

The Enterprise.

ADVERTISING
Your money back.—Judicious advertising is the kind that pays back to you the money you invest. Space in this paper assures you prompt returns.

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VOL. VII. - NO. 16.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1906

WHOLE NO. 319

DIRECTORY

Town Officers
Mayor—B. F. Godwin.
Commissioners—A. Anderson, N. S. Peel, W. A. Elliott, 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
Shewarkee 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. LAMBERT, Rector.

Methodist Church
Rev. T. L. Kirtson, 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; Bassell 3rd 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.

SHEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.
DIRECTOR FOR 1905.
H. W. Stubbs, M. W.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; S. S. Brown, J. W.; A. F. Taylor, S. D.; W. S. Peel, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstaphen, Treasurer; H. C. Taylor and J. D. Bowen, Stewards; T. W. Thomas, Tyler.
STANDING COMMITTEES:
CHARITY—H. W. Stubbs, W. C. Manning and S. S. Brown.
FINANCE—R. J. Peel, McC. Taylor and H. H. Gurganus.
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, H. D. Taylor and W. M. Green.
ASYLUM—G. W. Blount, O. K. Cowing and F. K. Hodges.
MARSHALL—J. H. Hutton.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. A. WHITE.
DENTIST
OFFICE—MAIN STREET
PHONE 9
I will be in Plymouth the first week in each month.

DR. WM. E. WARREN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE IN BIGGS' DRUG STORE
Phone No. 20

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

S. ATWOOD NEWELL
LAWYER
Office up stairs in New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps.
WILLIAMSTON, N. C.
Practitioner wherever services are desired special attention given to examining and making 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

LADIES
—Dr. LaFrance's Compound—
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to any other medicine at any price. Cures constipation, irregularity, etc. Sold by all druggists. Price, 25 cents. Dr. LaFrance, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Wife's Lesson.

Myra was pouting. The unmistakable expression of ill-temper disgraced her pretty face, and Ernest sighed as he remembered how often it had been there during their brief married life.

Upon the breakfast-table were standing the dishes of a substantial meal, in the disorder that follows their use. Breakfast was over, but Ernest still kept his seat, toying absentmindedly with a teaspoon, while Myra looked at him with the cross look of a thwarted child.

"Then you won't give me the dress!" she said.
"I can't, Myra. I really could not do it without running into debt."
"That's just an excuse. Papa always gave me the money for my clothes, even if he was cross about some other things."
"Your father was a rich man, Myra, when we were married."
"I wish he was rich now. I'd ask him for money; I never thought you would be stingy, Ernest."
This last thrust was too much for the long-enduring temper. Ernest Mather's voice was stern as he answered—
"I am not stingy, Myra. You know that I was a poor man when you married me, and that I could not give you the luxuries of your old home; but I have granted you every indulgence in my power without getting into debt. That I will not do for your sake as well as mine."

He left her then, lingering in the hall, as he put on his overcoat, hoping she would come for a kiss and word of reconciliation. But she sat tapping her foot upon the floor until the hall-door closed, and then ran to her room crying. She was a spoiled child, the only daughter of a man who had hazarded his money in an unfortunate speculation and lost it. A position abroad was offered him, which he accepted. His house and furniture, which he had given to his daughter for a wedding gift, were settled upon herself and not affected by his change of fortune.

He knew Ernest Mather to be an honorable man, who had a good business capacity and a high place in the esteem and confidence of his employers, and he felt no anxiety about Myra's future.
So the little wife, as she made her pretty blue eyes all red with tears of temper, had no sensible mother to tell her how wrongly she was acting, no sister to sympathize with her, no one to scold or humor her. Under these circumstances the tears were soon dried, and Mrs. Mather went out for a walk.
"It's no harm to look at the dress again, even if I can't buy it," she said, as she put on a coquettish hat and otherwise beautified herself for her expedition.

The day was bright, a soft, warm, morning in early spring, and the shops were filled with tempting finery. In Myra's dainty purse there was money enough to purchase a number of nice little parcels, even though the price of the expensive dress she wanted was denied her.
So the morning slipped away, and luncheon time found her chatting with Julia Maxwell, and quite willing to accompany that friend upon a second tour in the afternoon.
It was after five o'clock when the little matron, "tired to death," as she said, reached her pretty home.

