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STATEMENT OF BANK OF MARTIN COUNTY,
 AT WILLIAMSTON, N. C.,
 At the close of business on the 2nd day of Feb., 1903:

RESOURCES:	LIABILITIES:
Loans & Discounts \$ 36,965.58	Capital Stock \$ 20,000.00
Over Drafts 622.00	Sureties 2,500.00
Other Stocks and Bonds 1,000.00	Undivided Profits 1,534.44
Furniture & Fixtures 1,800.00	Certificates of Deposit 6,476.54
Due From Banks and Bankers 27,500.00	Deposits subject to Check 62,364.62
Cash on Hand 2,000.00	TOTAL \$ 82,579.59
TOTAL \$ 82,579.59	

J. G. Godard, Cashier, of Bank of Martin County, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that the above Statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 J. G. GODARD, Cashier.

State of North Carolina—County of Martin.
 sworn to and subscribed before me, this 2nd day of Feb., A. D. 1903
 C. H. GODWIN, Notary Public with Seal.

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 must win upon their merits. The International Dictionary has won a greater distinction upon its merits and is in more general use than any other work of its kind in the English language.

A. H. Sayen, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford University, England, has recently said of it: "It is indeed a marvelous work; it is difficult to conceive of a dictionary more exhaustive and complete. Everything is in it—not only what we might expect to find in such a work, but also what few of us would ever have thought of looking for."

An applicant to the new edition has brought it fully up to date. I have been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put into it.

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How to Cure Coughs
 For Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough

RED PETE'S LAST RIDE
 By C. E. LEWIS
 Copyright, 1902, by McChes's Newspaper Syndicate

Outlaw, thief, robber and murderer, they had him safe in jail at last. Red Pete, as he was generally called, had rendered himself a terror for years, but the law had finally laid hands on him, and he was tried for his life.

There had been a great deal of romancing over Red Pete. He was a Robin Hood to many men and a chivalier and a hero to most women. There was a general disappointment when he was brought in by a sheriff's posse with his feet lashed together under the saddle and his arms tied behind him. He was a young man of twenty-four, long haired, long eared. The confidence of chivalry had never been awakened in his breast, and, as for being a hero, he had robbed cripples and shot men from ambush.

"A natural born tough," was the popular verdict at Sunset City, but among the few females who could not rid themselves of the feeling of romance his adventures had called up was the sheriff's daughter, a girl of sixteen. Unfortunately for her, she was motherless.

The widower sheriff, whose only child she was, kept home in a wing of the jail and, owing to the poverty of the county, was allowed only one turkey. This was old Robert, who was almost a cripple and a part of whose work was often done by the girl. It fell to her to carry the turkey to Red Pete, and he at once discovered that he had a friend in her. They did not depend upon the brick walls and iron bars of the old jail to hold such a man as had been run to earth. They chained him to the wall, and they put on an extra guard to pace the corridor all night long.

It was only when she carried his meals to him and opened the wicket of his door that Red Pete could pass a few words with Red Pete, but he made full use of every opportunity. He praised and admired and asked for sympathy, and long enough before he was put on trial he felt that he could reckon on her aid whenever he asked for it.

It took weeks to get witnesses together, and there were technicalities



WITH SPADE AND IRON BAR SHE WORKED THESE OR FOUR HOURS EACH NIGHT.

of law to create further delay, but when the trial came on the prosecution made short work of the terror. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The judge sentenced him to be hanged by the neck, and he was returned to his cell and his chains to await the day of execution.

The verdict had filled the sheriff's daughter with horror. It seemed to her as if all the world was against one man. That man might have been somewhat wicked, as she would admit, but he had been led astray by evil counsel and was more to be pitied than blamed. Her natural sympathies, fed by the lies and protestations of the man behind the grated door, finally brought her to promise her aid that he might escape a disgraceful death. They were to ride away together. They were to ride far, far away, and he would make her his girl wife and love and cherish her and become an honest man. A mother would have destroyed his plot in a moment, but there was no mother to speak. She listened, grieved, pitied, admired and loved. In bringing him out of the hands of the law she was helping him to reform; in going away with him she would encourage him in his new resolves.

