

# THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

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"THE ENTERPRISE."  
NEWTON, N. C.

## HEART LOVE.

Would you love me as well, true-heart,  
Had I a face less fair?  
Would you care to caress, my own,  
If gray were the golden hair?  
If the brow were withered and worn,  
If the lips were pale and sad,  
Would you long to imprint a kiss?  
Would even a smile make glad?  
If beauty should pass away,  
If blight should the flower enfold,  
Would you love with love of to-day  
The heart that never grows old?  
Minnie C. Ballard.

## SELECTED STORY.

### OUT AND AT HOME.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris were taking tea with their neighbors, the Joneses, in a friendly way. Mrs. Harris came over early, bringing her crochet-work, and the ladies had a pleasant chat before the gentlemen came in to supper. They were both from their business offices, but just as fresh and lively as if there were no such things as business cares, those worrying ones which so often darken a man's brow when he enters the door of his "ain fireside." "Your husband is always so jolly and good-natured. It must be quite a pleasure to live with him," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Harris as they went to the table. "Ye-es," answered Mrs. Harris, with a slight hesitation, for she remembered—well, certain little things which happened at home now and then. "I'm afraid this tea is not strong enough," remarked Mrs. Jones as she passed Mr. Harris his cup. "Do you find it agreeable, Mr. Harris?" "Oh, delightful—delightful, mad am!" returned Mr. Harris, with a bland smile. "Strong tea is hurtful to the nerves, and keeps one awake at night, I think." "This wont, at all events," thought Mrs. Harris, as she sipped the tasteless fluid in her cup. "Have a bit more of the steak, Harris," said Mr. Jones. "Mollie, seems to me this is a little scorched." "Yes, it is," admitted Mrs. Jones, "I did not have very good luck with it this time. I'm very sorry, too." "Oh, it is very nice—very nice, indeed!" returned cordial Mr. Harris. "I think I will take another bit, Jones. If there is anything I like, it is steak just a bit scorched. Thank you; no more of the gravy. These are very fine biscuits, Mrs. Jones. I believe I must send my wife over to take lessons of you in cooking." Mrs. Harris looked up, in some surprise, and blushed a little, but did not say a word. She knew she was a better cook than Mrs. Jones, and at home Mr. Harris was not accustomed to be so very polite. Mrs. Jones was greatly flattered. "You're very good, I'm sure," she simpered. "I can generally cook; but it seems to me I always have the very worst luck when I have company." Mrs. Harris thought Mrs. Jones had met with bad luck this time. The cake was heavy and the preserves had soured; but Mr. Harris praised everything and declared he had enjoyed his supper immensely. "If he would only be as pleasant as

that at home!" sighed little Mrs. Harris as she walked through the street with her husband after they had taken leave of their friends. But she knew it would be useless to say a word. Coaxing would be lost in this case and scolding never accomplished anything. However, her woman's wit set to work to find some way to teach that husband of hers a lesson, and after a while the way was found.

The next evening supper was ready when Mr. Harris came home, and it was just as near as could be a counterpart of the supper at Jones' the night before. Weak tea, scorched beef-steak, biscuit only moderate, heavy cake and sour preserves. But Mrs. Harris was all calm and serenely unconscious.

"Come, Mamie, Georgie, supper is ready, and papa has come," she said, calling the two children, who came bounding in from their play.

"Hope you got somethin' good. I'm awful hungry," Master George exclaimed, while gentle little Mamie answered him: "I've 'shamed of you, Georgie! Mamma's suppers is always good." Mamma said nothing, only poured papa a cup of tea.

"Humph! is this tea or dishwater?" was his remark as he tasted it.

"You told Mrs. Jones strong tea hurt you," said Mrs. Harris, quietly. "Um—well—yes, I did!" said Mr. Harris, taken somewhat aback, "but I didn't mean such weak stuff as this. The steak is burned, too. It isn't fit to eat—such trash!"

"You told Mrs. Jones you were fond of scorched meat," remarked Mrs. Harris, as quietly as before.

Mr. Harris colored. "Well—but—I—not as black as this, though! Haven't you got any light bread? These biscuits are—not as good as usual."

Mrs. Harris brought a slice of bread and laid it beside his plate. He took it without saying a word.

"Why, ma, what ails your cake?" asked Georgie, as he took a bite of a huge slice.

"It's heavy as lead, that's what's the matter with it!" snapped Mr. Harris.

"You said Mrs. Jones's cake was delightful, and it was no better than this," responded his wife, in tones perfectly even and unruffled.

"Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Harris. "I don't like to eat such stuff at home, anyhow. And seems to me these preserves don't taste just right. I believe they are soured."

"I believe they are a little," returned Mrs. Harris, coolly.

"What did you put them on for, then? I think this is a delightful meal, I do—not a thing that is fit to eat!"

"I'm sorry if I didn't please you. I tried to especially," said Mrs. Harris, as coolly as before.

"Tried to?" "Yes. You said you were going to send me over to take lessons in cooking of Mrs. Jones. I took them at home, that's all. But I don't seem to succeed as well as she did."

"What on earth do you mean Sue?" "Don't you see? If you will think you will see that I have given you tonight just about what she gave us last night. But then, you remember, you praised everything until Mrs. Jones was perfectly satisfied."

"Bosh, Sue! Don't you know that was all for the sake of politeness?" "Oh, was it? Well, then we are to teach our children that politeness is only for company use, and not necessary at home."

"Why, no, of course not." "Then, if not, isn't it just as important to wear a smile and a kind face, and try to excuse little accidents at home, as when we are visiting? And if we don't grumble all the time we are among those who are mere strangers, have we a right to make those we love best miserable by doing so all the time at home?"

Mr. Harris was't going to own that he was beaten. What man would?

But he came round to his wife's chair and gave her a kiss, a thing a little unusual itself since his lover days were over, and said:

"You're a first-rate little preacher, Sue. I'll lend you to the church next year." And off he went.

But the lesson was not lost, for Mrs. Sue, who feared that perhaps she had said too much, and done harm instead of good, heard far less grumbling, and got many more smiles at home as the days went on, and if Mr. Harris seemed disposed to fall into his old ways, she would only say, archly:

"Haden't we better take tea with the Joneses again?" and he was on his guard at once.

There are very many more Mr. Harris at home who might do well to lay the lesson to heart also.

Let us humbly hope they will.

## A BROKEN HEART.

Miss Prince was the only daughter of a Pittsburg merchant and two years ago was wedded to Mr. Savage, of Baltimore. Six hours after the ceremony the train upon which they had started on their bridal tour was wrecked and the husband of less than a day was killed. The shock of the terrible calamity robbed the young wife for a time of her reason. From this mental death she recovered to go into a slow decline. All the blossoms of her life were withering, and the world once so robed in beauty and delight became a prison from which her spirit longed to be free. They took her across the sea, but the panorama of scene and incident had no power to renew the love of life and the young thing faded as a flower fades. At last they took her to the south of France, and there, amid the bloom of flowers—on the spot where Petrarch once sang song to Elvira—in the home of Leonardo da Vinci's exile—this fair American girl found the peaceful quiet of the grave. Our correspondent who relates the incident draws a vivid picture of the sorrowing family around the death-bed. The father overwhelmed with grief, the mother wild with despair, while a young sister clasping a hand of the dying girl looks with pallid face and rigid lips into the glazing eyes.

"The anguish is nearly over—my race of life is done," came in a feeble intonation from the lips of the dying.

"And you are willing to die?" asked a minister, bending low to catch the whispered utterance.

"Oh, so glad! Listen to me. I die, as many of my sex have done, of a broken heart. I had put my all of life and hope on the hazard of an earthly love and God has smitten me for my sin."

"It was no sin to love." "No, not to love—but to build an idol as I did—and to worship the creature instead of the Creator. I have been terribly punished. The horror of these two brief years no words can tell."

There was a flutter of the feeble heart. The blue eyes sheathed themselves 'neath palely tinted waxen lids, and the fair young form, once so full of subtle life, was frozen into death.—*Denver News.*

A DIAMOND EYE.—Tom Hood's clever tale of Miss Kilmansegge and her Golden Leg, is doubtless pure fiction, but a story, which is almost the exact counterpart of it, comes to us from Brussels, by way of Australia and the Melbourne *Argus*, apropos of a lady with a diamond eye, which, having lost her natural eye, she wore instead of a glass one. The truly brilliant orb sparkled so brightly and was so suggestive of riches that a Parisian adventurer married the lady on sight, took her to the gay city with him, and there, having squandered all her property, he one night decamped, carrying off her diamond eye, which she used to keep in a glass of water by the bedside. The deserted wife is now suing the pawnbroker who advanced money on it to her husband, for the recovery of the jewel.

