WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF BARBARA

By M. F. Bencon Cop, right, 1908, by T. C. McClure.

likely, the Plymptons felt sure that it ald end that way, and the neighbors all looked upon it as good as settled. Yet to Barbara Baxter and Zachariah

Plympton matrimony seemed as far of as in the days when they skated on the mill pond together or picked blackbor-ries from the same bush over in Daw.

Indeed it was very embagrassing to Barbara to have people refer to Zucka-riah in her presence as if they were en-gaged when he had never uttered one prord that would institute such a relation between them. Mrs. Plymptor, was kind and motherly, and made at rts of excuses to get her up to the use on the hill, and Deacon Plymp-n was benign and gracious, but imertainty still characterized the situa

Now there was every reason in the world that Zachariah should come for world that Zacharlah should come for-ward. The Plympton farm and the Baxter farm isy side by side. The Flympton farm was high and rolling and the Baxter farm ran along on both sides of the "crik;" so that when the deacon falled to get a good crop of hay Brother Baxter always had a-plenty to sell him, and if it was a cold, wet sum-mer down in the hollow the deacon mer down in the hollow the deacon could help out with crops from his up-land. Clearly the two farms were meant to be farmed together. Zacharlah and Barbara were the only representatives of their respective families, and Barbara was pretty and sweet enough to make the meet austere anchorite break

his vow of celibacy.

The trouble lay with Zachariah's in lity to pronounce the fateful word. Ordinarily he was blessed was a construction of speech, but when a trying and momentons situation confronted bim he mentons situation confronted bim he had a habit of pausing on the crucial syllable and repeating it while he gath-ered courage to plunge forward. In fact he stuttered, and the more agitated

As the years had gone by it had be e his custom on Sunday afternoon



fo stroll down the road till he came to the Baxters' gate and then as if by some andden inspiration to turn into the front yard. At the Baxters' the elder portion of the family, after a friendly greeting and inquiries regard-ing the crops, soon grew oblivious of his pressage and found occupation in some retired portion of the home or barnyard.

barnyard.

§ Thus there was no lack of opportunity for him to put the state of his forfisign into definite speech. When put in the quiet of a ten acre lot be had often solvegred the manner in unitch he would approach the subject, but once in Burbara's presence the appropriate methods he had devised the leafly falled him. Her bright eyes seemed dancing with laughter and her yed lips curving into a smile of decision at his awkwardseas, so that ideas and words became confused in a hopeless tangle.

At last, goaded by bints from mother, he essayed to put one of long studied methods to the trial. Everything was propitious. He sat with Barbara on the front steps with and a sign of another human being out a sign of another human benearer than half a mile. Not a bo

nearer than half a mile. Not a breast attred the leaves on the elm over their heads. A crescent moon with its attendant star was just touching the pops of the oals on the hill. The crickets were chirping. "Now, now, now!" Neither had spoken for some min-

Barbara gave a scarcely perceptible tart and clasped ber binds. "B-B-Berb"—. The color mounted in Barbara's beeks. She gazed intently at her

and gone and he had accomplished

The next Sunday, re-enforced by the brightest necktle he could buy in the village, he sauntered over his usual

Again he sat with Barbara on the front steps and watched the color die out, of the western sky, and again he sought to put in practice one of his many plans. Conversation was fitful, and Barbara

was not beloing to fill up the gaps. "Barbara"— Zachariah felt his throat

Battlera sat up straighter and looked stray to the willows across the brook. "Bartlera," Zuchariah repeated sol-emnly, "I want to tell you b-h-h-h-how

emaily, 7I want to tell you h-h-h-how in the both lot."
Chardy no advance had been made this time, and Zachariah went home more discouraged than ever, d'ending to meet his mather's scarching glance from over her allises.

The next morning the sun was playing false and seek with Barbarathrough the grapevine that spread itself out and clung to the lattice around the stoon. Now it hit the coil of dark the stoop. Now it hit the coil of dark hair on the top of her head as she bent over the washink, and now it gleamed on the firm pink flesh of her bare arm.

on the firm pink flesh of her bare arm.
Mechanically she gave the white garment a deft turn that sent the water
trickling back into the tub and then
added it to the heaped basket by her
side. Now and again there was a littile blake of her head as she bowed over her work which boded mischief "Good mornin', Barbara. Ain't you

powerful busy? I've been waitin 'bout half an hour for you' to look up and speak to a feller."

Barturn gave a little start, and a conscious flush swept over her face as she turned and looked down on the tall bread cheested young man stand. tall, broad chested young man stand ing on the grass near ber, his much battered straw hat pushed back from his brouned forchead and his large.

strong face beaming with pleasure.
"Why, Zech Plympton! What on carth you doin' down here this time of day. I thought you plowin' over in

"Well, I did mean to, but mothe wanted me to do an errant for he fore I hitched up."

