

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.

The Enterprise

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VOL. VIII. - NO 43

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1907

WHOLE NO. 386

STATEMENT DIXIE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Table with financial data for Dixie Mutual Life Insurance Company, including assets, liabilities, and business in North Carolina in 1906.

BUSINESS IN NORTH CAROLINA IN 1906. Policies or Certificates in force December 31st of previous year...

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—INSURANCE DEPARTMENT. I, JAMES R. YOUNG, Insurance Commissioner do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct abstract of the statement of the Dixie Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Asheville, N. C., filed with this Department...

LOOK LOOK

New Firm At

Farmers Warehouse

The Farmers Warehouse here will be run this Season by Eli Gurganus and John T. Fishel. Our Mr. Fishel is known as a good judge of Tobacco and one among the best auctioneers in the state.

Farmers Warehouse Opening Day, August 2, '07

and we will get you the highest possible prices for your tobacco and send you home happy.

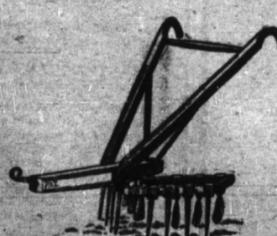
Our market will have this season a large steam plant and there is no reason why we can't have as good a market as there is in the state. Bring us your tobacco and we will look out for your interest.

Don't be deceived and listen to what Dick, Tom, and Harry say about us for M. & S. will sing you a little song and Mr. G. will give you a dance, but Gurganus and Fishel will treat you right if you will only give them a chance.

Gurganus & Fishel

TOBACCO FLUES

Now is the time to place your order for Tobacco Flues. All Kinds and Sizes Made to Order. Try Us



Woolards Combined Harrow and Cultivator

A Saving of One Horse and two hands. Works both sides of the row at the same time.

Breaks the clods and Cultivates With as Much Ease as any Ordinary Plow. What every Farmer and Truck Gardener needs

J. L. WOOLARD, Williamston, N. C.

An Earnest Trifler.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

"What an age it is since I've seen you!" said Branton Ridgely, turning with enthusiasm to Eleanor Grayson. The pink skirted candles on Mrs. Courtney's dinner table cast a glow across the pale oval of Miss Grayson's face.

"The last time we met," he went on, "was at the Van Neeter's tennis tournament on the 17th of September." Miss Grayson laughed.

"What a memory for dates! I suppose you also recall each bit of our conversation?" "Every word. Do you remember calling me a trifler?"

"Did I? Well, I recollect your telling me that I was an erratic, headstrong young woman. That was two months ago, and I don't think either of us have changed much since."

"I accept the rebuke," said Ridgely meekly. "Isn't it a pity to waste such good material? Instead of a leader of cotillions you might be a leader of men."

"And isn't it a pity to hide yourself from your friends and stay in that settlement, tolling and slaving?" "And enjoying it more than anything I've ever done before," supplemented Miss Grayson warmly.

"That's all very well, but how am I ever to catch a glimpse of you? I was just beginning to know you last summer, and now your time is taken up morning, noon and night, and you haven't a moment to give me. And you'll end," he predicted savagely, "by falling in love with one of the workmen down there—unless you're already interested in some one else."

"Such frankness merits frankness in return. I am deeply interested in some one. But your first surmise was wrong. The hero in this case is quite unknown. I've never even seen him."

"Never mind," growled Ridgely. "he'll avow himself soon enough when he's found you've begun to care."

"Well, then, he'll have to change his present tactics," answered Miss Grayson lightly. "Do you know, it's the most mysterious thing! Each week through the mail I've been receiving an envelope filled with paper money. Enclosed is a printed note which says, 'For the needy,' and it's signed 'E. T.'"

"Strange," murmured Ridgely. "Yes, and there's more!" "More?"

"I mean each day there's a bunch of violets, too, and the same initial on the card."

"The 'deuce!' said Ridgely. "Well, and what then?" "Then? Oh, there's nothing more. The flowers continue to come, and the money continues to come, and though I have no clue as to who E. T. is, I continue to accept both."

"How do you know he's a man?" "What woman would be so—so systematic?" "True. And do you wear the flowers he sends?" "Sometimes."

"Lucky dog! He's to be envied!" "That's so like you, Mr. Ridgely, to think of the flowers first and forget all about the money that has made it possible for me to carry out one of my pet schemes. This week Miss Elliston and I have rented and renovated a house—number 12 Pearl street, and we're going to live there and run it to suit ourselves."

