

# THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence, and Unbribed by Gain."

\$2.00 a Year.

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## SELECTED STORY.

### THE COUSINS.

Marian Field stopped a moment at Burnham & Burnham's window, and her lovely blue eyes looked all the admiration she felt at sight of the tempting display of velvets and silks, laces and ribbons, satins and all the hundred and one accessories of a lady's toilet.

All the admiration and a little—just a little—purely feminine envy and then she turned her face away to the quiet, plain, elder lady who had stopped a moment waiting for her.

"Oh, Annie, how exquisite everything is? I wonder if it is awfully wicked in me to wish we were rich?"

"I hate Meredith Alwyn because he is so rot? Let's hurry away before I become perfectly savage."

Her sweet, girlish laugh rippled out on the quiet evening air—a laugh that had just a tinge of bitterness mixed with its silver sweetness, and a gentleman who was accidentally passing at the moment, looked to see Marian's lovely face, with her blue eyes and fair complexion, to which the crisp December air had lent a delicate pink tinge, and bright golden hair that was lightly fluffy over her forehead and looking coquettishly becoming as it escaped from the pale-blue zephyr hood she wore.

It was just the merest passing glance he had, but enough to show him the surpassing loveliness of Marian and the quiet well-bredness of both Marian and her sister.

And then as they passed further away into the dusk of the night he went into a quiet little shop, next Burnham & Burnham's brilliantly illuminated show-windows, interested into inquiring of the pleasant-faced lad, who, standing at the door, had heard and seen the ladies.

The lad went briskly round to his post behind the counter at his customer's entrance.

"I want some cigars—I believe that was what I wanted, at least, until the sight of that girl that just now passed drove it from my head. Who are they, do you know?"

The young shopman promptly selected the choicest cigars, talking pleasantly the while.

"You must mean Miss Field and Miss Marian. They just went by. Miss Marian is called the prettiest girl hereabouts, I think."

The gentleman smiled at the young fellow's enthusiasm.

"I quite agree with you; I think I never saw a more perfect face, Field—I think I've heard the name before. And there's such a romance connected with them!" the clerk went on. "To-day they have to earn their own living, while six months ago they were the heiresses to the Deaconwoode estate. They were born and brought up on the place, and not until all of a sudden was it discovered that there was somebody who had a better claim on it than they—a first nephew to old Mr. Field, and these young ladies were second nieces, and so the lawyers made a row about it, and Miss Field and Miss Marian walked out as patient, proud and smiling as ever, and took up their quarters down town, and earned their little salary that would

not buy the toilet-water they used to order."

"Quite a remarkable experience for two young ladies, and you have told it well. It really is a pity. A fine night!"

And Mr. Meredith Alwyn nodded to his diffuse young friend and took himself slowly, thoughtfully up the street that led directly to the magnificent estate of Deaconwoode.

"Beggars—those splendid women—that lovely-voiced, sapphire-eyed girl, fit to sit on the grandest throne under heaven! Beggars—through my acceptance of uncle Cyril Field's legacy! Why didn't somebody tell me the atrocity of such wholesale rascality? Is it fate, I wonder, that threw them directly in my path almost the hour of my arrival in this strange place whither I had come to see my new accession? And how shall I see them again?"

"Will we do it? Why, Annie, of course we will do it? It would be a direct flying in the face of Providence to refuse such a godsend. It won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook for one more, and that big empty room that looks out on the chimneys of Deaconwoode—we will never use that room, Annie. And only think—ten dollars a week! It will tide us through the winter so comfortably."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Meredith Alwyn took possession of the room in the Field sisters' cottage that looked out on the chimneys and turrets and towers of Deaconwoode—took possession as their boarder and gave his name as Curtis, and in course of time very naturally came to be on the most excellent terms with them.

One day Miss Field, in a particularly confidential mood, told him all about the romance of their lives; how until so lately they had lived their life of elegance and ease at Deaconwoode, and how the prospect of their future had faded as completely and suddenly as a beautiful dream.

"Whoever this usurping heir is he must be a double-dyed rascal—selfish to the heart's core—to have defrauded you so."

Mr. Curtis seemed remarkably emphatic in his denunciations.

"Oh, I would not think that," Miss Field said, in her gentle, womanly way, "because he certainly had a right to it, and I dare say he was delighted at his good fortune and surely he ought to enjoy it."

