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WHOLE NO. 215.

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

HE great Transsiberian railway

had progressed as far to the eastward as the Obl, and trains carrying soldiers, con-ghiseers, railway constructors, and smaller with some cond-

a possibilities of this immense line allway made the people of Euan Russia gasp. It opened up such opport of trade as they had never med of. It gave them a speedy unce into a region of their domain rousing of which had formerly oc-

the swiftly moving cars that were drawn by the puffing, screaming loco-motives, at once a source of delight and terror to the people whose terri-tors they expanded.

tory they crossed!

Among those who had made this change so remarkable a success was James Gordon, an American engineer, who had charge of much of the ad-vance work of the road.

Gordon was a

yance work of the road.
Gordon was a typical American, ready to go anywhere to build a railway so long as the pay was sufficient to make it an object for him to take his daughter with him.

For Frances Gordon was her father's companion, secretary and comfort.

Left motherless at an early age, she had been brought up by strict aunts till she revolted. Her father had been surveying a route across New Mexico for a new road, fondly and longingly thinking of his daughter in her far-away home in New-York, when, lo, the put in an appearance mounted broncho and accompanied by a ig lady berself, then aged nineteen, unted on t brene guide, to whom she spoke in so authoritative a tone that he bowed be-fore her slightest wish in abject obedi-ence. Since that day Frances Gordon was to be found wherever her father

finished the work in Mexico they jour-neyed together to Russia, where Gor-don was to take charge of the important part of putting through the rail-way that was destined to revolutionize the trade and commerce of the world.

This great railway had progressed as far as the Obi river, in the government of Tomsk, Siberia, when a meeting of managers, engineers and government officials was ordered at Moscow. Thither from the Obl Journeyed James Gor

don and Frances.

Thither also journeyed Nicholas Nesierov, prince of the empire and governor of the province of Tomsk.

Prince Nesierov was one of the wealthiest nobles of the land, was about thirty-five years of age and had, besides his exalted position as governor. es his exalted position as governor of Tomsk, estates in various parts of Russia, particularly a fine one at Gras-lov, is the government of Perm.

was after the convention, which arrangements that were necessions and the road drew near the border of Man-churia, the crossing of certain moun-tains, the bridging of certain streams, that Mr. Gardon was remarked. tarn to the Obi, where the western end of his operations was laid, the opera-tions themselves reaching eastward to Lake Balkal, in Irkutsk.

Gordon, who had not the prince everal conferences and now knew because of the fact that the opera-

nim because of the fact that the opera-tions had passed almost across his province. "Giad to see you. When do you return to Tomsk?"

"I shall not be long behind you, my friend," replied the prince. "It is a fact, however, that upon your answer to a certain question which I shall put to you depends many of my acts in the immediate future. M. Gordon, you are a merican."

"That, too, I believe, is a well au-

"That, too, I believe, is a well authenticated fact."

"I am wealthy, a governor of a province and shall soon be promoted to a better station. Sipre you entered the rode territory in the southern part of my government we have met frequently; we have been friends."

"Yes," replied Gordon, rather dubliously, stroking his chin.

"When you needed protection, my power-protected you."

"I believe you," said Gordon, failing to remember the time when he needed the protection of the prince.

"I merely express myself thus to recall to you my friendship," said the prince. "Now I come to the real errand that brought me here. I love your daughter."

"Eh!" exclaimed Gordon, rousing himself and stiffening perceptibly.

himself and stiffening perceptibly.
"I repeat, sir, that I love your daughter. I want her for my wife, my prin-

church tower with eyes that saw no

"You seem surprised," said the prince. "Is it a matter of surprise that a man should love so noble and beautiful a young woman as your daughter?"
"No," said Gordon slowly, "and if it were 1 would be used to it by this time. You are not the first."

A slight pallor appeared on the checks of Neslerov.

"You do not mean that she—your daughter Frances—is already promised!"

know that she is, but I do know that you are not the first who has asked for her. Even now you may be too late." "Impossible! I have seen no one of

my—of her own—station near her."
"We in America," said Gordon, "look
upon this question of station or rank with different eyes than you do. If a man suited Frances, all the rank, titles and wealth in the world would make

"She is different from girls in Enrope," said the prince, biting his lip. Gordon let out a joyous guffaw. "I should say she was!" he said.

"Different! Why, she is a real, whole healthy woman. She doesn't smoke



elgarettes, gamble at cards and raafter titles and wealth. Net my girl, prince. Frances has a healthy mind and is as noble as she is good looking. But she has a mind of her own, if it i can tell you!"

"You charm me. I am more in love than ever."

