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VOL. VI. - NO 34-

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 294

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—Joshua L. Ewell. Commissioners—A. Alderson, N. S. Peel, W. A. Ellison, J. D. Leggett, C. H. Godwin. Street Commissioner—J. D. Leggett. Clerk—C. H. Godwin. Treasurer—N. S. Peel. Attorney—Wheeler Martin. Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

Skewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights. Roanoke Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Friday nights.

Church of the Advent

Services on the second and fifth Sundays of the month, morning and evening, and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before, and on Mondays (9 a. m.) after said Sundays of the month. All are cordially invited. B. S. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. E. Rose, the Methodist Pastor, has the following appointments: Every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and night at 7 o'clock respectively, except the second Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Holy Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday morning and night, Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday night at 7:30 Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent. The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited. R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.

DIRECTORY FOR 1905. S. S. Brown, W. M.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. P. Taylor, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treasurer; A. E. Whitmore and T. C. Cook, Stewards; K. W. Clary, Tyler. STANDING COMMITTEES: CHAIRMAN—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, Mc. G. Taylor. FINANCER—J. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, R. J. Peel. REFERENCER—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges. ADVISER—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook. MARSHALL—J. H. Hutton.

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W. H. HARRELL M. D. W. E. WARREN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OFFICE IN BIGGS' DRUG STORE Phone No. 29

DR. J. PEEBLE PROCTOR PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office in Mobley Building

BURROUS A. CRITCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office: Wheeler Martin's office. Phone, 23.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C. Francis D. Winston S. Justin Everett

Winston & Everett ATTORNEYS AT LAW Bank Building, Williamston, N. C.

S. ATWOOD NEWELL, LAWYER Office upstairs in New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps. WILLIAMSTON N. C.

Practice wherever services are desired. Special attention given to examining and drafting title for purchasers of timber and timber lands. Special attention will be given to real estate exchanges. If you wish to buy or sell land I can help you. PHONE 74

These Critical Days.

The offertory sounded from the organ in the loft; The melody was pleading and the strains were sweet and soft; The deacons took the basket and went slowly down the aisle. Each moving on his tiptoes with a bland; congenial smile. A man took out his money and reflected: "Let me see; If this goes to the heathen it must from all taint be free."

He took a twenty dollar bill and smoothed it in his palm— (The deacon at his elbow was expectant, grave and calm)— The man mused: "Should I give it when for all that I may know This bill has been the factor in a grievous lot of woe? Perchance it has been bartered for the stuff that men imbibe Or possibly has tempted some weak soul has been a bribe.

"No, no; I cannot give it." So he folded it again. And stuck it in his pocket, then opened up a ten, (The deacon pushed the basket somewhat closer to his face) "Ah," mournfully he murmured, "this as well, may be too base This, perhaps, has been a portion of the profits of a trust; I should love to help the heathen, but my conscience says, 'Be just.

So he tucked it in his pocket and took up a crinkly five, (Still the offertory murmured like the bees within a hive, And the deacon, patient, waited at the entrance to the pew). "No," the man said sadly, "this one I'm afraid will never do. Greed or gambling may have marked it; it may be the fruit of theft And the same prevents my giving any greenbacks I have left."

Then he looked at a half dollar, at a quarter, at a dime— (And the offertory merged into cadences all sublime, While the deacon stood and wondered with the basket in his hand). "I should like," the man reflected, "to reclaim the heathen land But this chicken feed is doubtful." Then there flashed a happy glint In his eyes—he'd found a penny that had just come from the mint! —W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

He Did the Talking.

A lively-looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping-car in the Pennsylvania station, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door for a moment then turned to the young man in uniform. "Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis, to the fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—" "Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—" "But, say, boss—" "Young man when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground. "All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't going out on that train."—Ex.

A Bad Scare

Some day you will get a bad scare, when you feel a pain in your bowels, and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. King's New Life Pills, a sure cure, for all bowel and stomach diseases, such as headache, biliousness, constiveness, etc. Guaranteed at S. R. Biggs drug store only 25c. Try them.

MIKADO AT THE 'PHONE

Monologue Following the Recent Naval Target Practice in Korean Straits.

(S. W. Gilliam in Baltimore American.) For me? All right, as soon as I get this chrysanthemum pinned on. Tell the party to hold the wire. That is, unless it's a live wire. I'll be there in a minute. What's that? Stand a little closer to the 'phone. Ouch! Don't yell that way! I'm not deaf. Who want's me. St. Petersburg? Well, why don't you connect us up. I've got something else— Hello! This St. Petersburg? Who wants to talk to me! The czar? What? The star? Well, then, what did you say? Spell it.

P.d.a.r.? Now, what on earth can that spell—O, yes. You said c-z, not p-d. Now I understand. It's the czar. Well tell him to hurry up. Yes, this is the Mikado. Fine! How is yourself? What fight? Hadn't heard of any.

