

# THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

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

\$2.00 a Year.

NEWTON, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

5 Cents a Copy.

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.  
Age for persons who make up clubs of ten, an extra copy will be sent free.

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1 week	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$10.00
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11 "	4.00	8.00	13.00	26.00	60.00
12 "	4.25	8.50	14.00	28.00	65.00

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.  
Transient advertisements payable in advance.  
Yearly advertisements semi-annually in advance.  
Advertisements discontinued before the time contracted for has expired, charged transient rates for the time actually published.  
Advertisements inserted in local column, charged twenty-five cents per line, unless otherwise contracted.  
No advertisement considered less than a square.  
Address all letters,  
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NEWTON, N. C.

## Affecting Obituary Poetry.

The three verses below are from the pen of the talented graveyard poet, G. W. Childs, A. M., of Philadelphia:

Put away the wooden boot-jack  
That our parent used to shy  
At the tom cats on the woodshed.  
Papa's home is in the sky.

Monday holes in father's trousers;  
Soon they'll fit our eldest son.  
Frame the verdict for the parlor;  
"Rotten barrels in the gun."

Mary, we shall always miss you;  
Gone will be your pleasant smile;  
Had the oil can been much larger  
You'd have gone about a mile.

**WORTH FIVE CENTS, ANYWAY.**—A young lady teacher in the Presbyterian Mission Sunday School, at Charlotte, says the *Observer*, offered a reward of ten cents to the members of her class for every new pupil they would bring. On the next Sunday one of them presented a young African, with the remark that he could not find a white child who was willing to join the band, but that he hoped she would consider the nigger worth five cents, anyway.

**TOO MUCH SLEEP INJURIOUS.**—Too much sleep blunts the nervous system, impairs memory, enfeebles muscular energy, and is apt to produce inordinate fat. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; that is they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that overindulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until 8 or 9 in the morning, the last two hours at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep, where the hour of retiring is 8 or 9 in the evening, but are spent in dozing, and in fact, such excess cannot fail to insure harmful results, and establish habits of indolence which last through a lifetime.

**YOUNG WOMEN BUTCHERING EACH OTHER.**—Louisa Wise and Margaret Downing, two young ladies of Accomac, Va., on Monday, had a mortal combat, growing out of jealousy about a young man. They met, one being provided with a stout club and the other with a pitchfork, and the battle commenced. As Miss Downing rushed at the other she was met by the three tined fork, which was driven into her breast. The next instant she struck Miss Wise a stunning blow on the head, which staggered her, and followed it up by a second blow, which felled her to the ground. Miss Wise soon regained her feet, and, assuming the offensive, impaled Miss Downing's hands on the prongs of the fork. Again she received a blow on the head from the club, which felled her to the ground. While in this position she thrust the pitchfork, into Miss Downing's face, making three terrible wounds. By this time both were weakened by loss of blood and dropped to the ground insensible. In this position they were found by some neighbors, who gave the alarm. Both girls were terribly injured, and the attending physician is said to have little hope of their recovery.

## THREE YEARS IN BATTLE AND THREE IN PRISON.

BY RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL.  
CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Personal Narrative continued.—School Boy politics, and a taste of mob-law.—Preparing to cross the Rubicon.—Great Battle at Bull Run.—How North Carolina saved the day.—A Farewell to youth, and school days.—Starting on foot to run the Blockade.—Visit to Thomas Bayard at Wilmington, Delaware.

At length, on a fair spring morning there came an end to all debate, though not to mental tribulation and distress. The bombardment of Sumpter had begun! Forty-eight hours later, and the Fort had fallen! Forty-eight hours later, and Lincoln's call came over the wires! War, cruel, civil war, the deadliest, savagest, wickedest of modern wars, was come at last!

And now that the barbarous test of force was upon the country, the personal test of Manliness fell upon all Southern men. Regardless of previous views, oblivious to individual wishes or interests, each true son of the South must take his stand,—to live, or die, for Dixie!

My own resolution, I trust it is needless to say was taken instantly. Had it been possible, I should have started southward by first train. But my situation was exceedingly distressing. I was utterly without funds for traveling, and there were certain small debts which I could not think of leaving uncancelled. Col. H—, the legal guardian of a small estate inherited by me in Massachusetts had sent me a pretty large sum in the spring, and refused to advance another dollar until fall. My father, supposing I would draw upon that source as needed, had not sent remittances for some time. Mail communication, which had been so precarious that only by accident a letter escaped the embargo of acquisitive loyalty, now abruptly ceased. The last letter from home, like many preceding ones, urged me to adhere to my studies, regardless of political excitement. For once, the wisdom and foresight of my venerated father were at fault, since he was quite sanguine of peace until the last. An extensive acquaintance with all sections of the country, made him value the Union so highly he could not believe there would really be a bloody war. Many similar storms had blown over in safety. "But even should a conflict ensue," he wrote, "of what use could you be, a mere lad of sixteen, delicate, and unused to hardships of any kind? If you desire to be of real service to the South, do not waste an hour, push for college, complete your education, then you may lead, whereas now you could not even follow, for you would quickly break down. Alas! it war should come, which may God forbid! there will be no lack of opportunity for fighting, years hence!"

