

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

"Unawed by Influence--Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. 1.

NEWTON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

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"THE ENTERPRISE,"
NEWTON, N. C.

THE DESOLATE HEARTH.
BY AYARD TAYLOR.

The rain is sobbing on the wild,
The house is dark, the hearth is cold,
And stretching drear and ashy gray,
Beyond the cedars lies the bay.

My neighbor at the window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands,
Another seeks his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I gaze upon the dreary wild;
I have no wife, I have no child,
There is no fire upon the hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

A DIFFERENCE.
BY F. W. BOURDELLOU.

Sweeter than voices in the scented hay,
Of laughing children, gleaming years that stray,
Or Christmas songs, that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.
Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us love no more.

THE UNMARRIED SISTERS.

This pair inhabited a single room; from the facts it must have been double-bedded; and it may have been of some dimensions; but when all is said it was a single room. Here our two spinsters fell out—on some point of controversial divinity belike; but fell out so bitterly that there was never a word spoken between them, black or white, from that day forward. You would have thought they would separate; but no; whether from lack of means or the Scottish fear of scandal, they continued to keep house together where they were. A chalk line drawn upon the floor separated their two domains; it bisected the doorway and the fireplace, so that each could go out and in and do her cooking without violating the territory of the other. So, for years, they co-existed in a hateful silence; their meals, their ablutions, their friendly visitors, exposed to an unfriendly scrutiny; and at night, in the dark watches, each could hear the breathing of her enemy. Never did four walls look down upon an uglier spectacle than these sisters rivaling in unwhispering. Here is a canvas for Hawthorne to have turned into a cabinet picture—he had a Puritanic vein, which would have fitted him to treat this Puritanic horror; he could have shown them to us in their sickness and at their hideous twin devotions, thumbing a pair of great Bibles or praying aloud for each other's penitence with narrow emphasis; now each, with kilted petticoat, at her own corner of the fire on some tempestuous evening; now sitting each at her window, looking out upon the summer landscape, sloping far below them towards the frith, and the field paths where they had wandered hand in hand; or, as age and infirmity grew upon them and prolonged their toils, and their hands began to tremble and their heads to nod involuntarily, growing only the more steeled in enmity with years; until one fine day, at a word, a look, a visit, or the approach of death, their hearts would melt and the chalk boundary be overstepped forever.—Stevenson's *New Annuals of Edinburgh*.

TEXAS PUBLIC LANDS.

The State of Texas, when it was annexed, owned a public domain of 250,000,000 acres, which, the *Galveston News* says, would now be worth as many dollars. But the State has lost nearly all this land—mostly squandered. One good thing it has done with it, however—it has pensioned off its old soldiers and their heirs with these lands; it has honored its old settlers with acres and "has subsidized colonies, schools, colleges, universities, asylums, railroads, canals, ditches for irrigation, river improvements," and the like. A very large block of the public lands was sold, and the proceeds wasted. A million acres are said to have been stolen. There remains still to the State about 31,000,000 acres, of which perhaps five million acres are worth patenting.—The *Galveston News* says:

"After all that the land sharks, the railway companies, the forgers, and the Mexican title manufacturers have, for forty and fifty years, been picking and culling from this domain, it is to be feared that not much is left beside barren plains and rocky mountain ranges. If it were not for a speculative demand for Texas land certificates outside of the State, these certificates, now worth \$50 to \$52.50 per section, or from 7½ cents to 8½ cents per acre, would hardly bring, it is believed, over 4 to 5 cents per acre.—But the Governor proposes to sell the 31,000,000 acres, which, at the above rate, would bring about \$1,500,000, in order with the proceeds to pay the public debt, and this debt amounts to at least \$5,250,000 at the present time."

This is rather poor return from an estate which, if carefully husbanded, might now be worth \$250,000,000—enough to build two or three Texas Pacific roads, and obviate all necessity for calling on the government to aid in constructing the San Antonio and El Paso railroad.—*Baltimore Sun*.

REMARKABLE STORY OF AN ABLI.

A special dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, to the *Cincinnati Gazette* says: "In the jail of this county, under sentence of death for murder, lies a negro with a strange history. In November, 1876, a man named Holmes was murdered in the most foul and wanton manner. This negro, Sam Hall, was arrested on the charge of being the murderer, and after a long trial was convicted and sentenced. The circumstantial evidence was strong against him, and the sheriff of Muscogee swore, to the best of his belief, to the identity of the negro. He was sentenced to be hung. He now states that in 1874 he was sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years for horse stealing. He effected his escape February, 1877, and was consequently in jail in November, 1876, when the murder was committed. This story has been substantiated in the most complete manner, and the innocence of the negro of the crime of murder is clearly proved. The negro says that when he was arrested on the charge of murder he felt, as he knew himself innocent, that he could not be convicted. He therefore declined to acknowledge himself an escaped convict until he found that his life depended on it. He will, of course, be carried back to jail to serve out his sentence for horse stealing."

