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WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1903.

WHOLE NO. 218.

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Achley Towne

ican, who is building the reason raffroad. Frances is interested for fortunes of Vaddimir Paulpoff, a sart Russian blacksmith. She asks roov to use his influence for Vladimir hut. Blacksmith has talent and shows roov a picture he has painted "It is portrait of a woman of rank copied a minature. The Prince is excited asks for the original. Vladimir's crays it has been lost. To Vladipold Paulpolf contesses that its field to a still has the minature.

mahlov."
"Ne, not yet. I must tell you about ladfaile poor fellow! I met him in so forge in his shop—one day while a railway was being put through sma. Papa and I went there. He is marvelous man, Jack, You would tak as much of him as I do if you low him. He is so handsome answers. He is "

"De you mean young Paulpon, the lacksmith of Perm?"

"Tes, Jack. De you know him?"

we've had him turn out some iron fo

"Tee had him turn out some iron for mail bridges. Well?"
"He is so intelligent, and was so extend to learn, to improve, I helped him. I used to send him books, papers, magazines, scientific works—any-hing I could get hold of that would help him. He studied hard, poor felaw! He grew to—I think he loved me help."

"Of course you returned his affecstion. You've done it so—I mean it
came asits cany."

Tears gitsteped in her eyes, and she
surned away her head. She had quarseled with this man and had said she
would never marry him, and their
friendship had been almost cut asunder. But he had saved her soon Nesleove. Now he was chiding her.

"One could not know Vladimir without samiring him," she said suddenly,
with a sreat accession of spirit. "I fall
to see why I should be put through this
catechism by you."

"You needn't be iff you don't want
to," he answered coldly. "This is a
nice, quiet village. Nesierov is lying
put far away, somewhat cut up now,
has he will get over that. I could go
on say way and leave you if my questious ass districted. The thips is the way and leave you if my ques-re districteful. The thing is that must be an explanation to this and I'd like to now what it to

piled, with a tings of innererow and I indulged in a tries. He doesn't feel as a as I do: that's all." your hand to bandaged—it. Ob. Jack, forgive me?" following a course of in-id, perting the handaged tites. "This Thadinit—

matted to not Vindinity and went can from Mos. w. to Perm. In dronky at the mir-ton and was to the shope. Shope, house—all desected. I found Mesterov they

ottsly wounded," said Denton to him, "and the possibility of your doing any de Neslerov as a friend. Everything went well till we had crossed the horder and come into Neslerov's own province. At this place—I had been sleeping—I woke ap. The car had become detached from the train. I was stone with Neslerov. He took my revolver from me and dragged me here and ordered the priest to marry m. Then stoned the priest to marry m. Then stoned then knowled as the little said. dered the priest to marry

you came."
"Yes, I think I came just in

CHAPTER IX.

"Take me to the governor," he said.

"The governor is resting," growled a fellow whose face was a mass of greasy hair. "You will kill him."

"Nonsense! Take me to the governor. If you kill me, he will die."

"Why is that, builder of bridges? Is there a god who avenges the death of

"It will need no god to do that now. The case is simply that Neslerov needs better care than you can give him. He is badly injured. It is necessary that he shall be taken to Tomsk at once. I can start within the hour. There will not be another train to the Obl in four days. Do you desire to keep your clous governor here and have him on your hands?"

has to say."

It was a solemn crowd that marched in two columns, with Denton between to the but of the village priest, when

Nesierov lay.

"Why do you bring him here?" asked
the priest. "Heard you not what his
excellency said?"

"Hold your peace. Walt till you her them speak together," was the reply. Keslerov looked up at his conquero

and an expression of hatred ca his eyes. Denton made no show

his eyes. Denton made no show timent or compassion.

"I understand you commanded villagers to kill me," he said, sta at the side of the bed and looking by and sternly at his victim. "I wayted to say before they kill m which they certainly will do if you in-signification that case you would prob-ably die here for lack of proper care." "You cannot help, me—you would "You cannot help me - you not." answered Neslerov.

not," answered Neslerov.

"That is for you to say. I am not a
murderer. I had no desire to kill you.
You attacked me, and I defended myself. I am going back to Tomak, provided your asvage villagers don't kill
me, and I merely came to ask if you
would be pleased to go."

"How?" he asked.
"In the same car you came thus far

"But how? There is no train due for days."

"I will take you to Tomak If you promise never again to molest Mr. Gorden or his daughter."

"I promise," said Nesierov. "I will order the villagers to permit you to go."

Denton then want to the saw and examined it. He discovered where a flaw in the true had weakened the couplings.