"Won't do a bit of good, I tell you.

If I thought you were the finest man on earth, my wishes would not prevail upon Frances to marry you. She will make her own choice when it is made. make ber own choice, when it is made, and it will stand."

"You lend me to believe this choice has already been made.

"No. I did not mean that, prince. It might be so, for all I know to the con-trary. Frances might love a man and not yet be ready to tell me, although there is nothing secretive about her. We have each other's confidence." "Still it could not be possible that

she would be in love and you not know "It might, and I will tell you why.

She has refused to marry the man I chose for her, the finest young man, in my estimation, on earth." Then you have already given you

"I gave it to the lover, but Frances

jection to your knowing who it is, it is Denton, the bridge builder. Jack Denton was the son of one of my oldest friends. Old Denton was at one time worth a lot of money, but lost it through the rescality of a man he trusted. Jack was a sort of genius and ask ed me what profession to take up. I told blin bridge engineering. He is one of the best at the business now

one of the best at the business now and is only twenty-five. He is out near the Obl. The big iron bridge we are to put across the Obl will be his work."
"It is a fascinating profession. And your daughter refused him?"
"Yes, and it was a great disappointment to nue. Jack and she have been friends since they first went to school. He loves her, and his love is the kind that a father likes to see his girl get. But she won't have him for some rearon. Said they could never be romatic lovers or some such argument. Couldn't love him because she had known him all her life. Thought it was easier to love a stranger. I sup-

was easier to love a stranger. I sup-pose, who could hamboozle her."

"And so it was broken off?"

"There was nothing to break off.

"There was nothing to break of.
They were never engaged. She simply refused him. They are friendly when they meet-coolly so. What could be stone of the prince.

ely express myself thus to regular to the prince.

ely express myself thus to regular to the prince of the prince.

"Now I come to the reat erat brought me here. I love gater."

exclaimed Gordon, rousing and stiffening perceptibly.

exclaimed Gordon, rousing ant sit that I love your daughter at her for my wife, my prince to some one in whom your daughter is much interested, and perhaps you have not heard. It is my duy to inform you, sithough I myself do not aften much importance to the thing. There is a blacksmith"—

There is a blacksmith"—

"There is a

an, the blacksmith of Perm!" ex-claimed Gordon, with a slight coldness in his voice, as though he did not relish having the story told him by the prince. "I am fully aware of all that." "Does Frances—does your daughter bove that man?" "Goodness, no! She is interested she "Oh, the blacksmith of Perm!" ex-

"Does Frances-does your daughter love that man?"

"Goodness, no! She is interested, she likes him and is trying to help him."

"Through pity, I suppose, and pity soon leads to love."

"Well." said Gordon, laughing, "If it does in this case neither you nor I can prevent it. I am sure, however, ...e. girl is fancy free, and, as for him, he is too simple and sensible to look upon their friendship as more than ordinary. They met in this way: When the road was crossing into Tobolsk, 'I wanted some peculiar ironwork done, and she went with me. The stature and strength and the handsome face of the young ironworker pleased her, and she talked with him. She saw that he was a magnificent specimen of a man and fitted by nature to adorn a higher station. She is trying to assist him in improving himself."

"You take this very coolly," said the prince. "But, being Russian, perhaps our customs are so different that this free intercourse between a girl like your daughter and a mere ironworker seems more to me than to you. Then you assure me there is nothing more than mere friendship between these

two."
"No, I do not assure you of anything of the kind. I do not know. I think. though, if there was Frances would tell me. If there is, she will have her way; if there is not, the same

"But if this blacksmith asked her to marry him would you consent?"
"I'd have to."

"Do you consider such a thing prob

"Prince, I know as little about it as you do. There was only one man-Jack Denton-that I wanted for a son-in law, and she won't have him. Now, I know little about her plans, if she has any. She might fall in love with you. in which case I could not prevent her marrying you. If she does not fall in love with you, I could not compel her

to marry you if I would."
"I am pleased at your candor," replied the prince. "I shall soon have an opportunity to speak to her myself. I trust that this conversation will not in-terrupt our friendship."

"Nonsense! I appreciate the honor you have done my girl. But unless she loves you your case is hopeless." The prince bowed and took bis depar-

ture, and Gordon, laughing, turned into "I'll have to tell her," he said. Then

with a sudden resolve: "No, I won't either. I need the friendship of the prince, and if she knows he wants to marry her who can tell what trouble it may cause?"

As Neslerov was leaving the hotel ho "I am pleased to see you, Prince eslerov," she said, offering her hand.

