

THE ENFIELD SENTINEL.

D. E. STAINBACK Editor and Proprietor.

STAND BY THE POST, AND FEAR NOT.

TERMS:

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VOL. II.

ENFIELD, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

NO. 25.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—John T. Gregory.
Inferior Court—Geo. T. Simmons.
Register of Deeds—R. J. Lewis.
Solicitor—R. O. Burton, Jr.
Sheriff—J. T. Dawson.
Coroner—
Treasurer—Dr. L. W. Batchelor.
School Examiner—R. O. Burton, Jr.
Keeper of the Poor—House—J. H. Ponton.

Commissioners—H. J. Harvey, W. H. Shields, F. M. Parker, J. H. Whitaker, Sterling Johnson.
Superior Court—Every third Monday in March and September.
Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November.

ENFIELD.

Mayor—John J. Robertson.
Commissioners—B. F. Whitaker, E. T. Branch, L. W. Batchelor, R. B. BRITT.
Constable—J. C. Derr.

HOTELS.

Calonia Hotel—Peter Forbes.
Boarding House—Rudlick Burnett.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—Services every first Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Rev. W. H. Watkins, Pastor.
Baptist—Services every second Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Rev. R. T. Vann, Pastor.
Protestant Episcopal—Services every first and fourth Sundays at 11:00 A. M. Rev. A. S. Smith, Pastor.
Methodist Protestant—Services every fourth Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Rev. J. L. Michaux, Pastor.

County Appointments—M. E. Church—1st. Sunday, at Haywards at 3:00 P. M. 2d. Sunday, at Smith's, at 11:00 A. M., and at Pierce's, at 3:00 P. M. 3rd. Sunday, at Ebenezer, at 11:00 A. M. 4th. Sunday, at Kingswood, at 11:00 A. M., and at Fuery's School House, at 3:00 P. M. Rev. W. H. Watkins, Pastor.
M. P. Church—1st. Sunday, at Bradfords, at 11:00 A. M., and at Reid's School House, 3:00 P. M. Whitaker's Chapel, every second and fifth Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Sunday, 11:00 A. M.
Colored Churches—1st. Baptist—Every first Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. C. B. Gibbs, Pastor.
2nd. Baptist—Every second Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Rev. W. R. Shaw, Pastor.
A. M. E. Church—Every fourth Sunday, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Rev. J. H. Merriek, Pastor.

SCHOOLS.

For Boys and Girls.
Mrs. Laura Cooke, & Miss Fannie Pender.
Miss Lizzie Morse.

COLORED SCHOOLS.

Mrs. L. P. Reynolds.
Mrs. J. E. O'Hara.

LODGES.

Knights of Honor—Meet every second and fourth Tuesdays, at 7:00 P. M.
Legions of Honor—Meet every first and third Tuesdays, at seven P. M.

TRAINS.

Trains going North.
No. 47, Express, Passenger and Mail, arrives at 12:07, leaves at 12:08, P. M.
No. 5, Through Freight, and Passenger arrives at 2:14, leaves at 2:15, A. M.
No. 7, Way Freight, arrives at 2:00, leaves at 3:40 P. M.

Trains going South.
No. 48, Express, Passenger and Mail, arrives at 4:23, leaves 4:24 P. M.
No. 6, Through Freight, and Passenger arrives at 3:44, leaves at 3:45 A. M.
No. 8, Way Freight, arrives at 8:00, leaves at 8:30 A. M.

EXPRESS AND FREIGHT.

Southern Express Office—Open all day.
R. E. Riddick, Agent.
Railroad Freight, and Ticket Agent L. W. Batchelor.
No freight for shipment received after 5:00 P. M.

TELEGRAPH.

Western Union Telegraph Office in the Railroad Warehouse—Open from 8:00 A. M., to 9 P. M. R. E. Riddick Operator.

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D. E. STAINBACK, AGENT,
ENFIELD, N. C.
may 20.

HOW HE FOOLED HER

Bungay, the real estate agent at Pencader, suspected that Mrs. Bungay didn't care as much for him as she ought to. So one day he went up to the city, after leaving word that he would be gone two or three days. While there he arranged with a friend to send a telegram to his wife, at a certain hour, announcing that he had been run over on the railroad and killed.

Then Bungay came home, and slipping into the house unperceived, he secreted himself in the closet in the sitting-room, to await the arrival of the telegram and to see how Mrs. Bungay took it. After a while it came, and he saw the servant girl give it to his wife. She opened it and read it gave a little start. Then Bungay saw a smile gradually overspread her features. She rang for the girl, and when the servant came, Mrs. Bungay said—
"Mary, Mr. Bungay's been killed. I've just got the news. I reckon I'll have to put on black for him though I hate to give up my new bonnet for mourning. You just go round to the milliner's, ask her to fetch me up latest styles of widow's bonnets, and tie a piece of black crape on the door, and then bring the undertaker here."

