

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

"Unawed by Influence—Unbribed by Gain."

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"THE ENTERPRISE,"
NEWTON, N. C.

SHADOWS.
MRS. G. B. HEWITT.

I am sitting alone where shadows fall,
Watching the fire's bright glow
Send shimmering shadows to brighten the wall
And far out on the pure white snow.
The curtains, you see, are never drawn,
And the fire gleams warm and bright,
And I hope that some of its welcome beams
May brighten his pathway to-night;
And call him back from his life of sin
To the loving hearts that sigh;
And lift the shadows that darken my life,
And give me a sun-lit sky.
I'll bid Thy good time, tho' the night be long,
I will patiently watch and pray,
If only his heart is mine again
Ere earth shall shadow my way.

That Wonderful Duel.

Mark Twain writes for the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an account of his participation in the recent duel between Gambetta and Fourton. When he had heard of the outbreak in the assembly he says that he called on Gambetta, whom he found "steeped in a profound French calm." Mr. Twain after being embraced began the conversation:
"I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said 'Of course.' I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that dueling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman. First, we drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When he had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his 'last word.' He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:
"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress and the universal brotherhood of man!"
I objected that this would require too hugging a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honor. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart.
I die that France may live.
I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words—what you wanted was thrill.
I then wrote the following note and carried it to Mr. Fourton's friend:
Sir: M. Gambetta accepts M. Fourton's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow morning at day-break as the time; and axes as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,
MARK TWAIN.
M. Fourton's friend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said with a suggestion of severity in his tone:

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"
"Well, for instance, what would it be?"
"Bloodshed!"
"That's about the size of it," I said.
"Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"
I had him there, he saw that he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.
After proposing Gatling guns, rifles, navy pistols and brick-bats, Mr. Twain left the choice of weapons to the other second, who fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barreled and silver mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them on my watch chain and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage stamp containing several cartridges and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said:
"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments? Pop-guns would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."
But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh:
"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."
There was nothing for me but to go home to my own lion heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered, M. Gambetta was laying his last lock of hair upon the altar. He sprang toward me exclaiming:
"The weapon, the weapon?" "Quick! What is the weapon?"
"This!" and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, and swooned ponderously to the floor.
When he came to he said, mournfully:
"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."
He arose to his feet and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man and his sedation been surpassed by statues.
After a long silence he asked:
"Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him, as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself he is welcome to his advantage, which no honorable man would take."
"At what hour is the engagement to begin?"
"Half-past nine."
"Very good indeed. Have you sent the fact to the newspapers?"
"Sir! If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery?"
"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I am overloading you with labor. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The blood-minded Fourton will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself—yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalist friend, M. Noir."
"Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble; that other second has informed M. Noir."
"If'm I might have known it. It is just like that Fourton, who always wants to make a display."
At half past nine in the morning

the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: First came our carriage—no body in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourton and his second; then a carriage containing two poet-orators who did not believe in God, and these had M.S. funeral orations projecting from their breast pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing a coroner; then the two hearses; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and matos on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp-followers, police and citizens generally. It was a noble turn-out, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.
The police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted. The police having ordered the two multitudes to take positions behind the duellists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a loud whoop to enable the combatants to ascertain each other's whereabouts.
I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said: "Indeed, sir, things are not as bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted."
This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said: "I am myself again; give me the weapon."
I laid it, all lonely and forlorn, in the center of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it, he murmured in a broken voice:
"Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation."
I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said: "Let the tragedy begin. Stand at my back; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."
I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point the pistol towards the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back and raised a rousing "whoop-ee!" This was answered from out the far distance of the fog, and I immediately shouted:
"One—two—three—fire!"
Two little sounds like *split! split!* broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above, to this effect:
"I die for . . . for . . . Oh, yes—FRANCE! I die that France may live!"
The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands and applied their microscopes to the whole area of M. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiring.
The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears, that other second embraced me; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police, everybody embraced, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and the joy unspeakable. It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel than a crowned and sceptred monarch.

