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WHOLE NO. 384

An International Incident

A HOLIDAY celebration that will long be remembered in the American navy is the "Santa Claus dinner" given in the wardroom of one of Uncle Sam's gunboats of the Venezuelan coast. The plan had been to have the affair on Christmas night, but as the vessel was then at sea the event was postponed until New Year's. It was on this occasion that an Italian battleship commander, with warlike intentions toward the United States and all their inhabitants, was beguiled into peaceful thoughts by good American punch, which the American officers dealt out to him in such quantities that he finally said he would like to settle in the western hemisphere.

It happened that the Italian's man-of-war and the Yankee gunboat arrived in southern waters at about the same time. There was the usual interchange of courtesies. Then occurred the incident that aroused the Italian captain's ire. A South American newspaper printed a cartoon representing him as being blown out of the water by the United States gunboat. In this, of course, there was no sense whatever, as Italy and this country were on the friendliest terms, but the foreign skipper, being both excitable and suspicious, took the matter to heart. The Americans heard that he even accused them of inspiring the cartoon and that he had complained to his home government.

New Year's day came due while the gossip was at its height. For weeks the wardroom officers of the gunboat had been making preparations for a grand feast. They decided at the last minute to invite the Italian and his staff as guests of honor.

A refusal, of course, was out of the question, but when the guests arrived their attitude was cold and distant, especially that of the captain, who looked as though he expected to be thrown into irons. It was said afterward that he had ordered his vessel to be ready for immediate action in case of treachery. At any rate, he sat down at dinner without a smile for his hosts, and for awhile things looked gloomy.

Gradually, however, the younger officers of the gunboat succeeded in fore-



ing the visitors to partake of the punch, and with each glass the suspicious captain grew less suspicious. In an hour he was affable. In another hour he was affectionate. By the time the real celebration began, while the coffee was being served, he had forgotten the cartoon and was drinking healths to the stars and stripes every thirty seconds. When the celebration, which had been carefully arranged, had been in progress a few minutes he was proposing a joint expedition by his and the gunboat's crews against the Venezuelan capital.

Even if the incident of the Italian's conversation had been lacking the dinner would have been an affair to be remembered. The first part of the closing celebration was the appearance of a Christmas tree, which of course should have been called a New Year's tree. It was a big tree, too, one that anybody might have envied, and the tree had made a trip ten miles inland to get to the previous day. As it was borne into the wardroom it reached up into the dome-like window at the top. For this window, forming a sort of tower space to the wardroom, naval men have a technical name, but no landlubber could hope to get it right, so let it be called simply a window. The tree went all the way up, and from every branch there hung gifts for the merry diners.

Just as the New Year's tree was fastened into its place on the center of the table there appeared through the high window a real Santa Claus, with beard and furs and red coat of approved cut. Down the chimney-like opening he crawled, finally leaping upon the table with such force that half a dozen glasses went crashing to the floor. Amid the applause of the now hilarious party he proceeded to award the presents, calling each name in a gruff voice from beneath his white whiskers. When he came to the Italian captain he addressed him as "Your most powerful excellency signor Captain," by which high sounding appellation the signor captain was so flattered that he bowed until his forehead bumped into what was left of a saucer of ice cream.—New York Times.

LOST RIVERS.

Streams That Mysteriously Disappear into the Earth.

In the great basin between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada lie the ghosts of many dead lakes. Rivers still flow down to the dry edges of these one time great reservoirs and are licked up by evaporation and the chinook winds. Of all the lakes that once lay there only Salt Lake, Lake Tahoe and Bear Lake are left. The Southern Pacific rolls for 165 miles across the bed of what was once Lake Lahontan, and passengers gazing idly from the windows may see the terraces and wrinkles in the crust of the fossil lake which nature destroyed ages ago.

Akin to these ghost lakes, says the New York Sun, are the lost rivers of the southwest, rivers that flow with all the swiftness and clearness of other streams near by, then disappear into the earth as mysteriously as if they were spirit streams. In the valley of the Rio Grande there are many little rivers of this kind. Just south of Santa Fe is the river Hondo, which flows broad and deep for many miles, then suddenly spreads out over a sandy plain and disappears.