He put a basket carefully down or

the edge of the steps.
"She wants to know if you don't "Set the day? Why, Zach, you're drediful sudden. I'll have to ask pa

and ma first."

She fell to rubbing up and down the washboard with wielent industry. Crash-a baker's dozen of egg-speeded their reliow centers over the stones at the foot of the steps, and she felt herself seized in a pair of strong

arish. "If that wa'n't the toughest job I've hitched on to in all my life! But h's all right, ain't it, Barbara? And we'll be married 'fore Thanksgivin'. Mrs. Baxter, coming around the cor

ner of the house with a pan of vegeta-bles she had been gathering, paused in stonishment. "Sakes alive! If that don't beat all!"

she excisimed under her breath. "Well, well, it looks likely Zachariah 'u'd be here to dinner. I guess I'd better go back and git some more of these here beans. He's a great hand for bears, and I've got a powerful small

In his "Mirror of Stones" Camillus Leonardus calls jet "black amber" and states that it possesses the peculiar property of attracting to it, when rabproperty of attracting to it, when rubbed, light substances of all kinds. He
also tells us that the thin smoke produced by this friction of ribbing was
used by the ancient Britains for drivleg away devils and dissolving apells.

"Jet," says Dr. Young, "appears to
be wood in a high state of bitaminization." And certainly jet often appears
with traces of ligneous structure. At
the same time there are specimens of
bones which seemingly have been gradnally impregnated with and at last
whorly replaced by this substance.

Among the jet rock there is found a
figuid hydrocarbon, somewhat resembling petroleum oil, which occurs in
the cavities of anmonities, etc., and is
also sametimes found in nodules, the
presence of which is generally suppose
ed to point to a rich vein of jet.

From these and other observations it
would appear that jet existed as a
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The Retort Courteous. It was a rainy day, the Broadway car was crowded even more than usual, and the conductor's temper was even shorter than usual. At Chambers street a woman signaled that she wished to alight, but when the car came to a stop she was unable to do so because a haus truck which had become stalled in the tangle of vehicles harred her way to the sidewalk.

It was then that the conductor proved he had an astonishingly extensive to

he had an astonishingly extensive ro-cabulary for a man in his station of life. Addressing the truck driver, he began by asking him what in hades be usent by stonging there when he saw that a hidy wanted to get off. And then for a full two minutes he indulged

then for a full two minutes he indused in a flow of language that experienced not a second's interruption.

During the harangue the driver act insteaming attentively, while the rain drivped from his hat down over his rubicund countenance. When the conductor at last had finished a look of admiration settled upon the driver's a last had finished a look of admiration settled upon the driver's a last had finished a look of admiration settled upon the driver's a last had finished a look of admiration settled upon the driver's a last had finished a look of a last had finished

FAMILIAR CUSTOMS.

Significance Originally.

It is most surprising what a num ber of little things we do without knowing the reason. Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you may say because they make them look pretty and interesting. But the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away, the cap remains, says a Lon-

es or X's on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of quality nowa-days. But originally they were put on by the ancient monks as a sort of trademark. They were crosses in those days and meant a sort of oath on the cross sworn by t's manufac-turer that his barrel comained good

This has become so familiar a prac-tice that a funeral without it would appear un-Christian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago when people were being buried in order to frighten away the evil spirits who lived in

Why do fair ladies break a bottle blood baptized it.

Why are dignitaries deafened by loaded.

Getting Rid of His Hortes.

Probably no man ever loved a horse more than did the late Wil-liam B. Smith of Hartford, Conn., owner of the stallion Thomas Jafferson, one of the best proportioned pieces of horseflesh of his time. Depreciation in real estate values caused the horseman's affairs to become unsettled, and he failed. While driving with a clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Waite, in the troublous times he expressed his sorrow at having to part with a number of promising horses.

"How many head have you?"

Later the Rev. Mr. Waite met Mr. Smith and asked him if he had sold

since.

now?" inquired the clergyman.
"Only twenty-two," replied Mr.

Glant Umbrellas

An African chief's umbrella is of greater importance than many peopreater importance than many peo-ple imagine apart from its enor-mous size. Its loss in battle more than equals the loss of a standard of a European commander. Some of the umbrellas are of prodigious dimensions, being no less than 25 feet in diameter, with ribs 12 feet 6 inches long. They are made of lancewood, and the covering is of gorgeously colored chintz in varied ections of crimson, yellow and blue. The opening is performed by means of pulleys and ropes attached to the "runner," this operation requiring the services of three or four men. The pole, or handle, is of birch and is about fourteen or fifteen feet high.

ate," complained the cheerful idiot.
"What's that?" asked the puzzled waiter girl.

upper crust is stuck on the lower. Bring me some of that drop stitch pie over there." into the head of the dis-

of the cranberry pie with the lattice-work cover.—Baltimore American.

