

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

"Unawed by Influence—Unbribed by Gain."

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8 "	4.50	6.50	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00
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NEWTON, N. C.

NATIONAL PUNS.

"Now," in a Chili tone she said,
"I will be Frank; 'tis true,
Altho' you Arab brilliant catch,
I do not Caffre you!"
"O, lady, Dame to hear my suit,
This heart is Scot by thee."
"Nay sir, I cannot heed your words,
For you Armat to me!"
"Tis Welsh," she added freely,
"Since Siam pressed so far,
To Hindoo you no longer here,
And so, good sir, Tatar!"
"What Ottoman like me to do?"
"Beware the stricken man;
'Til Finn-ish up my mad career
And wed the Gallican!"
—St. Louis Times.

A German Legend.

There is so much meaning in some of the old German popular legends, that we could construct a moral tale on the hints frequently afforded, as will be seen by the following, picked up at random, and given as simple as possible:

Three hundred years ago there lived at Aungsborg a lad named Willibald, apprentice to a smith, whose diligence and industry obtained him the approval of his master, while his good nature and obliging disposition caused him to be a favorite with all who knew him. His master, in truth, so highly estimated his skillfulness and excellent workmanship, that when the boy became a man he offered to make him his partner, and moreover hinted that he was not displeased at the young man's friendship with his daughter.

Now, this alarmed Willibald, who though certainly much favored by the young lass, was quite free from any feeling of love for her. He replied to all her advances with distant though profound respect, and the reason of his coldness was apparent.

In the small house opposite lived Dame Martha, a respectable widow, with a granddaughter of uncommon loveliness, about sixteen years of age. The sweet face of the young Ellen had quite captivated the heart of Willibald; and when he saw her through the window, or the open door, neatly dressed, sitting at the spinning-wheel, or heard her clear voice warbling hymns, he thought there could be no happiness so great as that of calling her his own. Ellen was her grandmother's darling, and the delight of her eyes, and the old woman seldom suffered her to stir from her sight; so that there was no opportunity for the youth to declare the passion with which the fair girl had inspired him.

For a long while did Willibald wish, though in vain, for some pretense for a visit to their dwelling; though fortune at length favored him. One day when the ice made the ground so slippery as to be dangerous to an infirm person, he saw Dame Martha coming out of church alone. He hastened to offer her the assistance of his arm, and conducted her home. She invited him to enter, for she thought to herself that only a very worthy young man would be so courteously attentive to an aged dame. She offered him also a horn of beer, which the pretty Ellen presented with her own hands.

Who now was happier than Willibald? From this day he was one of Dame Martha's most frequent visitors, and was always received with a wel-

come. In process of time he made bold to lay open his heart to the old woman, and ask permission to make love to her granddaughter.

"My dear young friend," was the reply. "I have the highest esteem for you, and, indeed, could never wish for Ellen a better husband than yourself. I believe she loves you, too, as much as becomes a young maiden; but you have not yet sufficient for the support of a wife. I can give my little girl nothing except a good stock of clothing as her portion, and it is not the part of prudence to commence life by falling into debt. Save from your wages a decent sum that will be enough for a beginning, then come and receive your bride with my blessing."

Willibald was almost beside himself with joy. He had now an object for labor and frugality, and he redoubled his industry, laying by carefully all he earned. Ellen assisted him, for she was much attached to him, and spun more briskly than ever, now that she was permitted to add her small savings to her lover's store. The lovers met less frequently, but their time passed pleasantly, for they were both incessantly occupied, with hope to animate their toil. Every Sunday Willibald went over to Dame Martha's and told her how much he had earned and saved the preceding week. Thus the weeks passed, and eighteen months rolled by, and the young smith with joy announced himself master of five-and-twenty gold pieces.

About this time Dame Martha fell ill with a bad cough, which rendered her almost helpless, at least quite unable to work according to her custom. The doctor prescribed change of air, and said a longer abode in the narrow and confined streets of the city would kill her. She must remove to the country. The dame followed this advice and took a little cottage at Steinhansen, a village about an hour's walk from the city.

