The Enterprise.

DVERTISING

VOL. VII. - NO 6.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 318

DIRECTORY

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Lodges

Skewarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F and A M Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tues lay nights.

Roanoke Camp, No. 107. Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2n

Church of the Advent

rvices on the second and fifth Su days of the moath, morning and evening and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before and on Mondays (9 a. m.) after said Sur days of the month. All are cordially in-B. S. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Courch

Rev. E. E. Rose, the Methodist Pas tor, 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 even-ing at 7 o'clock. Holly Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernou 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 2nd Sunday at 5 o'cleck. A cordial in-vitation to all to attend these services

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sun-ays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer-neeting every Thursday night at 7:30 unday School every Sunday morning at 30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent. The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the

3rd Sunday in each month, at II a, m and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove rday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m. Clade School House on the 2nd Sunday Slade School House on the 2nd Sunda at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Everybody

R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M. DIRECTORY FOR 1905.

S. Brown, W. M.; W.C. Manning, W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thom as, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J.D; S. R. Biggs, cretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treas A. E. Whitmore and T.C.Cook, Stewards

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Our

Thanksgiving Dinner in East Tennessee By Harriet Morgan

AAAAAAAAAAA "Oh, John," I said, "the girl of rhom I have talked so often, and with whom you used to firt eighteen months ago, is on her way to East Tennessee from Leavenworth, and will stop here to spend a week or two with us. She will come in three days now. How delightfui!" (Suddenly recalled to hard reali-

ties.) "I wish I had a servant. I shall not be able to go anywhere with her or enjoy her society. Alas!" John looking up from a letter he dress? was reading inquired:
"Who is she, Ruth? Which dear-

"Oh, you know well enough— Margaret Raymond."
"And what do you think my letter

says—that my eldest sister, whom I have not seen for six years, is re-turning from California to make a visit to the East, and will take us or the way, ten days from to-day. More-over, she is not to be alone. Her husband's nephew is on a furlough, and is to accompany her."

"Margaret," I said on the morn-ing after her arrival, "what are we

"Do?" said she, "why get through the work ourselves, and twenty times better than they could do it. It would be a pity if either John or ourselves should starve with two ablebodied women in the kitchen." "In one week Mrs. Scott and Lieutenant Scott are to come." "By that time we will have a ser-

vant," Margaret answered. "Where

do you keep the flour?"
Soon those white, beautiful hands
were busy with the bread. She was so graceful in her movements, deft in her work that I gave myself up to admiration.

"Margaret, you seem to have own more beautiful. But what grown more beautiful. But what makes the sadness in your face which never used to be there?" "Do I look sad, Ruth? Well, life is not exactly the free happy thing

"You are in love."
"Brides always think every other girl is in love."

that it used to be for me.'

"If it ever was anything, it was in the army; but there is no use in talking about it, Ruth; it is an ended thing—dead, like yesterday."
"Tell me the story, dear."

"Margaret Raymond, visitor at the Colone's quarters, cousin to his wife. Frank Stanly, first lieutenant of the —th Regiment. Attentions which the young lady supposed were serious. Oh, there is no use in dis-guising matters; he did try to make me love him, Ruth."

"What happened?"
"The usual garrison gossip, the usual well informed person. She was a visitor at the post, and knew of his

"Why did you believe the informant?"

"Because she was, honestly, good-natured woman, who thought I ought to be undeceived. She knew the girl and read to me an extract tenant Frank Stanley can get a furlough, we will be married at once, and I shall be glad to have a real taste of the army life I like so well. We are to be married next spring.' The kind old lady—she was not exactly old—said: 'Now, dear, do not encourage that man in his attentions, for if you do, you may break that other girl's heart.' She did not seem to imagine that my heart was going to feel any wound; that was one relief to me."

"I made up my mind very soon what to do—to go away. Julia had liked him so much, and we had had our talks at night in our dressing gowns, as other foolish young wo-men have had, about how pleasant it was that we both should be in the army, and what present she must choose for me, and—well, you know, Ruth, how we talked. So I told her

"I said. "You know that I was going away next week, Julia, and only stayed because you wished me to do

"Yes, because we both thought he would declare himself before then."
"'I would rather go."
"'You shall, my darling, but you must wait until the date fixed for

your departure has arrived. I am

going to have you sick and nurse you till then."
"So that is what happened, Ruth. I was sick and tired of everything, and was very glad to confine myself to my room. Every day the most beautiful flowers came for me, which Julia never brought up, and of which she never spoke; but little brown-eyed Nancy, who used to wait upon me, said: 'Sure Lieutenant Stanley is that very sorry about you, and the flowers that are downstairs, it is a pity now that the doctor has torbid you, to have them in the forbid you to have them in the room; but sure, Mrs Thornton says he will not allow it. The doctor, whom Julia felt obliged to call in, leclared me to be suffering from the effects of malaria. I did not see Mr.

