

# Farmville Enterprise

Published by  
The Enterprise Publishing Company  
G. A. ROUSE, Editor and Asst. Mgr.  
B. A. JOYNER, Asso. Editor.

One Dollar the year—In advance.  
Entered in the Post Office at Farmville, N. C., as second class matter.  
FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1915.

## Why Have Good Roads.

There are an abundance of reasons why we should have good roads, even under normal conditions.

But there are urgent reasons why we should have them this year, when conditions are expected to far surpass even those of normal.

Our roads must be in condition for prompt harvesting of the great crops which the world is demanding of America this year.

Experts in all lines of business predict that 1915 will be the most prosperous year in the history of the United States.

President Wilson has publicly warned the farmers of the country that the task of feeding the world will soon devolve upon us, and he urges us to utilize every ounce of energy and every foot of ground, that the supply may be equal to the tremendous demand for food.

Europe today is non-productive, yet the people of those countries must be fed. They must not starve. And America is the only nation that is equal to the gigantic task.

And because this herculean task falls upon the American farmer, it is imperative that no act of ours be left undone that may be productive of greater or swifter results.

And herein lies the value of good country roads.

Tremendous crops may be grown, and harvested, but they must be marketed in record time this year.

And without good roads this cannot be done.

The time is opportune for the people of this community to take up this matter and see that prompt measures are taken to insure the best of roads in the country districts before the time is at hand for the moving of the great crops we are asked to produce.

Horses and mules must draw this produce to the shipping points, and this is a matter requiring both time and animal energy.

An animal possesses only a certain amount of energy, beyond which it may not be taxed, and when that energy is exhausted it ceases to be of the greatest value to its owner, and future movements are retarded because of its lost vitality.

If country roads are placed in the best possible condition during the spring and summer months, the fall movement of crops will be accomplished with greater ease and less expense than heretofore. And every hour of time will be needed this fall if the farmers heed the call of the world and the warning of our president.

Let us "up and be doing" here, that we may contribute bountifully of our substance when humanity turns to us for bread.

There will be a play, "Out in the Streets," Friday night, Feb. 19th, at Smithtown school house, given by the young people of the community; the proceeds to go for the benefit of the school. This is a very good temperance drama in three acts and we are sure it will be enjoyed by all who go. Admission 15, 25 and 35c. Don't forget the date, Feb. 19th, at 8:00 o'clock.

Every man owes a duty to himself. But many of us forget to collect.

Files Closed in 6 to 14 Days  
This County will receive money if PAID  
OVERSIGHT will be covered by cash or check.  
Actual, Binding or Postponing Files in 14 Days.  
The first application gives date and time.



(Installment 13—continued)  
CHAPTER XLVII.

**The Last Warning.**  
In the chill, violet-shadowed dusk of that clear evening, a chap-faller motor car crept sluggishly into the little mountain town of Mesquite at the heels of two mottled mules, driven by a chauffeur who steered with one hand while the other flourished a crackling whip-lash over the back of its sole motive power.

Its one passenger, a cripple as helpless as the car itself, huddled in a corner of the rear seat, saluted Mesquite with a snarl. Though he was in sore need of such rude comforts as the town stood prepared to afford him, his demeanor toward it was that of one who suffers an indignity rather than bears accommodation.

And now, as the car crawled to a pause before the Mountain house—Mesquite's one caravanserai—and Mesquite itself, to the last sea-bitten hound, gathered round to view this wonder, Mr. Trine's indignation and chagrin distilled words of poisonous import.

Far from resenting this, Mesquite, pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, admired and applauded, and rather resented the change that befell when two other strangers (whose earlier appearance in town had helped make that one day memorable beyond all others in Mesquite's history) charged out of the Mountain house and interrupted the elder devil with cries of greeting and jubilation.

The leader of these answered to the name of Marrophat; his companion was a person named Jimmy; Mesquite acquired this information through paying close attention to the substance of their communications with the cripple. More than this, however, it learned little. Something seemed to have been accomplished by the two, something that was highly gratifying to Seneca Trine; for he was chuckling almost mirthfully when lifted from the car and carried into the hotel.

What passed between the trio after they disappeared behind that bed-chamber door Mesquite could by no means guess. But that a celebration of some sort was in progress was evidenced by the frequency with which Marrophat and Jimmy called on the bar for more liquid refreshment.

