State Library

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.

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 . .

VOL. VIII. - NO 48 WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1907 WHOLE NO. 390

Nine Commandments

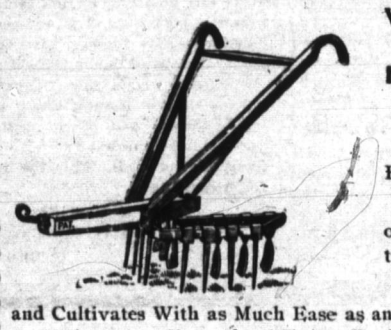
1. From C. D. Carstarphen Buy 1 P'k'g Colgan's Taffy Tolu
2. " H. M. Burras " 2 " " " "
3. " Cowing Bros. & Co. " 3 " " " "
4. " Chase's Drug Store " 4 " " " "
5. " Harrison Bros. & Co. " 5 " " " "
6. " J. L. Hassell & Co. " 6 " " " "
7. " Brown & Hodges " 7 " " " "
8. " J. A. Mizell & Co. " 8 " " " "
9. " S. R. Biggs " 9 " " " "

And if this nine you obey, be you German. Gentile or Jew, You can never refuse to chew Colgan's Taffy Tolu Gum.

L. E. COREY,
WHOLESALE GROCER

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 Gardner needs

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

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 auctioners 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

Gurganus & Fishel

A New Business School

Eastern North Carolina now has a first-class business school where its young men and women can acquire a business training equal to that given in any of the business schools of the larger cities and at much less expense. Opened June 3rd. Enrollment first month, 52 pupils. Can begin at any time. Special rates to first pupils who enroll from new sections. Write TODAY for catalogue if interested.

Courses of Study:
Business, Shorthand, English, Telegraphy

Southern Shorthand & Business University

First Nat. Bank Building, Washington, N. C.; also Norfolk, Portsmouth and Newport News, Va.

J. M. RESSLER, Pres.

LOVE AND THE LOCKSMITHS.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Agatha, lifting her skirts daintily, tripped around the corner from the fashionable avenue where she lived to the dingy little side street, with its miniature shops and pretentious signs.

Yes, it still hung there between a cigar shop and a secondhand store—a mammoth yellow key. She had seen it many a time. That must mean a locksmith, and a locksmith was for her at that crucial moment most essential, for Agatha had locked herself out.

But the locksmith's door refused to budge. Then a piece of paper stuck in the inside of the door frame caught Agatha's attention.

"Out. Will return at 6 p. m.," she read, with dismay.

She looked at her little chatelaine watch. It was 5:35. In half an hour her father would be home to dinner, bringing a business friend with him. It was hard enough, heaven knows, to have the maid take French (or, more truthfully speaking, Scotch) leave that very morning and courageous enough, Agatha knew, to plan to get the dinner herself so as not to disappoint her father, but to be locked out of the house at the eleventh hour and to find the locksmith out into the bargain—this was a crisis for tears.

A young man stepped out of the neighboring cigar shop just in time to see Agatha's handkerchief make a little dab at each of her moist blue eyes.

"Can I be of service to you?" he asked gallantly.

"I'm afraid not, thank you," Agatha replied, checking her momentary display of emotion.

But the young man was so politely solicitous that Agatha, in her distress, explained her dilemma, ending her explanation with, "And the locksmith, you see, has the inconsideration to be out."

"Well, we can overcome that difficulty easily enough," was the young man's cheerful response. "You see, I know the man who keeps the cigar store here very well, and I can get through his shop into the locksmith's. Just wait a minute."

Agatha waited and soon the young man reappeared, dangling a bunch of skeleton keys in his hand.

"These will open most anything, I reckon," he said, smiling at Agatha. "Now, if you'll kindly let me accompany you to where you live, I'll have the door open in a jiffy."

He was as good as his word, and Agatha, actually inside of her own home once more, was profuse in her expressions of gratitude.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mr."— She stopped short and then added naively, "I don't know your name either."

"Black," the young man prompted, "just plain Black."

"It was an awfully white thing for you to do, anyway," Agatha replied, her eyes twinkling. "And I am under deep obligations to you, Mr. Black."

