

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

"Unawed by Influence—Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. 1.

NEWTON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

NO. 6.

The Newton Enterprise,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
—BY—
GEORGE A. WARLICK.

TERMS:
One year, \$2.00
Six months, 1.00
Three months, .50
INvariably in Advance.
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4 "	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00
5 "	3.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	27.00	30.00
6 "	3.50	7.00	10.50	14.00	17.50	21.00	24.50	28.00	31.50	35.00
7 "	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	28.00	32.00	36.00	40.00
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Address all letters,
"THE ENTERPRISE,"
NEWTON, N. C.

CHARMING PATTY.

Weak though my song, still let it be
A heart-felt offering to thee,
For thou hast lightened dreary days,
Thou whom 'twere falsehood to dispraise,
O charming Patty.

Oh! have I gazed upon thy form,
Glowing and graceful, sweet and warm;
What though thou wert a trifle brown,
Thou wert the toast of half the town,
O charming Patty.

Ye, all men loved thee, worshipped thee.
If thou wert crusty they'd agree
It added to thy charms, and when
Thou wert not crusty all the men
Said, "Charming Patty."

And who shall say that they were wrong,
Or, I for praising thee in song?
No one will venture it, I swear,
When I thy christian name declare,
O Oyster Patty.

LENT.
If any coarse, unfeeling fellow
Asks the loan of your umbrella,
Tell him it's Lent.

If any tramp presumes to foller
And begs the loan of half a dollar,
Tell him it's Lent.

And so tell all who come to borrow
Some treasured article to-morrow—
Tell 'em it's Lent.
St. Louis Times.

THE DAVIS DEBATE IN THE SENATE—CONKING ON THURMAN.

The best speech on the Democratic side was Lamar's. He controlled himself admirably, and in point of form and eloquence excelled any effort he has made since he came into the Senate. His closing phrase was a terrible thrust at Hbar and completely silenced him: "The Senator from Massachusetts calls himself a Christian statesman," he said, "but he will not take a lesson from the heathen mythology. I would remind him that when Prometheus was bound to the rock it was not an eagle, but a vulture, which plunged its beak in his vitals." The debate ran on until nearly daylight.

Just before day began to break came the most entertaining passage of the night: from Conkling, who displayed himself in a new light as a wonderful master of wit and humor. It was a running sketch of the political history of Thurman, with sharp thrusts at his political aspirations.—The effort is utterly unrepentable.—The weary Senators aroused themselves. The sleepy attendants forgot their weariness, and for an hour the hot, stifling Senate chamber took a new life. He pictured Thurman riding half a dozen horses in different directions. He described him as the greatest political billiard player in the world. He revelled in imagery and comparison. For once he was sarcastic without being bitter, and great without being supercilious. Thurman seemed to enjoy it as well as the rest. At each new turn of fancy and thrust of wit the old statesman rolled back and laughed and held his sides as though it did his inmost soul good. In reply he merely acknowledged the brilliancy of the effort of the New York Senator, and protested that wit and humor was not his forte.—Wash. Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Capt. Boynton is still floating down the Ohio river toward the sea.

A WOMAN OF NERVE.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex. On a recent evening she was in her boudoir putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed that the peculiar position of a library lamp that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room had thrown upon the floor, almost directly at her feet, the shadow of a man who was crouching under a broadtopped ornamental table in the centre of the room. She also observed that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers and remembered that several desperate burglars had recently been committed in the neighborhood, suppositionally by a negro desperado who was notorious as having lost two fingers of his right hand. Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and besides herself in the house, there was but a single maidservant. Instead of fainting with fear, or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miser was concealed, and rang for the servant. "Hand me writing materials, Bridget," said she, with perfect calmness; "I want you to take a note this instant to Mr. Forfair, the jeweller, and have him send back with you my diamond necklace and ear-drops, which I left there for repairs several days ago. Bring them with you, no matter if fully repaired or not. They are by twenty-fold the most valuable articles of jewelry that I possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer." The note was at once written and despatched, but instead of being in the tenor that she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear for she had no jewelry under repair), it was a hasty note to an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position, and urged him to hasten to her relief, with the requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the missive. The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with the consciousness of the presence of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouched under the very table upon which she leaned, and perhaps touched by her skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination; but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal. She yawned, hummed an operatic air, turned over the leaves of a novel, and in other ways lulled the lurker into a sense of perfect security and expectancy, and waited, waited with a wildly beating heart and her eyes fastened upon the hands of her little ormolu clock with a greedy, feverish gaze. At last, however came the prayed for relief. There was a ring at the door-bell and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success. She not only admitted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfair and three stalwart policemen. The latter passed stealthily up stairs and into the boudoir, where they suddenly pounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him with hardly a struggle. The prisoner proved to be negro criminal named Chapman, but mostly known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State prison.—Hartford Times.