SHE ASKED TO FLOAT WITH BOYTON.

The *Pittsburg Courier* says that among the many applications to embark with Boyton in his swim down Allegany river was one Mrs. S. Connors. She said she was a woman of nerve; she was not afraid of the water, for she was in the laundry business; she was in the laundry business; she was in the laundry business; she was in the laundry business; she was in the laundry business. When told that the only lady who ever accompanied Boyton reached shore a corpse, she merely said that the woman lacked grit. Boyton listened carefully to the argument and reserved his decision.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

Mr. Ben. Webster returned to the city yesterday from an extended business trip through the Southern States, embracing Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Texas, Mississippi and Tennessee. He reports that the people fear a recurrence of the yellow fever plague of last year, and gives it as his opinion that the proper sanitary precautions to prevent it have not been taken in places where the fever raged with the greatest intensity. We understand in one case, in Water Valley, Miss., the bed clothing and bedding used by the yellow-fever patients who died had been given to the negroes, who are now using them without any sort of purification. In Grenada Miss., the graves of the yellow-fever dead are so near the surface that a steel rod pushed into the earth will pierce them, so hurriedly were they buried. To be sure, lime has been scattered over the graves, but that is thought to be a precaution entirely inadequate to the purpose. In many cases the bedding and bed clothing used by the dead, having been hung out for airing, had been carried off by the negroes, who are now using them. Thus the seeds of the plague are retained in the midst of the people, and it is liable to break out again with as much virulence as ever so soon as the warm weather arrives.—*Lexington Press*.

MOODY ON PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

Mr. D. L. Moody's meeting for men yesterday was crowded, many having waited an hour or two for the doors to open. Mr. Moody urged upon young converts the necessity of studying the Bible, because when the meetings were over they would need something to supply the place of their former pleasures. There are many men who hear the gospel, but the moment the sermon is finished they pick up their hats and walk out to the theatre or the drinking saloon and forget everything. If religion does not make a man honest it is a sham. If a young man owes a bill to his washerwoman, and yet spends twenty cents in cigars, he cannot call himself a child of God, and, although he joins forty churches, his prayers will be an abomination before the Lord. Others, again, are spoiled by their friends, who pat them on the back, tell them what grand fellows they are, and how the church could not get along without them, and then, when they get up to some high pinnacle, the devil pushes them off and says: "Where are your new converts now?" People nowadays are preached to death, and what is needed is honest living behind preaching. If men have failed honestly and paid fifty cents on the dollar, they ought, if they can afford it, to pay the difference now. If a man has given short measure in business he ought to make restitution. A ton of coal should be a ton, and not 240 pounds less, as it often times is.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A strange story is that of Charles Gilbert, who has served fourteen years of a life sentence for the murder of Henry Cadwell, of New Britain, Conn., in 1864. Gilbert says that the crime was committed by his father, Jonathan Gilbert, and a man named Charles Parsons, with the object of plundering Cadwell of \$700, and that he (Gilbert) allowed himself to be convicted in order to save his parent. The father has since died and Parsons committed suicide. It is claimed, however, that both the elder Gilbert and Parsons made confessions exonerating young Gilbert. Should the convict's story prove true, his devotion to his parent has exceeded anything recently imagined by writers of romance.

THE MIDDLE AGE TORTURE.

The dreadful manner in which a confession was extorted from a criminal in New York State recalls the refined tortures of the middle ages. The suspected person was incarcerated in a cell, and in the next one was placed a man with one of those octagon-accordions. By the time the wind jammer had squeezed out "Nancy Lee," and got well wound up on "My Grandfather's Clock" the criminal howled to be taken to the gallows and put out of his misery.

ONLY THREE SPIKE TAILS LEFT.

McCreery has always attracted the attention of strangers during his term as Senator from Kentucky. He is one of three statesmen who in that branch wear swallow-tail coats, and thereby hangs a tail. One of the three swallow tails said to your correspondent on this subject the other day: "I wear this kind of a coat because I always did, and there was a time when a man would no more think of taking a seat in the Senate without a coat of this kind than he would think of going in his dressing gown." "When was that, Senator?" "Well, that was over thirty years ago. When I first went into the Senate frock coats were just beginning to appear there. There were only three or four at that time. A short time previous to that not a frock or sack coat was to be seen in the Senate chamber."