Willibald was grieved enough when he found himself so far from his beloved, but he loved her the more, and proved the truth of the old proverb, "The further the charmer the sweeter the way." Every Sunday he went to visit her, and thought the air of the country even improved her beauty.

One day as Willibald approached the house, Ellen came to meet him weeping. She sobbed bitterly as he drew near, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Willibald, what a misfortune!" "You know it then?" cried he, with faltering voice.

"What—know what?" asked Ellen, quickly and eagerly.

"That I have been robbed of my box of money," answered the youth in a tone of anguish. "I could find it nowhere this morning. Some one has stolen it. You see all our prudence and foresight has gone for nothing."

"Alas," replied Ellen, "then misfortunes never come singly! Yesterday morning a rich gentleman came to our cottage. He asked for a drink of water, and when I handed it to him, looked at me earnestly, and asked if I would go with him and be his wife. I answered 'no'; but he returned early this morning, and demanded me of my grandmother. His name is Werner; he is a rich merchant from Ulm. Even now he is sitting in the room yonder with my grandmother, drinking wine, and telling her of his house and lands; while his servant, who stands by the chimney, confirms everything he says. But be comforted, dear Willibald. Let grandmother say what she will, I will die rather than be faithless to you!"

Here Dame Martha came out of the house, and commanded Ellen to go in directly. The poor girl was forced to obey; and the old woman said to Willibald, "Young man, I am come to say to you that I think it best you should come no more to my cottage. A rich man is a suitor to my Ellen, and it is my duty to do what is for her good. I say nothing of my infirm age. I could cheerfully bear hardship; but I wish to see her surrounded by comfort and riches. I put it to yourself—what could you offer the girl? Would you have her bind herself to poverty and toil now, when she may place herself in ease and affluence?"

"Well, well, Dame Martha," cried

Willibald, half choking with emotion, "I say nothing of your conduct. If you choose to break an honest fellow's heart, and your own word also, 'tis all the same to you!"

"But, Willibald," persisted the dame, "listen to me!"

But the impetuous youth was already several paces off. She called after him, but the sound of her voice did not serve to check the mad speed at which he rushed on. Despair drove him, and he slackened not his pace till he found himself in the open fields, night gathering around him. It was darker night, however, in his own breast. He threw himself on the ground, and cursed himself and his destiny, for no tears would come to his relief. When he thought, too, of Ellen and her wretchedness, his heart was like to break.

Some hours must have passed unmarked in the indulgence of his grief, for it was late when he rose, and tried to find his way homeward. After wandering about sometime without being able to discover the road, he found that he was in a churchyard.—The tall spire of the church was visible in relief against the drifting clouds.

"There is the house where the people go to pray," murmured the youth, bitterly. "Have I not also prayed, have I not toiled, have I not denied myself? Have I not striven to keep my soul from taint of sin? And what is my reward? Ellen is lost to me. Prayers will not give her back, else could I pray—aye, to the Fiend himself, and promise to be his so she would be mine!"

Scarcely had the distracted youth uttered these wild words, when a sound of shrill laughter near startled him; and looking round, he saw a figure which he had no difficulty in recognizing by the fiery eyes and Zamil look, as the fiend he had called upon. "I am here," cried the stranger, in hoarse tones; "at your service, and ready to do your bidding; asking only a small service in return."

"What is that?" Willibald mustered courage to say, though he trembled all over.

"You are, as I happen to know," said the fiend, "an excellent smith. I have a piece of work for you. Follow me; I will take you to a spot where lies buried one of my subjects. You must make me an iron railing round his grave; and, in reward, I will give you your bride."

"If you have nothing more to ask I am content," replied the young man. "This is all," said the fiend; "but it is a harder task than you imagine. You have but one hour to work. At twelve you must begin, and the railing must be completed by the time the clock strikes one. If it is done, you are free; if not, you belong to me forever."

Willibald paused an instant, but a flood of wild thoughts came rushing upon his brain; and the passionate desire to snatch Ellen from his rival overcame all his prudence. He pledged himself to the unhallowed contract, and he followed the fiend to a new-made grave.

