

# ADVERTISING

Your money back. Judicious advertising is the kind that pays back to you the money you invest. Space in this paper assures you prompt returns.

# The Enterprise.

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VOL. VI - NO. 52

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 312

## DIRECTORY

### Town Officers

Mayor—B. F. Godwin.  
Commissioners—A. Anderson, 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

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

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. Carstaphen, 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.  
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, P. K. Hodges.  
ASYLUM—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook.  
MARSHALL—J. H. Hutton.

## Professional Cards.

DR. J. A. WHITE.

DENTIST

OFFICE—MAIN STREET

PHONE 6

I will be in Plymouth the first week in each month.

W. H. HARRELL, W. R. WARREN

DRS. HARRELL & WARREN

PHYSICIANS

AND SURGEONS

OFFICE IN

BIGGS' DRUG STORE

Phone No. 20

DR. J. PEEBLE PROCTOR

PHYSICIAN

AND SURGEON

Office in Mobley Building

Hours: 9:00 to 10:30 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m.

PHONE 12

BURROUS A. CRITCHER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office: Wheeler Martin's office.

Phone, 23.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

Francis D. Winston, S. James Everett

WINSTON & EVERETT

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Bank Building, Williamston, N. C.

S. ATWOOD NEWELL

LAWYER

Office on stairs to New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

As practice wherever services are desired

special attention given to examining and making title for purchasers of real estate and other lands.

Special attention will be given to real estate exchanges. If you wish to buy or sell land I can help you.

PHONE 14

## A CORNET PLAYER.

"Oh, Don Basilio, do play us a tune upon the cornet, so that we can have a dance."

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio! Do play the cornet."

The old man shook his head.

"I really cannot," he said gravely. Then, noticing the disappointed faces about him, he added: "I will tell you why I cannot play any longer, if you like."

There was an appreciative murmur of assent, and the old man, pausing only to light a fresh cigarette, began his story:

"It is some years now since the civil war broke out in Spain. I had a friend, formerly a lieutenant in the same battalion as myself. We had fought many a fierce battle side by side, but at the time I speak of Ramon, the innocent victim of an act of bitter injustice, had determined to separate from the party with which I fought and join the enemy. He was a high-spirited lad and vowed he would kill the colonel, who had insulted him."

"It was about midnight when Ramon entered the tent and aroused me."

"Basilio," he whispered. "Listen," he continued, and I half rose from the bed where I was lying, should we meet on the field tomorrow, for I am certain there will be a fight."

"Yes, yes," I cried, "I understand. We will salute one another and pass on."

"If we both survive, let us meet at the St. Nicholas Asylum at 1 o'clock tomorrow night. If either does not come the other will know he has fallen."

"Agreed," I answered. "Farewell."

"Ramon vanished in the darkness of the night."

"As we expected, the insurgents attacked us on the following day. The fighting was fierce. I saw Ramon once; he was wearing the Carlist cap and was already a combatant."

"Toward the end of the fight I was taken prisoner. At 1 o'clock, the hour of my appointment with Ramon, I was confined in a cell of the prison of a small town occupied by the Carlists."

"I asked after my friends, and, to my horror, was told that he had undoubtedly been killed, as he had not been seen since the battle. I leave you to guess how I suffered that night. Only one gleam of hope remained—that Ramon was waiting for me in the asylum of St. Nicholas and this was the reason that he had not returned to the insurgent camp."

"In the early morning an army chaplain entered my cell."

"Ah, death!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, gently.

"At once?"

"No, but within three hours."

"And you were a musician. Don Basilio, were you not?" asked one of his auditors. "Is that how you were saved?"

"No," answered the old veteran. "I was not a musician. I scarcely understood a note of music."

"At the end of three hours I was marched with my companions to the place of execution. The square was formed and we were placed in the middle. My number was 10; that is, I was the tenth to die."

"Those fellows! I shall never forget them. Now they seemed a thousand miles away, now so close they seemed to have been fired at me."

"It must be my turn now," I thought.

"I felt something clutch me by the shoulders. There was a roar in my ears and I fell forward, imagining I was shot dead."

"The next thing I knew I seemed to be lying on my bed in the prison, and Ramon, the friend whom I believed dead, was bending over me."

"Listen," said Ramon. "I waited for you at St. Nicholas. One o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock—still I did not come. Surely, I thought, you must be dead."

"At last I left the asylum and returned to the camp. They told me I was in time to see a batch of prisoners shot."

"Suddenly the thought came to me, suppose Basilio was among them? I hurried to the plaza, where the firing had already begun."

"At first I could see nothing. I was so distressed. Then I recognized you. Two more and then it would be your turn. I ran to the general."