"I don't know about that, Miss Field. I think it simply inhuman for any man to turn two delicately bred women out of their home of elegance and ease, as this villain has turned you out. Perhaps he did not know, but he should have been told, and he certainly should at least have divided."

Miss Field smiled.

"But people are not often so generous, Mr. Curtis. Yes, for Marian's sake it would be pleasant; but I don't know. The discipline of adversity and the necessity for effort are making a grand woman of her, while I must confess I rather shrink in distaste."

An hour or so later he and Marian went out for a little stroll—they had fallen into that habit lately.

"We were talking about Deaconwoode and that detestable cousin of yours—Miss Field and I. Do you know, we both agree that it is a piece of selfishness that he doesn't divide with you under such peculiar circumstances?"

Marian laughed.

"That's nonsense, Mr. Curtis, and I shall not allow you and Annie to discuss such incendiary topics. Divide! Of course not—do you think I'd accept charity at the hands of Meredith Alwyn? Deaconwoode is lawfully his—let him keep it—dearly as I love it, every stone, every tree, every room, every picture."

Her impetuous young voice thrilled out brave, almost defiant, as they walked along in the gathering dusk.

Then he suddenly called her name, in a tone that instantly brought the flushes to her cheek.

"Marian?"

It was the first time he had omitted the formality of the prefacing title.

"Yes?"

"I am jealous of Deaconwoode because you love it so, and I want you to love me! Marian, my darling, tell me if you can? if you do? Marian sweet, I love you so—if you will let me!"

It did not need more than one look at her eyes to read his answer.

"I—cannot help it—can I—?" she said, slyly, sweetly, and then, on the quiet suburban road, in the gloom of the early nightfall, he took her in his arms and kissed her over and over again.

"And now," he said, as she nestled on his arm and they turned their steps homeward, "about this Deaconwoode affair. You, of course, have no objection to going back there? You have so imperiously declared you will not accept your cousin Meredith Alwyn's charity that there only remains one more course open. That is to ask you to resume your sweet sway there as rightful owner, and—Meredith Curtis Alwyn's wife—my own little blue-eyed darling. It is yes, again. Because you know you cannot help yourself, nor will you want to if you love me, little cousin Marian, little wife Marian!"

And that was the way they went back home.

### WHERE THE REVENUE COMES FROM.

The following statement of the amount of internal revenue paid by the several States in 1878, omitting the Territories and the District of Columbia, is from the office of Commissioner Raum:

Illinois,	\$19,651,732
New York,	14,963,899
Ohio,	14,762,979
Kentucky,	6,889,273
Virginia,	6,468,206
Pennsylvania,	5,931,659
Indiana,	5,722,971
New Jersey,	5,091,455
Missouri,	5,080,803
Wisconsin,	2,432,870
Massachusetts,	2,424,363
Maryland,	2,318,204
California,	2,144,665
North Carolina,	1,800,310
Michigan,	1,597,897
Iowa,	954,444
Tennessee,	845,504
Louisiana,	782,379
Oregon,	600,026
Connecticut,	576,900
Delaware,	480,937
West Virginia,	337,893
Georgia,	329,974
Minnesota,	276,554
Texas,	268,316
Rhode Island,	246,759
New Hampshire,	231,404
Florida,	186,521
Kansas,	159,349
Alabama,	138,223
South Carolina,	117,717
Arkansas,	116,269
Mississippi,	88,617
Colorado,	83,507
Maine,	71,069
Nevada,	58,238
Vermont,	44,089

Virginia paid nearly three times as much as Massachusetts, Maryland and Wisconsin; more than three times as much as California; and \$2,972,722 more than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island together. She paid a half a million more than Pennsylvania or Indiana, and nearly a million and a quarter more than either Missouri or New Jersey, one-third as much as Illinois, and less than half as much as New York or Ohio. Virginia contributed more than the total paid by the following nineteen States: Iowa, Connecticut, Delaware, West Virginia, Georgia, Minnesota, Texas, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Florida, Kansas, Alabama, South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, Colorado, Maine Nevada and Vermont.

The entire amount of internal revenue taxes collected by the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, was \$118,630,407.83, and for the year ending June 30, 1878, \$110,581,624.74.—Richmond State.

No comedian can make as laughable a face as that made by the small boy when he brings the jelly jar down from the closet shelf and finds it to be full of ten penny nails.

