

Farmville Enterprise

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FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1915.

The use of the town's road machine and split-log drag a little just at this time would greatly improve the condition of our streets, some of which, due to neglect, have become very rough. This, it seems to us, could be done at a very small cost and it would indeed greatly benefit the travelling public as well as pedestrians.

A bright eye, a smiling face and a clean mind are more precious than gold—and they lead to its possessions. Wake up.

It is easy to own an automobile these days. All you have to do is to find a bushel of wheat and make the exchange.

We repeat, every dollar kept in this community enriches the community just that much. Buy at home.

Let every wheel turn—every plow move—every man work. There's gold at the end of the furrow.

Gambling with money is like juggling with your health. Sooner or later you get a raw deal.

Begin the study of diplomacy in your own home, and the rest of the lessons will come easy.

When a pretty girl smiles every man in sight begins to swell out his chest.

Tell yourself each day that you are a success—and you will be one in time.

To tell the truth is commendable, but it often results in a black eye.

The dove of peace is having a hard time finding a place to light.

If you want it, go after it. It won't come to you.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BRUNO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Schedule of Passenger Trains Through Farmville

Table with columns for Norfolk Southern, East Bound, West Bound, and Sunday Schedule. Lists train times from 12:39 a.m. to 10:30 A.M.

LAND SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage executed and delivered by Doc. Thigpen and wife, Rosa Thigpen, to Bertha Sutton on the 9th day of January, 1915, which mortgage was properly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Pitt County in Book E-10, page 435, the undersigned will sell for cash at public auction before the Courthouse door in Greenville on Monday, March 8th, 1915, the following described lot of land situate in the County of Pitt and in Farmville Township: That house and lot in the town of Marlboro upon which the said Doc. Thigpen and wife live, adjoining the lands of J. J. Wainwright and others, said land sold to satisfy said mortgage.

This 5th Day of February, 1915 BERTHA SUTTON, Mortgagee. F. G. Jones & Son, Attys.



(Installment 15—the end)

CHAPTER LI.

The New Judith. From sleep as from drugged stupor Judith Trine awakened, struggling back to consciousness like some exhausted diver from the black depths to the star-strewn surface of a night-bound pool. And for a little she lay unstartling, her half- numb wits fumbling with their business of renewing acquaintance with the world.

At first she could by no means recognize her surroundings. This rude chamber of rough plank walls and primitive furnishings; this wide, hard couch she shared with her still slumbering sister, Rose; the view revealed by an open window at the bedside; a fair perspective of tree-clad mountains through which a wide-bosomed canyon rolled down to an emerald plain, conveyed nothing to her intelligence.

A formless sense of some epochal change in the habits and mental processes of a young lifetime, added to her confusion. Who was she herself, this strange creature who rested here so calmly by the side of Rose? If she were Judith Trine, how came she to be there? Irreconcilable opposites in every phase of character, the sisters had sedulously avoided association with each other ever since childhood; they had not shared the shelter of four walls overnight since time beyond the bounds of Judith's memory. What, then, had so changed them both that they should be found in such close company?

What, indeed, had become of the wild thing, Judith Trine of yesterday? Surely she had little enough in common with this Judith of today, in whose heart was no more room for envy, hatred, malice or any uncharitableness, so full was it of love which, though it was focused upon the person of one man, none the less embraced all the world—even her sister and successful rival in that one man's affections.

This change had not come upon her without warning. She had been almost insensibly aware of its advent through the gradual softening of that old Judith's hard and vengeful nature in the course of the last few days. But now that the revolution was accomplished, she hardly knew herself—she hardly knew the world, indeed, so differently did she regard it—not without something of the wide-eyed wonderment of a child to find all things so new and strange and beautiful.

And this was the work of Love! Now the chain of memories was quite complete, no link lacking in its continuity. She recalled clearly every incident that had marked the slow growth of this great love she had for Alan Law, from that first day, not yet a month old, when he had escaped the fiery deathtrap she had set for him and repaid her only by risking his life anew to save her from destruction, down to this very morning when the stream from a hydraulic noisale had swept over the brink of a three hundred-foot precipice a crimson racing automobile containing two desperate men bent upon compassing the death of her beloved.