O, that little ruction over in the Korean Straits? That was target practice. Didn't call that a fight. For a fight, you know, two armies or navies are needed. In this case ours was the only one. Now that you mention it, I believe I did hear Togo say he'd shoved some of your boats around there and sunk a few dozen of them. Also he's been running in here with a fresh supply of Russian admirals every few minutes till I positively had to scold him for bothering me with them.

Central! Don't butt in! You're cracking my ear-drum! There—hello! No, of course it wasn't nice for him to do, but surely you know this wasn't any lawn fete, Nick, when you started in to get sassy about Manchuria, didn't you? If you haven't anything more interesting than that to say, I'll hang up the receiver and go help Togo sort out the officers from the crews of your captured vessels.

Now, that's better. You're talking sense now. To be sure I'm ready to consider terms of peace. I always have been. What have you to— What! Divide Manchuria? Goodby. I have a lot of import— Yes! I thought you'd get down off of your elevated steed and offer something more reasonable. Yes, yes, yes—I knew—shut up! Wait till I say what I was trying to say when you butted in. I say that it isn't fair for you to try to bust up this war just when we're beginning to get warmed up to the work and show the world what we can do. To get us to stop it would require considerable inducement.

Japanese stock has been bulled tremendously by this little display of strength and skill, and if you want the show stopped you'll have to make some overtures worth while. Now that's the word with the peeling on. O, well, who asked you to call me up? You started this conversation, and if it doesn't sashay along to suit you, you know how to stop it. Just as I said. This war is like a first mortgage on real estate for us. It's a paying investment, and if you want it canceled before it has run its time, you've got to pay something for the privilege. Goodby—what?

Wait till I get a pencil and pad. That sounds like you were beginning to drop the bluff and talk business. Wait! Now, repeat it slowly while I jot it down: "All of Manchuria to be"—not so fast—"left with us to do as we"—what's that? "This is not the swearing phone. Better make just plain 'please,' without adverb. All right now. Go ahead: \$500 million roubles indemnity!"—here! Don't ring in any of that Slav orthography on me! "Pensions for all widows of soldiers and sailors"—slow up there a bit. Now:

No Secret About It

It is no secret, that for Cuts, Burns, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Sore eyes, Boils, etc., nothing is so effective as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It didn't take long to cure a bad sore I had, and it is all O. K. for sore eyes," writes D. L. Gregory of Hope, Tex. 25c. at S. R. Biggs drug store.

"Promise"—cut that out. No promises go. "Pledge in writing"—that's better—"to keep out of Korea and any place else Japan may designate." Gee, old man, you must have had a scare thrown into you! Come on with your terms. Harry up. Here comes Togo with another drayload of admirals, including Rojstvensky, who is trying hard to prove to Togo that he is in Vladivostok. Probably that wound in his head is queering his sense of location. But unless Roje etc., is twins, we've got him here.

I say, Nick, you just put that in writing, or cable it, and I'll see what I can do with the boys. It's just possible I may be able to call them off within a year or two, if you make the terms strong enough. Can't bother any more with you now. Too busy with the war. Dai Nippon bangai! Good-by.

A Little Orang-Utan. The Zoological Gardens of New York possess a little orangutan which has safely weathered its journey from the East Indies. The orangutan was at one time considered to be the most ferocious and terrifying of forest beasts. He was reputed to have the characteristics of the thug and the garroter. It was said that he would carry off women and children and throttle people with his hind feet as they pass under the trees; in fact, when first heard of the orang-utan was the most terrifying bogie of his day. Subsequent observation of the animal showed that nearly all these beliefs were false.

The full grown orang-utan is very strong, but seems to be capable of being easily tamed; certainly young specimens show little tendency to ferocity. They can be effectually tamed as shown here and made to sit at table, use a bowl and water, eat and drink out of cups, and generally behave themselves in such a way that shows their disposition is very far from the ferocious picture which was once current in Europe.

If the orang-utan has to be taught how to eat he does not have to be taught one thing which approximates a habit of civilized man; he knows how to make his own bed. When he wishes to retire for the night, if he has not already supplied himself with a couch he proceeds to manufacture one of branches which he snaps from the surrounding boughs and places a mass in a suitable fork in the tree. There is, however, no regularity in the construction of the nest.

The orang-utan goes on snapping off pieces of branch in a preoccupied manner as if he had done it very often before, and after he has collected a fair number stands on them in order to press them firmly together. When he has got a sufficient number of boughs very effectively screened from below.

The wild man of the woods as the Malay words, orang-utan, signify, is very difficult to capture. He gives considerable trouble to the large number of hunters who are anxious to acquire possession of him in order that he may be shipped to one or other of the zoological gardens of Europe or America—Exchange.

I was discussing recently with an Englishman, who was noted for the velocity with which his mind would work on occasions, the different phases of life in England, and I incidentally asked him what chance there was for a young, progressive American in England—what he could do to make a living, etc. After pondering deeply over the question for several minutes, the Englishman replied in all seriousness. "He could emigrate, by gad, don't you know?"

THE POSTAGE STAMP.

