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VOL. VIII - NO 44

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1907

WHOLE NO. 387

STATEMENT DIXIE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY Of Asheville, North Carolina. CONDITION DECEMBER 31, 1906, AS SHOWN BY STATEMENT FILED. Amount of capital paid up in cash, None Mutual Assessment. Income—From Members, \$1,226.65; Miscellaneous, \$226.59; Total, \$1,453.24. Disbursements—To Members, \$357.93; Miscellaneous, \$995.23; Total, \$1,353.16. ASSETS: Cash in Home Office, \$25.72; Cash Deposited in Banks, \$111.31; Agents' Balances, \$36.70; Furniture and Fixtures, \$20.00; Printed Matter and Supplies, \$135.93. Total, \$339.66. Less Assets, not admitted, \$192.63. Total admitted Assets, \$147.03. LIABILITIES: Salaries, etc., due or accrued, \$80.00; Premiums paid before due, \$20.85; Due for borrowed money, \$253.59. Total Liabilities, \$1,084.44. Balance to the right of assessment, \$944.41. BUSINESS IN NORTH CAROLINA IN 1906: Policies or Certificates in force December 31st of previous year, Number, 0; Amount, \$0. Policies or Certificates issued during the year, Number, 1708; Amount, \$39,242.85. Policies or Certificates in force Dec. 31, 1906, Number, 855; Amount, \$20,099.40. Losses and Claims unpaid Dec. 31, previous year, Number, 0; Amount, \$0. Losses and Claims incurred during the year, Number, 141; Amount, \$357.93. Losses and Claims paid during the year, Number, 141; Amount, \$357.93. Premiums and Assessments collected during the year, \$1,226.65. President, Joseph S. Bradley, Secretary, Joseph U. Walker. Home Office, Asheville, N. C. General Agent for service, Officer of Company, Asheville, N. C. Business Manager for North Carolina, Home Office. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—INSURANCE DEPARTMENT RALPHIGH, N. C., May 2, 1907. 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, showing the condition of said Company on the 31st day of December, 1906. Witness my hand and official seal the day and date above written. JAMES R. YOUNG, Insurance Commissioner.

Thermopylae

By MARTHA McCULLOUGH WILLIAMS. Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"I come here to play I am a dandy," Elspeth said, smiling wickedly at Hindon as he tolled after her up the steep and narrow steps that led to a railed platform, weather beaten, but still sound and weight worthy, set in the lower branches of a giant oak. Hindon thought the climbing a crazy performance, but love which makes the fool often a wise man makes the wise man often a fool. And he did not deny to himself he was in love and with the bit of quicksilver he was so painfully following. "Hi-m! I seem to remember that dryads were not always all they should be," he said, sitting down so ponderously the branches quivered. Elspeth laughed softly. "You are to have a reward for coming up with me. I adore stories. You may tell me one instead of writing it—the very best story of them all." "Impossible!" Hindon said gravely. "Don't you know there are but seven stories in the world, and six of them unfit for ladies? That leaves only one. I had much rather live it than tell it." "No! You must tell it," Elspeth said decisively. "Begin! This is much better fun than private theatricals." "I tell you I can't begin. The story has to begin itself," Hindon interrupted. Again Elspeth laughed. "At least you can say how it begins," she murmured. Hindon smothered a growl. "I can tell you what it takes to make a story," he said. "First, of course, there's a girl!" "That's me," Elspeth interjected. Hindon nodded. "And a man in love with her—" "That fits you," Elspeth said incorrigibly. Hindon flushed in spite of himself and bit his lip, but somehow kept his voice gay as he ran on: "And an obstacle—any sort, some sort. The obstacle, you know, is what really makes the story." "Dear me! What a pity!" Elspeth said. "Yet I quite understand. But for the obstacle the sweethearts would have to marry right at the start and live happily ever after. I think—yes, I'm sure—the obstacle is looming up. See! Jack Delany is getting down at the steps." "A plague on him, on all Delanys everywhere," Hindon began. Elspeth shook her head at him, saying: "How ungrateful. You said there had to be an obstacle. Could you ask a more proper one than Jack?" "No! That's just the trouble," Hindon admitted. "You might easily fall in love with Jack—if I were not in his way." "I believe he has cast you for the obstacle role," Elspeth said demurely, yet with dancing eyes. "You don't play fair—not in the least," she went on. "I asked you for a story—and here I'm making up one for you—" "You've reduced it to its lowest terms—anyway I don't like it," Hindon broke in, his chin in the air, the light of battle in his eye. He saw Jack Delany snarling toward the oak, his hat in one hand, the other swinging his ivory mounted crop. Jack was a youth of parts—rich, well bred and disgustingly good to look at. Moreover, he was new. Until a month back Elspeth had never seen him. Hindon had discovered the real Elspeth at about the same distance of time—when he had come down to World's End for silence and a measure of solitude. After years of struggle his latest book had hit the public hard. He wanted his successor to go above and beyond it. Then, just when the opening of it was fairly in mind, he had dined at the dean house and fallen under Elspeth's spell. There had been a week of rebellion, then submission to the inevitable. He had had a conceit of knowing women-kind, also the verb to love, in all its moods and tenses. Elspeth had shown him how greatly he was mistaken. Hindon had a way with him that most women had found irresistible. After a surfeit of sweethearts one relishes a wholesome bitter. Elspeth's artless joy over his subjugation had not misled him into thinking she was to be had for the asking. He had two minds about her—one curiously aloof, wholly detached, ever noting the effect of unlikely conquest upon a nature girlishly vain and human and marshaling its impressions as for future reference; another, palpantly masculine and possessive, alert to win and keep her against all comers. Now the virile impulse dominated him. As Jack came within hail Hindon swung himself to the head of the steps, clutched a hand upon the rails at either side and half shouted: "Jack, I'm a life saver. You can't come up!" "Can't—eh! Why not?" Jack demanded, moving forward. "Oh, because you're quite too good looking and much too vain—so vain this cranky structure would never bear the weight of it," Hindon swung back at him, setting himself more firmly in his seat. Jack laughed heartily. "I'm coming! Look out!" he admonished, making a dash for the stair foot. As he touched it Hindon looked down, with twinkling eyes, to say: "Remember Thermopylae! Behold me, a new Leonidas, holding the pass!" "Hang Thermopylae—and all those other silly games!" Jack said, with frank scorn. "I tell you, there's no scaring a fellow that's been through straight football—" "So I perceive," Hindon said, his twinkles broadening. He turned half about to glance at Elspeth. She was sitting very straight, her hand clinched hard on the book in her lap, the ghost

