

THE ENTERPRISE.

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Friday, September 2, 1910

The primary in the Sixth District should settle the Clark-Godwin fight to the satisfaction of everybody. The eagerness for office hurts any man and any party. The office should seek the man always.

The Third Annual Convention of the Atlantic Deeper Waterway Association is in session in Providence, R. I. Hon. John H. Small is one of the most prominent promoters of deeper waterways.

The Sunday edition of the News & Observer contains an interesting article about the reclaiming of swamp land at Belhaven by John S. Wilkinson. Ten thousand acres of this land are for sale and there is no more fertile in the country.

The Nation's Strength

We speak of the oil, railroad, copper and steel magnates, but the real plutocrat is the American farmer. He, it is that holds the balance of power and the farms are the strongest forts of the Nation.

The wealth of the corn crop alone equals \$1,720,000,000, which could be used to adorn 76,000,000 people. The aggregate value of the gold and silver coin and bullion of the United States is equaled by the corn production.

This marvelous production of a staple grain tells the tale of improved farms, latest machinery and careful thought on the part of the tiller of the soil.

To the People of Martin County I beg to make a suggestion as

the time for our county convention is near at hand, it would seem to be in place to begin to cast about for men to hold our offices. I am glad that no one has asked for the office of Representative in the General Assembly.

I see it not as a gift or "fat job," as some term it, that we have to bestow upon men, but as a sacred trust that we must place in their hands. As I have intimated, we want servants not masters to occupy the positions of confidence.

As I have said, I ask to suggest something, and that is to name a man whom I believe to be a fitting one to represent us in the next General Assembly of North Carolina.

Just this one privilege do I ask of offering to the people of Martin County for their consideration, the name of Asa J. Manning of Guilford Township, as a competent man in whose hands to place such a trust, and hope that we may meet in the convention and nominate him for that office.

Your blood is your life. If it's impure, it acts as a receiving agent for diseases. Protect your health, by keeping your blood pure and rich. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the most effective blood tonic for thirty years.

They Violate The Law

In view of the decision rendered by Chief Justice Clark, public officials—county commissioners, road and others who have been dealing with themselves had better have a care. It is a violation of the law and indictments have been made against such officials, as boards or individuals, in some counties.

This being the case if there has been any one receiving pay for special committee work or otherwise in violation of the law, through ignorance on their part of any wrong doing, the thing to do is to cover the amount so received back into the treasury and let that be an end to the matter.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

The Lash of a Friend would have been about as welcome to A. Cooper of Oswego, N. Y., as a merciless lung-racking cough that defied all remedies for years.

It was most trouble at night," he writes, "nothing helped me until I used Dr. King's New Discovery which cured me completely. I never cough at night now."

Home A Woman Passes Two Existences In One House By EDITH V. ROSS

My love for Edward Lane began when we were both so young that neither of us could remember a time when it did not exist. His father's place was but a short distance from ours. Indeed, the rear line marked the limits of both places.

When I grew taller I could not understand how I could have stood upright in that little house. And what seemed more remarkable to me was that Edward could have done so, for he was always a large child.

By this time we were growing out of childhood into that intermediate period when, though boys and girls may feel love, they are not likely to express it. It is a period of transition from child love to real love.

When I was sixteen I was awakened to the true condition by the marked preference displayed by another girl for my Edward. From that time my love became the principal instead of a minor part in my life.

I sometimes wished that I could have experienced the proposal that other girls seemed to regard the next most important moment in their lives to their marriage.

When we were married great changes had occurred. I was left alone in the world. So it was arranged that we should occupy my house. Our living room was on the second floor, overlooking the playground where we had pretended to be husband and wife.

Up to this point there had been an expansion of happiness. Suddenly there came a check. Our youngest child sickened and died. I have described with some minuteness what I have likened to the gradual unfolding of a flower.

When I became myself my surroundings were painful to me. Some persons similarly situated nurse their grief by living in such surroundings. I longed to get away from them. Friends advised me to seek recovery in the many new scenes and interesting objects that are to be found abroad.

It may be considered that my story is one of coincidence. It is more than that. It is an illustration of the very different conditions that may occur in the life of a single person.

a second on to the stage. They portray rather romance than real life and do not give all that real life needs. They are of the same order as the people of India who believe that the wife should die on the funeral pyre of her husband.

I may be weaker than some women or I may be stronger. Possibly I may have less depth of feeling, though that I will not admit. I saw only in nursing my grief a dreadful life before me.

I made my home abroad. Three years after my bereavement I married again. I did so partly because I was lonely, partly because I wished for a man to rely upon, as is natural to any woman, partly because the man I married assured me that I could give him an interest in life and lastly because I became attached to him.

Then he was called to America on the matter of some property that needed his attention. It was agreed between us that he should leave me and our children in Lucerne, where we were then living.

I had never intended to return to the United States, dreading lest it would reawaken me to my lost world. But with a husband and children that world had receded further and further from me till the consciousness of it had grown very dim.

We arrived after dark. I was delighted at our reunion, as were the father and the children. I did not ask where our home was to be. I intended to be satisfied with it, pleased with it, wherever it was.

"My dear!" exclaimed my husband, starting toward me. But in a twinkling I had recovered myself. And what had enabled me to do so? The sudden appearance of an object. Ah, those objects that come to us! How much more valuable oftentimes than realization!

"Nothing," I replied. "A little giddiness at having been so long rolling at sea." "Nothing you don't like, is there?" he asked anxiously.

He took me into every room in the house, a house that had been sold twice since I had parted with it and both times with the furniture included. Not for the world would I have betrayed that these rooms, closets, corners, with every bed, table, bureau, had been familiar to me from childhood.

When morning came I found that if I could endure the first shock I could endure more. I deferred from day to day telling what had happened. My husband was delighted with his purchase, and before I had gained heart to tell him my secret he had become a fixture in it.

And yet, after all, this coincidence has not brought me unhappiness. I have been living two existences, both of which are dear to me, the one near by, the other in the far past and future; the one of flesh and blood, the other of spiritual form.

Report of the Condition of the Bank of Martin County at the close of business June 30, 1910. RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts \$123,399.04 Overdrafts secured 5,306.88 All other stocks bonds, mtgs 1,375.00

The Farmer and His Banker Our Bank never fails to give as good service to the farmer as it gives to any business man. As a matter of fact few banks exist in this day and age of the work without the co-operation of the farmers.

THE GREAT American Shorthand & Business College. Durham, N. C. A high-grade Business Training School, indorsed by leading business men, that qualifies men and women for EXPERT work in the Commercial World.

DO YOU Appreciate YOUR HOME PAPER? PATRONIZE IT. TOBACCO FLUES Have Woolard to make your FLUES and You will have the BEST CARTS AND WAGONS MADE TO ORDER Wollards Combined Harrow and Cultivator J. L. WOLOARD WILLIAMSTON, N. C.