"Alone?" "Why, of course!" "Well, to say it's madness is inadequate! In that quarter of the city—regular slums! If you had parents—" "I shouldn't be doing it! Probably not. As it is, my friends have expostulated in vain, for I am quite capable of taking care of myself. And I see no reason why I shouldn't make experiments and do as I please. Besides, Miss Elliston and I aren't altogether alone. We have a very competent German servant, Gretchen. And I'm sure the man who sends the money would be delighted to see to what use we've put it. We have only been in the house a week and have an innate already—such a pitious case, a little Italian girl whose stepfather, Grinaldo, forced her to work in a cigar factory, though she was so ill she could scarcely stand. Grinaldo used to beat her if her earnings didn't please him. If you could have seen her poor arms—so wasted and pinched black and blue! Of course it was a case for the societies, but I didn't wait for them to interfere. I took her in myself. I wanted to see those olive cheeks of hers grow rounded out and rosy, and those scrawny brown hands—do you know, she looks as if she'd gained pounds already! Her eyes are beginning to lose their haggard look, and she doesn't duck her head as if she expected a blow."

"And her stepfather?" "Grinaldo? Oh, he disappeared! We won't have any more trouble with him. I fancy. There! I've bored you with talking about myself, but it's going to end, for I am taking the privilege of excusing myself and leaving early. Mrs. Courtney is a lenient hostess!"

"You'll let me put you into your cab?" said Ridgely. "I would if I expected to take one, but I'm going back to Pearl street via the friendly street car. It drops me within three blocks of the door."

"Three blocks! Oh, I say, Miss Grayson, won't you let me—" "Thank you, no! I shall be perfectly safe. I've come and gone at my own free will for the last week. The

people down there are too busy minding their own affairs to interfere with mine."

A few moments later, swathed in a long dark coat that fitted closely and hid the folds of her dinner gown, Miss Grayson hailed a crosstown car. It was a cloudy evening that threatened rain, and before she reached her destination the storm broke wildly, the great drops falling in gusts against the car windows. The corner at which Miss Grayson alighted was utterly deserted. Pale gleams from half opened tenement shutters and the dim, murky yellow of the street lamps were reflected in the steaming gutters and the sidewalk's miniature pools. Miss Grayson splashed briskly ahead, looking neither to the right nor to the left, till she neared her own abode and turned her head to glance in the windows. The partition of what had once been a narrow hall had been removed, and the whole was turned into a spacious sitting room. The embers of a half spent grate fire threw a softened color over books and pictures, and the dark, thin face of little Tessa, who was seated on the hearth rug.

"Well, Tessa," called Miss Grayson, opening the door and pausing a moment to wrest the key from the reluctant lock. "Did you sit up for me? And where's Miss Elliston?"

But Tessa's slow, sweet voice was checked midway in reply, for of a sudden Miss Grayson was thrust into the room, and the half opened door was closed behind her. Against it leaned the threatening figure of Grinaldo, his lips in an ugly line.

"What do you mean by breaking in like this?" demanded Miss Grayson, sternerly quiet, though a pulse beat hurriedly in her throat.

Grinaldo fixed his narrow eyes on her. Angry red surged under the brownish pallor of his skin. She had taken his daughter, he said, his daughter who earned for him. Now he had come to fetch Tessa away. She would not be found a second time.

Tessa was staring at a window at the other end of the room as if she did not hear Grinaldo's words, but Miss Grayson's eyes were on the hand, keen knife that flickered in his hand.

"If the lady screams or calls the police, I strike now," said Grinaldo softly, with a threatening gesture.

"Oh, no you don't!" cried Branton Ridgely, crashing in the window with his walking stick and vaulting over the sill with the jump that had won him a medal at college. Beyond were the amberlike lamps of his waiting hansom, the cabman whistling shrilly for the police. Miss Grayson saw as through a maze the things that followed. Ridgely's arm striking out and Grinaldo sprawling. She heard Tessa's cry of relief, the startled voice of Miss Elliston, who, panic stricken, was descending the stairs. Lastly came the police. It was Ridgely who told them the necessary details. It was Ridgely who calmed the excited Miss Elliston and half hysterical Tessa; it was Ridgely who came to Miss Grayson when it was all over with a fervent "Thank heaven, I was in time."

