

The Enterprise

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (One Square, one insertion, etc.) and Price (75 Cents, \$1.00, etc.)

Slave

To Morphine From Doctor's Orders. Habit Worse Than the Disease.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cured Me.

When the nervous system has been shattered by the use of deadly drugs there is nothing to equal Dr. Miles' Nervine in restoring it to health and normal activity.

TO STAMP OUT RABIES.

Muzzle all the dogs in Chicago for a period of six months and there will be no more rabies, said Dr. A. Lagorio of the Pasteur Institute of Chicago.

There could be no better time than the present for such a step, because it is during the winter and early spring that rabies is most easily spread.

CONDENSED STORIES.

They Wanted to See a Bigger Man Than the President.

Representative Fitzgerald of New York had the pleasure of escorting a bride and bridegroom—"two constituents of mine," as he designated them—about the city the other day.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

A Few Useful Hints on the Care of Furniture Woods.

The care of furniture woods is an exceedingly interesting part of the intelligent housekeeper's duties. The daily light dusting must supplement the weekly rubbing if the "bloom," in this instance not desirable, is to be kept away.

THE PASSING OF STEAM.

Inch by inch the field is contested, and slowly, sulkily, the locomotive is giving way before the insistent trolley.

Inch by inch the field is contested, and slowly, sulkily, the locomotive is giving way before the insistent trolley. A dozen years ago it was only the car horse and cable in the towns that were threatened by electric traction.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

How a Young Engineer Won the Favor of Napoleon.

It is related that during one of the campaigns of the famous military strategist Napoleon, while passing through an unfamiliar country, the army came suddenly and quite unexpectedly upon a wide and deep river, effectually barring further progress with its waters.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Papa's Wireless Message to a Stay Late Young Man.

They were standing at the front door, and he had just said good night for the seventeenth consecutive time when a gruff voice was wuffed down from the head of the stairs.

On Equal Terms.



"Why are you going to leave, Guste?" "Because they treat me so badly."

"That isn't my experience. Why, they treat me as one of the family. The mistress calls me an old fool as often as she does her husband."

"Well, you mustn't do it. It's unwholesome. It's bad for the eyes." "I never go on!" exclaimed Tommy. "I never look at my feet when I'm in school!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"We have such a good teacher at our school now. She lets us do whatever we please." "And what do you do?" "Well, we most generally study our lessons. You see, when we really try to do what we please she always keeps us after school for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inspector—I came to tell you that your policy will lapse if you do not at once pay your premium. Estimer—Well, I'm sorry, but I've been insured in your company for seven years, and nothing has happened to me yet, so I'm going to try another place.—Volks Kalender.

Blobs—I say, old chap, introduce me to the fat lady sitting in the corner, will you? Slobs—Certainly, old fellow. Got a crush? Blobbe—Well, yes, in a way. She's sitting on my hat.—Philadelphia Record.

Briggs—Bilkins didn't get along with that rich girl he married, did he? Griggs—No. She went back to her family, and he went back to his creditors.—New York Life.

Country Cobbler—Why, your reverence, your sermon today was all against dancing! Priest—You and I are old, so it doesn't touch us. Cobbler—Ah, but you see dancing wears shoes out.—Floh.

Azum—Well, then, what is the difference between a rhymester and a poet? Newitt—Usually a poet is one who calls himself a rhymester, and a rhymester is one who calls himself a poet.—Philadelphia Press.

WAKEFUL CHILDREN. For a long time the two year old child of Mr. F. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by N. S. Peck & Co.

Subscribe to The Enterprise.

Professional Cards.

DR. JOHN D. BIGGS, DENTIST. OFFICE: MAIN STREET.

GEO W NEWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office up stairs in New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps. WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

Williamston Telephone Co. Office over Bank of Martin County, WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Phone Charge (To Washington 25 Cents, Greenville 25, Plymouth 25, etc.)

For other points in Eastern Carolina see "Central" where a phone will be found for use of non-subscribers.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned has been cured of his disease by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that blood disease Consumption, was caused by the loss of his blood, and the loss of his blood was caused by the loss of his blood.

IS YELLOW POISON

In your blood? Physicians call it Malaria. It is a deadly disease, and it is a deadly disease, and it is a deadly disease, and it is a deadly disease, and it is a deadly disease.

ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC

Will stop the tremble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected now when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and general break-down comes later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness.

For sale by Anderson, Hassell & Co., and Eli Gurganus.

WHY?