"Not that man!" I cried, pointing to you."

"Why?" asked the general kindly, for he knew how I had fought during the battle. "Is he a musician?"

"Yes," I replied, a fine ray of hope springing up. "He is a fine musician and he plays a cornet wonderfully."

"So you are safe, Basilio; but can you play the cornet?"

"Not in the least," I replied; "I don't know one note from another."

"Gracious! and the band in which you are to play must be ready in two weeks," groaned Ramon.

"For two weeks? My sole thought was to learn music. I spoke and thought of nothing else. And I learned to play. Indeed, I did, but I affected my brain and I became almost maddened."

"I could not be separated a moment from my cornet. But two years later, when my friend Ramon died, the grief I felt for him restored my reason. I was sane again. All my knowledge was gone and it never came back."

"Do you now understand why I cannot play for you?" From the Spanish, in the Boston Post.

## WAS WORTH WHILE

The girl in the sable fur was in the gracefully attractive mood of a feminine being always adopts when in the presence of a woman relative of a man she chances to have her eye on.

"Do you know," she said as she leaned across the little table "I think your brother is one of the finest men! He is so—so thoughtful and considerate, so different from the general run of—"

"Do you think so?" politely inquired the young woman who wore the chin-chilla, as though it were a new view of the case. "How curious! I suppose you mean Jack—the girl always do when they speak of my brother, though why they should ignore old Harry I never could see. Harry is lots more comfortable to have around."

"Is he?" asked the girl in sable with lukewarm interest. "But Jack—"

"Just let me enlighten you about Jack," said his sister with emphasis. "I haven't forgiven him for his last trick and I don't think I shall. Jack is eternally bringing men home to dinner who are business acquaintances from out of town and they've been the worst lot of impossibilities you ever could imagine. Jack did have the grace to apologize after the fifth one for whom I had put on my freshest dress and achieved a wonderful new style of hairdressing and wasted a whole afternoon preparing for. He turned out to have a scrubby beard and wore a celluloid collar and talked—what do you suppose? The market price of hogs! And with me sitting there for him to look at."

"Well, the convention got on its hind legs and howled for five minutes. Slade was one of the best men ever come into this section. He was a little man, but oh, my! Tough as rawhide, quick as a cat and stout as a bull. There never was a more cheerful loser or a harder drinker—when he did drink. He was lightning on the shoot. Tended to his own business, but took no bluffs."

"Well, Slade got up and thanked us for the honor, but respectfully declined. Al Cortwright, who'd been looking in pretty flabbergasted, chirped up. He was too previous, though. The convention wouldn't hear to any declining."

"I move we nominate Jim Calhoun," says Cortwright, when he'd finished."

"You set down, Al," says Grant Livingston, who was chairman, poundin' on the table with the butt of his gun."

"That's no more," he said."

"Set down!" says Grant. "Slade," he continues, addressin' Perkins, "we all would hate to see your privit intrusts suffer, but public dooty is public dooty. If your fellow citizens call on you it ain't your part as a public-spirited citizen to flunk. An' I know yer ain't going ter do it."

"The convention howled again. Slade was the popular choice, all right. No gittin' around that. They stamped an' yelled an' yelled until fifty Slade gits up."

"Feller citizens," he says. "I thank you for this flattrin' token of your appreciation. If you insist on nominatin' me, of course I can't prevent it, an' as Grant says, it will become my public dooty to accept an' to serve if I'm elected."

"They cheered him again."

"Before the nominations is closed, however," he says, "an' before you git to ballotin' I want you study a little on one thing. If I'm elected your sheriff I'm going to do my duty without fear or favor."

"That's what we want," shouts the convention."

"Then that's what you'll get," says Slade. "You understand my dooty will require me to enforce the laws upon the statute books of the territory of Wyoming. That's all right, then. I sorter expected this an' I posted myself. I set up all last night with them statoots an' I find, to begin with, that there's a law agin' the use of profane swearin' an' cussin', with penalties in such cases provided. That's one of the laws I'm agoin' to do my level best to enforce. There's another law agin' gamblin', whether craps, faro, roulette, poker, chuck-a-luck, euchre or any other whatsoever, to wit, I'm agoin' to bust up gamblin' in this here sovereign country or have a heap o' fun tryin' it."

"There's several other laws that will make me hurt the feelin's of my friends when I start to enforce 'em. But—just—best—I'll enforce 'em. Ever know me to crawfish on a proposition? No, nor you won't now. An' I've heard some criticism of my friend Jim Calhoun in regards to sheep men. I want to tell you that a sheep man will get just as square a deal from me as if he was a decent human being. I won't show no favors. Finly if it becomes my painful task to shoot you up in the discharge of my dooty I'll shoot as straight as I know how. An' if I have to hang you I'll hang every mother's son of you. That's all."

