

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 28, 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.
For persons who make up clubs of ten, an extra copy will be sent free.

ADVERTISING RATES:	
	Per Line
1 week	\$1.00
2 "	1.50
3 "	2.00
4 "	2.50
5 "	3.00
6 "	3.50
7 "	4.00
8 "	4.50
9 "	5.00
10 "	5.50
11 "	6.00
12 "	6.50

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

Tired Out.

[Can any one tell who is the author of these delicate and tender lines?]
He does well who does his best;
Is he weary? let him rest.
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft in vain,
Buffed, yet to struggle vain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain,
Let me rest. But lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
Where the winds a-Maying go;
Where the footpath rattleth o'er,
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God,
Where his pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throats sing,
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the waiting plover sings,
Near the sunset's rushing springs!
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore.
Still will read old Barnades o'er,
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child that sleeth best
On its mother's gentle breast.

ASININE GIGGLERS.—If anything under heaven or above the other place, could intensify our contempt for the pigmy standards of intellectuality which prevail among average American congressmen—who are too often selected on the principle of sending the man that can be best spared from the district—it would be the pock-marks of [laughter]—[great laughter]—[continuous laughter]—[uproarious laughter]—that break out all through every report of a speech made by such insane jumping jacks as Sam Cox, and Horr, of Michigan. We have just had a whole nitroglycerine explosion of this idiotic cauchination, giggling and horse laughter in brackets. And yet, if there is one really witty or funny idea, sentiment, paragraph or phrase, from beginning to end, in anything they or any of their associate wildings have uttered this session, we are willing to be taken for a third-rate hearse mule, and made haul dead darkeys to a poorhouse boneyard the rest of natural life.—*Dealwood Pioneer.*

The manufacture of beet sugar is without doubt a paying industry abroad. France makes all of her own sugar, and, we believe, supplies a considerable demand for it from beyond her limits. There have been experiments in New Jersey and further west that are said to have been successful. The report of Prof. Ledoux last year on the quantity of saccharine matter in beets raised in North Carolina was very satisfactory. The practical difficulty in the case, we apprehend, will be found to be obtaining the beets. They are not easily cultivated, requiring too much attention for any one person to make a large crop. If the residents of any neighborhood would agree for each to put an acre in sugar beets, enough by that means could be raised to supply a sugar factory; otherwise the experiment would fail for want of material. Eastern North Carolina is admirably adapted to their culture, for we have a sufficient amount of moisture during the summer to keep the beet succulent and prevent its becoming stringy and hard before it fully matures.—*Raleigh Observer.*

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—Preparations 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.

Fearful of pursuit, I took the first turn-off to the left, and hobbled for several miles as rapidly as possible, considering the condition of my feet which were swollen until each step was a battery of needle-thrusts. This torture became unbearable. The boots were cut in pieces to get them off; to put them on again would have required a compressing machine. The only resource was to spend two or three hours bathing the inflamed members in a rivulet.

While thus engaged, I was startled by a gruff voice saying—"Who are you?" A big man with a big club had emerged from the bushes immediately behind me.

"Oh, I am all right!"—said I, with desperate attempt to look as dangerous as he. "Well,"—said the Good Samaritan, for such he proved to be—"I kinder thought you might be in trouble, you've been sittin' here so long." The kindly tone gave confidence, and after some conversation, it came out that the G. S. had been out hunting cattle, that he lived in the adjacent hamlet of Red Lion, and was named Todd, an undertaker by trade, or, as he cheerfully expressed it,—I fits folks with buryin' furnitur'. But a generous hearted man was Mr. Todd, and he knew how to make people comfortable above, as well as under, ground. For, picking up my valise, he led the way to his neat brick-house, in the village; showed me to a nice chamber, with bath attached, very grateful in such weather; and his pretty young wife did the honors of an excellent dinner with surprising gracefulness and hospitality. After dinner as all sat upon the porch, within sight of the canal, (the Delaware and Raritan) a boatsman's horn was heard, and Mr. T. catching up my baggage, boots and all, cried—"come as fast as you can while I run ahead to see if the captain of yonder boat, who is a friend of mine, won't take you down to Chesapeake, eighteen miles from here." I bade adieu to Mrs. T., and hobbled on, very grateful for all this kindness. Whether the family were Southerners, and saw that I was one, or whether they acted through sheer sympathy for suffering, it is impossible to say.

