—Just when we were in the very heart of the cavern the lights went out—and no one in the party had a match. She—How did you see to get out?
He—Well, I was wise enough to take a light lunch with me.

His Idea.



Mrs. Henpeck—I see that a wife claims that her husband's affections have been alienated by his mother-in-law.
Mr. Henpeck—Ah! stop your kidding.

Corrected.



"Is it so, Jones, that your son ran away and got married last week?"
"The facts are essentially correct, sir, only he got married first and then at my instigation ran away."

Nothing Doing.



"Gee! Dis lone bandit business ain't what it's cracked up to be. Here I've been standin' for three hours an' not a single millionaire has come through dis alley yet!"

Too Glad.



Professor—Yes, Mr. Gotrox, it is simply a pleasure for me to instruct your charming daughter on the piano.
Gotrox—Ah! Then I don't suppose you will render a bill.



Both—Hully gee! Ain't he funny? Most people would prefer to hear of your ill luck than of your good fortune.

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