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WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1907

WHOLE NO. 396

MONTHLY MISERY

is one of woman's worst afflictions. It always leaves you weaker, and is sure to shorten your life and make your beauty fade. To stop pain take Wine of Cardui and it will help to relieve your misery, regulate your functions, make you well, beautiful and strong. It is a reliable remedy for dragging down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, dizziness, fainting spells, and similar troubles. A safe and efficient medicine for all women's pains and sickness.

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We have led in Prices since the opening sale, and by hard work on our floors will continue to do so. Come and see us day or night, always open and ready to work for your interest and see that you get a good price for every pound of your tobacco.

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Soliciting your orders, I am respectfully,

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Take Your Clothing To Octavius Price

When you want them cleaned or pressed. Ladies Skirts cleaned and pressed at a reasonable price. Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Roanoke Pressing Club in Mobley Building

Hiram Perkins' Cure.

By F. A. Mitchell.

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THERE are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group of packing house employees in high boots, trousers and woolen shirt, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural dour complexion subdued by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures to burn them.

Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. Time was when he hadn't a nickel to take him, tired and hungry, home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running



Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet. past his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on that pike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 4 in the evening, the hours of Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Amos Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, filled out checks for double the amount claimed by the owners of the stock, tossed them at the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the payees the payer dashed away.

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's juggernaut was something that could not be paid for in money. Daisy Burton, fourteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard the squeak of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its course at the same time. It had slowed down, but could not be stopped in time to prevent a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet, where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of indignant countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his fist at the retreating automobilist, marked the scene of the accident.

Hiram Perkins, a middle aged, weather beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could toddle across the fields between his and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned. When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at a smile he dashed out of the house, mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlington pike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other direct road to town. Farmer Burton did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his child, and it was some time before the matter was settled.

Meanwhile the farmers living on the pike discussed the situation. Daisy would be crippled for life. Must they continue to risk the same misfortune or worse for their children? There was a state law regulating the speed of automobiles, but there was no one whose duty it was to enforce it, nor

was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again. But how was he to prevent it? By means of the law? Portley's pocketbook was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and mask it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government rouged goods. This gave him an idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had received his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed. As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead.

"What's that?" he asked of his chauffeur. "Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up. At reduced speed they approached the firing. It was on Hiram Perkins' ground. He had mounted a rapid fire gun of an obsolete pattern on a pile of stones four feet from the ground, with its muzzle pointed at a target set up across the road. Hiram was lastly turning the crank.

"Hey, you old fool! Are you crazy?" yelled Mr. Portley. Hiram ceased turning his crank and looked at the automobilist.

"Why, no; I reckon not," he replied. "I'm only shootin' at a mark." "Go on, Pete," said Mr. Portley to his chauffeur.

The automobile gave a few preliminary puffs, and Perkins began again to turn his crank, sending a storm of bullets across the road. The chauffeur shut off in a hurry. "What do you mean?" roared Portley, "by monopolizing the road in that fashion?"

"Who's monopolizin' the road?" asked Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank. "You; firing that thing across it." "I'm shootin' at a mark peaceable. I own twenty acres on this side and eighty on the other side. Reckon I've got a right to do what I please on my own property."

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road." "I ain't touchin' the road." Portley was puzzled, but only for a moment. He was sure of the farmer's motive.

"How much do you want to stop your practicin' when I want to pass your farm?" "There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied: "You hadn't got money enough to stop my practicin' at any time."

Mr. Portley refrained from further argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, doubling the distance to the city. On reaching it he went straight to his lawyer's office, told how Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highway and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer, "to prevent a man firing on his own property, even if the highway runs through it."

"What! No law to keep him from shooting me as I pass his farm?" "If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder; if unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley, in his irritation dropping into the double negative of his earlier years. "The only way I see out of it," the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am

satisfied is a bluff with a bluff. When you come to this man's farm again do it right on very slowly. He won't dare kill you."

"If any man can bluff Tim Portley," said the multimillionaire, rising, with a scowl and a deadly set jaw, "he's welcome to do so."

When Portley returned in the afternoon on his accustomed route, approaching Perkins' farm he again heard the rattle of rapid fire. He ordered his chauffeur to slow down and when within a hundred feet of the line of fire to creep. Hiram was turning the crank of his gun. "If you kill me," cried Portley, "you'll be hanged for murder."

law don't hold me responsible for them as commits suicide by runnin' up ag'in a gun a man's practicin' at a mark with."

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad brimmed hat over the eye nearest the corner so as to obstruct his view toward the automobile and went on turning. When it crept to view he turned his back so that he couldn't see. The automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullets and stopped.

