

ABOUT WOMEN FOLKS

Nothing They Ever Do Astonishes Deacon Spooner.

MEN FOLKS TAKE CHANCES.

"When a Feller Thinks He's Got to Know His Wife About as Well as She Knows Herself He's Bound to Get a Jar," Says the Deacon

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.]
"I wasn't a bit astonished," said Deacon Spooner as he sat down on the postoffice steps at Jericho to wait for the mail to come in—"no, sir, I wasn't a bit astonished when Lemuel Fairbanks came over this afternoon to where I was working in the garden and said that his wife had run away. Nothing that women folks ever do astonishes me.
"A woman may turn out to be an angel or she may turn out to be a tarnation mule.
"The feller who marries 'em has got to take his chances.
"When a feller thinks he's got to know his wife about as well as she



"SHE SAT WITH HER FEET UP IN ANOTHER CHAIR AND SAID SHE WASN'T GOING TO DO NO MORE WORK."

knows herself he's bound to get a jar. He's bound to find out that he don't know her at all.

"Take a hog, now, and you can find out all about him in an hour. He was born a hog, and he's going to stay one till you turn him into pork. You can depend upon him until you start to drive him somewhere.

"It don't take a feller long to learn the ways of a cow. She'll either jump fences or she won't. She'll either kick the milking pail over or she won't. She'll either settle down and grow fat or she'll be trespassing all over the fields and be as thin as a rail.

"I've got a yoke of oxen ten years old. I've known the critters ever since they was yearlings. I know just what they will or they won't do under sartin circumstances. If there's solid ground and it's a bit downhill under their feet they'll hump themselves to pull an oak tree up by the roots. If it's soft ground and uphill they won't pull hard nuff to bring a towel off the clothesline.

"I've got an old boss sixteen years old. I learned his ways before he was four. If he gets the lines under his tail when I'm driving he's going to kick. Can't say why, but he'll do it. If he meets a flock of sheep in the road he's going to bust for the fence, one side or 'other. Can't say how he reasons, but away he'll go, and something will be smashed. I know him from head to tail, and I drive him accordingly.

Can Understand Most Men.

"A feller can understand most men. If Lemuel Jackson says he'll bring me a ton of hay tomorrow at \$16 the ton I'm going to depend on it. If Darius Taylor says he'll sell me a bar'l of pork next fall I'm feeling as safe as if the bar'l was already in the cellar. I've come down here to Pap Perkins' grocery and postoffice every night of my life for the last twenty years. Pap has allus been the same. He was the same the day his wife got bit by a mad dog. He was the same when he fell off a load of hay and broke his leg. The rest of you are jest the same. We've all had chances to be meaner 'n pizen toward each other, but we hain't taken advantage of 'em.

"But when you come down to women folks—that's different. When I was twenty-five I thought I understood 'em and would have bet a cow-agin a lamb I did, but I ain't talking that way now. I'm jest saying that they are a puzzle, and I wouldn't bet on 'em nohow.

"I ain't saying nothing but what you all know when I say that I'm living with my fourth wife. Some folks have been kind 'nuff to say that it's two too many, but I reckon it's as one feels about it.

"I thought my first wife was an angel. Used to run in on her at all times when courting, but always found her as placid as a millpond. Never showed the slightest temper, not even when she stumbled over a hog. Said that if anything happened to me she'd commit suicide. Lord, but if any one had told me that I didn't know that gal'd have answered that he'd better go to the lunatic asylum.

"We'd been married four weeks when she pulled out a handful of my side whiskers because I stepped on her corn.

"We'd been married eight when she said she wished I was dead.

"We hadn't been married quite six months when I come home with a load

of pumpkins one day and found that she'd run away with a lightning rod man. I didn't foller her, but let her run and have never heard of her since. Where I thought I knew all I didn't know the first gosh-ganged thing.

"I wasn't going to be made a fool of the second time, and after I got my divorce I went up town for the winter and to look around. Got a boarding house, and I hadn't looked at the landlady twice when I knew she was the wife for me. She was motherly; she was sympathetic; she was saving; she was mild. Never saw a woman on the hustle like she was. Went to church as regular as a clock, and took it out on me 'cause I stayed home and read a novel.

"Waal, I married her. There are men sitting right here who can remember the night I brung her home. I was mending the back fence one day a week later when I heard her swearing. I went in, and she swore at me. She sat with her feet up in another chair and said she wasn't going to do any more work. She didn't. I had to do it all. She got beer and whisky, and she choked money out of me and made it fly. Nothing was like what I thought it was. I'd made a bigger fool of myself than before, even though I had my eyes open.