He was followed at a short distance by asvessly young men, among whom was the bey who had run to tell him that a woman was being roughly-handled by Nesierov, and who had taken his horse to shelter. He ordered the boy to bring the horse. Mounting, he was soon out of sight. He did not go fat, however. He rode along the track until he reached a siding a short distance from the bridge, where there was an old construction engine.

Deuton examined the old hulk. It was fit only for drawing ane or two rars. Denton carried water from the fiver and filled the belier and built a fire of wood.

Soon after the villagers were sur-

tree and filled the boller and built a fire of wood.

Soon after the villagers were sur-prized to see a wheesy, rickety old en-gine acquing slowly, with a prodigious polse, into yiew. Denton's horse had no difficulty in keeping up with it. The old engine was coupled to the car, and then Denton went for Frances. olse, hono difficulty in ...
The old sagine was car, and then Denton prances.
"The train is ready," he said.
"The train! Wint train?"
"The train that is to carry you to the Obl, where you will join your father."
"But there is no train?"
"There is a train, and as the steady up and the track clear I suggest to a stain of the steady up and the track clear I suggest the steady of the steady up and the track clear I suggest the steady up and the track clear I suggest the steady of the steady up and the track clear I suggest the steady of the stead

"Engineer, conductor, guard—all."
He took her to the car and made her

ed as it got under way.

But it had a man in charge of it who was accustomed to overcoming difficulties. And the way he made it groan and work would have made glad the heart of the man who had abandoned it on the siding six mouths before.

In the car was silence. Neslerov was too weak to talk: Frances would not talk to him if he wished. She remained at her end of the car, save to go in mercy to him and offer him waster at intervals. At such times he would look up at her with an earnest, inscrutable expression on his face. She would not speak, nor he.

Suddenly at a miding toward which he had been aiming Denton turned the cagine to the right and brought the little train to a standatill. They had been on the road sixteen hours and had travelled 210 miles.

Frances and Neslerov both looked up as the train stopped and saw the grimy engineer enter the car.

"There is a village near here," he said, "and just beyond this siding there is a small signal box. I have just visited it, and there is a train coming this way from Tomsk. Undoubtedly, as there is no regular train due, this is a searching party out after Frances Goedon. Now, I have no wish to start an international controversy. What story shall we tell?" international controversy. What story shall we tell?"
"Tell the truth," said Frances. "It

does not, as a rule, harm any person

But we are in a part of the world where customs are different from yours. If you tell the truth, you will never make the world believe you. But you will not understand; I cannot tell you." "I know what you mean," said Frances scorofully. "You mean that your reputation is so bad that if it were known that you had that car left behind to compel me to marry you everybody will be sure I am your wife. Is that it?" that it?"

"Yes; something like that." "But, then, there is my word," said

"Your story will be believed by you people, my story by mine," said Nesle rov. "Let us each tell what we please

engine. But he did not start. The waistle of a speeding locomotive was borne to him by the breeze. It came-one engine and a car, the same as that he was on, but a modern locomotive of

American make. Gordon was in the car with some officials from Tomsk, "Hey! That you, Denton?" he gasp-"Rey! That you, Denton?" as gasped as the grimy bridgebuilder stepped into the car, which was stopped at the side of the construction engine. "My girl and the governor of Tomsk got left behind in a car. Seen"—
"I'm all right," said Frances as she

ther's arms. "Did Denton save you? What was "Did Denton save you? What was it? Where is Nesierov?" asked Gordon. "Oh, he is in there," said Frances coolly. "We've had a lively experience. I thought at one time we'd be killed by some savages. But Mr. Denton and the prince—oh, let's got on; I'm tired out and hungry."

Denton heard and wondered.

Denton heard and wondered.

In every new experience he had had
with Frances Gordon he had been made
more and more astonished by the uncertain moods, the whims, the strange

certain moods, the whims, the strange turns her caprice would take.

"Hitch on to this train and haul her back to the Obl," said Denton. "If the road doesn't want this engine, I can use it at the Obl bridge."

This attachment was soon made, and Mr. Gordon, after visiting the prince and congratulating him upon his escape from the savages, assisted in



At the eight of the engine she und transferring to him some of the com-forts to be found in the other car. The Russian officials swarmed around him

to carn, and with the enunty of Xoslerov you would be ruined. I studied
it well. It is betier as I said it. Let
it pass."

"Here we are at Vashlov," he said.
"For the time being you are home
again."

"Yes," she replied, with the slightest
tremor in her voice. "Thanks to you,
I am home again—in my temporary
home."

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X.

JANSEY, SUPERISTENDENT OF POLKE.

BELEROV lay in his paince in
Tomsk, slowly recevering.
His heart was filled with rage,
and he longed for rengeance.
His closest conduct now was Jansky, who, owing to his meritorious
conduct in the apprehension of so great
a gaing of conspirators as the Paulpoffia, was promoted at the request of
Nesterov to a post where he could assist his superior in his plans and ambitions.

