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VOL. VII. - NO 9.

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

WHOLE NO. 311

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—B. F. Godwin.
Commissioners—A. 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. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. S. 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; 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. Slide 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.; Mc. 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; E. W. Clary, Tiler.
STANDING COMMITTEES:
CHARITY—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, Mc. G. Taylor.
FINANCE—Jos. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, R. J. Peel.
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges.
ASYLUM—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook.
MARSHALL—I. H. Hutton.

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Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
For all other remedies add at high price.
Sold by all druggists. Price, 25 Cents.
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Prof. S. W. Outerbridge.

Brief Biographical Sketch of His Life.



On the 23rd day of January the people of Robersonville will honor the eighty first birthday of Prof. Stephen W. Outerbridge by having a public speaking and a public dinner.

That the worthiness of the occasion and the spirit through which it is celebrated may be better understood and appreciated we here-with attempt a sketch of Mr. Outerbridge. This event in reality belongs to the county. The history of the county is the life of its citizens, they are inseparable especially is this true when any citizen has been a citizen, a soldier, a legislator and a teacher.

Mr. Outerbridge was born January 23rd 1825 the son of Mr. Stephen Outerbridge of Martin County and Winifred Forrest, of Pitt County, all of direct English descent. His wife Susan Outerbridge was the daughter of Alridge Andrews and Harriet Roberson all of Martin County living near and between Robersonville and Hamilton. They had no children of their own but this does not mean that they know nothing of children and have had no experience, save as teacher, in rearing them. Mrs. Outerbridge was a pupil of Mr. Outerbridge before their marriage which occurred in 1851.

Mr. Outerbridge began his work as teacher at Hassells in 1845 where he continued until 1851 when he was married and established a private academy and taking boarders at his own home the academy being known under his own name. During the first few years of his career as teacher he was also a student under Prof. James Honer, then in Hamilton and who afterward founded the famous Horner School of Oxford. He conducted the academy at his own home until the war when he with Capt. Swain enrolled Company E serving with them until elected to the legislature where he served two terms, after the war he resumed his school at his home and remained there until requested by the people of Hamilton to take charge of their new academy in about 1880 in 1895 he went to Robersonville to take charge of their new academy. In 1901 after sixteen years service in Robersonville and fifty six years as a teacher he retired from his favorite vocation.

Mr. Outerbridge began his life as a boy and young man with such men as Dr. Jno. W. Sherrod and Mess. John M. Sherrod and B. L. C. Bryant, of Hamilton, C. B. Hassell, of Williamston, Baker Roberson and Simon T. Everett, of Robersonville, all of whom are men whom we have come to regard as those of a past generation, only one save Mr. Outerbridge is living. Beginning life before the past century had left its first quarter he lives far into the new century. We have to think only of his associates his positions in the county and the length of his service to know the intimacy between his own and the history of the county. He began teaching fifteen years before the war, suspended his work and served his county in the capacity of legislator and soldier and when it was ended returned to its service in the training of its men. Beginning life with a fondness

for his work, with preparation for it, and with a proper appreciation of his responsibility, and we can best understand his work by examining its product.—It requires apprenticeship to lay brick and build a house but it requires genius and providential inspiration to build a character.

The material may be harder than brick or more plastic than mortar but character cannot be built by the plumb and spirit level, for only special study and application will avail in each individual case. To convert his mottoes into material expressions "Education is to the mind what grinding is to the axe". "To utilize dry putty is to pour in the oil and hammer well". "A finely equipped ship without a rudder is soon wrecked". Promptness is the life of business". "Mind thine own business". "Study to be obedient". "Determine to do right and govern thyself." These were his maxims and his effort was to impress the necessity of the proper character. His mode of government was firmness and kindness and the making of a sense of moral obligation, controlling peaceably if he could but forcibly if he must.

His reward in life has been the fact that he has seen these maxims applied by pupils into whose minds he had instilled them. They are the men-to-day holding positions of honor and trust as citizens not only in our county but in other counties and States. Among them we can mention but a few.

Mr. M. T. Lawrence Primitive Baptist preacher and for some years a member of the legislature.

Mr. Joseph Everett an eminently successful business man in New York.

A. Sherrod manufacturer in High Point and successful business man.

J. G. Salisbury expert accountant in Norfolk.

Justus Everett formerly merchant in Hamilton now a prominent farmer.

John D. Everett superintendent of Robersonville Graded Schools.

John C. Roberson owner and cashier Bank of Robersonville.

Joseph G. Godard organizer and cashier of the Bank of Martin County Williamston.

Robt. H. Salisbury farmer, merchant, and chairman of the board of county Commissioners.