This, of course, was prior to Lincoln's proclamation of war. And now the lines were drawn, and all communication cut off! Letters were sent to me through many routes, but none came to hand, while my own lugubrious epistles also fell by the wayside. Col. H., an abolitionist, like all his generation, and surmising by sudden anxiety for money, vouchsafed no word of reply.

The weeks of waiting which followed were among the most dismal and distressing of my existence.

### A DECISIVE TRUNK TRADE.

Having somewhat regained strength and despairing of relief, I determined to make the long journey on foot. Through the aid of a schoolmate who had lived in Florida and was friendly toward our people, my valuable lexicons, and articles of room furniture, were made to pay the debts alluded to. Another student, without knowing how great a boon he was conferring, offered me \$2 as a bonus to exchange my fine trunk for his old one. Never were eight quarter-dollars more greedily pocketed. Hastening to my room, I packed an old satchel, and drew a rough chart of the routes Southward, with distances, etc. As I may be supposed these preparations

were made with a sad heart, and not a few misgivings as to the consequences of the step to be taken on the morrow. It was such a crossing of the Rubicon as rarely happens at so early an age. It was more than mere giving up school, acquaintance, property, comfort;—it was a complete cutting loose from boyhood, to assume the responsibilities and perils of manhood, both magnified by youth's inexperience. Risk, indeed, began at once; for had any of the students whom I had rather roughly handled in rashly resenting allusions to "rebels" and "traitors," earlier in the year, now seen fit to denounce me to the authorities I should have been arrested immediately, notwithstanding the circumstances.

To the credit of my classmates, I will state that instead of betraying me, several of the older boys, getting suspicion of my intentions, quietly dropped in to express their regret. Four of them decided to accompany me to Chester, six miles distant, lest there should be trouble with some of the town "roughs."

Old Mr. G., the Preceptor, made no effort to dissuade me, though he did not at all believe I could escape into Dixie. The war he considered would soon engulf the whole land, and there would be little use to shirk its responsibilities. His wife gave me a package of food, and both walked with me to the gates of the grounds to give me farewell and a blessing!

### EN ROUTE.

The four schoolmates who were in my confidence kindly carried my satchel to the old town of Chester, on the Delaware, where I could take the steamer *Ariel* for Wilmington, Del., thereby lessening the risk of recognition on the trains, all of which were guarded by soldiers, and daily searched while being ferried over the Sasquahanna at Havre-de-Grasse. The fare took one-eighth of my cash, but a man cannot travel without some expense! Young Chas. N. had volunteered to escort me to the house of the Preceptor's oldest son, his cousin, who resided in Wilmington. Mr. G., an ardent Republican, showed no excessive gladness to receive the visitation, but eventually relaxed, and after tea accompanied me down town to point out the residence of Senator Bayard, from whom I hoped to obtain some clue to the reported "Under-Ground-Route" for escaping through the Yankee lines into Virginia. Both the Senator and his brother Thomas were then under a cloud. The little State of Delaware, though nominally slave-holding, held very little of the troublesome property; and though the old rural families secretly sympathized with the South, the large city of Wilmington, and the other railroad towns, had imported enough Northern workmen to turn the elections. So, while the Bayards (locally pronounced "By-ards") decidedly opposed coercion, they also opposed secession.

On the next morning I bade adieu to the G—s, and N—, my last acquaintance, and set out tramping down the Delaware in the vanguard of finding, at some of the small ports, a Southward-bound vessel, whereon I could secure passage in exchange for personal service. Not until after the war did I learn that my Wilmington friends followed me for several miles to make sure of my getting safely out of town, as my appearance, they considered, "suspiciously Southern," and the land was filled with spies.

The early morning was delightful. The road ran along the beach of the broad river with scores of white sailed vessels ploughing along under a fresh breeze within stone's throw of me, as I walked; while on the other side of the highway were a succession of immense peach orchards, loaded with delicious fruit, which has given this whole region the title of "The Great American Peachery."

But the sun grew oppressive ere New Castle was reached, and the sandy little town seemed so uninviting that I did not dare to stop lest a gruff rebuff should bring discouragement ere the long and perilous journey were scarce begun.