"To your work, my lad," he cried, and vanished.

At the same instant Willibald saw fire spring out of the ground beside him, and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron, and the tools of his trade. The clock on the church tower struck twelve, and starting, he betook himself to work. So diligently did he apply himself, that the work grew rapidly under his hand; the railing was almost finished. A single screw only was wanting to complete it, when the dull sound of the clock was heard striking one, and Willibald fell to the ground insensible.

When his senses returned it was morning, the sun was shining brightly, and he thought all that had passed a wild dream. But a sight of the railing, nearly finished, around the grave, and a rusty bar of iron lying on the ground, convinced him of its reality. There was, however, no trace of the fiend, and the tools had disappeared.

Full of shame and repentance, Willibald hastened to the church, to pray more earnestly than he had ever prayed before, for the pardon of his dreadful sin. His heart was lighter after

the prayer; but he could not go home to work that day, and sadly he walked toward Dame Martha's cottage.

Ellen came to meet him, as before, and shed tears as she threw her arms around his neck.

"This time," she said, "they are tears of joy. When you left us so suddenly yesterday, I also came from the house, and into this little garden, where I might weep undisturbed. I sat there long, Willibald, long after dusk, when, as I leaned my head on the table yonder, thinking hopelessly of you, a female figure approached me. She had the form of my dear mother. She smiled very sweetly, Willibald, and said, 'Weep not, my child, but pray—pray for your lover; he is in very great danger.' She vanished before I could thank her; but I remembered her words and prayed for you, Willibald, all night long."

The young man shuddered, but raised his eyes upward in thankfulness.

"Early this morning," continued the maiden, "came Herr Werner. I went out to meet him, and told him I would rather die than become his wife. He was much vexed, but without another word he mounted his horse and rode away followed by his servant. My grandmother was angry, but my conscience told me I did right; and now that you return to me in safety, Willibald I am sure that I have the blessing of Heaven."

And the young smith felt the same assurance, when, a few days after, his box of treasure was restored to him by his master's daughter, who, in a fit of jealousy, or love of mischief, had stolen it from him. Dame Martha could no longer withhold her consent, but before Willibald dared to claim Ellen as his bride he confessed his great sin.

"The lovers were married and lived happily, remembering their past troubles only as a warning against discontent, and a want of submission to Providence.

"Even if I had been suffered to perish then," would Willibald say, "my want of faith would have deserved such a doom."

But the railing round the grave was not the work of his hands; it was there before he went to sleep in the churchyard. His had been a dream, and so had been Ellen's vision.

TWO YEARS ON HORSEBACK.—Mr. Henry Tudor started from New York Wednesday night with the avowed intention of riding on horseback all the way from that city to Punta Arenas, the most southerly point of Patagonia, South America. He takes with him as attendant a young man who will no doubt help him to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, he being an accomplished song and dance genius. Mr. Tudor is impressed with the idea that by going through the several republics of Central and South America, and ascertaining what articles of American manufacture can be introduced with profit, a large trade may be established. He is going to visit every town of importance along the route. Mr. Tudor will pass through Philadelphia, from that city to Washington via Baltimore, to Richmond; thence to Mobile, to Brownsville, San Luis Potosi, City of Mexico. Here they will deliberate as to the next move, and will be guided altogether by the state of the roads. Anyhow, an effort will be made to reach Guatemala by traveling along the pacific coast as near as possible. It is expected the journey to Punta Arenas will occupy two years.

Poor Herbert! How I wish you did not have to slave so at that horrible store from morning till night!" said his wife, as, with a fond caress, she seated herself on her husband's knee, and gently stroked the Auburn locks from his sloping brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered: "Well, susie, what is it—a bonnet or what? Go light on me, for money is scarcer than ever."—Chicago Tribune.

In two years the Governor of Texas pardoned 190 convicts. Of the number 45 were murderers and 33 horse thieves.