There are hundreds of them whom it is only necessary to name to know their standing and usefulness, J. A. Whitley, Benj. Daniel, J. W. Perkins, W. Thomas Purvis South Carolina, Martin and Joseph Ballard, V. R. Talor Sylvester Peel, Thos. Keel, Henry Everett and Lewis Johnson, we have not space to mention the whole list.

Mr. Outerbridge retired from his active duties in 1901 to spend his remaining days in quietude. It must be gratifying to him in reviewing his handiwork from a distance and beholding the good it has done.

Beautifying methods that injure the skin and health are dangerous. Be beautiful without discomfort by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Sunshine faces follow its use. 35 cents at J. M. Wheelless & Co., Robersonville, N. C.

HIS USEFUL GIFTS

It takes such a long time properly to educate a man! And some of them—poor, well intentioned things—are quite hopeless.

Take James Malcolm Fairweather for example. Now, with a name like that one would naturally suppose his owner would know without being told that it was foolish of him to expect his wife to be pleased with a bright, blue parasol—when there is not a blue frock, hat or stock in her wardrobe this summer, or anything of any color which would have made a blue parasol in the least forgivable.

"It is such a strain," wailed his pretty wife as she exhibited the fatal snashade, "to be apparently rapturously pleased over Jimmie's goodness in getting me something I just hate! When he comes home from a short out of town trip with jubilant satisfaction plastered all over him I take warning and prepare to have my heart broken. He has a fatal genius for picking out things just enough off color to clash, or too big or too small for me, and he is so happy over his brilliance in buying me exactly what he thinks I want that I wouldn't undecieve him for a million dollars!

"It's a perfect mystery why he abandons every vestige of his common sense when he tries to add to the adornments of my wardrobe, for



Back from a trip. he uses the severest of good judgment concerning his own clothes. If he sat up nights planning how to do absolutely his worst the dear man couldn't succeed.

"There was the time I was indiscreet enough to mention that I'd like a white crepe de chine waist to wear with my Nile green taffeta skirt. Back from a three days' trip came James Malcolm exceedingly pleased with himself.

"I saw it in a window," he began, "and said to myself that it was an exact match to your green taffeta skirt and it would be so much better than a white waist because it would make a whole dress of one color. And then he produces five yards of a splendid quality of crepe de chine of a regular apple green. It set my teeth on edge to think of Nile's coming within a mile of that Nile green skirt, but I smiled heroically told him he was a dear boy and laid it away with my collection.

"My collection! Why, it's immense. It's a museum of misfits. I wear a 6 1/2 glove and there are innumerable pairs of 5 and 7s. There are tablecloths for two, for twenty people—and I never gave a dinner to more than eight at one time in my life! There are two expensive pairs of portieres that I have no place to hang and there are dress patterns galore of shades that make me look either crazy or ghostly. At first I tried to educate him but he was so penitent and disappointed in himself when the error of his ways was pointed out to him that I gave it up. Some time I'm going to ship the whole lot of stuff to the heathen, because I know they would be delighted with the atrocities! And Jim means to well—bless his heart!"

"That is the worst of it—it is so expensively to see such a quantity of good intentions going to waste! Yet even James Malcolm Farweather's wife realizes that she is a lucky woman to have a husband who remembers to bring her presents, the wrong things though they be; for where there is one man like that there are dozens who never waste a thought over such lower like attentions.

Then there is the man to whom Helen is engaged. He is entirely admirable and perfectly devoted, but he, too, has a talent for doing the wrong thing. It is a fine day for a drive he asks her to go sailing and they get becalmed and correspondingly seasick. If she secretly wishes he would invite her to see a musical comedy he trustingly appears with tickets for the circus. He breaks his neck to be nice to people whom she dislikes, though he is under the mistaken impression that they are Helen's dearest friends. Thus he is laying up all sorts of future trouble for her on her "at home" days. He insanely persists in talking about cats to her Aunt Mary when Aunt Mary loathes cats and has a fad for dogs instead. He nearly caused Helen's grandfather to cut her out of his will entirely by passing three hours at the old gentleman's side painstakingly expressing his admiration for all the political doctrines which grandfather gets purple in the face raving against!

"Of course, he will do it again," she says, resignedly. "And the surprising thing is that I keep right on liking him!"

Game Called.
De Lays—Yes, indeed, I'm quite a baseball player. Why, I have quite a record for making home runs!

Miss Tiredout—Oh! how much I would like to see you make one.

Baltimore Herald.

An Interrupted Meeting

"George," said Mrs. Merrill, "it's a year since Claire came to live with us. When I think that Eric Fenner is coming here to-night and that he will take her away from us forever so soon I feel positively jealous of him."

"I do myself," was the sympathetic answer.

"I'm quite curious to see their morning that much as she loves Eric she almost dreads his coming. A year is so long, you know, and it has come to seem the natural thing to Eric's letters instead of Eric himself. I understand exactly how she feels."