A few hundred feet from where it goes out of sight there is only sand as dry as dust itself. Some of these streams end in tiny brackish lakes, but most of them disappear in the sand beds. On the coast of Mexico there are clear water streams that discharge into the gulf from underground channels many feet below the level of the sea, thought to be the same waters that disappear farther up in the States.

In the valley between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, beginning near Sandia mountain, in the bed of an old river with all its tributaries, its falls, its shallows and its fascinating bends. It is 300 miles long and many feet wide, but it is only the ghost of a river, for there is no water there. It passes by the ruins of Gran Quivira, its bed is strewn with broken lava, and it terminates in a salt marsh. The Indians have a legend that long ago the waters were deep and swift there until one day a great fire swept down the valley, lapping up the waters, leaving the bed empty, the banks barren and the valley desolate forevermore.

Crater Lake, Oregon, is said to have the greatest depth of any fresh water lake in this country, its maximum depth being 1,096 feet. Lake Tahoe is possibly next in the enterprising effort to send water down to quench the fires in the center of the earth, for the measuring lead shows 1,645 feet there.

Parson Brownlow and the Democrats.

One of the famous retorts in history occurred when Parson Brownlow was governor of Tennessee. On one of his journeys he attended service at a small Methodist church in the upper part of the state. The parson was a devout Methodist and seldom allowed his political rancor to interfere with the charity of his religious faith. On this occasion, being a visiting clergyman, he was placed in the "amen corner" near the pulpit. The local minister was an ardent Democrat in his views as Governor Brownlow was Republican. In the prayer which followed the lengthy sermon the minister began to call on the Lord for grace for his favorites. "God bless Felix Grundy," he began. Parson Brownlow moved uneasily in his seat, but responded with a conscientious "Amen." "God bless Robert E. Lee," concluded the preacher. A fainter "Amen" from Parson Brownlow. "God bless the whole Democratic party," cried the preacher, waxing in fervor as he progressed. This was too much for the governor. With a bound he was on his feet, shouting:

"God forbid! It would bankrupt divine grace and exhaust the whole plan of salvation!"

Whipsawed.

Daniel Webster, Tazewell and General Jackson's secretary of the navy were once walking together on the north bank of the Potomac, and while Webster lingered a little in the river Tazewell offered to bet Branch a \$10 that he could prove him to be on the other side of the river. "Done," said Branch. "Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that one side of the river?" "Yes," "Well, isn't this the other side?" "Yes." "Then, as you are here, are you not on the other side?" "Why, I declare," said the victim, "so I am! But here comes Webster. I'll win back my bet from him." As Daniel came up Branch saluted him with, "Webster, I'll bet you a \$10 that I can prove you are on the other side of the river." "Done," "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes." "Well, isn't that the other side?" "Yes, but I am not on that side." Branch had to pay for two bets and learned that it is possible to bet both ways and win upon neither.

Misplaced Philanthropy.

A well known philanthropist spoke with good humored regret at a dinner in New York of a charity that had failed.

"But it failed through its own fault," said he. "It failed because it was mistaken. It suggests to me an experience of a friend of mine in Ireland. My friend at about this season last year was motoring through a remote region of Ireland, and one day he came upon a poor old woman seated, with all her humble furniture about her, in the middle of the road before her little cabin. My friend was profoundly moved. Here before his very eyes an evicted, a real Irish evicted, was taking place. He got out of his car and gave the old woman a five pound note. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what is the trouble, my poor friend?'"

"Bobbing and courtesying her gratitude, the old woman replied: 'Shure, sir, me old man's white washin'."—New York Tribune.

TUMBLING BY RULES.

Every Move of an Acrobat Is Carefully Calculated.

CHANCE FALLS DANGEROUS.

If a Tumbler Loses His Balance Accidentally and Goes Down His Skill Will Not Be a Factor in Saving Him From Getting Hurt.

"If there is one thing more than another that pains me," said a leading acrobat, "it's these stories you read sometimes or hear told of circus tumblers and clowns who in falling accidentally have exercised their skill to escape unhurt."

"You read of an acrobat falling out of a window, but with rare presence of mind, giving a sort of wriggle just as the sidewalk draws near, landing on the back of his neck in precisely the right way and then bounding to his feet and bowing gracefully to the startled spectators."

