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WHOLE NO. 211.

PAINTING A SIGN

an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected friends to arrive by the diligence, and he set out to by the difigence, 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 paint-er who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a eign suitable to its name, "The Ris-ing Sun."

The critic commenced walking heckward and forward before the lim, thinking that he might as well leaser these for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter meantime continued to lay on fresh costs of like brightest blua, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At length, when the sign painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer and exclaimed severely:

"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch and said in that tone pf forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes: nekward and forward before the

Monsieur does not pessere dans a mainting a sky."

Oh, yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too-much blue."

Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master Amsteur?"

manager. I merely

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you in passing—I make the cas-tial remark—that there is too much blue, but do as you like. Put on more blue if you don't think you have troweled on enough already." "But I tell you that I want to sepresent a clear blue sky at sun-rise."

"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sun-rise blue."

"By St. Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, com-ing down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger. "I should like to see how you

ould paint skies without blue "I don't pretend to much skill in sky painting, but if I were to make a trial I wouldn't put in too much

"I tell you what, old gentlems cried the insulted artist, crossing his maul stick over his shoulder and looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home, but you should not be

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your portrait painted to serve for the sign of "The Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy and began with the palm of his hand to efface the chef d'œuvre of

shouted the latter. "You are ruin-ing my sign! Why, it's worth 35 francs! And, then, my reputation claim lost, gone forever!"

The shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend, but he latter, undisturbed either by het or by the presence of a crowd willagers, attracted by the distate, continued recreitestly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, sing merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he ketched in mentately outline three

to the impudence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and provabled the grumbling gradually cessed and was turned into a murmur of approvation when the design became apparent. The owner of the firm was the first to cry "Brave" and even Gerard Douw's cousin mine times removed felt his fury calming down into admiration.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned toward his neighbors, "this is a Preach sign painter, who wishes to have a jost with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he's about."

sign ascent. "I will give 100 guin-

the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

said the innkeeper, uncomm

"What I say—I will give 100 guing 5 for that painting," answer-ed the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

said the 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

"Not at all, not at all," returned the Flemish painter of signs. "It belongs to me. My fellow artisthere gave me a little help out of friendship, but the picture in my lewful property, and I am at liberty to sell it to any one I please."

"What roquery!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "My Rising Sun' is my property. Fastened on the wall of my house, how can it belong to anybody clee! Isn't it painted on my boards? No one but myself has the amallest right to it."

"I'll summon you before the magistrate!" cried he who had not painted the sign.

"I'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the innkeeper, who had half paid for it.

"One moment," interposed another energetic voice, that of the interloper. "It seems to me that I ought to have some little voice in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle of

confusion and energy. The Flem-ing contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose that I don't choose to have it sold?" said its real au-

"Oh, my dear monsieur," said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why, it would just enable me to lay in a good stock of wine and beer."

and, being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."
"He!" said Master Martzen.

"He!" said Master Martzen.
"Why, he's an old spendthrift who
has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion because
he spends all he gets on himself."
"No such thing. My Susette is
betrothed to an honest young
French cabinet maker, who, poor as
she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist. "That

claimed the stranger artist. "That quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for

"Forgive me?" he exclaimed.
"Forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

Messonier laughed heartily and, taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

At that moment the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were M. Lessee, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.

Ground up mummy makes a brown of a certain rare color that nothing else can give. It is on account of the asphaltum in the mummy that this is so. The Egyptians wrapped their dead in garments coated with asphaltum of an incomparably fine and pure quality. This asphaltum as the centuries passed impregnated the tissues of the dead inemselves. It turned them into the best paint material in the world. Being exceedingly expensive, it is used only by portrait painters in depicting brown har.

JUST LIKE A GIRL

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 ble 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

out his neck and neighed intelligent-ly. "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"—

name of mercy," in a voice of con-sternation, "what's that you have between the shafts?" "Why, isn't that Jim?" faltered the girls. "Jim!" cried the livery keeper furi-ously. "That broken down beast ously. "That broken down beast Jim? Not by a jugful it isn't!" And so it proved, to the detriment of the girls' purses, for Jim was never recovered.—Everybody's Mag-

Blood poisoning is now recog-nized as poisoning by a living organism, while ordinary poisoning is by some chemical substance devoid of life. Blood poisoning took its name before its nature was properly understood, and it was thought to be a form of ordinary poisoning, but that the blood rather than the "vi-

alter the constitution of chemical common through wounds than by things eaten, and thus the idea of its being a poisoning of the blood was strengthened. As a "blood poi-son" is alive, it can and often does go on increasing after its first inges-tion, and the most obvious difference between the two is that blood poisoning generally begins with slight symptoms and increases in-definitely, while ordinary poisoning reaches its height almost at once.

Did you ever stop to think how many uses turpentine has and that you cannot afford to be without a

Quite Easily Done.