The reason One Minute Cough Cure cures a cough in one minute, is because it acts first on the mucous membrane right where the cough troubles—in the throat or deep-seated in the lungs, destroying the microbes or cough germs and clearing the phlegm.

Country Cobbler—Why, your reverence, your sermon today was all against dancing! Priest—You and I are old, so it doesn't touch us.

ONE MINUTE COUGH CURE

Prepared by E. O. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. S. E. BIGGS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Scientific American. A Specially Illustrated Weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Published by Munn & Co., 35 Broadway, New York.



"WAT, HE FIT THE BUFFALOES."

fully reproduced in the bronze. A party of tourists under the charge of a man who knew it all came by. "There," said the guide, "stands the statue of William F. Cody—good old Buffalo Bill."

"What did he do that he deserves a statue?" asked a young woman in the party. "Do!" repeated the guide, with fine scorn. "Why, he fit the buffaloes."—Washington Cor. New York World.

True Blue.

Bishop Vincent of the Methodist church and one of the founders of the Chautauque circle tells of an incident that helped to make interesting the summer he spent in the mountains of Tennessee. Strolling thoughtfully along one day, he suddenly found himself in the midst of a very active camp meeting of negroes.

Two or three ministers present recognized him, introduced him to others, and soon the bishop found himself so popular that he was fairly dragged to the speakers' platform and asked to say something to the assemblage. He consented, and one of the blacks stepped forward to introduce the unexpected visitor. This master of ceremonies went right to the point. He bade the gathering know that they were all of one purpose and spirit notwithstanding the difference in complexion and wound up as follows:

"Now, brethren and sisters, Brother Vincent, as yo' can see for yo'selves, is white of face, but at heart, let me tell yo'—at heart, I say—he is as black as any of us."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Boy's Ambition.

Dr. William Byron Forbush, pastor of the Winthrop church, Boston, told a little story to illustrate the nature of a boy's ambitions at the "congress about boys," which recently met. He said a gentleman in Springfield, Mass., met a boy walking on the shores of Massachusetts lake. He was such a bright, manly little fellow that the man could not forbear stopping to talk with him. After some conversation he asked him how old he was. The little chap appeared confused, hesitated and finally replied:

"Well, I ain't but twelve, but my pants is marked sixteen."

Marloquin Custard.

For a marloquin custard the formula is a pint of milk, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, one-fourth of a square of chocolate, three teaspoonfuls of cocoa, one-half cupful of chopped nuts and one-half cupful of chopped candied fruits. Cream together the sugar, eggs and cornstarch. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Blend the cocoa and chocolate in a little of the hot milk. Stir in the egg and sugar mixture, the chocolate and cocoa. Add the nuts and fruit and cook until the custard thickens. Remove from the fire and stir in the vanilla and salt.

Plenty of Bags.

Every closet door used to have its cretonne shoe bag, but in these advanced days boot trees have taken its place, the shoes being kept in shape longer than when they were carelessly thrust into a pocket. The bag has other uses, however. Mittens, rubbers, clean dust cloths, a ball of string, numerous small things which one would wish to have close at hand, are conveniently kept in pockets. The trouble is that they are too apt to become receptacles for all sorts of rubbish. The domestic science experts who propose to abolish the kitchen pantry and whose motto is "Everything in sight" would probably object to them on this score.

Creamed Calf's Liver.

Creamed calf's liver is an inexpensive and delicious luncheon or breakfast dish. Cut the liver into small pieces and cook for twenty minutes in butter. Take up the liver and lay it on a hot plate. Into the butter in the pan put a tablespoonful of minced onion and let this brown. Add a tablespoonful of flour and cook until it begins to froth, stirring gently. Draw the pan back or lower the gas flame and gradually add a pint of milk, stirring all the time. Put the liver back into the gravy and allow it to simmer five minutes longer.

Flowerpots on Glass.

An experienced flower grower, who has her plants not only on the several window sills of her apartment, but scattered through the room on tables and stands, says she has found that a square of glass makes the most effective support for a flowerpot or jardiniere. If placed on the woodwork itself or on a centerpiece, the pot is sure to make a bad spot. The glass saves the polished wood or bit of embroidery, at the same time not concealing them.

Curried Apples.

Curried apples are a novelty with many persons. To prepare them core a half dozen large, tart apples and arrange them in a baking dish. Cream together four tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of brown sugar and beat in a teaspoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Fill the space left by the cores with the mixture and bake in a quick oven. Serve cold.

Borax For Discolored Tinware.

If teapots or coffeepots become discolored on the inside, boil in a strong solution of borax for fifteen or twenty minutes. Borax is excellent for cleansing discolored tinware of any kind.