In a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher put the following

mal of the order indentata-that is. A boy whose face beamed with

mark replied:
"I can."

Things We Do That Had a Different the Natives With Horne.

don magazine.
What is the meaning of the cross-

liquor.
Why are bells tolled for the dead?

of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow so that his

a salute when they visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome, this firing off of guns, but it appears the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally a town or a war ship fired off its guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show that it had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions that it didn't think it necessary to keep its guns

asked the clergyman.
"Fifteen," replied Mr. Smith.

any of his circuit racing horses.

Oh, yes; I got rid of most of them and have bought a colt or two "How many horses have you

"This pie is entirely too affection-

"I say it's too affectionate; the

And after some difficulty it was iressed maiden that he wanted some

A Toothless Animal.

sure at the prospect of a good

"Well, what is the animal?"

THE TANGEN THE

A Growth of Hadegazeer Hagarded by

One of the most deadly the world is to be found in Madagascar, where it is known as the langen tree. Its scientific name is Tanguinta venenifers, the latter word signifying poisonous.

By the natives it is regarded with a sort of horror and for excellent reasons. For centuries it was the eustom to use the fruit of the tangen for the purpose of ascertaining whether criminals charged with grave offenses were guilty or not.

In each case the pre-ner was brought into court, and the judge thereupon solemnly handed him a fruit from a tangen tree and told him that if he ate it and it did him no harm he would be considered innocent, but that if it killed him he would be considered guilty. As there is a great deal of poison in the fruit, it can readily be seen that very few, if indeed any, were able to pass through this ordeal unscathed.

It is said that some criminals who had great political influence or considerable wealth managed to escape through the connivance of the judges; but, on the other hand, the criminal records tell of many cases in which prisoners died a horrible death very soon after they had ent-

en the noxious fruit.

More civilized methods of adjudication now prevail in Madagascar; but, though this barbarous custom is obsolete, the tangen tree is re-garded with almost as much aversion as it ever was. A proof of this may be found in the fact that a girl sat primity erect, a flush of nonoy-ance rose to her checks, and after a student dash of nager from her eyes she that the trees that the man and fruit of the trees; but, though he asked several natives to aid him in the search, he was unable to obtain the slightest asistance from any of them.-Toledo Blade.

Double Punishment.

A native traveler in Japan bught two snapping turtles, and, being charged heavily for their transportation as live animals on the train, he placed them in a small portable sk which he carried. The Japan Weekly Mail tells of an adventure

When he got on the train he held the trank so carefully under arm that a third who was in the crowd was sure the man had some thing valuable in the box. got into the same car and took an adjoining seat. Taking the first op-portunity, he cut a small hole in the trink with a sharp knife and slipped in his hand. About this time the turtles con-

cluded that there was "something doing," and they took hold of his fingers in a hearty way. Gritting his teeth, the thirf tried to withdraw his hand, but he could not. Then he howled, and the owner of the trunk seized him and turned him over to the train people, who at the next station gave him to a police-

The incident, however, was not losed until the traveler was punished for violation of the railway regulations.

Chartemagne.

He could straighten four horse shoes joined together, we are told, and lift with his right hand a fully equipped fighting man to the level of his head. His forehead was majestic, his nose-like an eagle's beak. He had the eyes of a lion. When he was angry they gleamed so that no man could look him in the face. He dressed like a Frank of the ancient days, scoffed at foreign fashions, loved the speech and songs of his own Austrasia. Add to these external traits a tireless energy, an iron will, a keen love of order and jus-tice, deep seated religious instincts, and under all an exuberant animal nature. Such was the man as he appeared to his contemporaries.— "Charlemagne," by H. W. C. Davis.

He was deep in his paper and did not want to be interrupted, but of course she didn't care anything

about that. "Did you read about the young couple that went through the mar-riage ceremony just for a joke?"

"No," he replied. "What of it?" "Why, after it was all over they discovered that it wasn't a joke at began watching these lines and found "Oh, every one who tackles the

He wasn't interrupted gain for a full hour. Resenting an insuit.

marriage question finds that out."