"And I am always glad to meet you, Mile. Gordon," he replied. "Did you enjoy your drive?" but I did not go far. I visited

See, I have quite a number of pur

"You love books as well as action."
"I love them—yes. But these are for a friend, a young man fitted by nature to adorn a higher station than the one to which he was born. I send him books, and he studies. You could help him, prince. With your power, your influence, you could do much for him. I refer to Vladimir Paulpoff, the blacksmith of Perm."

"You are very kind to my poor coun-tryman," said the prince, with a smile. To please you I will make it my bust ness to see this blacksmith, and if there is any way in which I may be of use in assisting him along the lines you suggest I shall be pleased to do

CHAPTER II. N a road leading from the city N a road leading from the city of Perm toward the forest on the south there stood a rude cluster of buildings, all of them old and in a poor state of repair. This collection of huts was the home and forge of the Paulpozs, ironwork-Here worked old Michael Prulpofi

and his son Vindimir, and it had been to this uninviting place that Frances Gordon had come to make the chance acquaintance of the young glant. The buts and the surroundings were

rapidly growing even less inviting, for nothing was being done now to keep

anything in repair.

A collection of household goods, over which old Mamma Paulpoff watched carefully, gave evidence that the family were about to remove themselves and their belongings to another place. But still the old man and the young

one were at work. The blows that Vladimir struck were tremendous. The tron under his hammer bent and flat-tened as the sparks shot like fireworks to the far corners of the place. There was a gay haugh on his handsome face—a face that was almost childlike in its simplicity and guilelessness. "Oh, that will be a happy day, Papa

Paulpoff?" the young man said glee-felly, plunging his tongs into the white fire and withdrawing a bar, of iron.
"What will?" asked the old man, looking sidewise at his son, but continuing his work.
"The day I can take you and the lit-

"The day I can take you and the little mother to a better home."
"We have been happy here," replied old Papa Paulpoff, looking round at the

"Yes, we have been happy—we shall always be happy, for we are simple and require little. But with greater and require little. But with greater comfort and more money greater hap-places ought to come. It is fine to feel yourself growing to be somebody in the world—to feel yourself expand, broad-

en. It is study that does it, and work. I think the knowledge gives me more pleasure than the wealth. But we also need the wealth."

The old man sighed.

"Yes, that is good, that knowledge. But you will grow away from us. You will perhaps marky that American girl, and she would not like our simple ways."

The hammer in Vladimir's hand

ways."

The hammer in Vladimir's hand came down with redoubled force.

"What is that you say-our Vladimir talking of marrying?" asked the tremulous voice of Mrs. Sauhoff: "I came to say that the meal is ready, and I find—what do I find?"

"Oh, Papa Paulpoff is dreaming one of his dreams," said Vladimir, with a gay laugh.

Papa Paulpoff. "Is it not quite possi-ble that our Vladimir may marry that handsome American girl?"

"I have seen it so," answered the old woman. "It seems that no young wom-an would take this interest if she did

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Vladimir. "We are friends. She is good. I admire. Why, I could almost worship her, but I am a pensant. She is".

There came the sound of cursing out.

side and the fall of a hor

shout took the old man to the door.
"Curses upon this beast?" came angry voice as a man about thirty-five clad in a neat riding suit, entered the room striking his high boottops with his whip. "I have just been thrown. In some mysterious manner my horse who never stumbles, caught his foot in semething, tore loose his slog and hurl-ed me to the ground. The lorse is uninjured, but he has lost the shoe, I heard the sound of a smithy and came to you for assistance. I must reach Graslov tonight, and the delay is seri

"It is long since we were mere horse-sheers," said the old man. "The rail-road"—

"But surely you can make a shoe and put it on. I must go forward, and I do not wish to lame this valuable horse." "Certainly, we will shoe the borse, put in Vladimir, whose kind heart could never refuse any request that was reasonable and proper. "I will at

tend to it at once.' "But the meal is waiting," said the "The meal is but a short distance

and Graslov is far," said Vindimir. ")
will shoe the horse and permit the prince to proceed." "How did you know that I was a prince?" asked the stranger, looking about him with a keen eye that was

full of inquiry.

"The horse is of the herd at Graslov,
the seat of the Neslerovs," was the
answer. "I know the herd and think I have shod this very horse before."
"Good! That is better than puttin

him into the hands of a stranger," said the rider. "Is your name Paulpoff?" "It is. I am Vladimir Paulpoff. The little father here is Michael." "Ah, I have heard of you. You have

guessed correctly. I am a prince. My steward, who has charge of my estate while I am away in Siberia, has told working for the railroad. It is said that you can bend an iron bar with your hands."