"Not at all," answered the alleged Mr. Black, lifting his hat as he left.

The dinner went off with remarkable smoothness, and Agatha had no intention of discounting the compliments she received by letting her father know of her carelessness, but suddenly she put her hand to her belt and exclaimed, "My watch—I've lost it!"

Then she remembered when she had last looked at the time, and in a flash it came over her that her watch had been stolen from her by the solicitous "Mr. Black." She was forced to make a full confession.

"What sort of looking chap was he?" inquired her father.

"Not at all bad looking," answered Agatha almost defiantly; "really, rather handsome. You don't suppose I'd let any horrid looking old thing come to my assistance, do you?"

Her father laughed in spite of himself.

"But he was a friend of the man that keeps the cigar store, you say, and had no trouble in getting a bunch of skeleton keys?"

Agatha admitted both points reluctantly.

"Hum, bad lot," commented her father. "Probably had the keys in his pocket all the time. Come on, Bainbridge," he added, addressing his guest, "you and I have got to get busy mighty quick. Suppose we visit that cigar store first."

Agatha, left alone, sat for awhile tapping the toe of her smart little slipper on the floor, evidently puzzling over the details of her afternoon adventure. Then she picked up a book and was endeavoring to make herself follow the thread of the story when the bell rang. She jumped up nervously and ran to answer it, expecting her father and Mr. Bainbridge back again.

When she opened the door, she gave a little scream of fright and fainted. "Mr. Black" caught her in his arms and then, realizing the seriousness of the situation, hurriedly laid her on a couch and ran into the dining room for a glass of water.

As soon as Agatha revived sufficiently she screamed "Thief!" at the top of her voice.

As if in providential answer to her cry, a key clicked in the lock of the outside door, and Agatha, hearing her father's step, ran to meet him, still calling "Thief, thief!" breathlessly.

Her father grabbed the young man by the throat and yelled at him hoarsely, "So it wasn't enough to steal my daughter's watch. You had to come back, while she was alone, you scoundrel, and try to rob my house. Search his pockets, Agatha!"

Agatha hesitated.

"Search his pockets, girl!" Mr. Anderson repeated. This time Agatha obeyed. She had never seen her father in such a towering rage.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly. "Oh, he did steal it! Here it is," and she drew the little jeweled timepiece from one of the man's pockets.

The young man made a frantic effort to speak, and Mr. Anderson released his grip on his throat slightly.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" he demanded harshly.

"I'm not a thief," Mr. Black said huskily. "I wish to explain how I came by the watch. Your daughter must have dropped it this afternoon outside the locksmith's. The man in the cigar store found it on the sidewalk, and when I went back with the keys he gave it to me and asked me to find out if it belonged to this young lady."

"A pretty story," commented Agatha's father with a sneer. "Agatha, ring up the police. Wait a minute," he added as the doorbell rang. "That's Bainbridge. Run and let him in."

"Uncle!" exclaimed the prisoner as Mr. Bainbridge crossed the library threshold.

"Why, Roger," returned the latter, "what does this mean?"

Agatha laughed hysterically. "Then you aren't Mr. Black, after all, and your story is true," she cried.

The young man shook himself as if to get free of the horrible effects of the last few minutes.

"No," he answered, with a feeble attempt at a smile, "I'm my uncle's namesake, Roger Bainbridge 2d, with my compliments."

"And to think," groaned Bainbridge senior, "that I've been out setting the police on the track of my own nephew!"

"That isn't half so bad as choking him," was Mr. Anderson's rueful comment.

Some months after this dramatic little incident Agatha discovered that she had been robbed again. This time she felt sure young Mr. Bainbridge was guilty, but she shrank from facing him with the accusation. She was saved that ordeal, however, by the sudden full confession of the criminal himself.

"Agatha," he announced very seriously one evening after dining with her, "what would you say if I told you I have really been trying to steal something from you?"

Agatha started. "Why," she answered, "I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

"Are you sure, Agatha?" asked Roger, looking at her tenderly, yet searchingly. "It's a very precious thing I want."

"If it's my heart," answered Agatha, "you've stolen it without waiting for me to give it to you," and she smiled at him bravely and sweetly through her blushes.