Stanley even to say good-bye. Julia told that I did not wish to see any-body, and she did not let any one know of the date of my departure, and—I am here. Do not mind about it, Ruth. I am not of the dying or drooping kind, and there is plenty of work to be done in the world. There is no use in pretending that he has not flirted with me to the full ex-tent; that he has not said every-thing which a lover could say just thing which a lover could say just short of declaring his love and ask-ing me to be his wife. I know that I ought to despise him, but—I can-There

Margaret. Tell me again his name."
"Frank Stanley. It was the very name which Mrs. Vernon read to me

"So you came away without a word? "Yes, dear."

"Leaving it to Mrs. Thornton to explain?" There can be no explanation. My cousin would not for the world allow him to suppose that my flight had

Does any one know your ad-"Only my cousin, and Mrs. Ver-non, and her visit to the post will be over this week. She, too, is going

anything to do with him:



The other Mr. Stanley.

home for Thanksgiving. I do not feel that I have much to be thankful for this year; I am sure I did not expect to fall in love—or want to. Thanksgiving Day comes in three days, and we have no cook, and Mrs. Scott and her nephew arrive the evening before Thanksgiving, and whom else have you invited?"

'Alas! we gave an invitation to the Reverend and his wife three weeks ago. Then John's old college friend and his wife, Mrs. Scott and Captain Scott, you and John and I constitute the party. Then for the evening come the children ten of them—and we are to have games until nine o'clock."

"I wish you could leave me out. am an odd one at the table, anyway. I will be the cook."
"You won't be anything of the

kind-at least not alone. So far as I see, we are both likely to be the cooks; this ideal girl, who is traveling toward us from the East, is sure to be a myth."

What did John say about it?" 'That Mr. A- at the intelligence office in Cincinnati seemed sure of the safe arrival of this Phoenix who is to arise out of the ashes of our

Margaret and I devoted ourselves to Thanksgiving preparations.

"We will just have to make the selves.

"People at H- expect nothing to do most of the work, as you have done, has made me feel quite young: so I do not mind work if you do

"It has been the best medicine I

e ever taken." Yes, you look like yourself again with your bright eyes. Next time it will be a general and you will marry

There is not going to be any 'next time.'

Mrs. Scott arrived as expected evening, but without her w. It was rather a disappointment when we found that he was detained and could not come before the day after Thanksgiving Mrs. Scott was delightful, however, and we felt that her presence would make our dinner party a success. She entered into all our arrangements so entirely—did not half commiserate us on the fact of our being

cooks and waitresses.

In the course of conversation spoke of our regret in the absence of Lieutenant Scott.
"Who is Lieutenant Scott?" said

she. "You said he was your husband's

'Oh. I see the mistake. He is my husband's sister's child-Lieutenant Frank Stanly. Margaret, whose face was a flame

of fire, took up some irrelevant dish or plate and departed hastily to the Pretty soon Margaret came back looking beautiful, with her head held high in the air and her eyes flashing. She became the life of our little party, but that night when I went to her room, both of us in our wrappers, she said what I expected.

There is no mistake adout y immediately pulled off the chief which bound her eyes, she said what I expected.

Well, you can imagine.

"On Friday morning, early, Ruth,

"Oh, stay with me—stay with me!
You can be, in reality, the cook till
his departure. You need never come
into the room—never see his face,
nor hear his voice. Do not leave me,
Madge."

"No. I cannot have the stay of the st

"No, I cannot stay and not hear ing him, it would be of no avail, for Mrs. Scott would inquire about me." Well, the next day dawned, and

my brave girl, my cook and wateress, my dearest friend, had put on with her spotless working apron a pleas-ant smile of unconsciousness of trouble to begute me of the anxiety which bade fair to spoil my Thanks giving feast.

Just as we had the table set for eight and were arranging the flowers

the door bell rang. We both arrived at the door simultaneously and admitted what looked like a tall and beautiful shepherdess from the He-"I suppose you expected me soon-

er, ma'am; I am Nora Johnsen, but ere was an accident and a delay, take off my hat, for I see that dinner is ready for me to carry in."

I felt like taking Margaret by the

waist and dancing around the kitchen, but the remembrance of Lieutenant Stanley restrained me. To Mrs. Scott's astonishment we were both present in the parlor

when our guests arrived.