And now comes the intelligence that from twenty to thirty thousand people have died in India from cholera while returning from a religious fair. It has been the general belief for a long time that church-fair ice cream is capable of almost anything.—*Courier-Journal.*

## A RAILROAD FOR ALEXANDER.

At an adjourned meeting of the citizens of Alexander county, held this day at the court house, W. P. Burke, was called to the chair, and R. P. Matheson was appointed secretary. Hon. R. Z. Linney explained that the object of the meeting was for the purpose of determining a route and arranging for the organization of a railroad from Taylorsville. That the citizens of Alexander county were suffering for want of cheaper and quicker means of communication with the markets of the country. Delegates were present from Mooresville and the enterprising town of Enochville, in the county of Rowan. There being no delegates from Statesville, authorized to speak for her, Maj. W. M. Robbins and Judge Furches being present, were asked to participate in the proceedings. These gentlemen stated that they were not positively credited to speak for Statesville, but that they believed that Statesville would be willing to aid in the construction of a railroad. Hon. M. L. McCorkle, in his usual public spirited way, which all who know him, know is characteristic of him, urged the propriety of a railroad to the markets of the country by the way of Newton; but said, that the citizens of Alexander county had waited long enough without railroad facilities, and that they must secure them, no matter from what quarter they come. After some remarks from Maj. Robbins and Judge Furches, the following resolution was submitted by the Rev. A. Carson:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the chair, whose duty it shall be to make a report at their meeting to ascertain what the citizens of Alexander county, and along the line can, and will do, towards constructing a Narrow Gauge railroad from Taylorsville to Troutman's Depot, on the A., T. & O. R. R. This resolution elicited much discussion. Dr. J. R. McCorkle, urged that it was the natural route for the products of Alexander county, and that for a century the products of the county had been wagoned by the farmers of Alexander county to Charlotte, and other markets, by that route. Judge Furches urged that by Statesville was the proper route; but was answered by Hon. R. Z. Linney and A. M. Bogle, that there was no charter for a Narrow Gauge railroad to Statesville, and that to attempt the cost of a Broad Gauge railroad was beyond the ability of the county. Mr. Bogle also reminded those gentlemen that Alexander county has been asking for a railroad for twenty years, but never found a responsive voice from Statesville, and that he was not certain that Statesville wants a railroad in this direction. Mr. Linney said that he was in favor of the resolution of Rev. Mr. Carson, and urged its passage. The resolution was seconded and was unanimously adopted by the citizens of Alexander county. The chairman appointed the following gentlemen on said committee, viz: Rev. A. Carson, Hon. R. Z. Linney, S. Lane, Dr. J. R. McCorkle and Capt. J. O. Moore. Said committee, after careful consideration, submitted the following report, by their chairman, Rev. A. Carson:

That it is the sense of this meeting that the people of Alexander county and South Iredell, prefer the route by the Mountain road to Troutman's Depot, on the A., T. & O. R. R., and that they will build and equip a Narrow Gauge railroad to that point, and that the work shall be commenced at Taylorsville and Troutman, and at all intermediate points at once, and for the speedy accomplishment of the same;

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the incorporators of the Charlotte & Taylorsville Railroad, be requested and urged to meet at Troutman's Depot, July 8th next, and there and then arrange for the purpose of opening books of subscription, and organizing said company in accordance with the charter as amended by the Legislature of 1879. This report was submitted by the chair, and was unanimously adopted.

W. P. BURKE, Clk.  
R. P. MATHESON, Sec.

## A WOMAN PEDESTRIAN.

Mrs. Mattie Potts, formerly of New York, reached this city yesterday morning about 10 o'clock en route on foot to New Orleans which place she expects to reach in about six or seven weeks from this time. She left Philadelphia at 11 o'clock on the 12th of last month. She is a woman of about thirty years of age, and has the look of one who can do the tramp, and is resolved to do that which no woman has done, walk from Philadelphia to New Orleans and back within five months, a distance, by the way, almost equal to that across the Atlantic to Queenstown.

Her route to this place was via Washington City, Charlottesville and Lynchburg, arriving at the *News* office at 10 yesterday morning, and remaining about one hour, when she left on her tramp southward, via Greensboro, Salisbury and Charlotte for her destination. She dresses neatly but plainly, wears a jaunty white straw hat trimmed with blue, and carries a small valise. She is unaccompanied, and intends to accomplish her journey alone.