A VERY HARD WORKING MAN.—A ragged but rugged specimen of the genus tramp called at the residence of Mrs. Jeri Nichols the other day, and greatly to the surprise of the lady of the house volunteered to chop wood (a pile of which was conveniently placed near the door for the benefit of roving young men of indolent habits), for his dinner. His offer was accepted, and he chopped while dinner was being prepared, and much to the surprise of the lady, built an apparently large pile of split wood in front of the window. As a reward for his industry he received a first class dinner and many compliments as a chopper.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I'm a hardworkin' man, and never ask some thin' for nothin'. I'm an extra man with an ax, as you see by that there pile of wood I have split, and I don't mind choppin' a little more to pay for this meal."

Mrs. Nichols told him that was unnecessary, as he had already earned his dinner, and the tramp left, proof against hunger and every inducement to work for at least twenty-four hours. Shortly after his departure Mr. Nichols arrived at home, and his wife called his attention to the pile of split wood which loomed up like a miniature pyramid in front of the window, and would not be convinced that his eyes were not affected when he told her that it was a dry-goods box with a few sticks of wood artistically arranged on one side of it, until she went out doors and saw that it was so, and that the industrious tramp had not actually chopped sufficient wood to cook the dinner he had eaten.—Winnemucca (Nev.) Silver State.

CUMBERLAND COAL TRADE.—The shipments from the mines of the Cumberland coal region for the week ending February 8 were 18,459 tons, and for the year to that date 79,395 tons, a decrease of 5,097 tons as compared with the corresponding period of 1878. The shipments to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad during the week were 15,892 tons, a decrease of 12,426 tons as compared with 1878. The shipments to the Pennsylvania railroad were for the week 2,567 tons, for the year 10,335 tons, an increase of 7,329 tons as compared with last year.—Cumberland (Md.) News.

The body of Daniel Webster was embalmed. The lid of the casket in which it was laid to rest was lifted at the recent burial, at Marshfield, of his grandson, Ashburton Webster, and the face of the great statesman was found to be perfectly recognizable.

Pedestrian (who has dropped half a crown in front of "the blind?") "Why you confounded humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."—Fanny Folks.

Musician—You say you have a desire to become a musician, and have a good ear for music. Judging from the ear on the photograph enclosed in your letter, we should think you had a better ear for a lead pencil.—Claude De Haven.

Sitting Bull denies that he made any such flowery speech. What he said was: "When I again put myself under the care of the Great Liar and his thieves you will catch a weasel asleep. Do you hear?" And she heard.

Twenty years ago," said a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuf a thousand dollars apiece. Now dey would be deal a two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am runnin' down."

The United States has 350 foundries engaged in making stoves and furnaces, using annually 500,000 tons of iron.

All the shoes now worn by United States soldiers are made at the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Some Iowa farmers have decided that flax was the most profitable crop raised in that State last season.

Eli Perkins has been engaged to tell 2,700 lies in 2,700 quarters of a minute.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—The greyhound runs by the eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his 250 miles homeward by eyesight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a flash reversing the action of his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly, amid your admiration one of this matchless dance, a peculiar high shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possesses the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round before he takes his draught? No one knows.

How is it that the species of ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves should be black or negro ants? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man for the benefit of their fellows. We lately read an account by a naturalist in Brazil of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises and other of the magnificent gallatorial birds which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sand-piper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day this individual bird continue his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

The Princess Louise, it is predicted, will work a notable dress reform among the women of this continent. Her attire is very simple, and she makes no display of jewels. At a recent entertainment at Rideau Hall she wore no ornaments whatever, not even a brooch. Her manners are charming; her guests, whether he be a Prime Minister or a trembling child, she places instantly at ease. She is a most gentle and kindly young lady.

About this time Prince Bismarck steps around to his tailor's and remarks: "Say, Schneider, just put a copper lining in dem goats and bants, vill you? I dinks you have anoder Zoicalist schutzenfest poudy sudden, maybe."

What city in France is a man about to visit when he goes to get married? He is going to Havre (have her.) An old bachelor being asked the question promptly replied, "To Rouen" (ruin.)