By that act of sheer self-defense the world was richer for the loss of two black-hearted blackguards, and Alan Law might now be considered safe from further persecution—since there now remained not one soul loyal enough to Seneca Trine to prosecute his private war of vengeance against Alan. And though that aged monomaniac had means whereby he might purchase other scoundrels and corrupt them to his hideous purposes, Judith was determined that he should never again have any opportunity so to do. Though Alan, she knew, would never lift his hand to hinder her father's freedom of action, she, Judith, meant to take such steps as his persecution called for. If there were any justice in the land—if there were any allies capable of discriminating between Trine's apparent sanity and his deep-rooted mania—then surely not many days more should pass into history without witnessing his consignment to an institution for the criminal insane.

The woman sighed once more. Then Rose and Alan would marry and live happily ever after. But what of Judith? She made a small gesture of resignation to her destiny. What became of her no longer mattered, so that Alan were made happy in such happiness as he coveted. And now the thought stirred her sharply that what was to be done must be done quickly, if at all. And the almost level surge of the declining sun, striking through the open window, counselled haste if Judith were to accomplish her intention of leaving this place and finding her father's home before daylight. With the utmost care she rose from the bed, crept to the door of the room

(now recognized as the quarters of the foreman of the hydraulic mining outfit) and out into the room adjoining. And there, pulling the door to gently behind her, she paused and for many minutes stood in tensest contemplation of the man she loved—Alan Law, asleep in a chair beside a table, his head pillowed on his folded arms. This was leave-taking between them—and he would never know.

Far better so; Judith felt she could not trust herself to say farewell to him without breaking down and confessing the utter wretchedness that threatened to overwhelm her each time she forced herself to face the thought that this parting must be final.

Like a thief she stole across the creaking floor to Alan's side, hesitated, bent her head to his and touched her lips to his cheek—a caress so light that he slept on in ignorance of it. Then, as she lifted her head and stood erect, bosom convulsed with silent sobs, she looked squarely into the face of Rose.

CHAPTER LII.

The Old Adam. A long minute elapsed before either woman moved or spoke. Transfixed beside Alan's chair, steady herself with a hand upon its back, Judith stared at the figure in the doorway, in a temper at once discomfited and defiant. With this she suffered a phase of incredulity, was scarce able to persuade herself that this was truly Rose who confronted her—Rose whose sweet and gentle nature had ever served as the butt of Judith's contempt and ruthless ridicule.

Here was revolution with a vengeance, when Rose threatened and Judith shrunk! It was as if the women had exchanged natures while they slept. The countenance that Rose showed her sister was a thundercloud rent by the lurid lightning of her angry eyes. Her pose was tense and alert, like the pose of an animal set to spring. In her hand hung a revolver, the same (Judith's hand sought the holster at her hip and found it empty) that her sister had worn and forgotten to remove when she dropped, half-dead with fatigue, upon the bed.

And slowly, toward the end of that long, mute minute, the girl's grasp tightened upon the grip of the weapon and its muzzle lifted. "Remembering this, a flash of her one-time temper quickened Judith. Of a sudden, with a start, she crossed the floor to a single, noiseless stride, and threw herself before her sister. "Well!" she demanded hotly, "What are you waiting for? Nobody's stopping you; why don't you shoot?"

The upward movement of the hand was checked; the weapon hung level to Judith's breast—as level and unequivocal as the glance that probed her eyes and the tone of Rose's voice as she demanded: "What were you doing there?" "If you must know from me what you already know on the evidence of your eyes—I was bidding good-by to the man I love—kissing him without his knowledge or consent before leaving him to you for good and all!"

"What do you mean?" "That I'm going away—that I can't stand this situation any longer. Marrophat and Jimmy are dead, my father's helpless—and I mean to see that he remains so. Nothing, then, stands in the way of your marrying Alan but me. And such being the case—and because he's as dear to me as he is to you—I'm going to take myself off and keep out of the way."

"Per fear lest he find out that you love him?" Judith's lip curled. "Do you think him so witless he doesn't know that already?" "And so you leave him to me out of your charity? Is that it?" "Any way you like. But if it's so intolerable to you to think that I dare love him and confess it to you—if you begrudge me the humiliation of stooping to kiss a man who doesn't want my kisses—if you are so afraid of losing him while I live and love him—very well, then!"