The jail was without a cellar. On the west side, where Red Pete was confined, was an old shed used for fuel and storage. Every night for twenty-eight nights the girl rose from her bed when the jail had grown quiet and slipped outdoors and into the shed. With spade and iron bar she worked for three or four hours each night to tunnel under the walls to the prisoner's cell. She found heavy walls, carried her down, and there was a bed of cement as hard as rock and a stone floor to the cell. It was hard, cruel work for a girl, but she was lured by romance and love to persevere against all obstacles. Each night she toiled and labored, and each morning she reported progress and received the commendations of her hero.

There were yet other things to think

of. They must have horses, food and money for their flight. She would rob the jail of food, her father of money and one horse, and the other animal would be taken from a nearby stable. With the help of the man everything was figured out, even to the theft of a rifle and revolver.

Touristpeople were admitted to see Red Pete, and they found him contrite. It got to be common talk that he had lost his mind and would fall to die game. He had a part to play, and he played it. On the morning of the third day before the execution he knew that he was entering upon his last day in the cell. The tunnel was completed, and his weight resting upon one particular spot would sink a stone in his cell floor and give him liberty. The sheriff's daughter would rob her father that day of money and firearms and food, and when night came the horses would be ready at hand.

Few women could have carried that secret through the long day without betrayal, but the girl gave no sign and seemed so suspicious. At 9 o'clock at night she passed out of the jail, made the mouth of the tunnel, and waited at the mouth of the tunnel. The condemned man slowly settled himself for sleep, but removed his chains with the file she had passed through the wicket as the guard paced to and fro in the corridor, let the stone sag under his weight and two minutes later was in the old shed beside the trembling girl. Two horses stood near by, and she put money, food and a rifle into his hands. Only then did he speak, and his words were prefaced with a sneering laugh.

"Well, little fool, you have done well," he said. "Didn't you suspect that I would be idiot enough to be betrayed with you. Sit down and keep your mouth shut or I will do it for you. I'm off, and if you raise an alarm for an hour I'll choke the life out of you before they bring me."

Each word struck the girl like the blow of a hammer, and she stood there dumb with amazement while Red Pete strapped the rifle to the saddle and mounted.

"Ain't you going to take me?" she appealed at last.

"Gosh," he mumbled in reply.

"Do you mean that you don't love me, that I'm to be left behind, that you haven't meant what you said?"

"Don't be a fool! Be kissed at her. I was working for my life, and I've won the game. Sit down and cry it out. I'm off!"

He turned the horses and started away, leading one so as to have a fresh man shot or I will do it for you. I'm off, and if you raise an alarm for an hour I'll choke the life out of you before they bring me."

Each word struck the girl like the blow of a hammer, and she stood there dumb with amazement while Red Pete strapped the rifle to the saddle and mounted.

"What is it? What is it?" shouted those who first regarded the spot.

"I have just—just killed him because he was going to leave me behind," she said as she looked up through her tears.

A Debt of Honor.
 The inconsiderate creditor pressed for immediate payment of his promissory note.

"But I have no money," said the debtor wearily.

"I saw you pay that man who just went out," retorted the creditor indignantly.

"That was a debt of honor," replied the other, with haughtiness.

The creditor immediately tore up the promissory note which he held in his hand and threw it in the fire.

"So is mine a debt of honor," he remarked simply.

So far so good, and the matter is proceeding along the proper lines for such cases made and provided.

The debtor assured himself that the promise to pay had been really consummated.

"Fardon me," he then politely said, "but you tore up that note voluntarily and from mercenary motives. I cannot therefore recognize it as a debt of honor."

Which proves that a nice sense of honor is a good thing to have lying about handy.

The creditor smiled indignantly. "Oh, that was only a copy I tore up," he replied. He took another note from his pocket. "This is the original, you see," he remarked, with pardonable pride.

Which proves again that a careful man before burning his bridges assures himself that the ferry is still doing business at the same old stand.

