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Friday, May 30, 1913

We received an invitation to the commencement exercises of the Maryland Medical College, Baltimore, which were held on May 26th. The Hon. John H. Small, Congressman from the First District, was orator.

France does not like our present Tariff Bill which is before the Senate. Who asked foreigners about it anyway? Guess Paris milliners are worried over the law prohibiting the importation of aigrettes. It would be best if we had a law prohibiting foreign fashions,—the high cost of living would be greatly reduced.

The resolution of Senator Overman intended to suspend the order issued by President Taft affecting fourth class postmasters, viewed in the light of the civil service probe, seems to offer the best solution to the situation which confronted Wilson's administration at its beginning. No doubt, Senator Overman is right in thinking that the Civil Service is rotten to the core.

The Legislature makes laws for the supposed benefit of the people, and then no one seems to be able to properly interpret them. Every man puts his own construction on the law and acts accordingly. Lawyers draft the laws and then make them mere paper when a client gets in the clutches.

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WHEN THE SWORD FELL

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

The head surgeon passed noiselessly down the long, padded corridor of the hospital, through the great entrance door, and out into the dimly lighted street.

Outside was an illy-clad woman whose eyes, strained and sunken, were fixed upon him in the blankness of despair. The old, gray-haired surgeon glanced pityingly at the hollow cheeks, the toll-hardened fingers—the contracted chest.

"What is it?" he asked, gently. "You—you are the surgeon at the hospital? Tell me; is—is he dead? The man who was injured this morning—crushed between L cars on Forty-fifth street; Dick Endell, you know. I saw it in the papers—all the whole horrible story. He—merciful God—he is—my husband!"

"He is not dead—yet. But the end is near, I fear, and—invariable. I am glad you are here at last. They sent for you right at once, but it seemed you were not at home and the message was delayed. Come with me. There isn't any time to lose."

Her heart was beating with the first joy it had known for ten long years. He had wanted her to come—to be with him at the last! The years of loneliness and misery that had gone, the empty, aching years that were to come—all were forgotten—swallowed up in the one thought that he still cared, after everything!

Together they passed noiselessly through the long, deserted corridors, and up the heavily carpeted stairway that led to the accident ward.

There was a haggard, leaden look about the face that rested so motionlessly against the pillow and the pale lips were already smiling to meet the kiss of death.

Slowly, falteringly, the woman stole forward and knelt down by the cot. She laid her hands on the injured man's cold, inert fingers.

"Dick," she called, softly. The eyelids quivered for a second, then raised themselves heavily. A faint look of recognition passed over the pallid features, followed by one of infinite despair. The fast dimming eyes lingered tenderly on the woman's worn face for a long time, then roved around the room as though in search of something, and closed wearily again. There was an unbroken silence of several minutes.

Presently the door opened and closed quietly, and the sound of quick, soft footsteps echoed through the room. The sharpened ears of the dying man caught the sound and he stirred restlessly. With a final effort his glance sought that of the wife at his side, a glance full of mute agony and appeal.

"Forgive!" he whispered thickly. A glazed light stole slowly over the pleading eyes and another soul was with its Maker.

In a daze, the woman released her hand from that other one, fast growing cold in death. She rose mechanically from where she knelt, and for the first time turned her eyes toward the newcomer. A wave of sickening apprehension swept over her at a confused realization of the wretched truth. This other woman, then—this child with the flower-like face and fragile form, with an infant in her arms—this was the wife for whom he had sent, and the child—his child!

There was a terrible stress of silence. The older woman noted the spasmodic clenching of the hands that crushed the baby to the mother's breast and the piteous question in the eyes which her lips refused to frame. For a moment she was torn by battling emotions. A wild impulse rushed over her to denounce him, his treachery—three ruined lives the forfeit.

After awhile the younger spoke. Her voice was harsh with pain: "Tell me—for God's sake—are you—was he anything—to you?"

For ten seconds the other woman's face was as waxen as that of the dead man's lying near. Into her face had come a new light and her voice sounded low and sweet and full of pity.