With a passionate gesture Judith tore open the bosom of her waist, offering her flesh to the muzzle of the revolver. A cry broke from the lips of Rose that was like the cry of a forlorn child punished with cruelty that passes its understanding. She fell back against the wall. The revolver swept up through the air—but its mark was her own head rather than Judith's bosom. But before her finger found strength to pull the trigger the man at the table started from his sleep by the sound of angry voices, leaped from his chair with a violence that sent it clattering to the floor, and hurled himself headlong across the room, imprisoning the wrist of his betrothed with one hand while the other wrested the weapon away and passed it to Judith.



No matter how small or how large your purchase may be here, you can depend upon prompt and safe delivery.

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T. E. JOYNER, MGR. FARMVILLE, N. C.

No matter how busy the store may be our delivery system is adequate to fulfil the heavy demands made upon it. Let us serve you—we handle everything in the furniture line.

matter that none should see or suspect and be moved to interfere.

Round the shoulder of the mountain, on the road along the edge of the cliff, she was sure of freedom from observation. And yet, such is the inconsistency of the human animal, the instinct for self-preservation was stronger than her purpose; when a touring car swung round the mountain and shot toward her, she checked herself hastily and jumped aside in ample time to escape being run down. The next instant the machine was lumbering to a halt and the scowling accents of Seneca Trine were saluting her: "Judith! You here! What the devil! Where've ye been? Where are Marrophat and Jimmy?"

Digging the nails of her fingers painfully into her palms, she breathed deep, fighting down hysteria, reasserting her self-control in so short a space of time that her father, failed to appreciate that there was anything uncommon in the mind of the girl.

"Where?" he demanded angrily as she approached the car, "where, I want to know, are Marrophat and Jimmy? Haven't you seen or heard anything of them? They left me at six o'clock this morning, to go after—"

"Dead!" the girl interrupted, gasping.

(continued on page four)

BUSINESS LOCALS

Let me have your order for the Spirilla corset.—Mrs. E. M. Cox, agent.

FOR RENT—Two large rooms, unfurnished, for light house-keeping, or as bed rooms furnished or unfurnished.—Apply at Enterprise office.

NOTICE! All persons—men, women or children—are hereby forbidden to enter our Warehouse on Sunday without permission.—Monk, Horton & Belcher, props., New Farmville Warehouse.

FOR SALE—Soja beans, L. A. Mewborn, Farmville, N. C. 29-31

For cabbage plants apply to C. L. Moore, Farmville, N. C. Prices right. 25-41

Choice Black Minoroco Eggs for sale at 50c per setting of 15.—W. J. Dupres, Walstonburg, N. C. 12-24.

For Sale—Few more choice Poland China Pigs. Price \$15.00 pair, or \$10.00 each.—W. J. Dupres, Walstonburg, N. C.

WANTED—SEWING at my home on George street.—Mrs. J. E. Jenkins, Farmville.

EGGS for hatching—Buff and White Orpington; 15 for \$1.00.—J. H. Harris, Farmville, N. C.

You will please call at the Hub Hardware store and get tobacco... C. R. Townsend.



AS YOU REVENTLY lay the flowers on the grave of some departed dear one on Memorial day, let your thoughts also dwell upon those still with you, depending upon you.

PERHAPS BEFORE LONG THEY WILL BE PLACING FLOWERS ON YOUR GRAVE.

How Will You Leave Them?

Have you done your share in providing for their needs in case you are taken away? Have you saved what you could, to fall back on in the event of sickness or distress.

This bank offers you all the advantages of a safe, reliable institution. Start a Bank account today. And make up your mind to put a little away each week. The habit is a good one, and will pay you well.

THE BANK OF FARMVILLE

FARMVILLE, N. C.

"Groceries of Quality"

OUR MOTTO.

Our line of Heavy and Fancy Groceries is now the freshest to be had and is complete in every way. We carry only the best and can supply your every want.

Remember friends our terms are cash, and for you to get our prompt attention and best prices, as you expect, your accounts must be paid promptly.

Raspberry & Thorne

Farmville, N. Carolina