The doorbell rang again. went out to ascertain who the guest was. "Whoever it is," he said, "you was. "Whoever it is," he said, "you must have a place arranged for him, as I shall certainly bring him into

dinner."
While Nora was very quietly arranging another place for the new guest (oh, benedicent fairy!) I heard John take the newcomer up to the spare room; he came down alone and said to Mrs. Scott: "Yournephew has arrived and will be down time. has arrived, and will be down imme-If I had expected blushes on that ex-

pressive face I was disappointed; there was only a deadly paleness, and my heart sank fathoms deep.
"Lieutenant Frank Stanly, my
dear," announced John, and I arose
to meet one of the happiest looking, roundest faced young men I had ever en, brimming over with joyial eling, fun in his eyes and around

his lips. When the moment came for pre senting him to Misa Raymond, whom we were to suppose he had never seen, a new astenishment overtook she received the introduction as he greeted her in the same manner Hercheeks looked like two roses, and contradictory creature. He was full of explanations as to the delay in his coming and the unexpected oppor-tunity to overcome that delay and arrive in time for the Thanksgiving dinner.

dinner to be thankful for in the -th Cavalry.

th Cavalry?" said Margaret. "Yes, and it is an odd thing," said he, "that I am always getting into awkward blunders on account of an-other Frank Stanley, of the —th In-fantry. He is a Francis R. Stanley, with an "e," you perceive, while I am Franklin Stanty without an 'e.' " I think from Margaret's appear-

ance she was already in love with Lieutenant. Franklin Stanly, without She was his neighbor, and became deeply interested in they

"Do not listen to him, my dear; he is a deceiver, and besides, all his smiles belong to another fair lady." "Oh, but she likes me to keep my manners in good practice, and I could

not find a fairer teacher."

Again the bell rang, and Nora brought in a missive addressed to "Miss Raymond," only a postal card, signed "Mary Vernon," and containing one line; "It was all a mis-

Margaret hid it in her lap, and her good spirits combined with those of our new, merry west, made our Thanksgiving dinner, with its abundance of good things, one of the most delightful at which I had ever been present

After the dinner and we, release from our cares as waitreses, left the table to the care of the shepherdess, then the little ones arrived. My dear girl and Lieutenant Frank Stanly be came children with them, as also the

whole party.

A couple of hours later they were in full swing of merriment in the game of "blind man's buff." I left the room to see about supper, just as Margaret was having the bandage put over her eyes. John had gone out a few minutes before to smoke his cigar, and I heard the click of his latch key in the door and hastened to open it, but he was not alone.
"The other Mr. Stanley," he said,

introducing a most attractive looking stranger. I could not forbear giving his hand a very warm pres sure, which he seemed to under stand and return.

I went back with them into the with me. Just as Margaret was about to

pounce upon me I withdrew, and she clasped Mr. Stanley's arm instead of mine. "Oh, this is John," she cried: "there is no mistake about you," and immediately pulled off the handker-

TESSA'S THANKSGIVING

Tessa sat shivering on the door-ep. It was warmer in the sun than step. It was warmer in the sun than in the little, cold, dark room up stairs. Besides, she had put all the bed clothes over the baby. Tessa was very ragged and dirty, but that did not seem to make her any less beau tiful, nor did the fact that she was weeping. The tears made her brown eyes larger and softer, and her trembling little mouth looked more like a rosebud than ever. She was very than ever. She was very When Dino went to work the day befor in the big ditch she

was hungry, too.

But he but said as he kissed her "Weep tot, 'tes a, mia! To-night will I! has thee a great sausage to eat with the bread for supper!"

All a she thought of the sausage and did not mind so much that she ached with hunger. But when Dinocame his face was very had. He had worked hard all day in the big ditch, but at night the padrone would not pay him. No sausage for Tessa, not even bread, only a little n lik for the baby! Jat was gone now, and if the wickell padrone would not pay Dino to-night, poor baby Tito must cry all day with hunger.

To-morrow, they said, was to be the great festa of these strange Americans — Thanksgiving, when the they say prayers in the churches and then eat many things. At home, when the padre gave her many prayers to say there would be little eat ing. It was all so different in

And now the stores were full of things, and from the bakeshops ame such lovely smells. It made the ungry ache inside her bigger. How little of this it would take to keer them from starving. It would not be so bad for her and Dino, but it was dreadful to think of the baby crying because he had no milk! "Oh, if I were big to work!" said

thing to sell!" But she was only nine. And lone



"A baby for sale."

Suddenly Tessa's tears stopped, and her eyes grew large with a dar-ing thought. Why could she not sell ier one treasure, her precious baby Dino had told her how the American signoras loved to buy beautiful things, and truly there was nothing in the world so beautiful as baby Tito. Were not his eyes like jewels and his face like a lovely flower? Surely, surely she could find some great lady who would buy him. Ther never again would he cry because he was cold and there was no milk.