"What would you do if a girl kissed you?" said one ten-year-old urchin to another, as they discussed the latest society news. "What would I do? I'd kiss her back. What would you do?" "Kiss her mouth," was the reply.

When a woman goes visiting she wants shoes fully two sizes too small; but it's astounding what a deal of comfort the same woman can extract from a pair of slippers three sizes too large in her own house.

A TERRIBLE AND DEADLY AFFRAY.

A QUADRANGULAR DUEL IN MISSISSIPPI—THREE MEN KILLED.

In the annals of deadly affrays in this State we know of no occurrence so fatal in its results as that which occurred on board the steamer Sunflower, while lying at Johnsonville, the county seat of Sunflower county. About ten days ago Col. D. A. Holman, while in Johnsonville, on entering Dr. W. L. Lowry's store, was accosted by Dr. Lowry, who ordered Holman out, remarking, it is said, that Holman was no gentleman, and did not keep his word, or something to that effect. Holman departed, saying in substance he would see Lowry again. On the morning of the affair Col. Holman engaged passage on the steamer Sunflower for Vicksburg, accompanied by his father-in-law, Dr. G. C. Walker. The boat arrived at Johnsonville somewhat earlier than usual, and Col. Holman and Dr. Walker together went on shore, but in a short time returned.

Perhaps a half hour later Dr. Lowry, as was usual with him, came on the boat to transact his business, and while entering the cabin was caught, it is said, by the left arm or back by Col. Holman, who turned Lowry half way around, and putting his pistol to his breast fired. Lowry started down the cabin, but instantly turned, and, seeing his clerk, John C. Arnold, start from his chair (being shaved at the time), said, "kill him, John, kill him, he has shot me."

Arnold ran out of the cabin to attack Holman, and Lowry walking to the door, cocked his pistol and fired at Holman. At the same instant of time, perceiving Dr. Walker with a pistol in his hand, he pointed his pistol at Walker with deadly effect, Walker falling and expiring almost without a struggle. Lowry then walked back in the cabin staggering, and fell, and in about two minutes expired also.

In the mean time Arnold and Holman were fighting outside the cabin. Arnold received a wound in the chest, and died shortly after being removed from the boat, Col. Holman being wounded in the left arm and side, but to what extent could not be ascertained, as the boat left shortly afterward.

All the parties engaged are very highly respected. Dr. Lowry was a brother of Gen. Robert Lowry, and leaves a widow and six children. Arnold was a brother of Judge Arnold, of Columbus, Miss., Col. Holman being a prominent and talented lawyer, and respected in the community in which he lives.

Dr. Walker was one of the oldest residents of the county, and we believe had no enemies. Col. Holman, the only survivor, was immediately arrested.—Vicksburg Herald.

BILL BABE'S CAREER.—Bill Babe is a Texan of notoriety in his own State. He is uneducated, brutal, bold, and ambitious. He began a wild kind of frontier life ten years ago, accumulated a great amount of land and cattle, gathered about him a company of desperadoes and aspired to be a despotic ruler in his neighborhood. His recklessness led the settlers for years to submit to his rude government, and a few men presumed to dispute Babe's authority. One of these was Henry Vaughan, who opened a country store in opposition to Babe's wishes, and was killed by a party of Babe's followers. John Stull endeavored to bring about an official investigation. Babe realized that his power was in jeopardy, and decided to make an example of this rebel. Stull's house was fired in the night, and three of the four inmates murdered as they emerged. Mrs. Stull escaped by hiding in a bush, from which she saw that Babe personally directed the butchery. She subsequently had him arrested, but a craven judge released him on low bail. All this finally roused the people, and they are now hunting for Babe, meanwhile hanging the members of his gang as fast as captured.