Nine miles farther down the river was the little village of Delaware City, directly opposite to that mass of granite on an island in mid-stream, which was soon to become ever infamous as "Fort Delaware." Little did I dream that within only about three years hence, I should be cooped with 12,000 other suffering Southerners on the slimy "Pea Patch," longing for even a glimpse of the green fields of Delaware City!

### A LUCKY MISHAP.

As nothing could be done on the Delaware, I decided to strike across the State, (this sounds large, but the State is small) to the head of the Chesapeake Bay. By this time I had learned my unfitness for the vocation of 'tramp.' Although an hungered, I dare not ask for food; was thirsty, but dreaded the big dog at the well; and was wearied almost to exhaustion by the eighteen miles of trudging in deep sand, under a mid-summer sun, yet could not stop. My satchel (let no man call it a "carpet-bag!") had grown heavy as lead, and a pair of tight-fitting thin-soled, high heeled boots proved a first-class Purgatorial contrivance in such a country. So that, when a passing wagoner agreed to allow me to ride a few miles, for a consideration, I disbursed another 'quarter,' and fell into deep sleep upon his grainstacks. Thereupon the rascal, seeing that I was unused to such travel, took the idea that I also was a rogue,—and flying from justice. He therefore turned his team and had carried me six miles toward town when I awoke, and chanced to recognize a peculiar barn near a cross road I had passed earlier in the day. After some remonstrance, I seized my satchel, and stout stick, and sprang over the rear-board of the wagon. He was not as courageous as he was rascally, and did not attempt to stop me. It was only by the rarest accident that I recognized the ground, for ordinarily I walked along looking neither to right or left, and might have been carried directly into the camp of the enemy without suspecting it.

### THE WHEAT FLY SURVIVES.

An intelligent farmer, who resides a short distance from the city, reported yesterday that the snow failed to kill the fly which has done so much damage to the wheat crop. This is rather bad news for the farmers who imagined that they would be rid of the pest with the first fall of snow or the first hard freeze. The damage already done is more extensive than has been reported. In one section of the county, so we are informed by a reliable farmer, two fields of wheat have been completely destroyed—will not, from present appearances, yield two bushels to the acre. This, however, was in a section of the county where the fly first made its appearance. It is stated that when they once besiege a field, they never leave it till they have cut down every stalk, and seem to increase in number at the rate of about a hundred per cent. a day. A curious fact in connection with the insect is that they can be driven from a field by the use of brushes, and it is related that one farmer with his family of four or five persons succeeded in about a half a day, in ridding a twenty-acre field of them, driving them out as they would a drove of turkeys. They leap like grasshoppers, a distance of four or five feet at a time, and it is noticed that they incline to move eastward.—*Charlotte Observer.*

We might be misled into believing that as Grant's strength is so great he would antagonize the other candidates, and that they would in this event combine their forces to defeat him. But this difficulty will not occur. For Grant will not suffer from the ill that may befall either Sherman or Blaine. Each of these candidates may and will probably be too strong for a compromise, and not strong enough to be elected. This will not be Grant's fate. He will be strong enough to enter upon his own way and to march over it in triumph, not needing just a few votes more to win success, and disdaining to be the second choice of a majority in the convention.—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

## STATE NEWS.

**Goldsboro Messenger:** Several of our exchanges are giving space to articles exposing the humbuggery of agents who are traveling through the State selling Swedish clover. It is claimed that the article is not only a fraud but a veritable pest to farmers.

**Concord Sun:** The county treasurer has been busy this week cashing county fence orders. The cost for building the fence around the county is one cent for every rail laid, and the total will foot up about \$3,700. The treasurer is cashing the orders as fast as they come in.

A revenue storekeeper in Montgomery county, who refused to let a young man have as much beer as he could drink, was shot by the latter, the ball entering his cheek and carrying away several teeth. The storekeeper after being shot knocked his assailant down with a rock and gave him a beating, and then had him jailed.

The Raleigh *Christian Advocate*, speaking of the telephone recently put in Christ church, that city, says "this will do very well for sick people, but well people ought not to avail themselves of this lazy way of hearing the Gospel. In fact, the singing is as much a part of the worship as any other and the congregation could hardly sing by telephone, and we should pity the poor preacher that had to preach to empty benches and sounding telephones."

**Concord Sun:** A crowd gathered in Walter & Corl's store Saturday, to witness the destruction of oranges by two county men who had offered to pay twenty-five cents each for the privilege of eating as many oranges as they could. The storekeepers unwisely accepted the offer, and they went to work. As the fiftieth orange disappeared, and the buttons began to break from their vests and pants, they desisted. One ate twenty-four and the other twenty-six.