Vladimir in response picked up an iron bar about four feet long and an inch thick and bent it double with no apparent effort.
"Good God!" exclaimed the prince

"Are you that powerful?" "We acquire muscle in this work," Vladimir answered, "and I was born powerful. A look of wonder had spread over the

face of the prince. He sat upon a rude stool while the other two began to pre-



pare for shoeing the horse. The fine animal was brought inside, and be like his noble master, seemed surprised at his surroundings.

at his surroundings.

The old woman, patient now under
the rebuke of Viadimir, stood waiting.

"This is not much of a place for successful men," said Neslerov, looking

"Ho!" chuckled the old man. "You have come too soon. See, nothing is being done. We are about to leave this place for a spot nearer the railway."
"Business is not good, then?"
"Oh, is it not?" said Vladimir. "When

one has a powerful friend to send the ironwork to him, it is easy to get along. We shall have a fine shop and ten men employed in the work. Instead of this bovel my father and mother shall live in a fine house, and my father shall work no more. I shall make money for all."

"Ah! Then I suppose you will be getting married?"

"That is something I have not thought of. I do not know."
"Somebody else knows," chuckled the doting Papa Paulpoff. "There is an

American girl who thinks well of "Hush!" exclaimed Vladimir impa

"Hush." excitating Viadimir impatiently. "You are speaking of some one whose name must be sacred."

His face was flushed, and Nesicrov looked at it searchingly.
"You are very fortunate," said Nesicrov Jokingly. "I can get no one to marry me."

"You but jest. Any one would be pleased to marry one of Russia's wealthlest princes."; "But such a one!" continued the in-discreet old man. "She is beautiful, discreet old man. "She is beautifu she is rich, and she cends him books."

she is rich, and she cends him books."
"Good! She is educating you. She must love you," said Neslerov.
"Oh, as to love, that is different. Her acts are kind, and I feel grateful. But for marrying it will require a fine min to mike her happy,"
"He will spake any one happy," put in the old woman, with a glance of pride at the young glant. "Any girl, even though she might be a princess, would get no better for a husband. Look at those arms! Can they not pro-

"They could fell a bull!" said Nesle rov. "How do you pass the time here? Do you go to the nearest village or to Perm and play?"

"Not he!" said the old man, pausing long enough in his work to add his tribute to this son they loved so well. "That young man spending his time at a village! I think not, your excellency. With his books he spends his nights. He studies or he paints. "What's that? Paints!"

"Aye, indeed yes. He is a born paint

"And shoeing horses?" "One gets a kopeck or two for shoe-ing horses. One must paint for the pleasure of it, unless one is well known. It will come in time," said Vladimir "See, he is not so simple as he looks

"See, he is not so simple as he looks," said Papa Paulpoff, nodding his head toward the big boy.
"Very far from simple, I should say," answered Nesterov.
"Old woman!" shouted Papa Paul-

poff suddenly, so suddenly that she jumped in alarm. "Go get the picture. Let the prince see the face of her who is so kind to Vladimfr." The old woman obeyed and ran out.
"Her picture! You have her picture painted!" stammered Neslerov.

"Yes, I, and the good part of it to

that she knows nothing of it. I shall give it to her when she comes again to see us," said Vladimir. "But I do not understand. How could you draw a face without having it be-fore you?" asked the prince.

"Ha! It is never from my sight. The most beautiful face! A face that one could not forget. I drew it I painted it-two-three and four times from memory, and always alike."

At this juncture the old woman returned with a picture in a frame. Si-

lently she handed it to Neslerov. He sat with it in his bands, gazing down hungrily upon the features he knew so well. It showed two things—first, that there was, undeveloped in the young man, a talent that would make him famous if it ever got a chance; second, that he must have the picture of the girl indelibly in his mind to pain so true a picture from memory. And knowing Frances Gordon, Neslerov knowing knew that this man was a most dan

gerous rival for her hand. "But that is not all he has done," said the old woman exultingly. "Pshaw!" exclaimed Papa Paulpoff.

Vladimir looked up in surprise and caught a swift look of warning flashed from Michael's eyes to those of his wife. The warning flash was also seen Neslerey, and his curiosity was

"Surely this cannot be all," he said. "Such a talent must have an outlet. There must be something else. Come I will look at all you have and buy "But not that," replied Vladimir.

could not sell that. "But another of the same face?" "No, I could not sell that face."
"Then let me see something elsesomething as good as this—and I will

buy It." There is another woman's face"began Mamma Paulpoff. "Yes, and as beautiful a face as this, but a Russian," added Vladimir. "It was a picture. Papa Paulpoff had it. I found it one day and painted one

from It." "Show it to me," said Neslerov. His eyes were fixed on the face of Vladimir with something like fear in them now. He glanced from one to another of the group.