"He sat down an' there was a thick silence for a while. Presently Grant Livingston looked around an' says: 'Do I hear a second to Mr. Perkins' nomination?'"

"The silence was thicker yet."

"Then I declare the nomination lost," says Grant."

The Crested Flycatcher.

There is nothing very remarkable about this bird as far as appearance goes. He wears a crest coquetishly upon his pretty head and from under his eyes look particularly large and bright. His name is crest flycatcher, and what has made him especially noted is his little peculiarity in arranging his nest. When he has completed the building of this nest he hangs about until he finds the cast-off skin of a snake. This he carries to his nest and fastens there as a sort of decoration. It has been surmised that his chief object in doing this is to frighten away any intruders.

Fully nine-tenths of the Wall street pointers prove to be disappointments.

## THE NOMINATION LOST.

"It puts me in mind of the time they wanted to run Slade Perkins for sheriff," said the stock tender. "That was along in the early days, too. We wasn't so rich then times accordin' to statistics of production of wealth in the government reports, but more of us had money in our jeans, I notice. We wasn't so cultured, maybe, but we was more sociable."

"Well, the old sheriff, Col. Cabe, resigned on account of being shot up in a mess by Gold Tooth Wilson, who was killed at Borax in the fall of '34. We had to have a sheriff an' the court-house crowd decided they'd nominate Jim Calhoun. Jim was a pretty good man, but he was sort of slow an' 'easy goin' an' was suspected of leanin' to shuck. Besides, Al Cortwright, who was backin' him, was gittin' unpopular an' we didn't want to have the Republicans put up a sheriff who'd beat us. So when we met in convention assembled Lou Barker gits up an' nominates Slade."

"Well, the convention got on its hind legs an' howled for five minutes. Slade was one of the best men ever come into this section. He was a little man, but oh, my! Tough as rawhide, quick as a cat and stout as a bull. There never was a more cheerful loser or a harder drinker—when he did drink. He was lightning on the shoot. Tended to his own business, but took no bluffs."

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## A MATTER OF OPINION

"Turn around," requested the young man, settling his eye-glasses a little more firmly on his nose. "No, I mean to one side. I want to get the profile. H'm-m. Now, face me again. Close your eyes. How can I exercise my judgment calmly when you are looking at me?"

"Open them, quick!" said the young man, hastily.

"I think, perhaps, it will do if you just fix your eyes on the bookcase. I don't want to be tempted beyond my strength. Your chin up a trifle, please."

"You aren't looking at the hat at all," said the girl. "You're looking at me."

"Strange!" said the young man, sincerely. "I believe I was. But on the other hand, you were looking at me instead of at the bookcase."

"Well, hurry then; I don't want to stand here on exhibition all day. Do you like it or don't you?"

"You really want my opinion?"

"Do you suppose I've been standing here posing for ten minutes for anything else?"

"Make your mind easy. I really want your opinion. I'm not above getting hints from everybody. Mr. Calhoun thinks it's perfectly stunning—the most becoming thing he ever saw me wear."

"Well, you certainly are not?"

"Not what?"

"Above getting hints from anybody. So he's been here, has he?"

"He happened to call—yes."

"And you got out your millinery to show him?"

"Don't be absurd and don't look at me so savagely. I had it on when he came, showing it to mother."

"He called to see your mother, I suppose?"

"No, I think he called to see me."

"Oh!"

"But mother took it for granted that he came to see her, for she stayed and visited with him. Perhaps it was because I winked at her."

"Bless her dear heart," said the young man, fervently. "She's a jewel."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"See here, I don't want to decide on a thing like that too hastily. What do you think of it yourself?"

"I'm not going to help you a bit. You seem to have a mind of your own about some things."

"As much as you'll allow me to have."

"Nonsense! I don't think I have a particle of influence over you in any way."

"I like that. Who made me give up smoking, I'd like to know, and who"

induced me to sit out a symphony concert?"

"You said you enjoyed it beyond anything."

"So I did. My pipes were the one solace I had on earth before I met you. Enjoyment is too mild a name for it."

"I mean the concert."

"Well, enjoyment isn't too mild a name for that."

"I'm disappointed in you," said the girl, in a changed voice. "I really did believe you liked it."

"I dare say. But what about the hat?"

"It's quite a hat, all right."

"That's what it was represented to be."

"Yes. Couldn't be any mistake about it, could there? Of course, it hasn't a crown, but then it has a deided brim to it, and they don't put feathers on a miff, do they? Well, as to that hat—Turn around full face once more."

"I've turned around until I'm tired."

"You say Calhoun liked it."