May—Do tell me, Pearl, how Mr.

Timmerman ever plucked up courage enough to propose. He is so
dreadfully bashful.

dreadfully bashful.

Pearl—Oh, he seemed to do it casily enough. I merely asked if he didn't think mamma would make an ideal mother-in-law, and he replied-

"Nothing. I just told him the kind of ring I wanted."

The other day a doctor met a man who was in the habit of accosting him in the street, and in the guise of ordinary conversation trying to extract free medical advice. I hear fish is an excellent brain

DIVIDED IN TASTE.

He Could See No Great Difference Be

tween the Women.
One morning as Judge C. of N eounty, 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

"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 b say day, and it was not until he way, proparates to have that he remarked. had not been told the name of the bride elect.

"The old idiot, he never told m "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?"

"Yee, Sam, you old fool. You

"Yes, Sam, you old fool. You didn't tell me who you want to mar-ry, but I remembered how you're always hanging around courting Lu-cinda and got the license in her name.

"Lawd, massa," exclaimed Sam,
"'tain't Lucindy; it's Kyarline.
What's I gwine ter do, massa?"
"Well," said the judge, "the only
thing will be for me to get another
license tomorrow."
"Massa," said Sam, "did yo' pay

anyt'ing fur dem license?"
"Yes, Sam; a dollar and seventyfive cents."

"Will anuther license cos' any t'ing?" asked Sam.
"Yes, Sam; a dollar and seventy five cents more," replied the judge After scratching his woolly peter

for a few minutes Sam replied:
"Well, massa, I done axed Kyarline, an' she sed 'Yase,' but dere
ain't no dollar an' seventy-five cents' disfunce in dem two niggers, so I'll jus' take Lucindy."—Lippincott's.

Grammar In the Grocery

The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks in some businesses was aptly illustrated one day this week when a wom an stopped at a Sixth avenue greengrocer's and asked:
"Is them lettuce fresh?"

"You mean that lettuce," gested the clerk, "and it is fresh.".
"Then you'd better cat it," she

napped as she walked on. The grocer rushed out and asked the clerk what he had said to the woman to anger her, and the young clerk replied:

"Why, nothing, only I corrected her grammar.'

"You have turned away one of my best customers. Only yesterday she came in and asked me how I sold 'these white sugar,' and I got an or-der for a whole barrel. Hang you, sir! But if them customers want grammar they don't expect to find it in a grocery. No, sir! And if you see her again you want to apologize in the most respectfulest manner."—New York Mail and Ex-

The Life of a Dog

A German addressing his dog said: "You vos only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit de bed in you shust durn round dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit de bed in I haf to lock up de blace und vind de clock und put de cat oud und undress myself, und my vife vakes up und scoles me. Den de baby cries, und I haf to valk him up und down. Den maype ven I shust go to sleep it's time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust acratch yourself a couple of times und stretch, und you vas up. I haf to quick light de fire und put de kittle on, scrap mit my vife alvish I vas you. Ven you go mit de de kittle on, scrap mit my vife al-ready und maype get some break-fast. You play all tay und haf plenty of fun. I haf to vork all day und haf plenty of drouble."

A story in the Scottish-American runs that some Paisley weavers were speaking about their ministers when one said that it was wonderful how much his minister could bring out of Scripture. He had known him to

preach several sermons from one text. Another said his minister sur-passed that, for he had preached six sermons from the shortest text in

"But that's naethin' to my wife," said the third. "She's been preach-in' to me for sixteen years frae nae

"Look, Harriet! There goes the famous Mr. Smith." "How stout he has grown!"

"You have known him?"
"Slightly. I once wrecked his life by refusing him."

"Strange he never spoke of knowing you."

"Oh, he would hardly remember me."—Puck.

MOST DEADLY OF SNAKES.

Brazilian Reptile Whose Bite Is Al

most invariably Fatal. 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 trou-

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 be gin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. A moment more and the triangular moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashed swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw dashes the horror aside, fling-ing it mangled into the dust, says the San Francisco Call. San Francisco Call.

Nevertheless pussy does not yet are to spring. The enemy, still 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 counstrone; again the beautiful contribution; 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 stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the trigonocephalus is blind, is stu-pefied. 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 woman was at the bargain oes and the remedy which she invented:

"These goods," said she, "hay been marked down from \$5 to \$4;"
"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk.
"And these others have been marked down from \$5.10 to \$4;"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I like the first." "It's an excellent bargain:"

"But the other is a better one," e insisted. "You couldn't make she insisted. the five dollar goods three ninety, could you?"

"I am not permitted to do it." 'I'd much rather have them.'

"You'll find them very satisfac-"But the other is the better bar

Later she confided in a friend, "They weren't at all what I want, but I'm too good a shopper to be satisfied with a discount of a dollar when I can get a dollar ten.