ON THE "RAGIN CANAWL."
A very rough fellow was the boatman, momentarily raising a string of oaths as long as his mule train; but he gave me the only stool on the deck of his gallant craft, and as we slowly glided out of view of Red Lion, I concluded I had met three "blessings in disguise" that day, not excepting the money-making teamster.

The canal is, in the main, an old creek deepened and widened, so that large vessels use it to pass from Chesapeake Bay into the Delaware without making the tedious journey around the Capes, thereby greatly lessening the distance between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The Southern end of the canal is at a village called Chesapeake City, at the head of the Bay, into which a huge lock gives admittance.

Along the whole way, the untutored, but much tooing "captain," gave me "sailor's yarns" and "fish stories," with a gusto which showed he found his customary daily trip rather monotonous, as his beloved Mule-Motor did not carry passengers. Indeed, his pleasure at having a listener who accepted all his tales of the "ragin canawl" and the "vasty deep," without questioning, was so great, that he did me a real service. We had reached the Chesapeake, and I was sitting upon the wharf, eating a dime's worth of cheese and crackers for supper, while the strong damp breeze from off the Bay made me shiver at thought of

spending the night amid the lumber-piles (as I designed doing,) when a voice "interlarded with strange oaths," as the poet puts it, called through the darkness in search of that "long-haired lubberly son of gun"—myself, afore-said. He came to tell me that a steamer was coming down the canal bound for Washington, and I could get on board when she was passing through the lock. This, he explained, was the "darndest piece of luck;" because it wasn't often that vessels took that route for ports as far South as Washington. The steamer proved to be the *W. W. Whidden*, formerly a Philadelphia and Charleston packet, recently chartered by the Lincoln government, and now on her way to report for service as a transport. In this fact there were seeds of disaster to my hopes. The canal "captain" called on the sea captain in my behalf, but was put aside with the curt response that his bark belonged to the government and didn't carry passengers. Meanwhile no time was to be lost, as the steamer was already surging into the lock. Accordingly, to make a sure thing of it, I walked off, and passing to the other gang way, walked on again; descended to the ladies' cabin, and asked the stewardess for a cup of tea, as I "felt quite exhausted." Ere she returned, the great lock gate had been thrown open; the *Whidden's* wheels were churning the waters of the Bay, and the lights on shore were growing dim.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Another Real Romance.

The following story has come to the hearing of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*: "Many years ago there was a young fellow named Bigelow sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in grand style at the University. Suddenly the old gentleman broke up and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at work his old associates cut him and refused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies with whom he had been a great favorite failed to recognize him when they met him. One day when going from his work he met a friendly young lady who had been his friend. He had his tin dinner bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as all the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressing him as 'Tom,' and insisted that he should call and see her as he had always done. She said, 'There is no change in you as far as I am concerned.' The years rolled on. The young work-boy became immensely wealthy, and is now the mayor of New Haven, with an income of \$100,000 a year, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's indebtedness, and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young work-boy at college."

Raleigh *Observer*: There were in North Carolina, in 1870, in farms, improved, woodlands, and unimproved, 19,835,410 acres. Of this 5,253,742 acres were improved, over one million acres less than we had in 1860, or about 26 per cent. of the whole. To this may be added 13,000,000 acres of wild lands, making an area of 33,000,000 acres in round numbers. The average size of our farms at that date was 212 acres. We had at that date a population of 1,071,361, or about 21 to the square mile. Of this population only 45 per cent. over ten years of age, were at work, the remaining 55 per cent. doing nothing. We had at this time 397,962 native North Carolinians living in our own States, while we had living in our own midst only 3,929 citizens of foreign birth.