She was shocked to catch a glimpse of Ernest's maiden aunt, Miss Cordelia Lowry, her especial aversion and dread, seated upon the drawing-room sofa.
"Oh, horror!" she muttered. "I wish she was at home. I want to make it up with Ernest. I don't like the dress half as much as I did yesterday."
The second shock met her upon opening the door of her bed-room. Open boxes, closets, drawers, an air of general confusion everywhere, and the small trunk Ernest always took upon his short business trips missing altogether. Clearly her husband had packed up and gone, leaving Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to keep Myra company. But where was he? Upon the dressing-table was a note directed to herself, and Mrs. Mather tore it open. No loving address to herself; merely this:—
"I have waited for your return as long as possible, and written this note to explain my absence. I told you six months ago of Mr. Agnew's offer to me. If I would accept the position of traveler to the house—double my present salary, and a liberal commission. I declined it then, because you said the money would never compensate you for the constant separation. To-day the offer is renewed. After our conversation this morning, I think your old objection will hardly have any weight; so I have accepted, and leave in an hour. I will write you every month, including remittances. I leave the accompanying bank-note for the dress you desire. I have sent for Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to stay with you."
"Ernest Mather."

Not a loving word, not a regret for the long separation!
Myra realized then how considerate and loving her husband had been under the wearing vexations of her whims and caprices. Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she bitterly reproached herself.
"I have made him believe I don't care for anything but money," she thought. "He leaves me this to consume me for his absence. Oh, Ernest, come home again, and I'll wear calico and a sun-bonnet to church before I'll tease you for finery again!"
It was not an easy task to go to dinner and meet Aunt Cordelia, but it must be done. It was no thing to see Myra in tears when Ernest was

away on business; so she only expressed a desire to see "any man alive about cry for," and said no more about the little wife's red eyes.
The days passed very wearily. Aunt Cordelia preached daily sermons to Myra about extravagance and various other feminine weaknesses, till the poor little woman wished she was as homely and ill-clad as the tormenter herself.
"I buy my clothes to wear," Myra retorted. "If I had as much money as you, Aunt Cordelia, I'd be ashamed to go about the house in such dresses."

And the spinster would shake her head and groan, audibly pitying "poor, dear Ernest."
"You never see me," was ever her opening address. And Myra grew to hate the words in the long months of her enforced companionship. For Ernest did not return. Spring, summer, autumn passed away, and December was opening, yet still he did not come. Every month a formal letter reached Myra, enclosing a check for her expenses of such liberal value as proved Ernest was making money; but each one informed her that her husband was just leaving the place from which he wrote, and made no mention of his next destination.

Heart-sick, penitent, and oh! so lonely, she fairly loathed the sight of the money that was accumulating on her hands. Letter after letter she wrote and destroyed, not knowing where to direct them. She was growing so pale and worn, so quiet and subdued, that Aunt Cordelia's most hateful speeches often went unanswered.
She was sitting in the drawing-room one cold December morning, when Mr. Agnew, Ernest's employer, came in.
"I am sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Mather," he said. "I wish to inquire if you have heard from Ernest this week."
"Not since the first," she replied.
"He wrote us on the fifth that he would remain in Cumberland until the first of the year, and was to send some papers on the seventh. These have not come, and we are embarrassed for want of them. I telegraphed yesterday, but have no reply. However, if you have not heard he is ill, he is probably better."

"Ill!" she faltered.
"Well, I judged from his last that he had not fully recovered from the fever he had had, although he resumed business. If you hear to-day, will you be kind enough to send us word?"
"Certainly," Myra managed to gasp, in a choked voice; and Mr. Agnew left.
"Ill! A fever! Sick at a hotel, and she not near! Ernest, her Ernest!"
All the love in the little woman's heart rose in protest. She astonished Aunt Cordelia by dashing into that lady's room, crying, "Take care of the house. I'm going to Cumberland!" and dashed out again as abruptly. The trunk was packed. Myra never knew what went into it. She hugged her hoard of money. Carefully she put it into the bosom of her dress. She cried and laughed, and looked generally like a lunatic. The afternoon found her seated in an express train, rushing to Ernest as fast as steam could carry her.

In a wide, pleasant room, Ernest Mather lay upon his bed dangerously ill. He had been for months trying to quiet his sick, restless heart by overworking his body, keeping such business hours, such stress and labor in his work, that the firm at home never ceased congratulating themselves upon their choice of a traveler.
He made money fast, supplying Myra with a generous hand, and yet saving considerable. For what? Bitterly he thought that when he was a rich man he would go home again and try to make Myra contented. He tried to fancy he had ceased to love her, but the unceasing craving of his heart for the sight of her face and the sound of her voice contradicted this.

