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VOL. VI - NO 48.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 308

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—B. F. Godwin.
Commissioners—A. A. Johnson, N. S. Peck, W. A. Ellison, J. D. Leggett, C. H. Godwin.
Street Commissioner—J. D. Leggett.
Clerk—C. H. Godwin.
Treasurer—N. S. Peck.
Attorney—Wheeler Martin.
Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

Shewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.
Romoake 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. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. K. 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 2nd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday morning and night; Hassell 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 at 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. Every body cordially invited.
R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.

Directory for 1905.

S. S. Brown, W. M.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; Mc G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Castanheira, Treasurer; A. E. Whitmore and T. C. Cook, Stewards; R. W. Clary, Tyler.

STANDING COMMITTEES:

CHARITY—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, Mc G. Taylor.
FINANCE—J. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, R. J. Peck.
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PHONE 9

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PHONE 74

HOW SHE BUTT IN

For years Mrs. Admington had wanted a telephone in the house, but her husband had not seen his way clear to having one till recently. It was a day of joy and triumph for the little lady when, finally, the instrument was fastened to the wall over the Admington's front stair landing. It was on a circuit with other phones and when the bell rang in one house it rang in ten others. The Admingtons, like every family on the line had a certain number of rings for their own particular call, but it took them some time to get over being startled when any other number was sounded.

The morning after the phone was installed Mrs. Admington started to put it to most practical use, that of ordering dinner from the market. She was thinking how pleasant it was just to ring a bell and tell the grocer what to send.

She took down the receiver and put it to her ear, but was somewhat vexed to hear a man's voice and discover that the line was busy.

"I'll have to wait, and I'm in such a hurry," she pouted, but, remembering an errand in another part of the house, she busied herself for a few minutes. Her next try at the phone found the line still busy. She settled in a little chair for a minute that seemed ten and then went to the phone again, saying to herself:

"Those people must be through talking by this time."
But they were not, and as Mrs. Admington took down the receiver for the third time to call up central she heard the emphatic declaration of a very decided young woman:

"Well, I don't care. I'm going to marry him anyway."
"But how long did you say you have known him?" he was asking the young woman.

"Why, I've known him only two weeks," was the reply, "but I've seen him an awful lot in that time."
"Well, don't you think two weeks a pretty short acquaintance to marry on?" urged the man.

"It would be in most cases," admitted the young woman, "but with us it's different. He's awfully nice, and he likes me, and I like him, and he doesn't want to wait. He doesn't believe in long engagements, and neither do I."

"Why, you're a simpleton," was Mrs. Admington's mental comment as she shifted from one foot to the other and moved a little nearer to the phone just as the man's voice was asking:

"Isn't he willing to give you time to get ready? A woman can't be married conveniently on a day's notice. Won't he give you a month or six weeks for that?"

"No," was the answer. "He's going away within a month, and he wants to be married so I can go with him."
"Well, I don't want you to think me too much of a meddler," came back the voice of the man. "I only want to suggest things that seem to be for your good. Now, you say you're known this man two weeks. Are you sure you will care for him at the end of two months? Wouldn't it be well to wait that long and see?"

"Made for the madhouse," muttered Mrs. Admington to herself, losing all patience.

"And how old did you say he was?" resumed the man.

"Forty."
"And you are twenty?"
"Well, I'll be twenty-one in a couple of months."
"And how old are his children?"
"The boy is fifteen and the girl only ten," spoke up the young lady.

"Well," he began, hopefully, "all I can say to you is that if you marry that man after having known him only two weeks you will do a very foolish thing, and in looking after those children you will certainly have your work cut out for you."
"I don't care if I do," came the voice of the young woman snappishly. "I've thought it all over and I'm going to marry him anyway."
Mrs. Admington wasn't able to contain herself any longer. She had no sooner heard the young lady's ultimatum than she broke into the conversation with:

THE LOVE CHASE

"There's the church!" cried Monica. "Where?" said Jack, a little indifferently.

"There! Can't you see the spire just peeping up through the trees? Put your head out of the window."
"No, thank you. I might get a spark or something in my eye."
Monica sighed deeply. "I think you might try," she protested.