of a dimple flickering in one cheek. The estate in life wherein just now she found herself was clearly not displeasing to her. Cautiously she peeped over the edge of the platform and said to Jack, halting below it: "I wish you would come up, Mr. Delany. We—we are making up a story. Mr. Hindon is going to write it, and you can't imagine how fascinating it is." "If I can't imagine it, I can find out," Jack said energetically, stepping back five paces to survey the big oak's spread of branches. The branches were broad, and some of them pendulous. Upon the farther side one swaying tip came within six feet of the ground. With a short, running leap Jack caught the tip, felt it slip almost away from him, but managed to keep hold, draw it down and clutch it hand over hand—until he came to a place that was stout enough to swing upon. Back and forth, back and forth, he clung and swung, until at last he caught foothold in toward the trunk. Inside three minutes he was sitting upon a branch level with the platform, and but a little way from it, saying, as he lighted a cigarette: "Is this a detective story? You can put me in it as a porch climber or something." "You're in it already," Elspeth said, smiling with soft malice. Hindon sat blocking the way down, divided between laughing and growling. "Yes—you're in it, all right enough," he said, nodding toward Delany. "Trouble is to work up a climax that shall leave you out of it altogether." "I won't be left out—of the story—nor anything," Jack cried, laughing gayly, rising and balancing himself as he spoke. It was a perilous undertaking there on the swaying bough, but he accomplished it, stood stockstill with folded arms for a breadth's space; then leaped lightly to the platform, landing fairly in the middle of it. It was almost twenty feet in air, well stayed betwixt two giant boughs. But the tree in its youth had been topped, so down where the boughs parted, unseen, unsuspected, there was a blotch, rotted and cankerous, weakening fatally the sound outer wood. Therefore under the impact of Delany's leap one bough broke loose from the trunk and crashed down, carrying with it the railed door and those resting upon it. As by a miracle Elspeth was flung far out amid cushions, well leaved branchlets and got up with no worse hurt than the shock. Hindon, white and breathless, also scrambled to his feet, but with an arm dangling limply beside him. Delany lay motionless, senseless. He had struck his head in falling, cutting an ugly gash. Elspeth dropped down beside him and laid her cheek against his, crying softly: "Jack! Jack! You won't go and leave me, Jack! This is Elspeth! You love me! You will live for me! Darling, open your eyes! God can't be so cruel as to take you just as I know how I love you." There was a flutter of the heavy eyelids. Hindon, white and remorseful, touched Elspeth's shoulder. "He is—only stunned," he said. "But, of course, you will never forgive me—" "There is nothing to forgive," Elspeth said, looking up at him with wet eyes. "Indeed, I owe you much. It was all in fun, and but for light might not have found out in time about the obstacles." "I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache, Tablets, Neuralgia, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by S. R. Biggs.

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WRITE US A LETTER describing fully all your symptoms and we will send you Free Advice in plain sealed envelope. Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. 39

WINE OF CARDUI

Hustling Zebediah.