Flights of the Spirit.
 A case recorded by Pittarch would seem to support the theory that during periods of protracted insensibility the spirit of the sleeper, freed from the body, wanders away to realms and scenes not conceivable by the ordinary senses. A man named Theophrastus, he tells us, fell from a great height and was picked up by an apparition of a dead man. There were no external wounds about him, but the physicians were astounded by the fact of the dream.

Arrangements were made for his burial, but on the third day after his fall he revived, much to the consternation of his friends. In a short time it became quite evident that the whole tenor of the man's life had changed. Previously his character was that of a profligate and a vicious man, but after his insensibility he ever followed after virtue. On being asked the reason of the change, Theophrastus related that during his long sleep his spirit had been liberated from his body and had ranged away to a strange land, where it had joined a whole company of other spirits.

His past life was disclosed to him in all its hideousness, and the glorious capabilities which were before him were revealed in such a manner as to make him ambitious of attaining them.

A REMARKABLE CASE.
 One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 145 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal

THE STOMACH IS THE MAN.
 A weak stomach weakens the man, because it cannot transform the food he eats into nourishment. Health and strength cannot be restored to any sick man or weak woman without first restoring health and strength to the stomach. A weak stomach cannot digest enough food to feed the tissues and revive the tired and run-down limbs and organs of the body. Koloid Dyspepsia Cure cleanses, purifies, sweetens and strengthens the glands and membranes of the stomach, and cures indigestion, dyspepsia and



Mrs. Laura S. Webb,
 Vice-President Woman's Homeopathic Club of Northern Ohio.
 "I decided the change of life which was fast approaching. I wanted Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it all and not now will I have passed the time."

Female weakness, disordered stomach, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell \$1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

How Liquid Fuel is Used.
 Those who have had no practical experience in the use of liquid fuel are often surprised at the elaborateness of some of the methods employed to secure efficient combustion of the oil. One of the latest is the Orde system, which is employed for steamships. First, the oil must be freed as perfectly as possible from water. This is done by preliminary settling in a tank. From the tank the oil is pumped under a pressure of sixty pounds to the inch into the burners. On its way it is heated to a temperature just below its boiling point, and then on emerging from the inner tube of the burner it is met by steam and air heated to 600 degrees or more and thus is entirely converted into vapor. In this form it is sprayed into the flame and consumed.

Expensive Shaving.
 A friend met Congressman Ruppert of New York and said: "Jake, I came away from home without any money this morning. Let me have a couple of dollars, will you? I want to get shaved." "Say," observed the congressman as he handed over the money, "who shaves you, Pierpont Morgan?"



ALWAYS BE QUINTANILLA'S FRIEND.
 Always be Quintanilla, controller of the finances of Castile, hearing of Columbus and his theories, invites him to his house, where he is warmly received. Columbus is soon introduced to the important personages of the Castilian court.

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FREE! This \$50 Prize For Some
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The plan of giving away this valuable prize is as follows:
 We have printed 1,000 tickets, numbered consecutively and beginning the 1st of October every person who pays \$1 on subscription to THE ENTERPRISE will be given one of these tickets. Those who pay \$1 get one ticket, \$2 two tickets, and so on. It matters not whether you are an old subscriber paying up back dues or a new subscriber paying in advance, every dollar paid counts the same and gets a ticket.

One blank ticket has been sent to a person outside of the State to be numbered, the number to be known to no one but himself. This ticket after being numbered is sealed in two envelopes, these two enclosed in another envelope and mailed to Mr. J. G. Godard, Cashier of the Bank of Martin County, to be kept in the bank by him until all the 1,000 tickets are out, when the one at the bank will be opened and the number announced, and the person holding the ticket with the same number will be given the Steel Range.

If you are already a subscriber to THE ENTERPRISE now is a good time to pay up all arrears and some in advance, getting a ticket for every dollar paid. The more tickets you get the larger number of chances you have at the Stove. If you do not take THE ENTERPRISE now is the best time to subscribe, get the campaign, home and general news, and at the same time have a chance to get this fine Steel Range. The sooner the tickets are cut the sooner somebody will get the Range. Tell your neighbor about this and get him interested.

SEE THE PRIZE ON DISPLAY
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 THIS GREAT WHITE ENAMEL LINE
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The Enterprise

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