And toward midnight one belated Mesquite paused in the street outside the Mountain house for one last curious stare at the lighted windows of Mr. Trine's quarters.

He saw, clearly elbow-thrust against the glowing oblong of the window, the Mephistophelean profile of Seneca Trine, distorted with a grimace of the cruelest joy that over heart of man conceived. He saw Marrophat approach his master with a drunken swagger and a speech which, though indistinguishable to the unseen auditor, unquestionably afforded both of the other men ample excuse for ecstatic glee. Toward its conclusion Mr. Marrophat apparently capped the peak of jubilation by fumbling in his coat pocket and bringing forth something which strongly resembled a single playing card.

Now when he had contrived to master his mirth, the cripple made a gesture which eloquently abolished this card, a gesture which said quite plainly: "All that is finished. The thing has served its purpose! To hell with it!"

Whereupon, with a smart jerk of his wrist, Mr. Marrophat sent the card spinning and sailing out through the open window to lose itself in the night.

The watcher didn't see it fall, and though he spent an unconscionable time searching for it in the deep dust



It was a Troy of Hearts.  
of the roadway, he went his way in the end with curiosity assuaged. Fate had reserved that card for a higher purpose.  
Undisturbed, it lay where it had fallen, face upward, not a foot from the front door of the Mountain house, until another day dawned on Mesquite.  
Then, in the clear light of that dawn, four more strangers straggled into town—two weary and haggard men,

two footsore and bedraggled women. One of these last was dressed in a suit of man's clothing, much the worse for wear.  
At sight of the Mountain house the party betrayed slight symptoms of a more cheerful spirit; reclining in its promise of food and drink and beds without wherewithal to sleep, the four quickened their steps.  
But of a sudden one of the women—she who wore the garments of her sex—paused, uttered a low cry, a thrill with terror, and clutching the arm of the man nearest her, pointed down to the card that stared up from the dust at her feet.  
It was a troy of hearts.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

**Full Flight.**  
"Oh, what can it mean?" Rose whispered brokenly, clinging to her lover's arm. "Surely you don't think—? Surely, it must be accidental. Surely, it can't mean—?"  
"I'm afraid it does," Alza Lew responded gravely, eyeing the front of the Mountain house. "Our luck holds consistently—that's all. It wouldn't be us if we didn't pick out the one place where Marrophat and Jimmy chose to stop over night. Fortunately, it's early; I doubt they're up. With half a show we ought to be able to find some way of putting a good distance between us and this town before they waken. Tom!"

But Mr. Barcus was already at his elbow, in thorough sympathy with Alza's interpretation of the significance to be attached to the card that trembled in Rose's hand.  
"Sharp's the word!" he agreed. "And there's a motor car over there, in front of the blacksmith's. Probably we can hire her—"

"Trine's car!" Alza ejaculated, swinging round and recognizing the automobile at a glance. "Then he's here, as well!"  
"Looks like it," Barcus admitted. "But so much the better. We'll just naturally take the darn thing off his hands, and I'll bet a dollar there isn't another car within a radius of fifty miles! We'll be well out of these sticky mountains long before he finds anything to chase us with."

But his confidence was demonstrated to be premature by the discovery, which rewarded the first cursory examination, that the car was very thoroughly out of commission.  
Two minutes later, however, their earliest inquiries elicited the fact that, although Barcus was justified in his surmise that the neighboring country was poverty-stricken in respect of motor cars, Mesquite itself boasted two motorcycles whose owners were not indifferent to a chance to sell them second-hand at a considerable advance on the retail list price of the machines when new.

And thus it was that, within ten minutes from Rose's discovery of that chance-lung warning in the dust, the party was again in rapid motion.

His beauty sleep disturbed by the departure of the machine bearing Barcus and Judith, Seneca Trine roused on an elbow and looked out of the window just in time to see the second motorcycle gathering momentum. Alan steering, Rose in the seat behind.

Sixty seconds later a flaunting banner of dust was all that remained to remind Mesquite that romance had passed that way—that, and a series of passionate screams emanating from the bedchamber of Seneca Trine, where the cripple lay possessed by seven devils of insensate rage.  
His screams brought attendants; but it was a matter of many precious minutes before his demands could be met and Marrophat and Jimmy roused from their capricious slumbers to adjoining chambers; and half an hour elapsed before the chauffeur, roused from his own well-earned rest, succeeded in convincing the pair that pursuit with the motor car was out of the question.