"Oh, I've read of such things time and time again, but take my word, they are all fakes pure and simple. My experience has been that if a tumbler loses his balance accidentally he is just as badly off and will fall just as far and just as hard as the man or woman who does not even know how to turn a somersault. I speak, as I say, from bitter experience, and no doubt any other circus or vaudeville tumbler would emphasize this should you bother to ask him."

"The explanation is simple enough, if perhaps you have not grasped it already, embodying as it does the fact that tumbling is a science and that every move, however careless or slipshod it may appear to the spectator, is a calculated move and that any tumble or fall proceeds in certain definite moves from start to finish as exact and perfect as a problem in arithmetic."

"The act may invite roars of laughter, but I wonder would the laughter be so great did the spectators know how that mirth provoking stunt had been worked over from point to point and studied and practiced. Well, I suppose it's like any other business where the glamour is all on the outside."

"Speaking of tumbling in real life, you should have been with the Forepaugh show one summer evening some years back. We were doing a Sunday jump from Topeka. I think it was, to some little one tent town down the line, and the members of the troupe were packed in a long caboose on the rear of a freight train which was made up partly of our property cars."

"It was raining hard that night and black as a tent rigger's heart. The caboose was so stifling hot that two or three members of our troupe would go up in the caboose tower every now and then, open the lookout window and drink in the air."

"Finally the train came to a standstill, and there we stood for at least ten minutes, with all sorts of rattling and bumping going on ahead. At last after about fifteen minutes one of the girls up in the tower called down that there was a fire ahead. We all crawled up, sure enough, there was a big blaze up forward—a railroad station, every one thought it was, but it turned out to be two of our forward cars."

"Mind you, the night was so black that you could not see three feet ahead of your nose. The whole crowd made a rush for the caboose door. Luke Stark was the first, and Luke was the finest aerial tumbler in the country. He had the chance of his life right there, for as he stepped off the last step, thinking to hit the ground, he hit nothing at all. The bloomers came as a trestle."

"Well, a lady elephant tumbler was right behind Luke, and it was a race for the bottom. I was next, but as I saw the others disappear I reached up and caught the hand rail just as my feet dangled in the air. It was a matter of but a second to pull up again, but before I had my feet fair on the step I could hear from below a sort of gull splash and screams of gurgling terror."

"We got lanterns and ran down the side of the trestle, thinking to find two dead persons, but instead we discovered in about a foot of water and six feet of mud the two tumblers and wedged in so tight they could not move. We dug them out of the mud, hauled them back to the caboose, and after they had changed their clothes we asked them how they came to make such nice falls out of it. But they only looked mad. Of course they fell like any ordinary baby would have fallen."

"As for me, one night in the Coliseum in Kansas City the heel of my shoes caught in the end of the platform on which I was doing a turn, and I dived off the platform on my shoulder, spraining it frightfully. The audience laughed fit to kill, and of course I made good. I climbed up on the platform and fell again, but that time scientifically, you bet. Then I went to bed."

"By the way, Luke Stark, who fell off that trestle, was killed in jumping over elephants one night, and we picked him up and made a burlesque of carrying him off, so that the audience would not get out of their laughing mood. We were crying under our paint too."—New York Post.

Beethoven.

There have been many great musicians, many first class masters of melody, but perhaps the majority of musicians would name Beethoven as the master of masters, the Napoleon of music.—New York American.

The Strange Detective.

(Original.)

I had married a wife and found that I had been mistaken in her. Marriage to me had meant perfect accord. Perfect accord had not been the result in my case, and I resolved to cut the knot that bound me to Della by going away from her. I had no intention of leaving her to support herself. I would give her the lion's share of my income and supply any need for which this share was inadequate. It was near midnight after a quarrel that I came to this decision.

Opening my front door, I went out. It was dark and unwhitening. Here and there a street lamp flickered, and an occasional vehicle rumbled on the pavement. Few were abroad, and to avoid even these I turned down an unrequented street. My cheeks were burning, and the night air could not cool them. I took no thought as to where I would go. Indeed, I had no desire to go anywhere. I wished only to walk and be alone.

I heard footsteps beside me and turned my head to discover who had thus taken it upon himself to intrude upon me. I saw no one.

"Ah, I see," I muttered. "It's the echo."

I was walking by a high brick wall and attributed what I had heard to the sound of my own footsteps sent back from it. But when I passed beyond it to an opening between the houses I still heard it. Again I turned to see if any one was beside me.