How it is Made by Uncle Sam's Expert Workman.

The first mechanical process in the manufacture of a postage stamp is the cutting, or engraving, of the die. This is a piece of steel of the finest quality, on the polished surface of which a man slowly and patiently cuts, line by line, the portrait or other emblem which has been adopted for this particular stamp. A steel engraving in which is called an incised plate—that is, every line which is to show in the finished print is cut into the surface instead of being left in relief, as in wood engraving.

The die which the engraver cuts is a "negative," in other words, a reversal of the design which the stamp will show. The reason for this soon becomes apparent. When the die is finished and proofs show it to be satisfactory it is hardened and fixed in the bed of a powerful press. Over it is then passed a steel roller, the circumference of which is several times, perhaps four times, the diameter of the die. Immense pressure is applied, so that every line on the surface of the die is impressed upon the surface of the roller as many times as the circumference of the roller is larger than the area of the die. In this way four perfect copies of the die are reproduced on the roller, but reversed. Each of these impressions is a "positive."

This roller is now hardened in turn in order that it may transmit the impressions once more, this time to the plate from which the actual printing is to be made. This plate is also of steel. The size is sufficient to print a whole sheet of stamps—from 200 to 302—at a single impression.

Into the surface of this plate the impression on the roller is forced by great pressure, once for each stamp in the subsequent sheet, and then the plate is hardened. These impressions are negatives, so that the prints from them—the stamps themselves—will be positives.

The reason for all this preliminary work is most interesting. In the first place, printing could not be done from a single die because of the vast quantities of stamps required. In the second place, it because on that the lines are in relief instead of being incised, and in the third place, it would not be feasible to have several dies or a large number of them engraved, both because the expense would be prohibitive and because no two would then be absolutely alike.

The present system makes it certain that every stamp of a certain lot is exactly like every other of the same lot—a great game against counterfeiting. When three printing plates have been made they are all fastened to the bed of a special printing press. When the machinery is started the first plate is inked, then automatically wiped until it is like a mirror. The wiping removes all the ink except what clings in the lines of the 200 duplicate engravings which dot the surface.

Over the plate is laid a piece of dampened paper, the plate is slightly warmed in order to permit the ink to swell, and heavy pressure is applied. Meanwhile the second plate is receiving its ink, and then the third comes into play, so that, although all three are on the same press, each is at a given moment undergoing a different process from either of the other two. This has wrought a great saving of time over the old process of printing by hand. When the printed sheets are dry they go to the gumming machine, in which they pass between a dry roller on one side and one moistened with mucilage on the other. From these rollers they are cast out, wet side up, upon an endless web, which carries them through a steam heated box.

They come out dry, ready for the perforations, which permit them to be torn apart easily. These are very easily made by passing the sheets between one cylinder studded with steel pins and another

perforated with holes to match the pins. The two together act like the jaws of a conductor's punch.

The last process is pressing the sheets by hydraulic power to counteract the tendency to curl, which is imparted by the mucilage. The printing of stamps, like the printing of gold and silver certificates and bank notes, is subject to the most careful and constant inspection.

Every sheet of paper is counted before it is delivered to the printer, and before he goes home at night he must return exactly the same number of sheets, either of perfect stamps or spoiled paper, and no "seconds" or samples are given away to visitors.—Edward Williston Frenz in Youth's Companion.

A Difference.

"I think that a christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some doubtful places of amusement. "Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am reminded of a little that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party.

"Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked petulantly. "Yes'm," returned the old man. "There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down here, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back.

There is nothing to prevent the Christian from wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterwards.—The Soul Winner.

The Indian Telephone.

A writer in a Chicago daily tells us of a variety of long distance telephones which the Indians employed when on the warpath. There was a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, and the Indian knew that such a column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not the smoke from some ordinary camp fire.

The rings were made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the fire was instantly covered up again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of twenty or thirty miles, "Look out, there's danger ahead."

Three smokes built close together means danger. One smoke simply said, "Attention!" Two meant, "Camp at this place." To one who traveled upon the plains the usefulness of this long distance telephones becomes at once apparent. Sometimes at night the traveller saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision.

If he was an old-timer he might interpret the signals, and know that one fire arrow—an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark meant the same as the column of smoke puffs, namely, "An enemy is near." Two fire arrows meant, "Danger." Three arrows said, "The danger is great." Several arrows said the enemy are too many for us.

Huge Task

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by S. R. Biggs druggist; price 50c.

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Table with 2 columns: To (Washington, Greenville, Plymouth, Tarboro, Rocky Mount, Scotland Neck, Jamesville, Kader, Lilley's, J. G. Staton, J. L. Woodard, O. K. Cowing & Co., Parmelee, Robersonville, Eyeretts, Gold Point, Geo. P. McNaughton, Hamilton) and 25 Cents, 25, 25, 2, 35, 25, 15, 15, 15, 15, 15, 15, 15, 20.

For other points in Eastern Carolina see "Central" where a 'phone will be found for use of non-subscribers.

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