While Mrs. Bungay was waiting, she smiled continually, and once or twice she danced around the room, and stood in front of the looking-glass, and Bungay heard her murmur to herself—
"I ain't such a bad looking woman either. I wonder what James will think of me?"

"James!" thought Bungay, as his widow took her seat, and sang softly, as if she felt particularly happy. "Who in thunder's James? She certainly cannot mean that infamous old undertaker, Toombs? His name is James, and he's a widower; but it's preposterous to think that she cares for him, or is going to prowl after any man for a husband as quick as this."

"While he brooded in horror over the thought, Mr. Toombs arrived. The widow said—
"Mr. Toombs, Bungay is dead; run over by a locomotive and chopped all up."

"Very sorry to hear it, madam; I sympathize with you in your affliction."
"Thank you; it is pretty sad, but I don't worry much. Bungay was a poor sort of man to get along with, and now that he's dead, I'm going to stand it without crying my eyes out. We will have to bury him, I suppose, though?"

"That is the usual thing to do in such cases."
"Well, I want you to attend to it for me. I reckon the coroner will have to sit on him first. But when they get through, if you'll collect the pieces and shake him into some kind of a bag and pack him into a coffin, I'll be obliged."

"Certainly, Mrs. Bungay. When do you want the funeral to occur?"
"Oh, most any day; perhaps the sooner the better. It'll save expense, too, by taking less ice. I don't want to spend much money on it, Mr. Toombs. Rig him up some kind of a cheap coffin, and mark name on it with a brush, and bury him with as little fuss as possible. I'll come along with a couple of friends; and we'll walk. No carriages. Times are too hard."

"I will attend to it."
"And, Mr. Toombs, there is another matter. Mr. Bungay's life was insured for about twenty thousand dollars, and I want to get it as soon as possible, and then I shall think of marrying again."

"Indeed, madam!"
"Yes; and can you think of anybody who will suit me?"
"I dunno. I might. Twenty thousand, you say he left?"

"Twenty thousand; yes. Now, Mr. Toombs, you will think me bold, but I only tell the honest truth when I say I prefer a widower, and a man who is about middle age, and in some business connected with cemeteries."

"How would an undertaker suit you?"
"I think very well, if I could find one. I often remarked to Bungay that I wished he was an undertaker."

"Well, Mrs. Bungay, it's a little kind of sudden; I haven't thought much about it, and old Bungay's hardly got fairly settled in the world of hereafter; but business is business, and if you must have an undertaker to love you, and look after his life insurance money, it appears to me that I am just about

that kind of a man. Will you take me."

"Oh, James, fold me to your bosom!"
James was just about to fold her, when Bungay, white with rage, burst from the closet, and fiercely exclaimed—
"Unhand her, villain! Touch that woman, and you die! Leave this house at once, or I'll brain you with the poker. And as for you, Mrs. Bungay, you can pack up your duds and quit. I've done with you. I know now that you are a cold-hearted, faithless, abominable wretch! Go, and go at once! I did this to try you, and my eyes are opened."

"I know you did, and I concluded to pay you in your own coin."
"That's too awful thing. It won't hold water!"
"It's true, anyhow. You told Mr. Magill you were going to do it, and he told me."

"He did, hey? I'll bust the head off of him!"
"When you are really dead, I will be a good deal more sorry, provided you don't make such a fool of yourself while you're alive."

"You will? You will really be sorry?"
"Of course."
"And you won't marry Toombs? Where is that man, Toombs? By George, I'll go for him now! He was mighty hungry for that life insurance money! I'll step around and kick him at once, while I'm mad. We will talk this matter over when I come back."

Then Bungay left to call upon Toombs, and when he returned he dropped the subject. He has drawn up his will so that his wife is cut off with a shilling if she employs him as the undertaker.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

It was on the eastern division of the Erie Railroad, late in the summer of 1849. The heavy morning fog had wet the rails just enough to make them so slippery that it was only by the liberal use of sand that we enabled our great "Ten Wheel" locomotive to pull its train up the grades, and as a consequence, with the best we could do, we had lost a good deal of time climbing the Goshen and the Oxford grades, but they were passed and we were now on a down grade, with the steam shut off, and trying to regain our lost time by running at as high a rate of speed as was deemed safe under the circumstances.

At times an opening in the dense banks of fog that were sluggishly drifting across the road would permit of a clear view ahead for a considerable distance, only to be quickly obscured by the watery vapor as it again closed over the track.