He folded her close to him. "I'm awfully afraid," he said, laughing softly in his great joy, "that your father will choke me in earnest this time."

Agatha laughed, too, for, as she said, love can afford to laugh at locksmiths.

A Clever Deserter.

An army officer who was talking of the escape a few days ago of a couple of prisoners from Castle William told several stories of other attempts, frequently unsuccessful, to get away from Governors Island.

"One of the most ingenious that I remember," he said, "took place a few years ago and succeeded beautifully. The man who escaped had been a barber before he entered the army, and his job in Castle William was to shave and cut the hair of the other prisoners. He managed to save enough of the clippings to make a false mustache. Then in some way—it's hard to tell how those things are contrived—he had a suit of plain clothes smuggled in to him. Still he wasn't in any rash hurry to get away, but waited till a really good opportunity occurred. This came to him when a gang of plumbers were in the old fort making repairs. One evening he rigged himself up in his clothes and mustache, and picking up a couple of pieces of lead pipe and a forgotten solder pipe he walked leisurely out with the plumbers when they quit work. Right past the guard he went without being recognized, and, so far as I ever heard, he was not recaptured. I always thought that was a really clever escape—rather a theatrical one too."—New York Times.

Why Pa Was Mad.

Farmer Jones, after eating a hearty dinner, stepped out on his porch to enjoy a smoke, when he noticed in front of the house, which was on the main road, an overturned load of hay, and beside it a small boy, seemingly in great perplexity. The farmer went out and spoke to the boy.

"Well, my boy, I see you have had an accident, but never mind. Turn your horses to the hay and come in and have some dinner."

"I can't," said the boy; "pa'll be mad."

"Oh, no, he won't. Come on."

"Nope, I can't; pa'll be mad."

"Now, look here, sonny. You didn't mean to upset that hay. There's no harm done. Come right along, and after you have had something to eat I'll help you to load up again."

The boy consented, saying as he looked back at the hay, "But I just know pa'll be mad."

After he had eaten and the farmer had started back with him to load up, the latter said, "Now, don't you feel better?"

"Very much, sir, but pa'll be mad, though."

"Why will your pa be mad?"

"Because he's under that load of hay."

WASTING STRENGTH

Women who suffer from unnecessary, disagreeable, painful, weakening, female complaints, will find that Wine of Cardui is a safe and pleasant remedy for all their ills. It acts directly upon all the delicate, inflamed tissues, purifying the blood, throwing off the clogging matter and relieving female disorders such as irregular, scanty, profuse, painful catamenia, prolapse, etc.

Also relieves headache, backache, dizziness, cramps, dragging pains, nervousness, irritability, etc.

If you need advice, write us a letter, telling us all your symptoms. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope). Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT IN $1.00 BOTTLES

"I WROTE YOU for advice, and by following it and taking Cardui, my Female Troubles were cured."—Mrs. R. S. Wallace, Lavaca, Ala. J12

WINE OF CARDUI

Maryland, My Maryland's Big Entertainment

Baltimore Md., Aug. 21—Maryland is sending invitations to her sons and daughters scattered everywhere to come to a grand reunion and is making extensive preparations to give them a week of right royal entertainment when they come. Old Home Week covers the dates, October 13 to 19, and there will not be a moment of that time that will not thrill with the spirit of hospitality for which the Old Line State is famous.

The celebration will include a number of spectacular features in this city, such as an electrical pageant, a grand military and navy display, a gathering of patriotic societies, a parade and ball by the fraternal orders, a big concert, a night carnival, etc. There will also be a special pilgrimage to Annapolis on Peggy Stewart Day, which falls in Old Home Week.

The visitors to the capital will have an opportunity to inspect the magnificent new buildings of the United States Naval Academy and the remodeled State House of historic associations.

The New Baltimore, which has sprung from the ashes of the disastrous fire of 1904, will not be the least of the features that will afford delight and will surprise the returning sons and daughters of the State.

The Homecomers will have the benefit of special transportation rates granted by railroad and steamboat companies, and arrangements are on foot to secure for the visitors the priviledge of a side trip to Jamestown without extra charge.