Tessa rushed upstairs, her eyer shining with the joy that had dried her lears. Baby Tito was sleeping peacefully under the pile of bedclothes, caring little that the milk he had just eaten was the very last. She lifted him gently and wrapped him warmly in an old shawl, ther deftly bound him across her breast In that way she could carry him longer, for her arms would not ache

so much. Dino had taken her to see the great park. "Here live the rich people, he had said. She would go there wit

Presently she trudged on with he heavy load. The baby, warm against her breast, slept calmly. It was a long journey, and Tessa was weak from lack of food. Her feet grew very heavy and she had often to stop

But it was quite dark and very

cold when at last she saw the lights of the park, and she was shivering under her thin shawl. The baby still slept, and trembling with wearines she sat down in the shadow friendly wall and cried softly. sound of a policeman's measured steps roused her with a start, and she walked rapidly up the av Her weariness left her now. walked rapidly up the avenue great houses were near and her trou-

bles would soon be over.

With beating heart she mounte the steps of a handsome mansion and timidly rang the bell. A tall man in a beautiful coat opened the door and told her in a dreadful voice to "get out." Foor Tessa fled down the steps in terror, and it was some time be-fore she dared to ring at another door. In all the houses there were

big men in beautiful coats who would not let her in. How then should she ever see the rich signoras who would wish to buy her Tito? At last, discouraged, she stopped

pefore a great house blazing with lights. She had seen several ladies go up the steps and longed to speak to them, but there were tall men with them and she was afraid haby stirred in her arms. Oh, if he should waken! He would be hungry and cry. The thought courage. She would speak. The thought gave her

Another carriage drove up and a ady stepped out. Tessa's heart



"Let me go with you, Clarice." leaped. She was alone. And when the light fell on her face it was as beautiful as the Holy Madehna she once saw in the great Duomo, where Dino took her to the feast of the Nativita.

She fell on her knees before the lady, whispering, "Madonna, mia."

The beautiful face looked kindly down at her. "What is it, child?"

"Oh, will you not buy my baby, my beautiful Tito?" The lady looked at the shivering little figure pityingly and then up at the windows of the house. A ca

little smile lighted her face, and reaching out her hand, she said 'Come with me.' The lady handed her cloak to servant and called softly: "Helen,"

A stately woman, shining with jew

els, came out from a room ht. Her eyes fell upon Tessa, 'What does this mean, James?' she said sternly to the tall man But Tessa's lady laughed merrily "Don't blame James, Helen It i only one of my pranks. I found the child at the steps shivering will cold. She said something about

and I brought her in. Clarice, Clarice, what a child you are," said Mrs. Channing with smile, while a chorus of laughte burst from the gay group of men and women crowding into the hall at the sound of their voices. How like Clar-ice Maxwell it was!

Mrs. Channing turned kindly to the child, "What is it you want, H

"Oh. Signora!" Tessa exclaim as she hastily opened the old shaw "will you not buy my baby; my bea tiful Tito? He sleeps now, but whe I kiss him he will waken stars.

Miss Maxwell glanced at

Channing, and then quickly kne beside Tessa, speaking to her ta its ian. How the child's face cl the sound of her own tongue.

"Little one," said Miss Maxwe
"do not weep. We cannot but yo
little Tito, but we shall see that y and Dino and the baby are ne hungry again. That will be than to take the beautiful bab 19

Will you do now just as

kind lady says?" Tessa kissed the white hand reverently. "Tessa will do all," she said Mrs. Channing -turned to "Tell Stevens to take these cl upstairs and dress them comfo Burn these dreadful rags at on Then see that they are we Have Stevens make up a basi extra clothing and one of food. I will will see them again. 'And now,' she said, turning to her guests, "w go down to our belated dinner

After dinner Tessa stole timidly down the great staircase. She scarce-ly dared breathe lest all this beauty and warmth should be a dream to fade at a touch and leave her shivering in her rags.

Miss Maxwell stood waiting for

her. The child kissed her hand passionately and raised her great eyes "What troubles you, Tessa?" asked Mrs. Channing kindly.

"It is Dino I think of, dear lady, He will grieve that the baby and I are gone, and he will not know where to search for us." "I will take them home, Helen, I ordered William to come early," said

Miss Maxwell. There was a chorus of protests. "Clarice! You cannot go into that You cannot go into that awful quarter alone at night!' She laughed merrily. "I am not afraid, and William is a tower of

defence. "Let me go with you. Miss Clarice," said Dr. Winthrop, Mrs. Chan-ning's brother. "I am anxious to see this wonderful Dino."

(Continued on fourth page)

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