He had told Jansky the story of the side from Moscow, and it was of course colored to suit his purpose. Jansky had secrived his commission—the first important one since his arrival at Tomsk—to watch the American and find an apportunity to wreak vengeance.

About twenty miles from the city of Tomsk was the village of Tivolofisky, a small mining town peopled by convicts.

mple obedience to the mandates of is superiors he never uttered a com-aint. The old people did menial work, soking for the convicts who had no imities or cleaning in the houses of

old people, and it was their sunerings that made Vladimir curse under his

One day Jansky entered the root where Nesierov sat or half reclined.

"Well, what is it? I see you have
comething to say," said Nesierov.

"I have, your excellency," replied the uperlutendent of police. "It concerns m-your enemy. American?"

"Yes. I have obeyed your commands he has been constantly watched. And at last we are in a position to strike. Neslerov sat up straight. "What? Tell me at once."

"It is not yet revealed what the man's object is, but he and the Paulpoffs are plotting again."

"The Paulpoffs?" "They and the American. He has risited them twice. It was overheard that he and Papa Paulpoff had a long

conversation about a picture."

Neslerov glanced at a painting that hung on the wall. It was the painting he had taken from the Paulpoffs' house at Perm.

"What can he know about the pleture?" asked the governor.
"I do not know. That is, as I said, not yet revealed."
"Jamsky," he said, "I know what the

object is if you do not. Listen carefully now to what I say. It is quite the existence of the original of that picture you see there. It is a small medallion, probably in a locket. It was lost some years ago by a mem of my family and bears relation to great mystery—the mystery of Gras

Jansky shus his eyes and seemed to be thinking.

"Jansky, your life and mine depend on your action now. Do you under-stand?"

"I ur "That picture, if it is the one I mean, must be brought to me. The American, if he proves to be interested in it, must know or suspect something I do not wish him to know. There are ways whereby even an American could disappear in Siberia. And, Jansky, Vladimir Paulpoff is a most dangerous plotappear in Siberia. And, Jansky, vind-mir Paulpoff is a most dangerous plot-ter even here. He ought to be placed where he can do no more mischief."

"I begin to understand," said Jansky

"I begin to understand," said Jansky grimly.

He bowed and left the palace and rode toward Tivoloffsky.

Two days passed, during which Jansky watched and kept himself in readiness to act. Then, while Mamma Paulpoff was alone in her hut, she heard an imperative knocking at the door. Papa Paulpoff and Viadimir had just gone to the mine. Denton, the American, had left the hut but a short time before. Mamma Paulpoff had been through so much trouble of late that the slightest sound jarred upon her. She turned whiter still and stepped backward as she saw the dark and backward as she saw the dark and forbidding face of Jansky. Behind Jansky were two of the Tomsk po-

lice.

"You are Mamma Pauipoff," said
Jensky, slipping his foot in the door
and working his way inside.

"I am; you know me; I was at
Perm," faitered the frembling old we-

ran.
"I am quite well aware that you were at Perm, old woman, and also that conspiring son of yours. It showed the mercy of the czar that you received no worse punishment. This is

heavier.

The old woman crouch against the wall.

"Den't lie to me a nin," (hurdered Jansky, "I have been watching you every day since you came to this piace. I may you are still complring."

"It is not so! I swear it in the name of God" creet Mannan Paulpoff.
"Let me tell you, it will be worse for you if you do not tell the truth. You are receiving a visitor who is suspected."

ed Mamma Paulpoff.
"Oh, do you not? But you were here

when he came. Did he come to see you, your husband or your son?"
"Who—of whom do you speak?" asked the frightened old woman.

ed the frightened old woman.
"Of whom would I speak save that
accuraced American? He has twice
made attempts upon the life of the governor of Tomsk. Yet the governor in
the kiudness of his heart has not molested him. But he was warned if a
third attempt was made it would go
hard with him."

"Ah, it is impossible! He is so go so kind "Good and kind, ch? In what man

ard does he display it?"

"Oh, he came—he came"—

The old woman stuinbled and flour-lered. It had been borne in upon her understanding by Papa Paulpoff that

to any person concerning the visit of which Jansky spoke. "Come, out with it!" stormed Jansky.

"He came—I do not know why be ame," murmured the old woman in de-"I will tell you. He came to conspire

against the life of Neslerov, governor Tomsk." "No, no! I swear he did not."
"Good! Then if you know he did not, you must know why he did come here.

Out with it, now, if you value you "My life! Ah, you would not harm elpless old woman!"
For answer Jansky brought bls wbip
"Have mercy!" cried the unfortunate.