"Two months had gone by, and I was trying to stand it, when the preacher called one day—I had taken it that religion was Sarah's stronghold, but the minute the preacher mentioned it she run him out of the house and down through the gate.

How It All Ended.

"I reckon there's nobody, in Jericho who don't know how it all ended. One night after she had pulled me out of bed and dragged me outdoors I started for Texas and stayed there long 'nuff to get my second divorce.

"I'm a-telling you that I don't believe there's a man or a critter on earth who can make a fool of a man more'n twice over—a man with any brains under his hat—but you leave it to the women folks, and they'll do it half a dozen times over. When I was sorter shying around after my third wife there was folks in town here who said they should think I'd had all the marrying I wanted. I didn't pay any attention to the remarks. Getting married or staying single is a man's own business. A tin peddler told me of a widder woman over in Dobbs Ferry, and I went over to see her. I was took again at first sight—forty years old; strong as a horse; never'd had a day's sickness; could eat raw turnips like a cow.

"I didn't say nothing about marriage till I'd been over there a dozen times and asked a heap of people a heap of questions. I sat with her. I talked with her. I ate with her. Nothing wrong; everything all O. K. Then I popped, and she said yes. You all remember when I brung her home. Some of you said she'd be as good as another yoke of oxen to me.

First Thing She Did.

"Was she? The first thing she did was to get peevish and find fault with everything. Then she had liver complaint and back aches and consumption and I don't know what else, but I paid out nigh \$500 for patent medicines in two years, and then she died just at the time apples was ready for drying. I ain't a-saying a word against her, 'cause she's dead, but she wasn't no more the woman I took her to be and all the folks said she was than buckwheat is like corn.

"I'm now a-living with No. 4. I'm a-saying so 'cause you all know so and 'cause most of you remarked when I was courting her that I orter be sent to the idiot asylum. I hain't never said anything back. I take it that it's for a man to say whether he'll quit the job at one or two wives or to keep on the fourth. This one, as you know, was an old maid, and I was two years courting and finding out about her. I hain't got but jest a word to say. I started out by saying that we men folks don't know women folks and never will, and to prove it I'm declaring that when I go home this evening I don't know whether my wife will precipitate herself into my arms and give me a kiss or whether she'll precipitate me outdoors and give me a kick. And now there comes the mail, and that's all."
M. QUAD.

They Were Hard to See.



"What is the charge against the prisoner, officer?"
"Shure, and the mon has no visible means of support."—Bohemian.

The Poetry Market.

Sonnets, steady, with a slight upward tendency.
Triplets, firm, notwithstanding some profit taking.
Dialect Verse, bullish. Indiana firms in great demand.
Rondeaus, fluctuating; opened 61%; closed 63; high 62%.
Epics, no sales. Villanelles, dull.
Blank Verse, quiet. Some wash sales reported.
Magazine Quatrains, lively; 113 bid, 125 asked.
Couplets, brisk.
Christmas Verse for immediate delivery, very active; receipts unequal to demand.
Rumors to the effect that some of the largest verse foundries will go on half time or shut down altogether are vigorously denied.
—Puck.

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CANDIDATE CARDS

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.
Yours respectfully,
LUTHER HARDISON.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Register Of Deeds. Subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.

Yours Respectfully,
A. S. COFFIELD.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY

I hereby give notice to my friends in Martin County that I will be a candidate for the nomination for the office of Treasurer of Martin County, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

If nominated and elected, I promise to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and justice to all.

Yours respectfully,
L. L. ROBERSON.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

Yours respectfully,
J. R. ROBERTSON.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY:

At the request of many of my friends I announce myself a candidate for the office of sheriff, subject to the action of the democratic convention.

Your respectfully,
J. S. PERL.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Martin County. Subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.

Yours respectfully
C. D. CARSTARPHEN.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

Yours respectfully,
W. A. JAMES,
Robersonville, N. C.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Register Of Deeds, subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.

Yours Respectfully,
L. B. WYNN.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination for the office of Register of Deeds, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

Yours respectfully,
JOSEPH L. HOLLIDAY.

To THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF MARTIN COUNTY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Martin County. Subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.

Your respectfully
L. B. HARRISON.

Notice.

Having this day qualified as executor to the estate of Enoch Stallings, deceased. This is to give notice to all parties holding accounts against this estate that they must be presented within one year from the date of this notice, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will settle immediately.

This July 4, 1908.
GEO. E. PEAL,
Executor.