"No," she said, "there was a mistake. The name was the same. I heard rumors on the street and was frightened—alarmed, and ran up here. Your—your husband was dying and I—he was expecting you. He thought that it was you who had come when I entered the room. We—we knew that he was dying and—and had not the heart to un deceive him."

She went down the stairway as one in a dream, and on out into the dim, deserted street.

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Tiny Electric Dynamo.

The smallest electric dynamo in the world was exhibited recently before the French Academy of Science. So small is this dynamo that its base would not occupy all the space on an American penny. The instrument is a perfect miniature of a large machine, and is a practical model in every respect. It works with a hum that sounds like the buzz of a mosquito. It weighs only one-fifth of an ounce, and is six-tenths of an inch high and long and only half an inch thick. The little dynamo can be used not only as a generator, but as a motor, consuming, in this latter case, two amperes of electric current at a pressure of two and one-half volts. A small pocket battery will operate it.

Cruel Maid.

He (nervously)—Margaret, there's been something trembling on my lips for months and months.

She—Yes, so I see; why don't you shave it off?—Tiger.

MOMENT OF REVENGE

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

Carlotta sat down weakly on the edge of a chair. She was pale and panting for breath.

"Derrick a make-believe, a cheat—a—aliar?" The words escaped her involuntarily. It was appalling, that the man she called her husband and worshiped with absolute trust and confidence for ten solid years should have betrayed her faith so grievously. The day had been oppressive and tiresome, doubtless for the very reason that Derrick had telephoned he had to run up to Milwaukee for a few hours and could not return before midnight. So she had started out for a long walk to pass away the time, had gained only three squares when Derrick himself whizzed directly past her in a runabout—and sitting beside him, one of the most beautiful creatures she had ever seen.

She could not eat, so she walked absently out on the veranda. Presently one of the city clocks near struck ten, and her husband ran lightly up the steps, whistling merrily.

"By the way," she said, "your train must have gotten in quite two hours ahead of time."

"But I didn't go after all. The funniest thing happened. I got as far as the depot, where I met Chantry—just in from St. Louis. He was in a peck of trouble, and nothing would do but I must help him out. It was a tight fix and I concluded that I must stay and help him."

Lancaster bent suddenly and looked into her face, conscious for the first time of her determined coldness.

"What's the matter, dear? Are you ill?" She walked into the house. Lancaster, his face full of bewilderment, followed her immediately. He made several attempts to speak to her, but she evaded him emphatically. At breakfast the next morning she treated him with the same unapproachable iciness.

When he had left the house for his office Carlotta went into the library. A moment later the maid brought in a telegram.

"Expect me on the 11:40 train, Billy."

William Carrington had been with his regiment in the Philippines for half a score of years, and this was his first visit home. Billy was her only brother, and Carlotta had accorded him more than usual amount of sisterly devotion. Putting aside her grievance, she set merrily to work to prepare a room for him.

She went first into Derrick's dressing room, and saw that things were in order. While she was there, a sudden thought flashed into her ingenious brain. She could never, never be guilty of a really dishonorable act, but she would make Derrick pay, in part, for his treatment of her. It was barely probable that he would recognize her brother at once, after a dozen years. But a feeling of alarm made her stop suddenly, reconsidering. Then a smile of inspiration rippled over her face; she would "unload the pistol!"

When Carrington came, she was sitting on the veranda, waiting to welcome him. After a little, they went up to her boudoir for a "cozy chat" over old times.

Suddenly the gate clicked, and she heard his bounding step up the stairs. Now for her revenge! She rose abruptly and went over to Billy's chair and sat down in his lap, just as she used to do in the old days.

Lancaster went first to his own room, then turned, as usual, toward his wife's boudoir.

The sight that met his gaze froze the blood in his veins; and almost instantly transformed it to lava. He backed quickly into the adjoining room and laid his hand on the revolver lying on the table. Standing where he was, he aimed three deliberate shots at the culprits; the trigger clicked flatly, and no sound issued from the empty chambers.

Billy burst out laughing.

