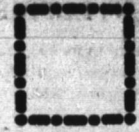


The Enterprise



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VOL. V. - NO. 3

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1903.

WHOLE NO. 211.

PAINTING A SIGN

Early on a fine summer morning an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected friends to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

sign accent. "I will give 100 guineas for it!" "Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!" "What do you mean, monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly interested. "What I say—I will give 100 guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse. "That picture is not to be sold," said the sign painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work. "No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold and even partly paid for in advance. However, if monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it it is with me that he must treat."

Two girls once went on a driving trip with a very pleasant livery horse named Jim. The third day out they stopped for lunch and to rest the horse at an inn, the stable of which was crowded with the horses of country people who had driven in to a fair that was going on in the village. These various animals a somewhat intoxicated stable boy managed to mix up, and when asked to harness Jim again he had to admit that he was uncertain as to which horse belonged to "the young ladies." "Why, of course," they cried, "we'd know Jim anywhere; a brown horse with a white nose." Taken to the stable, they found themselves confronted with innumerable brown horses, all of whose noses were white. "Horses look terribly alike with their harness off," confessed the girl, "but, brightening, 'our horse knows his name. Jim! Jim!' At the sound one of the brown beasts stretched out his neck and neighed intelligently. 'That's he!' cried the girls. 'Good old Jim knows us even if we don't know him. Besides, now we look at him closely, we recognize his expression.' 'Well," said the proprietor, "if you're sure it's your horse—"

He Could See No Great Difference Between the Women. One morning as Judge C. of N. county, Va., was starting for the town he was approached by one of his negroes, who with more or less confusion asked: "Massa, when yo' goes to the co'thouse will yo' git me a license? I'ze gwine to be mar'ed." "Married, are you, Sam? All right," called the judge as he hastily drove off. Arrived at the courthouse, he spent a very busy day, and it was not until he was preparing to leave that he remembered Sam's license and realized that he had not been told the name of the bride elect. "The old idiot, he never told me who he wants to marry; but, of course, it's Lucinda." He's always making eyes at her." So saying he returned to the courthouse and had the license made out in the names of Sam and Lucinda. Sam was the first to greet him upon his return with the inquiry: "Git my license, massa?" "Yes, Sam, you old fool. You didn't tell me who you want to marry, but I remembered how you're always hanging around courting Lucinda and got the license in her name."

Most Deadly of Snakes. Brazilian Reptile Whose Bite is Almost Invariably Fatal. The fer-de-lance is one of the most deadly poisonous snakes in the world. It is common in Brazil and some of the West Indian islands. The head is flat and triangular, the length five to seven feet. A horny spike at the end of the tail rasps against hard objects. The bite is almost instantly fatal, and even when immediate death is averted serious and eventually fatal troubles may set in. The creature which fears the monster least is a brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range and begin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. A moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled into the dust, says the San Francisco Call. Nevertheless pussy does not yet dare to spring. The enemy, still alive, has almost instantly reformed his coil, but she is again in front of him, watching, vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the dashing stroke; again the beautiful countering; again the living death is hurled aside, and now the scaled skin is deeply torn, one eye socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied. Before he can attempt to coil pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head to the ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, strive to strangle her. In vain. He will never lift his head. An instant more and he lies still. The keen white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebra just behind the triangular skull.

"THE TAIL PIECE." Hogarth's Great Picture Representing the End of All Things. Hogarth, the famous satirist, produced a picture that for its choice of subjects has never been equaled. Not long before the death of this genius he set about executing what he facetiously termed "The Tail Piece." While sitting at his own table in company with a number of boon-companions he was asked by one of them what would be the subject of his next drawing. He gloomily answered, "The end of all things." The next day he began the design for this painting, and when finished it proved a most ingenious and unique effort. He grouped together everything that could denote "the end of all things." On the canvas was seen a broken bottle, a worn out stump of a broom, the broken butt of an old musket, an unstrung bow, a cracked ball, a crown crumbling to pieces, the ruins of a tower, the falling signpost of an inn called The World's End, a waning moon, the map of the globe burning, a gallows falling into decay, the chains which hold the body of the executed criminal hanging down and broken; the god of day (Phoebus) lying dead in the clouds, a wrecked vessel, a representation of Father Time with a broken scythe and hourglass, a pipe from which issued a faint cloud of smoke, an open play book, with the legend exort omnes (exit all) stamped in the corner; an empty purse and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. The finishing touch consisted of a broken palette upon which was inscribed the word "Finis." Hogarth never again took his palette in hand, and one month after "The Tail Piece" was finished he passed away.

Professional Cards. DR. JOHN D. BIGGS, DENTIST. OFFICE: MAIN STREET. GEO. W. NEWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on stairs in New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps. WILLIAMSTON, N. C. SKEWARKEE LODGE. No. 90, F. & A. M. Positions \$5,000 BANK DEPOSIT. In Case of Fire you want to be protected. ED. F. HUFFINES INSURANCE AGENT. WEDDING RINGS. Watches, Fobs, Chains, Pins, Brooches, Fountain Pens, Colla and Cuff Buttons. H. D. PEELE THE JEWELER. WILLIAMSTON GRADED SCHOOL will open October 5th. T. G. COOK, GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND REPAIRING.