The lady is a native of E. Lenton, N. C., but has lately been a resident of Philadelphia. During the journey she will keep a diary, and, from her notes, will write a book concerning the trip on her return. On her way she has lost five or six days, having stopped four days at the Monumental City to take part in the famous walking match which took place there some days ago.—*Davette (Va.) News.*

SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.—The Methodist Church South has procured subscriptions for \$221,000 of the \$300,000 necessary to rescue the Publishing House at Nashville from its creditors. The remaining \$79,000 must be taken by the first of July or the whole scheme fails. A circular has been issued from the Publishing House to the effect that if the amount is not raised there will be an end to all hope to relieve the embarrassment of the House, and that the disaster will be beyond remedy. The business of the publishing concern is reported in better condition than it was a year ago. Over \$10,000 of interest on the first mortgage bonds has been paid up to the 1st of May. There is a cash balance on hand of several thousand dollars and a fair stock of books. The committee is hopeful that if the building can be saved from the creditors the business in the future will pay its way. But that \$79,000 must come before the 1st of July.

PREACH THE GOSPEL.—An able preacher, stationed in a State capital, preached for months without any visible fruit of his labor. Lamenting this, in the presence of an aged member of his church, he was told: "No wonder; for you have not preached the gospel since you came among us. You have never preached a sermon on the New Birth." The reproof was not lost upon him. Sabbath after Sabbath succeeding he preached on the nature, necessity, evidences of regeneration. Soon God owned His word, and sent his blessing upon the well adapted means; a mighty revival occurred in the church, and many sinners were saved. If success is to attend the ministry it must use the right means, and not simply any that may come to hand, or such as for personal reasons may chance to be preferred.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Baltimore *Sun*: Col. Robert Ingersoll's burial service is calculated to reconcile many persons to die "in the bosom of the Church," in order to have sensible words spoken beside their graves. Such a ritual as Ingersoll's is worse than the thought of the "awkward squad" firing over his grave which inspired the dying poet Burns with such a feeling of horror.

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mrs. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John, (briskly)—"All right sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

## GLEANINGS.

He is an unfeeling wretch whose heart does not swell with pride on being recognized by the leader of a parading brass band.

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages, to which he replied, "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

When asked how the ladies were dressed at a fashionable party the other night, a modest youth replied: "About as much as the oyster on the half shell."

The *Norristown Herald* says you can't novvise a woman, who is cleaning house, that the wood work is clean until she has scrubbed nearly all the paint off.

Tacks on spirits: This is the time of year when Toodles comes in late, tries to steal up stairs in his stocking feet, and suddenly gives a yell like a Comanche.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A funeral procession in a Massachusetts town was halted on its way to the cemetery while the body was taken in to a photographer's gallery and photographed.

The very latest way to fight a duel, and one of the most satisfactory, has been discovered by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*: "Let each one of the combatants swallow a dose of poison, and then toss up for the emetic."

The man, says the *Norristown Herald*, who bored the first oil well, is still alive and residing at Bethlehem, Pa. The man who bored the first editor went to his grave years ago, "unwept, unhonored and unhung."

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little fan; she engaged in a flirtation with an ugly little man; he won her young affections which she gave to him for life, but the honeymoon was basted by the fellow's other wife.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A well known lawyer said yesterday in reference to the decision in favor of the Taxing district: "Well, as a citizen I am glad that it was done, but as a lawyer I'll be hanged if I can see how it was done."—*Memphis Appeal.*

*Andrews' Bazar* has the following: A rustic bridegroom was complimented by one of his acquaintances on the charming appearance of his bride. "She has the most lovely color I have ever seen," remarked the friend. "Yes, it ought to be good," pensively replied the groom; "she paid a dollar for just a little bit of it in a saucer."

Planets do not cost much to keep up, certainly; but it is a question whether we have not more planets on hands now than we can conveniently take care of. Couldn't the astronomers set their wits to work to discover another moon to do service on off-nights? We're rather short on moons at present.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Phelps to the twelve men of Worthington, Minn., who had convicted his daughter of selling cider without license, "all I've got to say is, you're a set of jackasses, and you may wave your ears over that solemn truth." Mr. Phelps was fined \$10 for contempt of court.

The Camden (N. J.) *Post* has the following, which reads as if it might be true: "How long will it be before you get this work done?" said a lady to an apprentice who was painting her house. "Well, I don't know, marm," said he; "the boss has just gone to look for another job; if he gets it I'll be done to-morrow, but if he don't I'm afraid it'll take me all next week."

Mr. Joy Gould has bought the St. Joseph (Mo.) railroad bridge over the Missouri river for \$600,000 as a private speculation. Every railroad car on the several roads crossing it will have to pay him \$4 to \$5, and the purchase, it is said, gives him complete control of the railroad communication in that region. The bridge has cost its bond and stockholders more than twice the amount he paid for it.—*Baltimore Sun.*