### JUMPING OVER NIAGARA.

BUFFALO, May 21.—This afternoon Mr. H. P. Peer, of Teeterville, Ont., accomplished the daring but silly feat of jumping from the new Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, into the river below, a distance of 192 feet. This entirely eclipses the famous performance of Sam Patch. Peer's dress consisted of merino hose and a full suit of tights, an inflated rubber life preserver, funnel shaped and of his own construction, which covered his hips and extended up to the armpits. Cotton cloth was bandaged tightly over the preserver, about the hips and loins, while a broad sponge protected his mouth and nostrils and his ears were stuffed with the same material, the sponge being slightly moistened with spirits. His thighs were confined with an elastic strap and likewise his feet. Over his shoulders was a leather brace with a ring in the center to which was attached a cable composed of 220 feet of No. 2 brass wire in six strands. This was called a balance and was for the purpose of assisting to retain his position, particularly if the wind should be strong. It was reeled over a cylinder attached to the guard-rail of the bridge and which was operated with a brake-handle like that used upon old time wells, so that the man's speed as he descended could be controlled to a certain extent. It was not fastened and the final end followed the man into the water.

Mr. Peer took his place upon the temporary platform from which he was to drop. The platform consisted simply of two planks fastened about eighteen inches apart. After taking a little stimulant and displaying a little nervousness, for this was his greatest undertaking, he suspended himself between the boards for a moment or two by his hands. The word was given and he was gone like a flash, while the thousand spectators who lined the bank looked on with suspense, fear and trembling. The four seconds that intervened before he struck created a terrible excitement, but as he passed under the water feet foremost with a great splash, and came up in a few seconds more and began to swim, cheer after cheer rent the air. He was picked up by some boatmen and was in no worse condition than if he had jumped into a cistern of water. In fact he assisted to pull the boat to the shore. Mr. Peer was born July 14, 1844, in the county of Halton, township of Nelson, Dominion of Canada. He stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches high, is of slender frame, weighs 143 pounds, and in manner is rather gentlemanlike and unassuming. He has a wife and one child. The highest point from which he has ever jumped before was 108 feet. He has been a sailor, and his experience has been obtained in jumping from the mastsheads of vessels. It is announced that he will try it again July 4th.

HONOR THE SCISSORS.—Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work that is done on paper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand they are sure to say: "Eh! that's the way you get up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new and witty question with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are, that the interest, the variety and the usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon its selected matter, and few men are capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make as good a paper as five or six.

Just 110 years ago six hardy and resolute North Carolinians—in 1769—crossed the rivers and mountains until they had penetrated Kentucky as far as the Red River region. They hunted until late in December when they returned to their homes. They were Daniel Boone, known as "the first settler" of Kentucky, John Findlay, John Stewart, and three others.—Wilmington Star.

### THE EVOLUTION BIBLE.

The preparation of the new Bible, which is to be inspired by sweet reasonableness has not made much advance yet. We lay before our readers the improved version of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, 1. There never was a beginning. The Eternal, without us that maketh for righteousness, took no notice whatever of anything. 2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and undifferentiated, and some how or another evolution began and molecules appeared. 3. And molecule evolved protoplasm, and rhythmic thrills arose, and then there was light. 4. And a spirit of energy was developed and formed the plastic cell whence arose the primordial germ. 5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and protogene somehow shaped eozoon, then was the dawn of life. 6. And the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy. And the Eternal, without us that maketh for righteousness, neither knew nor cared anything about it. 7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became evolved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion. 8. So that by survival of the fittest there evolved the simiads from the jelly fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types. 9. And in due time one lost his tail and became man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals; and lo! the fast men killed the slow men, and it was ordained to be so in every age. 10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin appeared, and behold it was very good.—London Freeman.