"Go on!" roared Portley to his chauffeur. The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his employer. Portley took it and moved



PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

to within a few feet of the dead line. Hiram was looking away from him at an angle of 90 degrees. A shot a trifle out of line whistled ominously near Portley's nose. It was the will of a multimillionaire against a simple farmer. The farmer won. Portley backed his machine, turned about and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Hiram looked after him. There was the same quiescence in his outward appearance, but a close observer would have noticed a light in his eye and a slightly quicker breathing.

"Perkins' method," as it was called, spread among the farmers, and wherever a man owned property on both sides of the road he stationed himself before his house with a weapon, some with repeating rifles, some with revolvers, and one ingenious farmer constructed a catapult to throw stones at the rate of one every five seconds. Notices were put up along the road that ten miles an hour was the limit of speed allowed. All automobiles running faster were sure to find some farmer who, apparently realizing that Uncle Sam needed to produce a nation of marksmen, had set up a target across the road and was sure to be practicing when the biggest and fastest machine passed. Some automobilists drove faster than ever, slowing up at the danger point, but they were reported by the farmers to those doing the practicing and on the next trip were obliged to turn back, losing the right to use the road altogether. No law was violated; no automobilist was injured. Persons driving their machines on the road at a moderate rate never heard or saw any firing, and many of them wondered while passing Perkins' farm to what use he could possibly put his old rapid fire gun.

Daisy Burton will limp all her life and will find it hard if she has to make her own living. There are those among the farmers' wives—women can see further ahead in such matters than men—who declare that the day will come when she will have a strong, level headed husband to work for her in Hiram Perkins.

What He Needed. Employed in one of the largest iron foundries in Baltimore there is a man who has a wooden leg. None of his fellow workers, however, knew of this until recently, so perfectly did the artificial support take the place of the missing member.

One day not very long ago something happened to the letting in the machine shop. Being an expert mechanic, this man was sent to repair the break. He climbed up a high ladder with as much grace and agility as could any man with two perfectly sound legs. But while busily engaged on the letting the ladder slipped from under him, and with a crash, man and ladder landed in a heap on the floor.

The man's head struck against a piece of machinery, and he was rendered unconscious. Some one telephoned for a doctor. Before the physician arrived the injured workman regained consciousness. He did not make any attempt to get up, however, but simply lay on the floor with one of his legs doubled up under him.

Then the physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from under the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead. "Then your husband won't give up his club?" queried the friend. "No," replied the patient young wife, "and I don't propose to give up mine."

"Yours? Why, I didn't know you had one." "Nether does he, but the next time he comes home late from his I'll be on hand with mine."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A GIRL'S LETTER.

Miss Rose Hurst, 733 Harris Street, Appleton, Wis., Writes Something of Interest to All Women.

Read What She Says:



"I WANT to say a word for Peruna for systemic catarrh and trust others who read this may try it and receive the same good from it that I did. 'I had been ailing for a long time and nothing seemed to do me any good, although I tried many doctors and many medicines. I had become so bad that there was no pleasure in living. 'I was finally asked by a friend to try Peruna, which I did, with many misgivings. What was my delight, after taking the first bottle, to see a great change for the better and I kept on improving until completely recovered."

"I now feel like a new woman. It has done wonders for me and I gladly recommend it to others."—Rose Hurst. No ailing woman can fail to be interested in the above testimonial. Miss Hurst was persuaded by a friend to try Peruna, and she is now perfectly well and feels like another woman. Such is her story in brief.

Gussie Kallow—My mustache is beginning to be noticeable at last. Pepprey—Yes; it reminds me of a defeated pugilist I saw at the athletic club's show the other night. Gussie Kallow—Aw, how—Pepprey—Down and out, you know. Philadelphia Press.

His Dear Old Mother

"My dear old mother, who is now eighty three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well. That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak puny children too are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by S. R. Biggs, Druggist, 50c.

"Dad," inquired Freddy, "what is a 'figure of speech'?" "Where's your mother?" asked "dad" cautiously. "She's downstairs," answered the boy. "Well, then," began "dad," "a figure of speech, my son, is a woman!"—London Telegraph.

Hard Times in Kansas

The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of to-day; although a citizen of Codell, Earl Shamburg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold cure and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by S. R. Biggs, drug store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

"Well, anyhow," said Cassidy, "the new mill is fitted up fine. Shure, everything's in its right place." "Not at all," replied Casey: "whin I went through there th' other day I seen a lot of red buckets marked 'Fur Fire Only,' an', fais, there was wather in them."—Philadelphia Press.

More Than Enough is too Much

To maintain health, a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habit of consumption of more food than is necessary for these purposes is the prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. If troubled with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again. For sale by All Druggists and Dealers in Patent Medicine.

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