"Will you tell why the American vis Ited this house?" "I know not!" "Take her; tie her thumbs - there over the door!" he commanded savage

ther bidding. The aged woman was selzed, cords were fastened to her thumbs, and she was placed standing in the doorway Jansky had indicated,

with her thumbs hung above her head "Tear the rags from her back!"

A rude hand tore away her garme "Now, then, old hag," said Jansky,
"understand I have come for the truth
and will have it. If you do not give
it to me, I will kill you. I will get the
truth from Paulpoff, who has more sense than you. Now, what was the business that brought the American

"I know not!" whispered the woman

with a great sob.
"The lash!" roared Jansky.
One of his police swung his heavy whip, and the lash came down across the naked shoulders. A livid mark told the course, and Mamma Paulpon

cried out in agony.
"This must be known!" said Jansky. "Either you or some one must tell What brought the American here? Was it concerning a picture?"

The work of the w "I know not!" said the wo "The lash! Twice!" ordered Jansky

white line and a red one marked A white line and a red one marked the blows of the whip. Mamma Paul-poff screamed in her awful torture. Her limbs grew weaker, and she hung by the cords tied to her thumbs. The thumbs were black.

"You will learn!" said Jansky. "The officers of the ear must take these steps to protect his empire. With the lesson you have had, tell the truth. What brought the American here?"

what brought the American here?"
"I know not!" answered the woman.
"Hell's furies upon her!" said Jan-sky, almost beside himself, "The lash!
Three times!". "Your arm is weak," said the police officer who had done no whipping "Let me try."

"Let me try."

A smile of horrible cruelty crossed his face as he stepped by the side of the woman. His whip whistled in the air. It fell—once—twice—thrice, and with a scream, her head fell back. Her eyes glazed.

"Hold! Quick! Release her and restore her to consciousness!" ordered store her to consciousness!" ordered Jansky. "She is unconscious and cannot feel our punishment."

They cut her down, laid her on the

Groans came from her as they work "God, take me from this awful pain!"

"She feels again!" said Jansky in savage glee. "String her up!" Again she was raised and the cords were fastened to her thumbs "Now, hag, tell me why the Ameri

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A LITTLE NONSENSE

The modern mania for having herself made over had taken possession of the woman, and the beauty specialists were making a good thing out of her. She went through certain prescribed exercises every day.

"What's that for?" asked her daughter. OFFICE:

daughter.
"To improve the figure," she replied.

plied.

Then the hair specialist called once a week to give her a scalp treatment and provide various "invigorators" at a dollar a bottle.

"What's that for?" asked her

daughter.
"To make the hair silkier, stro ger and longer," she replied. "I Also there was the physical culture class that she attended.
"What's that for?" asked be

daughter.
"To give strength and grace,"
she replied. "One must be supple
and graceful to show a good figure
to advantage."
"I didn't know you showed it,"

said her daughter; but, then, ohi dren take things so literally. Of course there were man

the complexion specialist also to occupy some part of her time. "What's that for?" seked he daughter.
"To remove the lines of worry as

care and give a good circulation and a good color," she replied.

The daughter pondered this for some time, and then she asked:

"Don't I need some of these things?"
"No, my dear," was the reply.
"You're all right as you are."

"I am ?" "Well, say, I guess nature didn't make a very good job of you, did she?"—Chicago Post.



Cholly-It seems so stwange. danced with Elsie last week, and now she's vewwy ill.

Mabel-You should tell her doc tor that. He can't make out the cause of her illness.

The Professor. "And now, madam," said the professor, "having seen you safely aboard your train I can only wish

you a pleasant journey—but don't let anybody step on it."
"On what, professor?" she asked.
"Your train, madam," rejoined the

Her Comment Miss Vera Plane-I always enleavor to be very distant to Mr. Neersite, and yet he is infatuated

Rose Budd-Yes, dear. I think if you weren't quite so distant he'd soon get over his infatuation,—Judge.

Court Room Effects.

The Lawyer—Of course, my dear madam, the great thing in a case of this sort is to introduce something into the evidence that will appe to the jury.

The Lady—Oh, I shall change my ostume every day.—Brooklyn Life

Mr. Spratt—I suppose you do not remember that you promised to obey me when we were married? Mrs. Spratt — Don't you know, John, that a woman who could mar-ry you would be equal to any kind of foolishness?—Boston Transcript.

Taking a Fall Out of Mr. 8

Good Character.

The Ladies—What sort of a per son is Mrs. Newcome, Mr. Hopper The General Dealer—She's a per fect lady-doesn't know one branc of goods from another.-Judge.

are both away, are they?

Todd—Yes. Nobody but my wife and myself are left to run the house. Detroit Free Press. The Plane Next Door

Muggins—Is that an upright pia no next door?

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