Our engineer was a brave, cool, clear-headed man, who, while on duty, gave all his thoughts and attention to his work, with a full realization of the fact that the lives and property of others were in his keeping. The impossibility, most of the time, of clearly seeing the track for any considerable distance was a source of intense anxiety to him.

With his gaze fixed on the track ahead, he held the cord leading to the whistle, in one hand, ready, at every instant, to sound the alarm for applying the brakes, while with the other he firmly grasped the reversing lever, ready to throw the machinery into the backward motion in a moment, if necessary. With a deliberate movement, indicating uncertainty, he sounded the call for applying the brakes; he had caught an indistinct view of something ahead, on the track; in another moment the whistle again sounded the alarm, this time in that peculiar, startling manner that cannot be described but is instantly recognized by the experienced ear of the train-man as a sure indication of imminent peril; he had discovered that the object, at first indistinctly seen, was a little child standing in the middle of the track. Another moment and the reversing lever had been thrown back and steam applied, stopping the forward turning of the driving wheels for a second and then whirling them in a backward direction. The child was too young to have the least perception of danger, and the screaming of the whistle with which the engineer sought to scare it from the track failed to alarm it. Vain were the efforts to stop. The locomotive was pushed forward by the weight and momentum of the train as if by some infernal power, seeking the life of the unsuspecting little one. Oh! that the driving wheels could be made to

cling to the track instead of slipping around, and so enable the locomotive to use its gigantic power in stopping the train! In vain the engineer jerked the valve of the sand box wide open; the store of sand had been exhausted in climbing the grades and there seemed not to be a grain left; with only a few quarts of sand he might still hope to save that innocent life. Suddenly the wheels take hold of the rails with a terrible power that seems as if it would tear them from their place, giving a shock of resistance that makes the long train hesitate and tremble as the cars grate and crowd forward upon each other, and the gallant iron steed. Alas, it is only for a moment; a little sand had been dislodged from some corner by the violent shaking of the locomotive, and run down upon the rails. Now the scene becomes one of terror; the brakeman, too, have discovered the child, and are straining at their brakes with desperate but useless energy, while the backward whirling driving wheels throw out great streams of crackling, hissing sparks as they slip round upon their iron track. As the locomotive passed the child's home near the track, its mother, startled by the great commotion, came to the door, and, seeing her darling's deadly peril, that she was powerless to avert, closed her eyes in speechless agony, that she might shut out the awful scene.

At this terrible moment, the engineer had left his post, and running swiftly along on the side of the locomotive, stepped quick down upon the lower bars of the pilot (cow-catcher) and while in a crouching position, and holding firmly with one hand to the iron bar forming the pilot's centre, he reached forward with the other, and, catching the child by the arm, raised it from the track and bore it along in safety. A minute later he had stepped from the still moving locomotive and carried the child back to its mother, who, seeing that it was unhurt, clasped it to her bosom and fainted as the terrible agony left her mind.

[Springfield, (Mass.) Daily Union.]
His Answer.

They tell it on one of our citizens who was ambling toward his place of business, that he was approached by a lady, acquaintance of the family, who said: "Mr. —, I hear you are suffering from rheumatism, is it so?" "Rumor 'tis m'm" said our citizen of few words, as he proceeded on his way. Over in Chicopee our neighbors and friends have been having quite a time with rheumatism; but according to reports received by our representative; the flurry is over, as the sure antidote has been used and thus commented upon: Mr. C. N. Manchester, Cutler street, says relative to his experience: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and esteem it the best remedy for rheumatism I have ever tried. It acts like magic, and I cannot over estimate its value, when I pronounce it the greatest rheumatic remedy of the age."

A lady who occupied a cottage at Mount Desert last summer had a box made for her jewelry in imitation of a Bible. While absent one day some one entered her house and carried off her silverware, but her box of jewelry was undisturbed.

Miss Proudfoot is one of the loveliest girls in Southern Kansas, and a year ago was the recipient of much admiring attention from the opposite sex; but now there is a disposition on the part of the young men to stay away from her. The change is caused by the fact that three of her suitors have received gunshot wounds while in her company. It is not known who the assassin is, but he is supposed to be somebody who, being unable to secure the prize himself, is determined that nobody else shall do so.

Fourteen heavy-laden freight cars broke away from a train on the Chicago and St. Paul Railroad and started down a grade of eighty feet to the mile. A locomotive went in pursuit, and made a brisk chase, but gravity proved too much for steam, and the runaway cars were soon thundering along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. A telegram was sent forward to clear the track, but it could not be obeyed quick enough by one train of cars, from which the occupants escaped just in time to avoid death in one of the most violent collisions that ever happened.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Reference: Hon. W. L. Calhoun, Mayor of Atlanta.

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