Some time ago the play of "Ham-t" was performed at an English provincial theater. In a scene with Polonius the crafty old courtier asks, "Do you know me, my lord?" And the prince responds: "Excel-

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> Fair a By RICHARD

BARKER SHELTON

Commicht, Dat, by T. C. McClure Qe0000000000000000000000000

It was a guest little stream lagging along between banks lined with alders with here and there a pine looming its giant come above its lesser neighbors. Thin bladed flags fringed the shallows at its edges, and in the swampy places rict of purple blossoms. Yellow ham-mers winged to and fro in swift flight, and dragon files hung above the water serveying themselves in the limpid

In one place for some score of yards the banks were higher, the aider greet was broken and the green meadow lan gained the water's very edge. In the center of this open space and close to the banks stood a solitary beech. Against the trunk of the beech reclined a girl as she dangled a line in the brook. Her head was bare, her brown hair in fine disarray, and her siceves rolled to the cibows, displayed a pai of well tanned and shapely arms. Het head rested castly on the trunk of the beech. She was thinking her pose must be quite fetching. So thought the young man who brok

through the aiders on the other side of

the stream. He was a tall, well knit young man. His face was cast in a solemn mold, but a twinkle in the deep set eves and a restive twitching of the corners of his mouth gave ass of a saving humor. At the sight of the young man the gazed steadfastly at the point where her line made little eddies in the water.

On his part, the young man started and

thinking what several kinds of an immortal idiot he had been to quarrel with her. Then he produced a rod and line and without undue ostentation be-gan his augling.

Now there was a vast difference be tween the outfits of the opposite ions. The girl's rod was of split ham boo. An oil silk line ran through its little rings and was wound about a reel of the latest design. Moreover, attached to the line was a hook on which a wriggling angleworm was in paled. The man's rod, on the con trary, was merely a newly out and ed alder shoot. His lin nothing more than bundle twine, and had one observed carefully be weeld have found at its end no hook at all,

but merely a fair sized pobble.

The young man fished faithfully. He gave the line sundry quick jerks and then lowered it again. He trolled it to and fro. He worked it under the bank, and all the time the girl on the opposite bank sat immovable, her eyes glued on the eddies. Hard lines appeared about her mouth-lines which said this spot was bers by the right of essession and that she intended to ponderous sigh. Then he quietly haid uside the rod and observed loud en

for the girl to hear:
"Nothing biteth in this, place save the foul mosquito and the stings of an oversensitive conscience. I will read a my tome,"

At the sound of his voice the girl. looked up, but as quickly lowered her eyes. He fancied he caught the sound a scoreful suiff. Undismayed, he

lent well. You are a dishmonger."

On hearing this an old woman in the pit stood up and, shaking her fist, shouled exvitedly: "Well, and sposing he is? That's better than you acting any day."

"Yet it belooveth not always a man to give way to unreasonableness. Meckaess, being leavened by an element of firmness".— Hate to passed and evidently turned back to the fitte, for he said, "On the Fatuity of Quarters."

teling." Then he turned several pages and began afresh:
"For, lo, she doth but lend thee forth

tato Librarie

to mock at thy disconsiture. Then art even as a fumb led to the siangla-ter." Again the reverting to the title with the result, "The Inconsistency of

An angry flush everspread the giri's cheek. The rod trembled in her hands, and the line cut little circles in the water. Could she have read the of the disquicting volume which, by the way, the young man held upside down-she would have found if

Abridged Edition of Hood's Forms Again the man turned the pages slowly, and this time he read the title first. How to Escape the Snares of Matri-There was an angry swish mony." Her line came out of the stream, and she rose in wrathful determination. But as she did so an alarmed and tremulous "O-oh!" escaped her lips. The young man risked a covert glance over the top, or, rather, the bottom, of his book. Some rods beyon e girl was a cow pencefully surveying the landscape. Immediately his eyes were on the book again, and he was mumbling away raphily. From the other bank came a smothered scream. The cow was approaching. The young man

sprang up.
"Don't be alarmed?" he called cheer.

fully. "I'll be over in a second."

He wided into the brook. Haif way across he sank to his knees, and then, although he had to drop to his elbows to do it, he disappeared beneath the water. The girl watched breathless. The young man took his time about reappearing. Little breath bubbles came to the surface. She ciutched her hands and set her teetla. Was it mid or cramps? Just as she felt she must cry out his name he appeared close to the bank and scrambled wet and dripping to her stde

"Walk over to the wall," he said. "I will be close behind you." Arrived at the wall, he swung her over and vault-ed it himself. They stood in a wide orchard, the girl rather shaken, the oreinta, the girl matter sussent, the man grave and self pessessed. "Don't let me introde further," he said coldiy. "There will be no more

cows between you and the house."

He bowed and turned on his heel, but the girl said chokingly, "You, don't go like that—please."

It ended by Tom starting back for a little box which had been return

the beech contentedly chewing her cud He-stopped to put her.
"Poor old been" he observed. "That trull of green apples from the posture worked like a charm ch? Hope you don't get the colle, old lady," he added sympathetically.

A Philadelphia tariter who belongs to the Society of Friends is a cherning

talking among the c

audience repress kfully
"A woman, rising, and to him
"I bog thee to take notice that the
latking you object to comes not from our, but from the men's, side of the None Bul Best Companies Represented

"The speaker smilled monther "So much the better, good woman; so much the better, he said. 'It will be the sooner over,' "

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