Work, work, work! That was the medicine for his mental pain, till the overworked brain gave way, the overtaken body succumbed, and he lay ill with fever for two weeks. Up again before his strength was half restored, and now the relapse has prostrated him, and he lay suffering and apparently dying, too ill to send for Myra, too ill to give directions, too ill to do anything more than lie helpless at the mercy of strangers.

The long night was passing, and a cold, gray dawn announced another wintry day, when a vehicle drove up to the door of the hotel, and in a dim, confused way Ernest heard the bustle of the newly-arrived travelers. He was vaguely wondering if any friend had come to him, when the door of his room opened softly, and he heard the waiter say, "Mr. Mather is here."
A soft rustle followed, and then two cool hands fell upon his forehead, tears and kisses followed, and Myra was sobbing—
"Oh, Ernest, darling! I thank God I have found you! Oh, dear, forgive me!"

He was too sick to talk much, but he made his wife fully understand his business, and then sank off to sleep in the sweet consciousness that love had come to him, a nurse and comforter.
It was a long, tedious illness, but in the years that followed it, Ernest and Myra looked back upon it as the beginning of their true happiness. Doubts and repining were swept away in the danger of a separation in the grave, and all Myra's penitence went into such entire, self-sacrificing devotion, as snatched her husband from the very jaws of death to be her own again.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

BY MRS. E. M. KILLER.

"My congregation desires me to marry again, and I think," said Mr. Starline, "that I shall select Miss Witherly."
Miss Witherly-Cansauld Witherly, spinster, as she was mentioned in her grandmother's will, was not yet an old woman by any means, and was not exceedingly plain; certainly she was young enough and good-looking enough to match Mr. Starline, who was a widowed clergyman of forty-five years, and who was sensible enough to desire to choose his wife for good qualities that would endure rather than for youth and beauty, both of which time must dissipate.

"Yes," said Mr. Starline, who was talking to himself in his library, "yes, Miss Witherly is a most estimable lady. Devoted to the church, charitable, energetic, excellent in every way; and she admires—ahem! that is, she appreciates me."
"How she works among the orphans and the aged poor in the Home; how excellently she manages her Bible class, and how kind of her to bring up that little orphan, Ellen Moore; yes, I shall gain a helpmeet, if she will accept me!" said Mr. Starline, regarding his clerical white tie in the mantel glass complacently for a moment, "and I have no doubt but she will."
Then Mr. Starline put on his best hat and his best gloves, took in his hand the gold-headed cane presented to him by his congregation, and set out in the direction of Miss Witherly's cottage, having quite resolved to waste no more time about it, but to propose at once.

Ah! could Cansauld have known it, nothing would have delighted her more. For two years she had made the capture of Mr. Starline, his big parsonage, his snug little income, and the honor of the title of minister's wife the object of her soul. With this hope she had devoted herself to church work, to the aged poor in the Home, to the little orphans and to the poor generally. She had given flowers at Easter, and twined evergreens at Christmas, and thinned

"I don't want to hear what they said," cried Miss Witherly, to whom the grape would have been so long the cause of her friend's disgust. "Why, I thought you enthusiastic about Starline and his church?"
"Old Starline!" cried Miss Witherly; "the old poke! Why, he is more stupid every day. Gracious, how I did laugh when I heard he was paying attention to Rosa Rhu-barb; the older they get the younger they want," said I, and it is true."
"Well, perhaps it is," said Mrs. Lane, "though I don't see what men want to marry school girls for. And you are not going to have old Starline yourself after all? Some said so."
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composing an ornate proposition. He had got as far as: "My dear and respected Miss Witherly, you may have remarked," when suddenly a sharp voice smote his ear with these words, "Old Starline, Old Starline." He could scarcely believe his ears. Involuntarily he leaned a little nearer the door and heard the words repeated.
"It must be some one else of the same name. I'm not old," said Mr. Starline.
"It's nobody's business, I'm sure," said Miss Witherly.
"But they said so," replied Mrs. Lane.
"I wonder what they said?" asked Mr. Starline of nobody.
"And you're been so active in church," said Mrs. Lane.
"I'm sick of the church," said Miss Witherly. "I never will again if I get out of it. I hate the very sight of old women with rheumatism, old men with wooden legs, and stinky, dirty little orphans with no pocket handkerchiefs. Just as I want to have a little comfort, I have to take a long tramp to read the Bible to some horrible sick person. I am going to move to Blotown and buy a home and get a dog and teach him to drive all horses away and bite, and the children that open the gate. I am."