Papa Paulpoif showed evidences of

nervousness, but Vladimir was eager to satisfy the prince. He sent the old woman for the other portrait. She brought it and placed it in the hands of the prince. At the first glance his face went white to the very lips His hands shook. His frame trembled.
"Good heavens!" was breathed under
his mustache. The words were not

heard, but the manner of the man did uot escape Papa Paulpoff.
"Who is this—it is a beautiful woman-but her name?" asked Neslerov, and his voice had turned suddenly bearse in spite of the effort to control limseif.
"I found a small picture one day aft-

er a party of nobles passed by," answered Papa Paulpoff.

A swift glance of suspicion shot from the eyes of Nesicrov to the face of Papa Paulpoff. But the old man's face was

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

To Cure a Cold in One Dar Take Laxative Bromo Oriaine Tablets.
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ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

When woolen cloth is to be press

How to Press Cloth So as to Re

ed, but not washed, it is sometimes the question of how best to give it the dampness that will enable the hot iron to remove folds and wrinkles. Good results are to be had by wringing a sheet out of warm water, spreading it on a large table, ar ranging upon it the pieces to be pressed and then folding or rolling all in a bundle. After lying thus for several hours the cloth is evenly damp, but not wet, and all crease and folds soften to the best possible condition for the ironing. The press ing rather than the ironing must be done slowly with irons not too hot nor too cool, moving them just fast ing its outline on the goods. Hot enough to raise the steam, but not hot enough to scorch the wool, is right for the irons. Ladies' cloth treated thus loses every crease and the too clinging softness lent it by wear. Thinner goods are handled the same way with success.

process, of course, is that followed
by all tailors and called "sponging,"

court that no pressing follows the the same way with success. except that no pressing follows the dampness of new cloth, it being merely spread smooth and left to

For a Girl's Room

In furnishing her room a girl should bear in mind that quality, not quantity, is the keynote to beau-She should decide on a color scheme and stick to it, or if she departs slightly from it let her go in the right direction and cho color which corresponds well with the main color scheme. In the first place, she should avoid too many personal photographs-half a dozen of her dearest friends' photos and no more. Her room should contain at least one picture beautiful enough to raise her to a higher plane whenever her eyes fall upon it. She should be cautious in dealing with posters, bric-a-brac and gewgaws Simplicity of hue and outline should be her main idea, striving rather to have a few good things than a great many inferior ones.

To Get Rid of "Old" Smell.

To remove a close, "old" smell from a room it is necessary to take up the carpet or matting if there should happen to be either. The carpet should be beaten and fumigated by letting it lie on the ground for several days, removing it at night. Finally it should be covered thickly with dry salt, allowed to stay in the sun for several hours and then swept thoroughly. replacing scour the floor in hot water and carbolic acid. The walls, if papered, should be stripped and washed with chloride of lime. If painted, scrub with carbolic acid When dry have them repaintoap. ed or papered. If all this is per-formed thoroughly there should be perfect freshness and cleanliness in place of the musty odor.

Return of the Sandglass.

The sandglass is again to be found as a picturesque dining table equipment, and the old world timekeepers look quite at home with the antique furnishings now in vogue. Three minute sandglasses accompany the bronze egg boilers now These glasses are employed by many housewives at table when the cook ing of dainty viands runs the risk of being spoiled by a fraction of a second under or over "doing." They are also elaborately mounted and adorn desks and even cabinets. Washington Star.

Meat should not be laid on the ice, as that draws out the juices. If fresh killed allow it to get chilled before putting in cold storage. Otherwise the animal heat is driven in side and causes fermentation, which is poisonous. Do not let chops and steak rest against one another,

much less ham and steak. All meats and poultry require a cool, dry atmosphere. If necessary to hang them suspend with the choicest and tender parts down. Hang lamb and mutton shank and poultry by the feet.

To Remove a Cork.

Let both bottle and cork dry thoroughly, for a dry cork is small-Take a piece er than a damp one. of fine, strong twine, make a loop of it by holding the two ends, and then put the loop into the bottle and move the bottle about till you get the string under the center of the cork at the need of the bottle. Then give a crul pull, and the cork will cont.

Steam a Tough Fowl.

A really tough fowl can be made into an excellent roast if steamed for an hour. Before placing in a steamer put a few stalks of celery and a slice of onion inside the bird to flavor it. When it is taken from the steamer fill with a well seasoned dressing. The fowl must be care Professional Cards.

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