"I am trying. I've been trying ever since we left Baker street. I am bound to admit, however, that up to the present—"
"That'll do. If I'd known you weren't going to play the game I—"
Jack rose hastily, took off his straw hat and thrust his head out of the window.

"Can you see it?" asked Monica.
"No. Oh, yes! Quite reminds one—"
"Damn!" He flung himself back into the seat, and groped in a pocket for his handkerchief.

"Don't say it's a spark!" pleaded Monica.
"I shall call it something worse than that in a minute."
"I'm so sorry! It was my fault. Let me see if I can get it out."
She sat down beside him, took the handkerchief, wetted one corner and screwed it into a point.

"Now open your eye. Is it at the top or the bottom?"
"I dunno. It's hurting most considerably, wherever it is."
"Poor boy! Try to keep quite still. Look down."
"I am looking down. Don't keep on jabbing like that."
"I am not jabbing, Jack. It's no use getting in a temper about it. I'm doing my best. If any one will remember my best, if any one will remember—"
"That's a new porter," whispered Monica, as they descended the steps.

"Very likely. They don't generally keep them at stations like this for five years, you know."
"Five years isn't so very long."
"Isn't it?" Jack's tone was significant. Monica said nothing.

"I wonder if any one will remember—" said Monica.
"I hope not."
"Why?"
"Oh, I don't know! Only we used to be so frightfully—what do you call it?"

"I didn't know you objected so strongly to being in love."
"I don't. I mean, I didn't. No, I don't."
They were outside the village now, and a few minutes would bring them to the lane that led to the wood of many memories. Monica stopped, and looked her husband squarely in the face.

"Before we go any further," she began, "I should like—"
"A drink? We've passed all the pubs."
"I shan't go. I shall go back to the station and take the next train to town. I was a fool ever to come. I might have known that a man like you—"
"It's no use struggling," said Jack. And he kissed her.

Half way up the lane they came to a cottage. Five years ago, they had been wont to take tea at that cottage. The old lady who made the tea was still making it, and they stayed there for quite an hour.

"Doesn't this remind you," whispered Monica.
"It's the very same blend," said Jack, peering into his cup with a sentimental eye.

Monica's heart sank. There was nothing left for it now but the wood. "Perhaps we are making a mistake, after all," she observed. Her eyes were very wide open, for she was looking down a flickering glade that led to a dell. It was in that dell that the primroses used to grow. Incidentally, too, Jack had proposed to her there.

"Let's chance it," he suggested, and began to make a way for her through the brambles.
They wandered about the wood for rather more than an hour. Here was the curious little knoll that Monica had called her throne; there the ditch that Jack had fallen into because he would look at Monica instead of where he was going. Today he was picking his way with the utmost care.

At last it began to grow dusk. Jack knocked the ashes out of his pipe and buttoned up his coat. Monica, pretending not to notice, led him to the dell.
"Better not climb down," said Jack. "It's sure to be damp."
"Never mind. Come on!" she seized him by the hand and dragged him down.

"Pretty little spot," said Jack, filling another pipe.
"I love it." She paused a moment, and then added, "Do you remember, Jack—"
"Stop! Don't speak to me for a moment!" His mouth was open, his eyes screwed up. He sneezed!
"You're hateful!" cried Monica.
"How could I help it? I told you this place was damp."
"Don't speak to me! I'll never try."
She stopped short, turned her back on him, and whipped out her handkerchief.

HOW THE OYSTER SLEEPS.

On His Left Side, but Which is His Left Side?
"Why does an oyster sleep and live on its left side?" asked a man who is interested in the question of oyster culture, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Well, I suppose we will have to put the question to nature, and nature has her own way of answering questions. I have been fooling around in the oyster waters of Louisiana and Mississippi for a good many years, and I am in a position to say that the oyster always remains on its left side. By this I mean that this is the natural position of the oyster. I may remark parenthetically that this is one of the difficulties oyster culturists have to deal with, for in robbing oysters and bunching them, an oyster is occasionally thrown upon his right side and wedged so that he can't turn over. He simply dwindles away and dies by degrees."