These are degenerate days, indeed, when there are only three swallow-tails in the senate, and two of them to retire on the 3rd of March. After that Senator Hamlin will stand more conspicuous than ever from his coat, which fits him for a dinner, hop or reception, at any moment between rising and going to bed. If there had been no more serious change in the Senate than in the matter of adding a trifle more cloth to the roundabout of an honorable member the country would not suffer much.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

DEATH OF A MAN WHO SLEPT STANDING.

John Bradley, son of the lively stable keeper on Eleventh street, died suddenly on Thursday of fatty degeneration of the heart, aged 36 years. For over nine years Mr. Bradley has not slept in bed, but has taken all his repose standing on his feet. He attended to the business of the stable, but in intervals of active operation he would sleep soundly, leaning against a door or carriage. He rested in an iron bed made much like a chair, but when he fell asleep in it his slumbers would be disturbed. He was well and favorably known in his own neighborhood.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The revenue received from manufactured tobacco in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, was \$25,320,158.08—representing 105,510,736 pounds. The revenue from snuff was \$1,063,714.22, representing 3,324,197 pounds. The revenue from cigars was \$11,430,144.69, representing 1,905,063,743 single cigars, from which are to be deducted 42,001,600 imported cigars. The revenue from cigarettes was \$239,081.79, representing 165,139,591 single cigarettes.

GEN. CUSTIS LEE.

General George Washington Park Custis Lee, who is plaintiff in the Arlington case, is about 45 years of age, tall, handsome and remarkably like his father, General R. E. Lee. He is President of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., where he lives with his two sisters, Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, in the house where their father, mother and sister died. He is an old bachelor, and very shy of the gentler sex. He was graduated first in his class at West Point, and, like his father, came out of the four years' course without a single demerit mark.

THAT SETTLE.

Thomas Settle, of North Carolina, was a rank Secessionist and Confederate soldier. After the war ended, he became a Republican, with a lively sense of coming favors from that party. He is now Judge of the United States District Court of Florida. As such he has the power of excluding from the juries of his court all ex Confederates, whatever their moral worth, culture and standing. The test oath which Democratic Congressmen are now seeking to abolish is the instrument of this exclusion. And yet Judge Settle could not take the oath himself if called in as a juror. This is an example of the workings of the Republican judicial machinery. Is not there room for such an amendment as is proposed?—*Savannah News*.

The horrible report reaches us from Washington that Gail Hamilton carries a razor in her boot-leg.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

TALMAGE ON A WEEK-DAY.

Steinway Hall was hung last evening with the many flags and banners which the Atalanta Boat Club has won, and two of the members of the famous four-oared crew were ushers. Mr. Talmage of Brooklyn, had been engaged to provide the entertainment, and had announced his subject as "Muscle and Good Cheer." The house was a poor one unfortunately for the club, but Mr. Talmage was in his best humor. "There is something," he yelled, "in the word 'boat' which stirs my blood, whether it is James Gordon Bennett's \$40,000 yacht or a scow in the North River. We owe a great deal to boat clubs. There was one in Noah's time which picked a race out of the freshet." (Much applause and feminine cries of "O-o-h.") "The world needs exercise. I think we clergymen need to belong to boat clubs. We take so little exercise that we get balky livers and enlarged spleens. When I lived in Philadelphia I used to belong to a ball club composed of clergymen, and every Saturday seven or eight of us were accustomed to go into the suburbs for a game. The little ragamuffins of the neighborhood used to hang around and cheer the doctors of divinity on in the most innocent manner. 'Go it, old beeswax' and 'By-George, that old fellow is spavined' they'd cry as some of us ran the bases. But we didn't mind it. You can't tell me anything about boats. Come around to the Brooklyn docks some day and I'll row any of you a race. I don't see how anybody can doubt the connection between muscle and good cheer. A man can't be smiling and happy unless his backbone is strong. Don't you make the mistake of supposing that a solemn face is a sign of goodness. The gravest, most long-faced individual I ever met borrowed \$25 of me, and through pure delicacy never mentioned the subject again. It is a mistake to suppose that only students need exercise. Our gymnasiums to-day show a different state of affairs. Visit any of them and you will find millionaires turning somersaults, eminent lawyers hanging by their toes and ministers of the Gospel punching sawdust bags as though they were the heads of bishops. You will also observe dyspepsia climbing out of sight on a rope ladder. But you urge that these pastimes are incompatible with dignity. Yes, so they are with the dignity of such a man as that old fellow who never kissed his wife without first asking a blessing." Then Mr. Talmage told stories for an hour.—*N. Y. World*.