This time I was surprised—indeed, so much surprised that my attention was drawn momentarily from my trouble. I saw a figure the counterpart of myself. He was myself in every respect except that he wore a very disagreeable expression. I stopped and stood still. He did the same. I moved on. He moved on too. I concluded to speak to him.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Where are you going?" he replied.

"I? I don't care where I go."

"So long as you get your revenge, I suppose?"

"Revenge! Revenge on whom?"

"Your wife."

I thought a moment. Could it be possible that what I did was influenced by a desire to hurt Della?

"My wife will not trouble herself about my leaving her so long as she is provided for."

"Better than that, she won't sleep a wink all night."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so. It will serve her right. She has treated you shamefully."

I had considered that Della had treated me shamefully, but preferred to be the only one to accuse her. Now that this disagreeable counterpart of myself did so I revolted.

"Can you name any one thing," I asked, irritated, "in which she has treated me shamefully?"

"Yes; she married you for one thing and found you another. This caused her to treat you badly in everything."

"She disappointed in me? Why, it's I who am disappointed in her."

"And you have a right to be. You were looking for a woman with a disposition that nothing can ruffle. You knew that you were quick spoken and even unjust. You wanted some one to bear with you. You didn't get it."

"No, I didn't get it; you're right there. But was I justified in expecting all that?"

"You married for it, and since you have been disappointed you are right in resuming your former status."

"But I don't like the idea of Della lying awake."

"You have to expect that."

"That doesn't help the matter."

"Better go back and comfort her."

"Who are you anyway? You have been telling me that I should be satisfied with what I've got. Now you turn about and tell me to go and comfort her?"

"If wouldn't do any good for me to tell you who I am. You wouldn't recognize me any better for the telling. But, if you wish to know, I'm your conscience."

"Now I know you're lying. Conscience doesn't go about telling people who have done wrong that they've done right. It tells them that they've done wrong from first to last."

My other self chuckled. "Conscience," he said, "isn't always like that. Conscience uses all sorts of means to right people. Often he is a detective, hunting for a clew whereby we are to be convinced of our wrongdoing. In these cases he plays parts, wears disguises, just like a real detective. If he went at a wrongdoer fair and square, he would accomplish nothing."

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Stop making a fool of yourself."

"That means?"

"Go home. You'll find your wife in tears. Tell her you're sorry and all that."

"Will she tell me she's sorry?"

"You won't care whether she does or not."

I turned and began to walk home slowly. I forgot all about my other self and neither heard nor saw anything more of him. As I proceeded I went faster till I ran. When I got to the house, I went up the stairs three at a time. Della was lying on a lounge, her face buried in the cushions. I was sure I had killed her.

"Sweetheart," I said, "forgive me. I put my arms about her, and she answered with a sob."

True enough, I didn't care whether she took any of the blame to herself or not. The clock struck 12. I had been away just ten minutes.

F. A. MITCHELL.

No Operation

Mrs. Malinda Akers, of Basham, Va., writes: "I had what doctors call 'prolapse,' and couldn't stand straight. I had pain in my back and shoulders, and was very irregular and profuse. Doctors said an operation was needed, but I couldn't bear the thought of the knife. After taking three bottles of Wine of Cardui, I could walk around. Can now do my housework and am in splendid health."

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WINE OF CARDUI

When Boers Played Marbles.

How the grave old Boer leaders played marbles like schoolboys is told in Carl Jeppe's book on the Transvaal. The old gentlemen were in prison for political reasons at the time. Mr. Jeppe says: "The reformers congregated all day long in the large central square of the prison, which presented a most animated scene. In every direction you could see men receiving their relations, friends or solicitors. Between these eager knots the others walked or lounged on rugs and blankets, reading, writing or killing time with cards and chess. The favorite game, however, was that of marbles. It was a strange sight to the middle aged men, whose daily occupation had been a game in which the counters consisted of many thousands of pounds, eagerly contending for the possession of a few round stones of the value of a shilling or so to the dozen. And it was remarkable, too, as an illustration of the fallacy of the popular impression that the acquisition of wealth is 'all luck,' that it was the big capitalists who held all the marbles when the doors of their prison opened and they went forth to freedom."