GOVERNOR JARVIS.
Thomas Jordan Jarvis was born in Currituck county on the 18th of January, 1836. His father, Rev. B. H. Jarvis, was a devout and useful minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, whose reputation for holiness and purity of living will yet long survive. Owing to his father's straitened pecuniary condition young Jarvis enjoyed in his early years but slender opportunities for acquiring a liberal education, the work of the farm rather than the study of books occupying his attention. Better times came, however, and he was after a comparatively brief period of study at home enabled to enter Randolph Macon College in Virginia. This was on the 18th of January, 1855—his nineteenth birthday. His preparation for college was so imperfect as at first to put him at a disadvantage, but it was only temporary, and yielded to his indomitable will and untiring industry. Ere his college career was half over, however, want of means came very near terminating it. His father being unable to maintain him longer at college, he would have been obliged to return home but for the kindness of John Sanderson, Esq. Not even in vacation did young Jarvis relax his efforts, for then he himself became teacher, teaching one quarter in a common school each summer. In spite of all these disadvantages he was enabled to graduate with his class in 1860. He immediately began teaching school in the county of Pasquotank, and continued until June, 1861, when he entered the army, serving first in the 17th Regiment N. C. Troops, and afterwards in the 8th Regiment of the same troops. Capt. Jarvis shared with his command all its hardships and dangers until 17th May, 1864, when he was badly wounded in a desperate fight near Drury's Bluff, Va. The ball entered his right arm about two inches below his shoulder joint and thence passed diagonally through the body coming out near the spine. The difficult operation of resection was performed, but life hung trembling in the balance for many months. His vigorous constitution finally proved victorious; but his military career was at an end, for his arm was still shattered and helpless in the sling that bore it when the war closed.
After the war he became a merchant in Columbia, in Tyrrell county, and continued business with success for three years. But the time had passed when Capt. Jarvis could attend to his private affairs only. Four years he had devoted to the military service of his country, and now his civil service demanded his time and attention. Indeed, from that time to the present, to write his history is to write the history of the State. In the year 1865 he was elected by the people of his native county to represent them in the Andrew Johnson Convention, receiving every vote cast except fourteen. In 1868 he was elected to the Legislature from Tyrrell county. Meanwhile he had studied law and gotten his license to practice from the Supreme court in June term, 1866. Capt. Jarvis' course in the memorable sessions of the Legislature in 1868, 1869 and 1870 is fresh in the recollection of us all. In 1870 he was re-elected to the Legislature from Tyrrell and was made speaker of the House of Representatives. His success in the chair was fully equal to that he had attained on the floor and there is no better parliamentary or better presiding officer in North Carolina. In 1872 he was a candidate for Elector for the State at Large on the Greely Ticket, as he had been for his district on the Seymour and Blair ticket in 1868. In 1872 he removed to Pitt county where he has continued to reside ever since. In 1874, he married Miss Mary Woodson, the handsome and accomplished daughter of John Woodson, Esq., of Virginia, at one time editor of the Richmond *Whig*. In 1875 Gov. Jarvis was nominated by acclamation by the Democratic Convention of Pitt for a seat in the Constitutional Convention of that year. Here, also, as in every other legislative body of which he has been

a member, he rendered most conspicuous and efficient service. In 1876, having received the nomination of the Democratic party as its candidate for Lieutenant-Governor he made a thorough and able canvass of the whole State, winning everywhere he went hosts of friends both for himself and the cause he advocated. Possessing a singularly well-balanced judgment that can be confidently relied on under the most difficult and trying circumstances, an indomitable courage, the strictest personal integrity, and withal a rare faculty of controlling men, the people of North Carolina may rest assured that their rights and liberties will be well guarded, the dignity of the State upheld, and its material interests advanced whenever and wherever possible.—*Raleigh Observer.*
WARDIAN FERN CASES.—A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, writing from Manistee, Michigan, under the nom de plume "Nemo" has the following valuable suggestion in reference to the cultivation and care of arborescent plants for indoor floral adornment:
To you who ask for a pretty climbing vine, there is none prettier than the *cobea scandens*, and it is a very rapid grower. I have seen a variegated one that in one year filled the sides and ceiling of a bay window, and it can be trained to clamber around pictures and shelves in a most graceful manner. *Piologyno* is another pretty climber that amply repays all trouble. Those who have trouble with the warden fern cases do not understand managing them; put a layer of charcoal on the bottom for drainage, and then no waste-pipe and faucet are necessary. It is well to sprinkle fine charcoal through the dirt, as it keeps it sweet and gives fine color to the foliage. After placing your plants in, the center and smaller ones around the edge, water as you would any other plant, and cover the top with green moss from the wood, as it gives it such a wildwood air and at the same time keeps the soil moist; then place on the cover of the case, and in a shaded place, though in winter you can give it all the sun it can get. If you sprinkle with weak lime water, it will prevent mold. Do not raise the top often unless obliged to take out old, wilted leaves or for some other equally good reason. To me these fern cases are more beautiful than any flowers. Do you want a sweet breath from the country? Take off the covering of glass, and your tiny feathery favorites will exhale the sweet familiar odors, and where the moisture has rested on their feathery tips, there you will see bright diamonds of dewdrops. They are the most delicate and fairy-like looking of any of the foliage plants, yet need the least care and repay it back one hundred fold in their dainty beauty. Let me tell you how you can change the color of flowers at will. Pour a little ammonia into a saucer and invert a funnel over it. Place the flowers in the tube of the latter, and you will find that blue, violet and purple colored blossoms become of a fine green; carmine and crimson become black; white, yellow: while parti colored flowers, such as red and white, are changed to green and yellow. If the flowers are immersed in water, the natural color will come back in a few hours. If applied in sufficient quantity, the smoke of tobacco will change their color, so, also, will holding them over the fumes of burning matches.
Atlantic has the champion hog butcher. He made a wager the other day that he could "gut, lift the lard and face the hams of all the hogs that eight men could kill, scrape and pass to him." The result was that he handled as per agreement just two hundred and two hogs in less than three hours.
The day before a Turkish girl is married she is taken to the bath by her lady friends, and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterward her husband breaks the whole sugar-bowl over her head.