"Put upon his right side and forced to remain upon his right side the oyster cannot live. Of course, there is an explanation of this peculiarity. The right hand part of the oyster shell is put in its natural position, that is, on its left side, it requires but a small amount of physical energy to open and raise the right hand section of the shell when the oyster wants to feed. Reverse the position and put the oyster on the right hand side, and we find an extremely difficult problem from the oyster's standpoint. In order to open the shell for feeding purposes it is necessary for the oyster to raise, not only the weight of the left hand section of the shell, but its own weight."

"We can readily understand the difficulty and even the impossibility of this task, if we know anything at all about the architecture of the oyster shell and the nature and constitution of the oyster. So, if we reverse the natural position of the oyster, put him on his right hand side and wedge him in so he can't turn over we simply smother and starve him to death. Of course, I am just theorizing about this thing. There may be some other explanation of the left-handed life of the oyster, but from my experience I am inclined to think the explanation given a reasonable one."

HOW TO DO IT.
A Method in Some of Our Drug Stores.
"I noticed," said the druggist, to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription, and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolio acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drachms of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."
"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?"

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough syrup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it to-day. When he says he does, you answer that you'll make a special effort."

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first-class druggist."—Boston Herald.

Singing into a Photograph.
A young woman who makes her living by singing into photographs talked the other day about her job. "In this work," she said, "there is one great difficulty, and that is the absence of an audience. When a singer comes out before a big audience to sing the sight of all those persons is frightening to her but at the same time it is inspiring; it keeps her up; it takes her out of herself and beyond herself. She does better than she would have thought it possible to do. Singing into a photograph is hard because there is nothing there to inspire and to intoxicate you. To be pleased you have an empty room and a big cylinder. Hence you feel dull and dumpy. You can't put into your voice the brilliance, the exhilaration and the sympathy that come of themselves when there are human ears listening and understanding. Some of the best singers can't sing into the photograph at all solely on this account. Others can't sing into it unless they have taken a glass or two of champagne. I, with hard work, have managed to produce my voice at its best for the machine just as I do on the stage, but in this I am singular. The persons who can sing into photographs so as to do themselves justice are few and far between."—Philadelphia Record.

Technical Education in England.
During the year of 1901-1902 the total amount spent on technical education by local authorities in England and Wales was \$5,298,995. A part of this was raised by special loans for the purpose but the major part came from moneys allotted from the customs and excise.

Milk for School Children.
The Chicago Board of Education has proposed to furnish pasteurized milk at a penny a bottle for the pupils in every public school as a solution of the impure water problem.

WOMEN AS AERONAUTS.

French Women Are Conspicuous in Aerial Contests.
Ballooning is becoming quite a woman's pastime. No fewer than seven women have been going in for an aerial contest. Five of them were passengers in balloons competing for the navigation prize. In this contest the aeronauts have each to name a locality before starting at their probable destination. The balloonist coming to earth nearest to the point chosen by him is the winner. The five feminine passengers in question were Madame Polypia, Madame de la Riviere, O'Gorman and Mile. de Castillon de Salnt-Victor.

After these ladies had started from the Aero Club grounds at St. Cloud, the spot whence M. Santos-Dumont won the Deutsch prize, the Duchess d'Uzes and Madame Lemaire both went up, the former in the Sirius of 1,000 meters, captained by the Duc d'Uzes and the latter in the Aero Club No. 3 of 1,200 cubic meters, with M. Lemaire and two other gentlemen on board. The duchess and Madame Lemaire were both trying for the "Lady Aeronaut's Challenge Cup," presented by a sporting weekly and carried off last year by Madame Savalle.

The trophy goes to the lady covering the longest distance in one balloon journey in the year. Madame Savalle's record in 1902 was 253 miles, from Paris to Neu Breisch in Germany. Eight balloons, all told, of the ordinary spherical shape, went up in the two present contests. M. Santos-Dumont sailing over in his navigable airship from Neuilly to see them start. The Duchess d'Uzes, after traveling all night, only landed in the plain of Solagne, near Orleans, and has not, therefore, won the cup. Madame Lemaire got no farther than St. Ouen, a northern suburb of Paris. As the cup is to become finally the property of the holder, if her record remains unbroken for a year, Madame Savalle, who accomplished her trip to Neu Breisch on July 1, 1902, stands a good chance of keeping the trophy.