CAN OYSTERS WHISTLE!

The shop was first established by a Mr. Parkes in 1825. "It appears," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* "that about the year 1840, the proprietor of the house in question, which had then as it has now a great name for the superior excellence of its delicate little 'natives,' heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubes in which the shell-fish lay piled in layers, one over the other, placidly fattening upon oatmeal, and awaiting the inevitable advent of the remorseless knife. Mr. Parkes, the landlord, listened, hardly at first believing his ears. There was, however, no doubt about the matter; one of the oysters was distinctly whistling, or, at any rate, producing a sort of sifflement with its shell. It was not difficult to detect this phenomenal bivalve and in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a plentiful supply of brine and water. The news spread through the town and for some days the fortunate Mr. Parkes found his house besieged by curious crowds. * * * Douglas Jerrold's suggestion was that the said oyster has been crossed in love and now whistled to keep up appearances with an idea of showing that it did not care." Thackeray used to declare that he was once actually in the shop when an American came in to see the phenomenon, as everybody else was doing, and after hearing the talented mollusk go through his usual performances strolled contemptuously out, declaring "it was nothing an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through and followed its master about the house like a dog."—*Thorburn's News and Old London*.

A LEVEL-HEADED DEAD MAN.—The following is an extract from the will of a gentleman who was a citizen of and who died recently in Baltimore County, and which he directed should be read at his funeral. The leading traits of his character throughout his life were honesty and truthfulness, and the extract shows how he, as a dying man, viewed the popular and fashionable funeral pageantry of the day: "In view of the uncertainty of life, I hereby commit to writing my last wishes with regard to the manner and means used for the disposal of my mortal remains. First, I wish my body to be clothed in a plain shroud. I wish no flowers, nor mock display. I wish no my body being carried to the church. I wish it to be removed from my earthly home to its last resting-place, there to rest, unmarked, unless at some future time some child or children are moved so to do. Most earnestly I request that nothing called mourning shall be worn by my family, as I am persuaded this has become a solemn mockery. If the heart is not the fountain from whence these emotion flow they can never emanate from this source.—Above all, I wish no undeserved eulogies pronounced over my remains. If there was one trait in my character worthy of imitation then imitate it, and with the last look bury all of my imperfections and infirmities with my remains. Without reflecting upon my friends, I may allude to one infirmity of our natures; that is, in vying with each other to show our consideration and respect for them that are beyond this influence. There was time, but the opportunity is lost. If I may select the ground for a few remarks, it is from these words: 'Unprofitable tenant.' Lastly, in order to satisfy the curious, and avoid reflections upon my family, I request — or the minister officiating to read this publicly at my funeral.—*Baltimore American*.

A citizen went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bathtub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer, "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal scuttle, till prices come down."—*Norwich Bulletin*.

ABRAHAM'S JEWEL.

There is a Rabbimeal story which tells the value in which pearls were held in the early ages, only one object in nature being thought to be placed above them: "On approaching Egypt Abraham locked Sarah in a chest that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying customs the collector said, 'Pay us the custom;' and he said, 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him, 'Thou carriest clothes;' and he said, 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him, 'Thou carriest gold;' and he answered them, 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him, 'Surely, thou bearest the finest silk;' he replied, 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they, 'Surely, it must be pearls that thou takest with thee;' and he only answered, 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said, 'It cannot be—but open thou the box and let us see what is within.' So they opened the box, and 'the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty—far exceeding even that of pearls.'—*Forney's Progress*.

ANDREW JACKSON'S BIRTH PLACE.—New York, Feb. 25, 1879.—*Ed. Journal of Commerce*: Will you please settle the question of Andrew Jackson's birthplace? Was he born on ship-board or on shore? and was there any dispute of a public nature on the question of his nativity at the time he ran for President of the United States? HICKORY.

REPLY.—Andrew Jackson was born March 15th, 1767, on the Waxhaw settlement, N. C. His father died a few days before he was born, and he first saw the light in the house of his mother's brother-in-law, Mr. George McKemey. His parents were Scotch Irish, from Carrickfergus, Ireland, and this fact gave rise to a campaign story when he was a candidate for the Presidency, that he was born in Ireland, or on the way to this country.