A Cutting Retort.

Beebohm Tree, the London actor, has rather a pompous manner, which is calculated to ruffle the temper of other people at times. An actor from the provinces called upon him recently, hoping to get an opportunity to show his worth on the metropolitan stage. "Oh, I could not possibly give you a part," said the great manager, "but I dare say I could arrange to let you walk on with the crowd in the last act." The young aspirant flushed with indignation, but, holding himself well in hand, replied pleasantly, "My dear Mr. Tree, I really don't think I have heard anything quite so funny from you since your Hamlet."

"Copper" Is the Word.

Mr. Bernard Shaw holds that "copper" is, after all, the most correct and the most English term that can possibly be applied to the representative of law and order, and he advocates its permanent substitution for "policeman." At Essex hall Mr. Shaw entertained the promoters of the new Public and Police Vigilance society by talking about the police force and its methods. "Bobby," said he, "is slang, and policeman is simply a vulgar Latinization." "Copper," however, he deems excellent Saxon for describing a man who pursues and captures.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Riot Cartridges.

Hereafter when troops are sent to quell riots they will carry a special cartridge, which the war department is now ready to furnish. It will be just as effective as the ordinary cartridge, but only at short range. According to the description issued by the department, the riot cartridge is effective at distances up to 200 yards, and by using it the soldier gives the fleet footed rioter a chance to get out of harm's way.

The Newest Light.

The Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor electrical lamp is the cheapest light in the world, barring the sun. It has no red rays and is therefore less irritating to the eye than any other light, but this absence of red rays makes colors mixed with red appear as shades of dirty brown or bright violet, and the woodwork of the room is given a greenish tint, while the faces of persons are green, blotched with purple.

Amazed the Duches.

According to a London weekly, the Duches of Marlborough is astounded at the extravagance displayed by New York society during her present visit to relatives there. Especially was she amazed at the splendor of an entertainment given in Newport by the wife of her kinsman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who brought an entire company over from New York to amuse her guests one evening.

At War Without Knowing It.

There is a European state which has been at war over thirty-six years without knowing it. This is Lichtenstein. In 1866, at the outbreak of war between Prussia and Austria, the Prince of Lichtenstein declared for Austria. When peace was made, this principality was forgotten. It had made war and never signed the peace. Consequently, according to all precedent, it is still in a state of war.

At School and at Home. My teacher doesn't think I read so very special well. She's always saying, "What was that last word?" and makes me spell. And then pronounce it after her. As slow as slow can be. "You'd better take a little care!" "That's what she says to me." "Or else I'm really 'frail' you'll find. Some one of these bright days, you're way behind the primer class." "That's what my teacher says."

But when I'm at my grandpa's house. He hands me out a book to read. And lets me choose a place to read. And then he'll sit and look at me and listen just as pleased. I know it from his face. And when I read a great, long word. He'll say, "Why, little Grace, you'll have to teach our district school. Some one of these bright days! Mother, you come and hear this child." "That's what my grandpa says." —St. Nicholas.

Alphabetical Game. Alphabetical rations is an interesting game for young children. In this game you eat only by the letters of the alphabet. Tommy can only eat what begins with A, and he eats apples, always, and the piglets. Tom can only live on eggs and eels. X, Y and Z have a hard time and pay innumerable fines for bad spelling.

Some queer articles of food are thought of, and each child learns something about edibles that he probably never thought of before, if some other person is umpire in the game. Tommy won't forget that aigs are not eggs.—Grange Homes.

A Critical Moment.

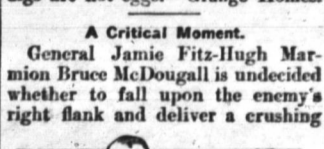
General James Fitz-Hugh Marmion Bruce McDougall is undecided whether to fall upon the enemy's right flank and deliver a crushing blow or to retire with his gallant followers to a stronghold behind the sofa and watch developments. In the meantime Colonel Barker awaits orders.—St. Nicholas.

A Convenient Deafness.

Mrs. Hall was just wishing she had some one to send downtown after a spool of silk with which to finish her sewing when her neighbor's little six-year-old boy came in. "Well, Robbie," said Mrs. Hall, "if I will pay you 3 cents will you go down to Stone's and get me a spool of silk?"

Robert was very willing to go and waited while Mrs. Hall wrote the number and color of the silk she wanted, and as she handed him the slip Robbie said:

"Mrs. Hall, I guess I must be a little hard of hearing, but did you say 4 cents?"—I. F. Ward in Little Chronicle.



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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Signs want you out.