**Reidsville Times:** A Mr. Yarboro, in Caswell county, sold the other day to the editor of the *Milton Chronicle*, for three dollars, a piece of mad stone scarcely larger than a finger's end. It is black and porous, shines as if polished, and when applied is first dipped in hot water. Mr. Yarboro claimed it would relieve headache as well as cure all poisonous bites. It is the same as the Painter stone. There is said to be a quarry of mad stones in Person county.

### How to get Rain.

Gen. Ruggles' plan for making rain to order by exploding dynamite in balloons recalls the scheme proposed by Prof. E-py, some years ago, for producing rain over the whole country at once. It is a well-known fact that large conflagrations tend to cause rain by sending warm, moist air into the upper regions of the atmosphere, where the vapor condenses and descends again in showers. As rain storms in the United States have a general motion eastward, in the summer time, a line of fires, extending 500 or 600 miles in a north and south direction, should be started in the far west. This, he calculated, would produce a belt of rain that would sweep sideways across the country, lasting only two or three hours in any one place, and finally passing the Atlantic seaboard to carry grateful showers and welcome breezes to becalmed and sun-warped vessels many miles out at sea. The trouble with these schemes for improving upon nature is, that the Rain Bureau would never be able to satisfy all the people to be rained on. One farmer might want a shower to revive his parching crops, another would wish fair weather in order to harvest his hay. Rain storms are unruly, and a good smart shower, started for the benefit of New Jersey agriculture, might easily escape across the North river and pounce upon the unsuspecting shoppers and pedestrians in Broadway.

Upon the whole, it would seem to be wisest to let nature continue to regulate the rain rather than turn that duty over to Gen. Ruggles, of Virginia, or Prof. E-py.—*New York Sun.*

## The Colonel's Experiment.

There are some folks who think it awful wicked for a husband and wife to sit down together of an evening and play cards, while others can't see where the harm comes in.

"Why," said the Colonel, a few days ago, when the subject of card playing was under discussion; "does any one pretend that my wife and I can't play a few games of euchre without disputing and arguing, and getting mad over it? Loafers can't, perhaps, but we could play for a thousand years and never have a word—yes, we could."

The others shook their heads in a dubious way, and the nettled Colonel walked straight to a stationer's and bought the nicest pack he could find. That evening, when his wife was ready to sit down to her fancy work, he produced the cards and said:

"May, I was told to-day that you and I couldn't play cards without disputing and getting into a row. Darling, draw up here."

"Dearest, we will not have a word of dispute—not one," she replied, as she put away her work.

The Colonel shuffled away and dealt and turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed, as she looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up, anyhow," growled the Colonel, as his chin fell, all his other cards being black.

"Play to that," she said, as she put down the joker.

"Whoever heard of anybody leading out in trumps," he exclaimed; "why don't you lead out with an ace?"

"Oh, I can play this hand."

"You can, eh? Well, I'll make it the sickest play you ever saw! Ha! took all the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd encourage you a little. Give me the cards—it's my deal."

"You dealt before."

"No, I didn't."

"Why, yes you did! We have only played one hand."

"Well, go ahead and deal all the time if you want to. I'll make two off your deal anyhow. What's trump?"

She turned up a club. He had only the nine-spot, but he scratched his head, puckered his mouth, and seemed to want to order it up. The bluff didn't work. She took it up and he led an ace of hearts.

"No hearts, eh?" he shouted, as she trumped it; "refusing suit is a regular loafer's trick. I'll keep an eye on you. Yes, take it—and that—and that—and all of 'em! It's mighty queer where you got all those trumps. Stocked the cards on me, did you?"

"Now, dear, I played as fair as could be and made two, and if I make one on your deal I'll skunk you."

"I'd like to see you make one on my deal!" he puffed. "I've been fooling along to encourage you, but now I'm going to beat you out of sight. Diamonds are trump."

She passed, and he took it up on two small trumps. He took the first trick, she the next two, he the fourth, and when he put out his last trump she had the joker.

"Skunked! Skunked!" she exclaimed, as she clapped her hands in glee.

"You didn't follow suit!"

"Oh, yes I did."

"I know better! You refused spades!"

"But I hadn't any."

"You hadn't eh? Why didn't you have any? I never saw a hand yet without at least one spade in it!"

"Why, husband, I know how to play cards."

"And don't I? Wasn't I playing euchre when you were learning to walk! I say you stocked the cards on me!"

"No I didn't. You are a poor player; you don't know how to lead!"

"I—I—why, maybe I'm a fool, and maybe I don't know anything, and so you can play alone and have all the trumps every time!"

He pushed back, grabbed his paper, wheeled around to the gas, and it was nearly thirty-six hours before he smiled again. Nevertheless, no one else ever had a dispute over cards.—*Detroit Free Press.*