"Why, Derrick, old man! Surely you have not forgotten—"

"By the Eternal!" ejaculated Lancaster. "You!" Decidedly "got" for once in his life, he looked toward Carlotta. She stiffened and drew back from his threatened embrace.

"Not till you have exonerated yourself—if you can!—of driving down State street at full speed with—"

Her voice trailed to an ignominious standstill.

"So! Well, my dear, had you allowed me to finish my discourse last evening all would have been well. As I was trying to tell you, Chantry came up from St. Louis to marry a young lady who was to meet him here from Buffalo. Her train arrived half an hour after his, and it seemed that she was very much disconcerted; the old man was following—had got wind of the elopement and put detectives on Chantry's trail, and hers. His idea was to go on to the Palmer, have me meet Miss Preston and take her out to his aunt's at Woodbine. They expected to be married there at noon and—"

Carlotta swayed toward her husband. Her cheeks were crimson with the sudden flowering of roses, and her eyes glad and ashamed.

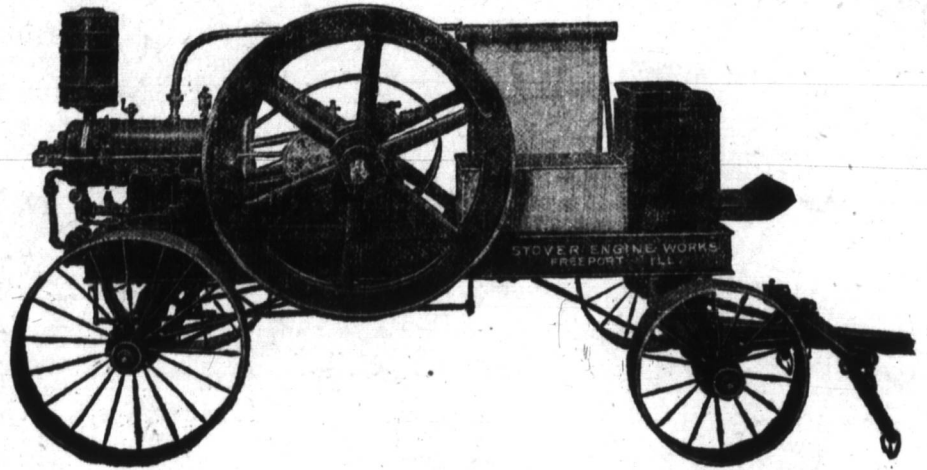
With a gesture of swift vehemence Lancaster opened his arms and Carlotta, smothering a sob of joy, collapsed limply into their eager embrace.

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Every chronic bore imagines that he is the most fascinating man in town.—Chicago News.

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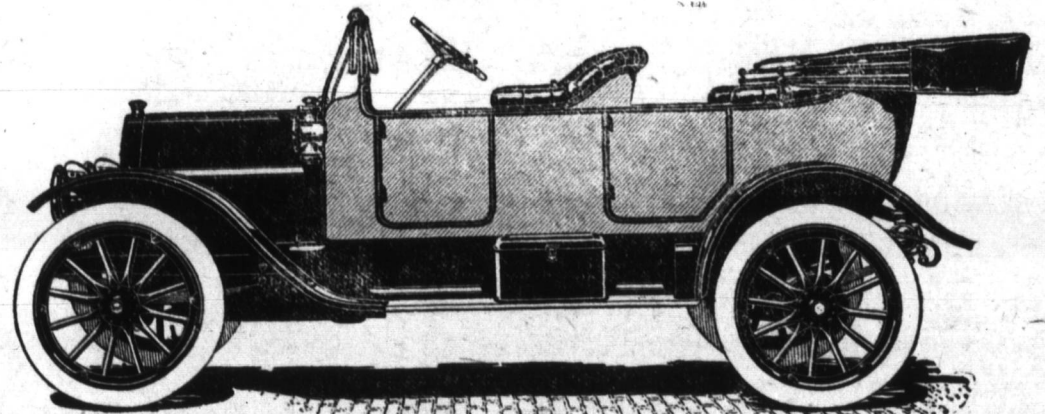
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