Every former Marylander of whom the Maryland Home Coming Association secures information will receive a special invitation to attend the homecoming. These invitations are being sent out by Governor Edwin Warfield in the name of the State. All persons who have information of the whereabouts of former Marylanders are urged to promptly forward such names and addresses as are in their possession, to the Association, 602 Fidelity Building, Baltimore, Md.

A Difficult Subject.

When Mrs. Hanson entered the photographer's studio, her small son held in a firm grasp, there was a look of determination on her face which showed it was no time for trifling.

"Now, see here," she said, swinging the reluctant James Henry into prominence from the position he had selected behind her skirts, "this boy has got to have a picture taken to send to his grandfather that he's named for, and I expect you to do it."

"Certainly, madam," said the photographer blandly. "Now what style"—

"I don't expect any style at all," announced the mother of James Henry, pulling him up from the floor to a half kneeling attitude. "If you can just get his features into the camera that's all I expect. There was a traveling tintype man came to our town last spring. He took two dozen of me for a breakfast and supper and two dozen of father for his night's lodging and three dozen of little Emma Jane for the next day's dinner. But after he'd had one try at James Henry he said that unless father had a good half worn suit o' clothes to let go he couldn't undertake to secure a likeness of the boy, and he'd rather be moving on."

"They Say."

(By the Spring Poet)

There's a very wise family abroad in the land,
The largest I have ever known,
You have met them I know, for on every hand
Some branches of this family have grown.
You may not care in this Company to share,
And try to keep out of the way,
Still you're under the ban of this numerous clan,
Who are known by the name of "they".

They've a wondrrful knowledge of all your affairs,
Of your charecter, business, and health;
They have known all your family years upon years,
There mistakes, loses, or wealth.
And if one of the throng has ever gone wrong,
The disgrace will not soon pass away,
Twill be treasured in store, to repeat o'er and o'er,
By the meddlesome family of "they."

If a stranger should come to your village, or town,
He must not in ignorance remain.
He must know all the failing of Jones, and of Brown,
Though the telling should cause them pain.
And they seem to arrange (though it looks very strange)
That in some unaccountable way,
Nearly all do wrong but those who belong,
To this paragon family of "they"

With a shake of the head, and a very grave face,
And a voice mysterious and sad,
They will say, "Did you know" such and such was the case,
I am sure it's really too bad.
Then the story will grow, like the ball of snow,
Which the school boys roll in their play,
Getting large and strong, as it passes along
In the hands of the family of "they."

Oh! There's many an unjust prejudice born,
And many a sharp sting given,
By the thoughtless tongue, while hearts are torn,
And truest friendship riven.
The erring soul, that has lost its goal
Yet yearns for the good old way,
Shrinks back from the light, into darkest night,
Because of the unkind words of "they"

What a heaven indeed, this world would be,
If this troublesome family of 'they"
Would only the good in their fellow man see
And turn the evil away.
If we heed the word of our loving Lord,
Tell me, who will be to-day,
The sinless one to cast the first stone,
At those who have wandered away.

Oh! These tongues of ours we should guard with care,
For our words will have an end,
And by these words, God's book doth declare,
We are justified, or condemned.
'Tis a solemn thought, forget it not,
Drop along thy way only words that are kind, and blessings you'll find
Though numbered with the "they."

HARRY B. LATHAM.

"Everybody Should Know"

Says C. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles I've used it and know what I'm talking about." Guaranteed by S. R. Biggs, Druggist 25c.

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 9
I will be in Plymouth the first week in every other month.

W. E. 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 helpyou. PHONE 4

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-Closs Hotel in Every Particular. The traveling public will find it a most convenient place to stop.

RUNNING FOR AN ENGINE
is a pretty poor way of protecting yourself from loss by fire. The only sane method of avoiding loss is to
PROCURE FIRE INSURANCE
We represent the best, soundest and fairest companies in the country. Let us write you a policy to-day. The cost is but little, the protection great. An ounce of foresight is worth a ton of regret.
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 Lilley's	15 "
" J. G. Staton	15 "
" J. L. Woolard	15 "
" J. B. Harriss & Co.	15 "
" Parmele	15 "
" Robersonville	15 "
" Everetts	15 "
" Gold Point	15 "
" Geo. P. McNaughton	15 "
" Hamilton	20 "

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