But the devil takes care of his own; within another half hour what seemed to be sheer, bull-headed, dumb luck brought a casual automobile to Mesquite—a two-seated, high-power racing machine of the latest and speediest pattern, driven by two irresponsible wayfarers who proved only too susceptible to Marrophat's offer of double the cost of the car—\$1,000, Detroit—for its immediate surrender.

The two piled out promptly enough; Marrophat and Jimmy jumped in; Trine from his bedroom window speechless on their murderous mission with a blast of blasphemy.

It must have been an hour later when Alan, checking his motorcycle as it surrounded the summit of a long upgrade, looked back and discovered several miles distant on the far-flung windings of the mountain road, a small crimson shape that ran like a mad thing tirelessly pursued by a cloud of tawny dust like a golden ghost.

A motor car, beyond all question, and one of uncommon road-devouring quality; it might or might not contain Marrophat and Jimmy, once more in pursuit. Whether or not, bitter experience had long since educated Alan in the gentle art of taking no chances.

Though it was his life that they sought so pertinaciously, no later than yesterday (and then by no means for the first time), they had proven that if Rose were with them they would include her name in whatever scheme they might contemplate for his personal extermination.

Nor would Tom Barcus be exempt if they were caught in company; though Judith might be in view of Marrophat's intention for the girl. These two were far ahead, out of sight, indeed; and most probably he

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**YOU CAN USE ANOTHER ROCKED FOR TWO**

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Almost any style rocker you desire—all sizes—all kinds—including Morris and Reed rockers, bedroom, library and parlor rockers. A variety you must see to appreciate.

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T. E. JOYNER, MGR. FARMVILLE, N. C.

overtaken and warned—no easy matter, since the machine which bore them was, if anything, faster than Alan's. Just as the racing automobile was faster than either.  
Alan kept his gaze steadfast to the road before them, daring not once to look up and round or back.  
So sinuous and meandering was its course, indeed, that Alan seldom could see a hundred yards of it ahead, but must peep on in panic flight, hoping for the best—that Judith and Barcus would soon show up in front, that something might happen to hinder the pursuit—never knowing whether the latter lot or gained.  
And thus catastrophe befell.  
Round the swelling bosom of a wooded mountainside the motorcycle swept like a hunted hare, and without the least warning came upon Barcus and Judith, dismounted, Barcus bending over his cycle and tinkering with its motor.  
For one horrid instant collision seemed unavoidable. Barcus and Judith and the motorcycle occupied most of the width of the road; there was little room between them and the declivity, less between them and the forest. To try to pass them on the latter side would be only to dash his brains out against the trees, while to make the attempt on the outside would

(continued on page four)

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic,  
GROVER'S TABLETS can TONIC drives out  
Malaria, enriches the blood, builds up the system.  
A true Tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

### Schedule of Passenger Trains Through Farmville

Norfolk Southern	
East Bound	West Bound
12:39 a. m.	4:05 a. m.
9:06 a. m.	8:29 a. m.
6:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
Sunday Schedule	
9:06 A. M.	6:00 P. M.
East Carolina Railway	
North Bound	South Bound
7:40 a. m.	1:40 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	6:40 p. m.
5:12 p. m.	
Sunday Schedule	
10:30 A. M.	3:30 P. M.

### LAND SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage executed and delivered by Doc. Thigpen and wife, Rose Thigpen, to Bertha Sutton on the 9th day of January, 1915, which mortgage was properly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Pitt County in Book 10, page 435, the undersigned will sell for cash at public auction before the Courthouse door in Greenville on Monday, March 8th, 1915, the following described lot of land situated in the County of Pitt and in Farmville Township: That house and lot in the town of Northboro upon which the said Doc. Thigpen and wife live, adjoining the lands of J. J. Wainwright and others, said land sold to satisfy said mortgage.  
This 5th day of February, 1915  
BERTHA SUTTON,  
Mortgagee.  
F. G. Jones & Son, Attys.

## We Guard Your Savings

IN OLDEN TIMES the town watchman was appointed to guard and protect the valuables of our folk.

Modern methods in this advanced age have simplified all this. Our sturdy steel vaults offer a guaranteed protection for your savings, and our Fifty Deposit Vaults, for your valuable papers and jewels.

Consult us freely concerning this, or any other business or financial proposition. : : :

**THE BANK OF FARMVILLE**  
FARMVILLE, N. C.

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Farmville, N. C.