A NICE LAW POINT.—A queer legal question—can a man marry himself?—has come up recently in the Irish courts, and has attracted much attention from its novelty. The facts that gave rise to the matter are these: Some years ago Rev. Samuel Beamish, of Cork, being then in charge of a congregation, went to the house of a milliner in that city, and under its roof, and in a private apartment, sought a sentimental interview with a young and comely apprentice, Isabella Frazer, and then and there performed the marriage ceremony between her and himself. No one was present except the couple in question, and it was thought that nobody had witnessed the peculiar wedding; but it was shown that a servant, Catharine Coffey, had seen what had occurred through a window from an adjoining back yard, having been drawn thither by sheer curiosity. Catharine had not heard the words or observed the forms used on the occasion—the ceremony was the one prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer—but she had carefully watched—as a woman would be likely to watch such a proceeding—all that was going on.—Isabella Frazer, some time after, gave birth to a son, and three years later the clergyman died intestate. He left considerable property, and his brother contended that, as the marriage had been illegal, the child was illegitimate, and could not inherit from his father. It would seem that Beamish had not intended to make Isabella his wife, but had performed the nuptial ceremony merely to satisfy her scruples. The case occupied the courts for three years; but it has finally been decided that the marriage was valid, at least in Ireland. Under the circumstances, this would certainly seem to be a righteous decision.—*New York Times.*
Hugh Lawson White of Tenn., born in Ireland; Jacob Thompson of Miss., born in Caswell; Edward Stanly of California, born in Craven; Jas. P. Henderson of Texas, born in Lincoln; Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut born in Richmond; Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, born in Orange; Wm. R. King of Ala., born in Sampson; Andrew Johnston of Tenn., born in Wake; James K. Polk of Tenn., born in Mecklenburg, and Andrew Jackson of Tenn., born in Union, are some of the contributions this State has furnished the rest of the country.
A new kind of bug that no man knows the name of, has been discovered, during the past summer in Wisconsin, that hides in the flowers and kills wasps. This wouldn't be so bad, but then it kills bees, just as readily. We could even stand that, but when it reaches out of a rose bud and shakes hands with a man's thumb, the man thinks he has collared a reunion of all the wasps he ever knew when he was fourteen years old. This is what attracts attention to the bug.
READ THIS PARAGRAPH.—"Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?" The question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting awhile he replied: "Not one. I have seen many men become rich as by magic and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder, and suicide, are common crimes with those who make haste to be rich, regardless of the means."—*N. Y. Observer.*
THE SOUTHERN METHODIST CLAIM.—The recent discussion in the Senate and the House incline us to believe that the just claim of the Methodist Church, South, for the pay for the use and occupation by the Government of their publication buildings at Nashville cannot pass this Congress, and yet its passage is urged by Bishop Simpson and all the Bishops of the Northern Methodist Church, and has been favorably reported on by Republican as well as Democratic Senators.
"Dearest," he murmured ecstatically, as he unfolded her in his arms for the first time, "let me sample the nectar of your lips." "Take a whole schooner of it," she faintly whispered; "It's all on tap."