"How did you know?" "Why, after you were gone I felt a premonition, so I took a cab and followed."

Miss Elliston had discreetly turned her back. Miss Grayson lifted a bunch of violets from a bowl on the table and held them out to him.

"Instead of laurels," she began tremulously. "I couldn't—I can't—yet see—that is"—stammered Ridgely, coloring to the roots of his hair.

Their eyes met. "Oh, cried Miss Grayson, with a deep breath, "then it was you who sent them! And the money too."

"But the initials!" she questioned, perplexedly after a moment's silence.

"Stand for 'Earnest Trifler,'" he said lightly. "I thought I'd like to help, but I'm pretty much of a thick headed blunderbuss and didn't quite know how. You see, a trifler wouldn't stand much of a chance with you, would he, Miss Grayson?"

"An earnest trifler would," she answered, looking down at the violets she still held in her hand.

"Really?" cried Ridgely, with a delight half boyish in its impetuosity.

"Yes, really," said Miss Eleanor Grayson in a tone that made Ridgely's heart skip at least three beats.

Why They Cheered. Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was a great but unpopular man. When he entered the senate house it was the ill mannered practice of the undergraduates to begin a loud and continuous whistle.

"How this originated I do not know," writes Dean Farrar in his book, "Men I Have Known." "There were two legends about it. One was that it originated that the master would have to whistle for a bishopric; the other, equally absurd, was that when some one had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, 'You must shape your mouth as if you were going to whistle.'"

But under the rough manners of the students there was genuine goodness of heart. Dr. Whewell's wife died. He had been tenderly devoted to her, and when he attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an "old man's anguish and a strong man's tears."

"When next he entered the senate house," writes Dean Farrar, "there was dead silence. For the first time for I know not how many years not a whistle was heard, and then a moment afterward as by spontaneous impulse the whole crowded mass of undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud and long continued cheer. It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should move the heart of the great master or that the tears should run down his cheeks. I do not think that he was ever whistled at again."

Women's Pains

"I was a total wreck," writes Mrs. Beulah Rowley, of Champoeg, Oregon, "from pains I had suffered, for 4 years, every month. Sometimes I would be unconscious for 12 hours at a stretch. I did not know that anything could stop the pain entirely, but Wine of Cardui did. I advise all women suffering with painful periods to use Cardui and be relieved."

It does this by regulating the functions and toning up all the internal female organs to health. It is a pure, specific, reliable, female remedy, with a record of 70 years of success. It has benefited a million others. Why not you? Try it.

FREE ADVICE. Write us a letter describing all your symptoms, and we will send you Free Advice, in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sold by Every Druggist in \$1.00 Bottles.

WINE OF CARDUI

How Whales Are Killed. The feature attracting the casual observer is the vessel's harpoon gun, situated forward of everything, from which the formidable harpoon is fired into the whale. The gun looks like a small cannon, and about a pound of powder is used to discharge the harpoon, which is rammed home in the same manner as a shot would be and tied from the outside end with a small cord, this breaking, of course, when the gun is fired. The harpoon is a very heavy missile, weighing several hundred pounds, which necessitates its being fired only at pretty close range. The lance head pierces the whale and soon afterward catches the whole and contained in it, while still further back on the shaft are bars, which expand on entering the whale, making it next to impossible for the harpoon to be drawn out again. Each harpoon after being fired has to be straightened by a blacksmith in order to again fit the gun barrel. A stout hemp rope four inches in circumference is attached to the harpoon about eighteen inches from the point. This line is of great flexibility and strength and is manufactured solely for whaling in Norway. A few fathoms of this line are coiled on a plate directly under the gun, the remainder being below decks clear to run. There are two of these lines, each 1,800 feet in length, and sometimes they are one too long for the purpose.—Metropolitan Magazine.

A Bit of New York. "New Yorkers are certainly blasé," said a visitor from the west. "There are so many forms of amusement that you do not even take in the free ones. Every day there is an open air band concert at the navy yard by one of the fine bands in the service. This organization, numbering forty pieces selected from the marine corps, played a programme of fourteen numbers faultlessly recently to empty seats. The employees of the yard did not even raise their eyebrows. This occurs the year around. 'Can you beat that?'"—New York Sun.

Experts say that camphor makes the teeth brittle. It is employed because it helps to make them white and, being an antiseptic, keeps the gums healthy.