GOOD-BY TO HIS COUSINS.

The case of Jonathan Nemanie Wells was decided in Brooklyn, N. Y., Thursday, by a decision affirming him to be of sound mind and capable of managing his own worldly goods. Certain cousins of Mr. Wells recently took extreme measures to obtain possession of his property, valued at \$200,000, on the ground that he was of unsound mind, but the finding of the commissioners, reached promptly on the conclusion of the case, proves that the action of the relatives was unwarranted. In summing up for Mr. Wells, his counsel, Mr. Marsh, said that during the proceedings cousins had swarmed as toads come out from under the chips after a shower. In the course of his speech he put this couplet in the mouth of his client:

"I snap my finger at a cousin's taunts,
And I haven't any sisters and I haven't any aunts."

HELP IN ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

In acquiring a knowledge of the English language, and especially in learning the meaning of words, probably no other work, nor many other books altogether, can afford so much aid as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with its 3000 Pictorial Illustrations, its precise and full definitions, its careful discriminations of synonymous words, and its many valuable tables. It is, in itself, a whole library of the language. Let one family have a copy of this work, and use it faithfully, and another be without it—the difference in the progress of the two families in getting knowledge will be very great.—*Aic*.

GLEANINGS.

Everybody's girl is nobody's wife.
Boston Transcript.

A good place to get a husband—by the car.—*Meridian Recorder*.

What did billet donx? *Pittsburg Telegraph*. He letter rip.—*Cincinnati Sun*.

"Wanted—To exchange music lessons for washing," is an advertisement in a Chicago paper.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

A clock at the Paris Exhibition fired off a pistol hourly. The exhibitor explained that it was to kill time.

Efforts are being made to restore to Philadelphia the industry of porcelain making, which flourished there from 1815 to 1837.

Articles about lamplighters will hereafter be classed in this paper under the head of general lightens.—*Toledo Commercial*.

A great many milk and watery sort of young men, with their hair parted in the middle, have high drawl-like voices.—*Cincinnati Sun*.

The most religious bird is the chicken, D. D., and the most wicked is the robin. The dearest is the little duck.—*Lowell Courier*.

A youth once loved a lady fair,
And with her many charms was smitten.
He asked her for a lock of hair,
But what she gave to him was mitten.
Birmingham.

Mr. Kearney has begun the publication of a paper called the *Daily Sewal Lot*. As might be expected from its editor and its name, it is a dirty sheet.

"Get some pote to toss off a few stanzas on me; sumthin' mild and tuckin'," writes John Logan to his friend Clapp.—*Washington Post*.

Mr. Hayes should be the purchaser of Mrs. Fasset's picture of the Electoral Commission. He can hang it up in his house at Fremont and label it "8 to 7."—*Courier-Journal*.

Senator Collamer, of Vermont, once described Senator Edmunds as a man who could see a fly on a barn door as far as anybody, but who never saw the door.

It is expected that the remains of Bayard Taylor will arrive in New York at the end of this month. The Hamburg packet line will bring the body and Mr. Taylor's family to this country free of charge.

There is a rumor loafing around in the political atmosphere that Hayes has put the Berlin Mission in pickle until he can find out whether Bill Chandler or Memento Brady stole the most cipher telegrams.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

James Beck, a baggage-master on a St. Louis road, being accused of purloining money from the mails, was arrested, tried, convicted of the theft of nearly \$20,000, and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, all in the space of four hours. Justice is wide awake in that quarter.

Memphis will have no carnival this year. She is too full of her recent sorrows. The Mystic Krew of New Orleans will not march forth in parade on Mardi-gras for the same reason, though Rex will still have away. Mobile, however, is to celebrate the day in magnificent style.

Yawcoob Strauss in the *Boston Traveller*:

How 'bout dat Sherman Mission,
Dhey talk so much about?
I don't vant der position,
Und tink id vas blazed out!
Ameer stroke I subsoo id vas,
So dake some oder man;
I don't could go to Sherman,
But, maybe, Yakooob Khan.

Torture still exists in Paris. Sworn evidence in the *Lanterne* libel suit evoked the fact that subordinate police officials feel authorized to torture prisoners so as to obtain confessions. The *libelle* is most affected—tying the wrists with wet cords which are twisted till the blood spurts out; beating with staves and kicking is also resorted to. If the prisoner does not confess under this treatment he is dismissed as innocent.