Beecher Always Had a Crowd was listened to attentively. Major Pond was then called upon for a few words. His few words evoked great and spontaneous laughter. "If you wish to fill your empty seats," said he, "I would advise you to consult with Mr. Beecher here and have them delivered to him at Plymouth

"Uncle, are you a cannibal?" The gentleman was startled and

"No, of course not, my dear child.

cause mamma was saying this morning just as you came in that you always lived on your relations."

The Doctor's Calls.

"THE TAIL PIECE."

Colle Tibrary

Hogarth, the famous satirist, produced a picture that for its choice of subjects has never been equaled 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 ily 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 to gether everything that could denote "the end of all things."

On the canvas was seen a broken bottle, a worn out stump of a bottle, a worn out stump of a broom, the broken butt of an old masket, an unstrung bow, a cracked bell, a crown grumbling 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 (Phœbus) lying dead in the clouds, a wrecked vessel, a rep-resentation of Father Time with a broken scythe and hourglass, a pipe from which issued a faint clo smoke, an open play book, with the legend excunt 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 relate.

broken palette upon which was in-scribed the word "Finis." Hogarth never again took his palette in hand, and one month after "The Tail Pieco" was finished he passed

While wholly neglecting the laws of perspective and the values of light and shade, oriental artists have always striven above everything to secure accuracy of outline and faithful details down to the minutest point. Their work is mostly decorative and practiced often on small and rounded surfaces—miniatures, vases and ornamental sword guards—where breadth of design is

Oriental Artista.

mpossible. They have thus developed a gen-They have thus developed a gen-ius for minute accuracy and have acquired a facility and sureness of touch in this sphere which make them masters in the art of depicting insects, birds, flowers and The directness and strength of line which give so much charm and dash even to a sketch by a Jap artist are due to the habit of writing and drawing from the elbow and not from the wrist, and their minutely elaborate work may be ascribed to the fact that from childhood they learn to form their intricate signs and letters with a brush for their

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"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"That picture is not to be sold,"

his own work.

"Not at all, not at all," return

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else, for within doors the dispute was carried on with deafening

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter. "He is an old miser. I am the father of a family,

"What word?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied:

"Meissonier."

The whole party were quiet enough now, for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together and fell down on his kneet before the great French painter.

Excursion and a Horse That Answered to the Name of Jim.

with innumerable brown horses, all of whose noses were white. "Horses look terribly alike with their harness off," confessed the girls, "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!" cread the size.

horse"—
The girls drove off and finished their tour successfully, though once or twice Jim gave evidence of mannerisms that they had not remarked before. "And how did Jim suit you?" asked the livery stable keeper from whom they hired their rig when they finally drove back into his yard. "Nice horse, Jim; best I have in the stable. But in the name of mercy." in a voice of con-

tal principles" was chiefly attacked. As the stomach can, as a rule, do stroy the life of most organisms, while it can only to a limited extent poisons, poisoning by living organ-isms, or blood poisoning, is far more

you cannot afford to be without a large bottle full in the pantry?

For croup, cold, sore throat in any form, it has no equal, especially when mixed with lard or vaseline to prevent blistering. Often a severe cold may be cured by rubbing the chest and throat with a mixture of turpentine and lard. Or still another way is to wring flannel cloths out of hot water and turpentine.

In cases of colds, burns and cuts turpentine, if applied immediately, will prevent soreness. It will remove paint from clothing when everything slae fails, drive away moths and ants from chests and closets, and in cleaning woodwork and windows it considerably lightens the task.—Nebraska Farmer.

"What did he say?"
"Said he thought she would."
"What then?"

food," ventured the inquisitive man.
"Do you think so?" "Excellent,"
was the physician's reply, "but in
your case it seems a pity to waste
the fish."

es may set in.

A Bargain.

counter and was plainly distressed. The Brooklyn Eagle thus relates her

"No, ma'am." "I'd take them in a minute if you

gain." She hesitated again. "Well," she said at last, "give me the five ten goods for \$4."

"Empty seats and how to fill them," was the subject discussed at ministerial meeting which Henry Ward Beecher and his manager, James B. Pond, attended while on a lecturing tour. Beecher was asked to say a few words. Unhesitatingly the famous orator gave the assemblage some of his experiences and was listened to attentively. Major

Sounded That Way. An amusing story is told of a miserly old gentleman who visited his relatives uninvited.

One morning his little niece of five summers came up to him unexpectedly with the indignant ques-

But what on earth makes you ask?" The little girl replied:
"Oh, I thought you must be be-

"So you are engaged to Dr. B.?" said one of those old ladies who are always taking medicine to a young friend. "It must be very nice to be engaged to a doctor. Every time he calls, you know—and, of course, that must be very often—you feel as if you were getting for nothing what everybody else has to pay for.

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