Mr. S. P. May, of Asheville, N. C., writes us that several families of the name of Crowell, in Halifax county, of that State, claim to be direct descendants of the father of Oliver Cromwell. In the year 1674 two brothers, John and Edward, brothers of Oliver Cromwell, left England for America, and settled in New Jersey, soon after which they emigrated to Halifax county, North Carolina. While on the voyage, fearing that persecution would follow from the adherents of Charles II., then on the English throne, they resolved to change their name. This was done with a solemn ceremony, and by writing their names each one on a paper, and each cutting from the paper the letter M, and casting it into the sea. The family pedigree on vellum, recording this fact, was with the family in North Carolina in an ornamental chest, which, with other valuables, was seized in 1781 by a scouting party of Tarleton's Legion and carried off. The family made another record of the transaction, which is preserved by their descendants.—*N. Y. Sun*.

As Frank Osbiston was standing in front of Mallon's this morning John Raymond, the actor, came along and pulling a \$20 roll out of his pocket remarked, "Heads or tails for the pile." "I'll take the bottom one," replied Mr. Osbiston, "and call it heads." Raymond pulled the bottom coin out and remarked "correct." Osbiston took the roll and examined it to see how the balance of the coins lay. Curious enough the next nineteen coins were "tails," then came two "heads" and the balance were "tails." There being but three out of forty "heads." *Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*.

A Boston leather firm, which two years ago settled with its creditors at fifty cents on the dollar, is paying up the balance of its indebtedness, with interest to date.

GLEANINGS.

Fried Liver is the tender name of an Arizona mining village.

The modern golden rule is, "Let your due unto others be as much as other's due unto you."—*Whitehall Times*.

A fellow who went crazy because a Missouri belle jilted him is wandering over Texas with a cow bell around his neck hunting for another sweetheart.

The heading of an account in a San Francisco newspaper of a mining accident, "One Man and Twelve Chinese Killed," is an indication of the ruling prejudice on the Pacific coast.

"On this head," said the lecturer, "there is nothing left to be desired." The bald-headed man in the front row immediately rose to call him to order.—*Boston Transcript*.

The death in New York of Mr. Eberhard Faber, of the famous lead pencil manufacturing firm of A. W. Faber, and its representative in this country, is announced. He was 57 years old.

A quaint writer says: I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horses running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat should upset, and afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married.

A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it. "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

There are men who would rather doorkeepers in the house of the Lord—when there is a church festival going on, and the receipts are large—than to dwell in the tents of the wicked, where there is no opportunity to handle the cash.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A gentleman recently about to pay his doctor's bill said: "Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford, at the very least, to deduct ten per centum from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

Wheeling (W. Va.) *Louder*: I've a peanut in my pocket, Emeline! Emeline! I'll jerk the kernel from its socket, In due time! In due time! To the theatre I'll go, On the floor the shell I'll throw, Then I'll munch to music slow, Emeline! Emeline!

Gideon Cook, a Baptist preacher, well known a quarter of a century ago, was a man very eccentric in his speech, even to his last earthly moments. A few hours previous to his death his brother, also a preacher, came to his bedside and inquired: "Do you think you are dying, Gideon?" And the reply, sharp and quick, came: "Don't know—can't tell—never died yet!"

A petition signed by 110,000 ladies was presented in the Illinois Legislature last Thursday, praying the passage of a law permitting women to vote upon all questions involving the granting of licenses for the sale of liquors. The ladies are reported very much in earnest in the matter, and have been granted a hearing before the committee on licenses.

Miss Ella Dancy was a fair young thing of La Grange, Texas. She loved and loved wildly one Thomas A. Hall, a nice young fellow, but withal unsupplied with ducaats. Miss Ella's mother objected to the match. Hence tears. But tears didn't flow always. On Sunday Miss Ella put on a sweet, resigned face and told her mother that she would break off with "dear Tom" if "dear, good mamma" would take Tom's ring and trinkets to him by the next train. Mamma was delighted and took the bitter farewell. Mamma didn't find "dear Tom" at his home, "dear Tom" and dutiful Ella had run away.