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach, both need blood to do business. Nutrition is what you want, and it comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. J. M. Whittier & Co., at Robertsonville N. C.

DIRECTORY

Methodist Church. REV. C. L. READ, Pastor. Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Williamston and Hamilton Charges. Services as follows. Williamston—Preaching on the 1st 3rd and 4th Sundays at 11 a m and 7:30 p m. Sunday School at 9:30 a m, W. A. Ellison, Supt. Prayer Meeting each Wednesday at 7:30 p m. Hamilton—Preaching on the 2nd and 5th Sundays at 11 a m and 7:30 p m. Vernon—Preaching the 1st Sunday at 3 p m. Holly Springs—Preaching the 3rd Sunday at 3 p m. All friends of the church and the public generally are cordially invited to attend all the services.

Christian Church

Services at the Christian Church, Williamston. Preaching third Sunday 11 a m and 7 p m. Sunday School 3 p m every Sunday. Macedonia first Sundays 11 a m and Saturday 11 a m and 7:30 p m. Old Ford—Second Sundays and Saturdays 11 a m. J. R. TINGLE, Pastor.

Baptist Church

REV. J. DOWELL, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening, except the first Sabbath evening, at 11 a m and 7:30 p m. Sabbath School, S. Atwood Newell Superintendent; every Sabbath at 9:45. The Lord's Supper every fourth Sabbath. Church Conference every Second Sabbath.

Episcopal Church

Church of the Advent. Rev. WM. J. GORDON, Minister in Charge. Sunday School, 9:30 every Sunday morning. Regular Services on 1st Sunday at 11 a m and 8 p m; on 3rd Sunday at 11 a m and 5 p m. On 2nd and 5th Sundays Rev. Mr. Gordon will hold services at Plymouth, Grace Church, and on 4th Sunday at Hamilton, St. Martin's.

Professional Cards.

HUGH B. YORK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office: Jeffress Drug Store. OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 10 A. M.; 7 to 9 P. M. Williamston, N. C. Office Phone No. 53. Night Phone No. 63.

DR. J. A. WHITE, DENTIST. OFFICE—MAIN STREET. PHONE 6. I will be in Plymouth the first week in every other month. W. R. Warren. J. S. Rhodes. DRS. WARREN & RHODES, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. OFFICE IN BIGGS' DRUG STORE. Phone No. 29.

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

S. ATWOOD NEWELL, LAWYER. Office formerly occupied by J. D. Biggs. Phone No. 77. WILLIAMSTON, N. C. Practice wherever services are desired special attention given to examining and making title for purchasers of timber and land. Special attention will be given to real estate exchanges. If you wish to buy or sell land I can help you. PHONE 47.

F. D. WINSTON, S. J. EVERETT, WINSTON & EVERETT, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. WILLIAMSTON, N. C. Phone 31. Money to loan.

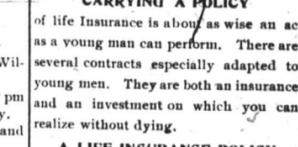
A. R. DUNNING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. ROBERSONVILLE, N. C.

HOTEL BEULAH. D. C. MOORING, Proprietor. ROBERSONVILLE, N. C. Rates, \$2.00 per day. Special Rates by the Week. A First-Class Hotel in Every Particular. The traveling public will find it a most convenient place to stop.

K. B. GRAWFORD, INSURANCE AGENT, Godard Building. Williamston Telephone Co. Office over Bank of Martin County. WILLIAMSTON, N. C. Phone Charges: Messages limited to 5 minutes; extra charge will positively be made for longer time.

To Washington 25 cts. Greenville 25 " Plymouth 25 " Tarboro 25 " Rocky Mount 35 " Scotland Neck 25 " Jamesville 15 " Kader Lilly's 15 " J. G. Stator 15 " J. L. Woolard 15 " J. B. Harris & Co. 15 " Parmelee 15 " Robersonville 15 " Everetts 15 " Gold Point 15 " Geo. F. McNaughton 15 " Hamilton 20 "

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



CARRYING A POLICY of life Insurance is about as wise an act as a young man can perform. There are several contracts especially adapted to young men. They are both an insurance and an investment on which you can realize without dying. A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY of this class is as secure as a savings bank account and pays larger interest. Come in and talk it over.