Harvesting on a Large Dakota Farm.

Ride over these fertile fields of Dakota, and behold the working of this latest triumph of American genius. You are in a sea of wheat. On the farms managed by Oliver Dalrymple are 13,000 acres in one field. There are other farmers who cultivate from 160 to 6,000 acres. The railroad train rolls through an ocean of grain. Pleasant the music of the rippling waves as the waves as the west wind sweeps over the expanse. We encounter a squadron of war chariots, not such as once swept over the Delta of the Nile in pursuit of an army of fugitive Israelites, not such as the warriors of Rome were wont to drive, with glittering knives projecting from the axles to mow a swath through the ranks of an enemy, to drench the ground with blood, to cut down the human race, as it men were noxious weeds, but chariots of peace, doing the work of human hands for the sustenance of men. There are twenty-five of them in this one brigade of the grand army of 115, under the marshaling of this Dakota farmer. A superintendent upon a superb horse, like a brigadier directing his forces, rides along the line, accompanied by his staff of two on horseback. They are fully armed and equipped, not with swords, but the implements of peace—wrenches, hammers, chisels. They are surgeons in waiting, with nuts and screws, or whatever may be needed.

This brigade of horse artillery sweeps by in echelon—in close order, reaper following reaper. There is a sound of wheels. The grain disappears an instant, then reappears; iron arms clasp it, hold it a moment in their embrace, wind it with wire, then toss it disdainfully at your feet. You hear in the rattling of the wheels the mechanism saying to itself, "See how easy I can do it!"

An army of "shockers" follow the reapers, setting up the bundles to ripen before threshing. The reaping must ordinarily all be done in fifteen days, else the grain becomes too ripe. The first fields harvested, therefore are cut before the ripening is complete. Each reaper, averages about fifteen acres per day, and is drawn by three horses or mules.

The reaping ended, threshing begins. Again memory goes back to early years, to the pounding out of the grain upon the threshing floor with the flail—the slow, tedious work of the winter days. Poets no more will rehearse the music of the flail. The picture for February in the *Farmers' Almanac* is obsolete. September is the month for threshing, the thrasher doing its 600 or 700 bushels per day, driven by a steam engine of sixteen horse power. Remorseless that sharp toothed devonier, swallowing its food as fast as two men can cut the wire baus, requiring six teams to supply its demands! And what a carcass of grain pours from its spout faster than two men can bag it!

The latest triumph invention in this direction is a straw-burning engine, utilizing the stalks of the grain for fuel. The cost of raising wheat per bushel is from thirty-five to forty cents; the average yield from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. The nearness of these lands to Lake Superior, and the rates established by the railroad—fifteen cents per bushel from any point between Bismark and Duluth—give the Dakota farmers a wide margin of profit.

Since the first furrow was turned in the Red River Valley, in 1870, there has been no failure of crops from drought, excessive rains, blight, mildew, rust, or other influence of climatology. The chinchebug has not made its appearance; the grasshoppers alone have troubled the farmers, but they have disappeared, and the fields are smiling with bounty. With good tilth, the farmer may count upon a net return of from eight to ten dollars per acre per annum. The employment of capital has accomplished a beneficent end by demonstrating that the region, instead of being incapable of settlement, is one of the fairest sections of the continent. Nor is it a

wonder that the land offices are besieged by emigrants making entries, or that the surveyors find the lands "squatted" upon before they can survey them; that hotels are crowded; that on every hand there is activity. During the months of May, June and July, 1879, the sales of government land were nearly 700,000 acres, and the entries for the year will probably aggregate 1,500,000, taken in homestead, pre-emption and free claims. There are other millions of acres, as fair and fertile, yet to be occupied.—*C. C. Coffin, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Twelve Years Without Sleep.