By LUCY STEWART. Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"Jabez Strong, I'm not going to stand this thing another day!" "Shoo, ma, how you talk!" "And you've got to help me." The cows had been milked, the hogs fed, and Jabez Strong, farmer, had taken his seat beside his wife on the veranda. He didn't ask what it was she would not stand, for the matter had been the subject of numerous conversations before. He had always assumed a neutral position and argued that things would come out all right if left alone, but now he realized that a crisis had arrived. "If she had a mother it would be different," continued the good wife as she fanned away the mosquitoes with a folded paper, "but she hasn't one. She's only got a father, and he's the biggest old poke in six counties. Jest the last thing Melvina Williams said to me on her dying bed was to be a mother to Emeline, and now I'm going to call her over here tomorrow for a talk, and I'm going to have a talk with Zebediah. It ain't right, and you can't make it right." "It allus makes things wuss to mix 'in," answered her husband after a minute. "It might if Emeline had a mother, but she hasn't got. I've let it go on and on, thinking maybe I hadn't better say nothing, but I shan't let it go another day. I may want you to help me. If I do, you've got to pitch right in." Across the highway from Farmer Strong's was the farmhouse of Farmer Williams. The two families had been neighbors for fifteen years. Farmer Williams was a good man, but it was also true that he was a "poke." That is, he worked from morning till night, and then after reading his county paper for half an hour he wound up the clock and went to bed. When his wife had died, she left a daughter Emeline, eighteen years old. That was two years before the opening of this story. Just about that time Zebediah Henderson had been taken on as a hired man. Zeb was twenty-three years old and well thought of, but he was slow and conservative by nature. Some hired men would have fallen in love with Emeline inside of a week, for she was a bright, attractive country maiden, but Zeb waited three months. It came to be a case of love on both sides, and three months later he proposed and was accepted. It stopped short at that, so far as Zeb was concerned. He meant to marry some day, but that day was indefinite. Farmer Williams came to know of the engagement, but he had no opinion to express. He went on with his plowing and setting bottled dinners and left matters to fate. It was this state of affairs that had provoked the indignation of Mrs. Strong. She didn't think it right on the part of Zebediah to keep Emeline "on the books," as she expressed it. While all the other young men were driven away by knowledge of the engagement, Zebediah continued to "poke around" as if he had fifty years to get married in. On one or two occasions, when he had come over to borrow a hoe or sit on the veranda and discuss crops with her husband, she had spoken her mind pretty plainly. She had hinted that she knew of farmers' sons who were looking about for wives and that there were more windmill and wire fence men coming along than she could shake a stick at, but Zebediah was unmoved. She had made Emeline own up to the engagement, and she had advised her not to make a long engagement of it, but when the girl blushingly asked her what she would do Mrs. Strong had no plan at hand and didn't know where she was to get one. Fortune favors the conspirator as well as the brave. Two or three days after her talk with her husband on the veranda Mrs. Strong's brother came on a visit from Illinois. He was a jovial, hustling young man. If he hadn't had

a "sweetheart" Dick some he would have fallen in love with Emeline Williams. It was while he was praising her that Mrs. Strong got her plan. It was as simple as sliding down a cellar door. She crowded and giggled over it for half an hour and was still crowing and giggling when the girl from across the road came over to borrow a drawing of ten. Mrs. Strong brought out the tea and then motioned her pretty neighbor to take a chair and began: "Emeline—Williams, you have no mother." "No?" "Your mother asked me to be a mother to you after she was gone." "I know it, and you've been awful good to me." "Emeline, it's a dreadful thing for a girl to be in love and have no mother and an old poke of a father, and I can't stand it any longer. I've got to be your mother and advise with you." "But father is kind and good, and Zeb is—"

DIRECTORY

- Methodist Church REV. C. L. RARD, 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. Hotly 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. Jamesville—Fourth Sundays 11 a m and 7 p m. J. R. TINGLE, Pastor. Baptist Church GEO. 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. Preaching at Riddick's Grove the first Sabbath in every month at 4 p m. At Biggs' School House every 4th Sabbath at 3 p m. The Ladies Missionary Society, Mrs. Justus Everett, Pres., meets every first and third Monday at 7:30 p m. You are very respectfully and earnestly invited to attend these services. 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. Martins.

Professional Cards. HUGH B. YORK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office: Jeffers 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 9. 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 timber lands. Special attention will be given to real estate exchanges. If you wish to buy or sell land I can help you. PHONES 1 and 2. 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.



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LOOK LOOK 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. He was with Mr. Graham of this place last year and desires to thank the farmers and patrons for the courtesy they showed him last season and ask you all to come to see us at

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. We have plenty room and good graders on hand, will grade your tobacco and look after it for you if you will bring it to our warehouse, and you can come and see it sold, and we will only make a small charge for same. So we again ask you farmers to come to see us and try us with your first load, and then we are almost sure that you will be so well pleased that you will sell your entire crop with us. 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. Your Servants,

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