"I don't," said Merrill, bluntly. "I thought she knew her own mind."

"Oh, it isn't that! Men are so obtuse! Why, it's just like the Raymond baby. Bob Raymond has been in the Philippines a year, and the baby has been talking about her papa in Manila the whole time; but now that Bob has come back she doesn't quite know him. They told me that when Bob came into the room where she was playing with a pencil and paper yesterday she looked up and said, 'Do 'way man! I'm w'thin a letter to my papa in 'Nilla.'"

"H'm!" Merrill's tone was resentful. "For Fenner's sake, I hope Claire won't say anything like that to him. I know how he's going to feel when he gets here. Remember how it was when I came back to our wedding after a ten months' separation?"

"Do it!" She laughed gleefully. "Were't you funny? Why, you didn't even shake hands with me at the train, and you kissed Cousin Bertha, though you'd never seen her before. You were what Ted would call 'fussed to death!'"

"Nonsense! I did 100 per cent. better than young Fenner will when we meet him at the train to-night."

"Don't flatter yourself! You haven't seen Eric Fenner yet. He's a perfect prince of self-possession. I never saw the situation he wasn't master of. You'll see."

"Yes, I'll see," agreed Merrill, with a sudden and special gleam in his eyes.

The gleam was still there that evening when he stepped forward to greet an expectant-looking young man who was just descending from the overland train.

"Mr. Fenner, isn't it?" Merrill began, volubly. "Glad to welcome you. My wife, Mrs. Merrill, Fenner; I fancy you don't need an introduction to Miss Claire. Baggage all attended to? Good. We've just time to make our car. If you'll look after my wife, Miss Claire and I will lead the way."

The dazed young man, who had been dreaming all across the Continent of this meeting with his fiancée, had just time to give her a hearty handshake before he saw her marched off on the arm of his host. Meekly he turned to Mrs. Merrill, and meekly they took their places in the car, when Merrill said: "We'll put the ladies right in here together. There's a couple of seats farther back for us, Fenner."

From the car to the house Merrill escorted Claire as a matter of course, and as soon as they were in the parlor he loosened a volley of questions in regard to Fenner's law practice in San Francisco. There was no end to those questions. Merrill's wife stared and fidgeted, Claire's blue eyes were wide and surprised. But on went the questions.

Then, abruptly, as Fenner was still wearily answering endless questions, his host broke in with: "But what are we thinking of? You're tired out, of course! No, don't say a word! I know what that hot, dusty overland trip is, and especially when the train's as late as yours was. Here"—pulling out his watch—"it's 11 o'clock. The thing for you to do is to get into the bath that's waiting for you upstairs, and then turn in, straight to bed. Plenty of time for visiting to-morrow. Come along with me and I'll show you the ropes of the house. We'll say good night to the ladies, right here and now. They'll excuse us. Oh, yes, they will. This way, Fenner."

Still joyfully prattling, he led his spellbound victim up the stairs to the guest room, where, after a few civilities, he shut him safely in.

Down the hall he came then, grinning with satisfaction. But at the door of his wife's bedroom he met a reproachful face.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Haven't you any human feeling at all? Weren't you ever young yourself? Claire's too proud to let me see how she feels, but I know! She's gone to her room."

"Very good! So has the prince of self-possession," Merrill spoke airily. "But I'll bet 10 cents he's wondering, now, why he wasn't master of the situation enough to get a few minutes alone with his girl before I shoved him into that bath."

"George Merrill, you're wicked! Claire will cry all night!"

"A salutary result, if she does!" returned the victor, grandly. "She'll appreciate Fenner all the more. I don't believe she'll be half as likely to say 'Do 'way man!' to Fenner to-morrow morning. Oh, I haven't been a bit selfish in this. I've been looking out a bit for Fenner's interests."

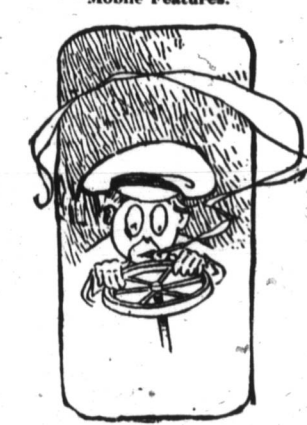
He—Man has a perfect organ of speech.
She—So has woman.
He—No, she hasn't. Hers is made without stops.

The Reason.



Clarence—Henpeck thinks the world and all of that youngster of his.
Clara—Yes; the boy actually talks back to his mother.

"Mobile Features."



Ragtime Exponent.



"He talks in ragtime."
"Ragtime?"
"He's deaf and dumb and has St. Vitus' dance."

His Idea.



Mr. Henpeck—My dear, you must have been a member of a church choir at one time.
Mrs. Henpeck—Why so?
Mr. Henpeck—You can talk and fight at the same time.

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