DIRECTORY

Methodist Church
REV. C. L. READ, Pastor.
Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Williamston and Hamilton Charges. Services as follows.
Williamston—Preaching on the 1st 3rd and 4th Sundays at 11 a m and 7:30 p m Sunday School at 9:30 a m, W. A. Ellison, Supt.
Prayer Meeting each Wednesday at 7:30 p m.
Hamilton—Preaching on the 2nd and 5th Sundays at 11 a m and 7:30 p m. Vernon—Preaching the 1st Sunday at 3 p m.
Holly Springs—Preaching the 3rd Sunday at 3 p m.
All friends of the church and the public generally are cordially invited to attend all the services.

Christian Church
Services at the Christian Church, Williamston.
Preaching third Sunday 11 a m and 7 p m Sunday School 3 p m every Sunday.
Macedonia first Sundays 11 a m and Saturday 11 a m and 7:30 p m.
Old Ford—Second Sundays and Saturdays 11 a m.
Jamesville—Fourth Sundays 11 a m and 7 p m.
J. R. TINGLE, Pastor.

Baptist Church
GEO. J. DOWELL, Pastor.
Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening, except the first Sabbath evening, 8:30 a m and 7:30 p m.
Sabbath School, S. Atwood Newell Superintendent; every Sabbath at 9:45 The Lord's Supper every fourth Sabbath Church Conference every Second Sabbath.
Preaching at Riddick's Grove the first Sabbath in every month at 4 p m. At Bigg's School House every 4th Sabbath at 3 p m.
The Ladies Missionary Society, Mrs. Justus Everett, Pres., meets every first and third Monday at 7:30 p m.
You are very respectfully and earnestly invited to attend these services.

Church of the Advent
REV. ROBT. STRANGE, Bishop.
Rev. W. J. GORDON, Rector.
Church of the Advent, Williamston.
Sunday School, 9:30 every Sunday.
Services on the second and fifth Sundays at 11 a m and 7 p m.
On the Saturdays before those Sundays at 5 p m.
On the Mondays after at 4:30 p m.
Bible class at time of Sunday School. All are cordially invited.

Famous Superstitions.
Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crows head, Senatus by a flight of crows. Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have "untied" the Gordian knot with a slash of his sword. For good luck's sake Augustus wore some portion of a sea calf, Charlemagne some trinket of unknown value. Mohammed was all fate, Bonaparte all star and destiny. Cromwell believed in Sept. 3 and Louis Napoleon in Dec. 2. Sulla called himself Felix, the favored child of fortune, and Timoleon turned his house into a temple of chance. Alexander, if we may credit the account given by Quintus Curtius, was terrified by blood flowing from inside his soldiers' bread during the siege of Tyre in 332 B. C. His seer, Aristander, foresaw in this crimson efflux of the vital stream out of the commissariat a happy issue for the Macedonians, and the warriors, thus nerveed, took Tyre.

Deadly Common Plants.
The things that give the most pleasure in life frequently can also cause the greatest pain. Among flowers, for instance, the beautiful snowdrop, the hyacinth, jonquil and narcissus are all poisonous, and to eat the smallest part of the root of either of them would produce fatal results, while the juices of the leaves will cause violent vomiting. The berries of the yew tree have killed many people, and the opium obtained from poppies has also claimed its victims. Lady's slipper and lily of the valley are both dangerous, and if the blossoms of crocus are chewed they will cause vomiting. Flowers from bulbous roots, however, seem to be the most dangerous, and it might not be out of place to dealers in these to label them with a crossbones and mark them poison.

To See the Back of Your Eye.
Behind the eye, what is called the retina, is lined with branching blood vessels, and a curious but perfectly simple experiment will enable you to see these. Place yourself in a dark room, opposite a dark colored wall; then light a candle and, holding it in your hand, move it up and down before your eyes, all the time looking not at the candle, but at the wall beyond. After a little practice you will see appear on the wall a great branching figure in black on a reddish surface. What you are looking at is the shadow of these blood vessels at the back of your own eye. Perhaps the most curious part of the whole thing is that the part of the eye which receives the impression of light must lie behind these blood vessels.—London Academy.

A train was halted near Liverpool, in France, by the presence on the line of thousands of crows engaged in picking up refuse thrown out of the restaurant car of the Strasburg express. The birds were crushed in such numbers that the engine wheels slipped, and the train was temporarily stopped.

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