THE ADVENTIST SACRIFICE.—Mrs. Hattie Freeman, wife of Chas. R. Freeman, of Pocasset, Mass., who recently killed his little girl under the insane belief that he was glorifying God, has written a letter to her sisters describing the fanaticism which led to the slaying of the child. She claims that they were devoted to their child; that her husband was one of the best husbands and fathers, and that "his whole aim for more than a year, not neglecting other duties, was to win souls and seek himself eternal life." Finally, Mrs. Freeman says, her husband felt that God required him to have the faith of Abraham and offer up his child as a sacrifice, but he felt it would only be a trial of faith, and neither thought God would suffer the child to be touched. After the child was killed she says they felt that it was God's plan to take her so as to raise her from the dead, and thus show His mighty power and love. "But," says Mrs. Freeman, "the time has so far passed, and we are here. God knows we are innocent of any crime. Charlie still thinks God is going to manifest His power and glory and himself be justified in the eyes of the world. God grant it may be so! Oh, you cannot know my sorrow! It almost breaks my heart. My dear, dear Edie! Charlie is innocent—oh, he is—of any crime, but I am afraid it was mistaken faith in God."—Letter from Mrs. Freeman.

### A MAN WHO SLEEPS UNDERGROUND.

The grave can have no terrors for an eccentric individual in Illinois. He scoffs at the comforts of a patent spring mattress, with the accompanying pillows, bolsters, sheets, and snowy coverlets, and even deems the Indian luxury of a blanket and fire effeminate and unworthy of man. In his back yard there is a shallow trench, in which he lays himself every night at bedtime, and a faithful man servant shovels earth over him till nothing but his head is left uncovered. He has no fear of fire or burglars, but sleeps serene and happy in his couch of earth. Nothing so truly rural has been recorded in regard to beds and bedding since Nebuchadnezzar went to grass. If he should wake up and find himself dead some morning, he would be both dead and buried. It is hardly necessary to say that he is not a married man.

### GLEANINGS.

The lazier exodus will never take place.

A walking match, out of town, is suggested, open to all tramps.

How to get up a spring meeting—put two fat men in a light buggy.

Soda water is on tap, yet one swallow does not make a summer.

The departure of Gen. Grant from India is the latest relief of Lucknow.

All the perfumes of Araby cannot sweeten a little hand half so much as three acres in the draw.

The advance of the wages of New York bricklayers from \$2.50 to \$3 per day is a positive sign of better times.

It will soon be time for the Socialists to call upon the holders of the ten dollar certificate to divide with them.

Terrific naval engagement off the river Loa, in South America, between a Chilean corvette and two Peruvian vessels. One eye-glass smashed.

It is always the big fellows that get to the front in the crowd. Look at the strawberry box, for instance; the little ones are always at the bottom.

A book just published is entitled, "Sayings and Doings of Great Men." We notice that the "Sayings" have a large majority.

"A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out." But what good is a boot if you can't wear it out? Slippers are preferable indoors.

A young gentleman from the upper end of Henrico left Richmond Wednesday en route for Africa, to join the English army in the war with the Zulus.

As soon as the meadow  
Is draped with flowers,  
And robins are singing  
Throughout the feet hours,  
And down in the valley  
The butterflies caper,  
The druggist serenely  
Lays in his fly paper.  
N. Y. Star.

One "Jack" Price, a negro preacher, started out in Natchitoches, La., the other day, with the impression that he must kill everybody he met in order to get into heaven. Under the delusion he attempted to take two lives, besides setting fire to a building, and was killed by one of the men he sought to shoot.

AN EDUCATED CAT.—This story is told by a Michigan correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean: Educated dogs, educated hogs, educated horses, and even educated mice have had their intelligence paraded before the public. But we do not remember having read of an intelligent, cultured cat, one that could understand and repeat (of course very brokenly) the English language. The following case is of such unusual occurrence that we have taken pains to verify the rumor. A little daughter of W. H. King, of West Kalamo, Barry county, has a cat or quite large kitten, which she has taught to repeat poetry or prose after the readings of the little miss. Placing the cat facing her, the little girl will repeat a word, when the cat will repeat it after her by a series of mews, one mew for a word of one syllable, two mews for two syllables, etc. It is very interesting to sit and listen to the little miss and the mew-sical of the intelligent feline, who seems to be proud of and realizes its importance.

COME BACK TO STAY.—One of the pilgrims who went to Liberia in the "Colored Mayflower," the Azor, has returned to Charleston with a woe-begone countenance. His summing up is that of those who went across the sea "over one-half is dead, plenty of others perishing to death almost, and heath would come back if they could." His wife had died of the coast fever, his son Pete, a fine specimen of physical development, dropped down dead by his own door one morning, and he himself had just enough life left to form the intention of "going" home to his people, goin' to work and retiring from all nigger business.