The clergyman groaned softly.
"My," said Mrs. Lane, who knew the cause of her friend's disgust. "Why, I thought you enthusiastic about Starline and his church?"
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ALLIGATORS IN CAPTIVITY.

Creatures Not Hard to Raise, but Not Their Young.
Probably as long as alligators have been known the young have been kept as curiosities, and most amusing pets do the little fellows make, says the Scientific American. Unlike the young of other wild animals, which are sometimes domesticated when small, they grow very slowly, especially when out of their natural environment, and are consequently well adapted for this purpose, as a number of years elapse before the alligator is large enough to be troublesome or even dangerous. Alligators do not appear to be very intelligent, the recognition of the person who feeds them in captivity being about the limit of their mental attainment. The older ones are sluggish and lazy, though they sometimes fight viciously with each other and are capable of doing terrible execution when aroused.

If properly taken care of, the young alligators will thrive even in unnatural circumstances. His mate requirement is sufficient heat, and if the box or cage be kept at too low a temperature the little reptile becomes languid and almost torpid, refuses to eat for long periods, and frequently dies at the end of some weeks. If, however, the temperature of the air be warmed by the addition of a little hot water, he soon revives and attests his continued interest in life by renewed activity and the reappearance of his appetite. Unlike the older members of his family, the young alligator in captivity is quite lively; sometimes of an investigating turn of mind, and usually combative, his antics are often diverting. If he can escape from his cage he will travel considerable distances, and unless overcome by cold will wander indefinitely, subsisting as best he can.

Many persons who have attempted to keep young alligators have made the mistake of trying to feed them on a vegetable diet, for the alligator is first and last a carnivore. The diet of the young, who should be fed nearly every day, is simple, and consists of bits of fresh meat, insects and worms. They often show great eagerness for the ordinary earthworms, and will frequently refuse all food but these. The larger specimens in captivity are fed about three times a week on fresh meat or small live animals and they require little attention other than that.

The older ones, particularly the males, will, if possible, eat the small alligators with avidity, and to check these cannibalistic tendencies the reptiles must be properly segregated. Alligators seldom breed in captivity, and while the females sometimes lay eggs, the latter are usually infertile. However, the eggs that have been found in a natural condition in the curious cone-shaped mud nests are easily hatched by the application of heat, and while the young are at first feeble and helpless, they usually survive if carefully handled. Alligators live to be of great age, and there are a number of authentic records where individuals have been known to exist for nearly a century.

Quaint Questions.
"Do you know that the bayonet was so called because it was first made at Bayonne, France?"
That coffee received its name for the reason that it first came to Europe from Caffa?
That tobacco was so called from the island of Tobasco, the home of Daniel Defoe's imaginary hero, Robinson Crusoe?
That gin was invented at Geneva and early became an important factor in the commerce of that city?
That the tarantula was a notorious pest in the vicinity of Taranto?
That cambric was made at Cambrai?
That muslin was made at Mousceline?
That calico was made at Calicut?
That dimity was made at Damietta?
That milliners piled their trade at Milan?
That the magnetic property of iron ore was first noticed in that dug in the neighborhood of Magnesia?
Washington Star.

When Are We Strongest?
The lifting power of youth of seventeen years is 250 pounds. In his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds; in the thirtieth and thirty-first year it reaches its height, 365 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds. After this period the strength falls more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.—Chicago Journal.

Public Baths for Dogs.
Dresden has developed a curious idea. The public baths of that city will shortly receive an addition that is probably without parallel. The new annex will consist exclusively of bathing establishments for dogs, organized on the strictest lines of class distinction. There will be first, second, and third class, subdivided into swimming and single wash-baths. It is even gravely stated that there will be a hair-dressing department for canine customers.

Got the Taste Both Ways.
We continue to get impressions of things in the Philippines from members of the Taft party. One of these tells how sick he was while sailing in the wake of a typhoon in Subig Bay. He compares his condition to that of the little girl who was crossing the Atlantic. She ate absolutely nothing, but drank enormous quantities of lemonade. So her mamma one day remarked: "My dear child, why is it you care for nothing but lemonade?" "Because," replied the child, "lemonade is the only thing that tastes the same coming up as it does going down!"—Boston Herald.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by heart disease, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs of the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.
It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Crops That Convince
Increase Your Yields Per Acre
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