To the Santos-Dumont No. 9 has fallen the honor of being the first airship to be steered by a feminine hand. The distinction of being the first woman navigator of the air has been secured by Mile. De Costa, a young country-woman of Santo-Dumont. The owner of the airship relinquished his post, at the wheel, Mile. De Costa clambered up in the car and the balloon rose with the lady alone on board. The guide rope was, it is true, held by mechanics down below, but Mile. De Costa took the wheel and safely put the vessel through one or two simple evolutions. This guided the airship conveyed the lady from Bagatelle to the Polo Club grounds, where Mile. De Costa alighted, naturally rather proud of herself, and was congratulated by her friends. A well-known actress of light comedy, who as long ago as two years began begging and imploring M. Santos-Dumont to take her up in one of his airships, is now nashing her teeth with envy.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

Fortunes in Songs.
Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte have explained the apparent drop in the value of the copyright of the Savoy operas. The subject recalls that the sale rights of popular songs are also assets of more value than one would imagine. For instance, the copyright of Maccherson's "For All Eternity" sold for £2,240, "Anchored" realized £1,250, "Tell Her I Love Her So," £465; "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," £402; "Ma Curly-Headed Baby," £890; "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed," £640. Even piano forte studies possess a valuable copyright. Mr. Oscar Berlinger's series, written for the benefit of musical students, fetching the large sum of £2,200. What songs like "Nazareth," "The Lost Chord," "Tommy Atkins," and "Soldiers of the Queen" have realized in their time is only known to the musical publishers; but the profits must have been immense. The copyright of "Ehron on the Range," purchased by the publishers for a trifle, proved a small gold mine, 50,000 copies being sold in nine months. "Nancy Lee" is responsible for a sale of over 250,000, and, like "Charley's Aunt," is still running.—Men and Women.

Is the Toothless Age Coming?
As civilization advances human teeth are deteriorating. There appears to be no doubt about that. The statement is amply confirmed by dentists and physicians. Dentistry has reached the dignity of a scientific trade, and yet it does not seem to have induced the preservation of the formation of better teeth. One would think that the dentist would do the last ones to worry about the deterioration of human teeth. If there were no decadent or defective teeth the dental chairs would be vacant. But whether the apprehension which the dentists profess to feel over the decline of the American molar is merely a manifestation of professional zeal or not, the fact that they agree upon the point is interesting and significant.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Untrammelled Girl of Today.
In former generations we were told that girls kicked over the traces because they were curbed in too tightly. Now not even a ribbon holds them, and they are galloping on at a pace which leaves chaperons and mothers breathlessly behind, and each girl seems to be becoming a law unto herself, only occasionally hampered by some big fence, which will probably be jumped if the temptation is great enough, and if there is reasonable possibility of her being able to crawl back unperceived.

Genealogy.



First Hen—He's great on genealogy.
Second Hen—Yes, he claims his mother's mother was the goose that laid the golden egg.



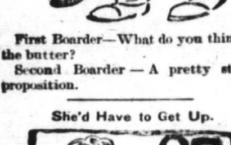
Rough on Him.
He (enthusiastically)—At your command I will dare anything. I will seek out the realms of the toral pole—
She (rubbing her cheek)—Don't you think, dearest, you had better seek out the realms of some barber pole?



A Boarder's Idea.
First Boarder—What do you think of the butter?
Second Boarder—A pretty strong proposition.



She'd Have to Get Up.
Mrs. Newpop—I don't know what to do to get Mary Ann up in the morning. I've tried the alarm clock, but it's of no use.
Mr. Newpop—Let the baby sleep in her room.



Extensive.
Father—And do you think he loves you much?
Daughter—Much! Why, papa, he says he loves the very land I automobile over.



It Depends.
Yeast—Whenever some new territory is opened up there is always a rush for the place, is there not?
Crusoe—Well, not if a volcano opens up the territory.

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