Thomas McElrath, of Marlboro, U. T., has for a number of years lived about a mile west of that village. He is a farmer in fair circumstances, as also a cultivator of berries. The strange peculiarity of McElrath is, that for nearly twelve years he has not slept a wink. He tried everything to woo the drowsy god, but all to no purpose. Medicines of various kinds were unavailing and he remained the wonder for miles around. A few years ago an account of this remarkable case was published and was copied by newspapers throughout the land. McElrath at that time offered a large sum of money to any person who would make him sleep. He received offers and advice through the mails from patent medicine venders and leading physicians throughout the United States and Canada. One San Francisco man was positive he could "fix him," but he didn't. The long, weary nights passed on, month after month, but McElrath slept not. Some persons insinuated that he slumbered and was not aware of the fact. His family and neighbors sat up night after night and watched, but "not a wink of sleep did Thomas have. The fact that McElrath remained in good health and gained, instead of losing flesh, and continued to work hard daily throughout the summer season, was what philosophers and physicians alike could not explain. McElrath was indeed a phenomenon and his case without a parallel. He was positive that he did not sleep and invited investigation, but his hours of wakefulness came to an ending on Friday night of last week, when, for the first time in over eleven years, he slept one long delicious sleep, and awoke on the following morning refreshed and happy. Words were inadequate to express his feelings, both of surprise and pleasure. Since then he has slept naturally every night, and to all present appearances he will not lack for the necessary sleep hereafter. McElrath was born in the North of Ireland. He is a rigid Presbyterian, and for many years an attendant of the Marlboro Presbyterian church.

KILLED BY AN OAT SEED.—Ezra R. Here, residing at No. 3 Hovey avenue, was seized last Thursday with spasms and cramps, from which he recovered somewhat, but was again attacked on Tuesday, when Dr. Akin was called, who found the man on his arrival in a state of collapse (or nearly pulseless.) The patient rapidly sank and died Tuesday night. Yesterday Dr. Akin held an autopsy of the case, which revealed some novel and interesting facts. It appears that at some time Mr. Here had swallowed an oat, which, entering the stomach, had entered the appendix, or blind sac, situated at the base of the ascending colon. The oat, after lodging in the appendix, caused ulceration of the organs of the stomach in immediate contact with the appendix. The oat finally worked its way through and perforated the appendix, which, combined with the ulcerations, caused death.—*Troy (N. Y.) Whip.*

A ROCHESTER PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.—R. Coulkins, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., certifies Oct. 6th, 1879, that he has used the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in his practice for diseases of the kidneys and liver, and the result has been satisfactory in the extreme. He says: "I would now prescribe the same remedy to all similarly afflicted, and you are at liberty to state in your testimonials."—*Advt.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Pittsburg Synod of the Lutheran Church has requested Rev. Dr. C. P. Krauth, vice-president of the University of Pennsylvania, to prepare a life of Luther.

The native churches of Southern Africa, gathered from the Bechuana, Hottentot and Kafir races, have now enrolled about 60,000 men and women who have professed faith in Christ.

During the year 1879 there were organized in the State of Nebraska twenty new Presbyterian Churches, with an aggregate membership of 340, or an average of seventeen members to each Church.

Bishop Matthew Simpson, tall, slender, white-haired, pale and round-shouldered, has been delighting the Methodists of Atlanta, Georgia, with his eloquence. He has been the guest of Governor Colquitt.

The editor and publisher of the *St. Louis Advocate* were recently sued for \$50,000. The court gave a verdict against them for two cents. Their subscription list is increasing or they could not stand such drains on their finances.

Parents should teach their children that God is goodness and love; that the rules which He has laid down for the government of the world are His will and wish for us; that even frost and cold, and even sickness and pain, are for our good, and that we must trust that He has some good reason when He makes us strong, and brave and healthy.

Buck Swain the Editor.

Mr. Swain was about the second editor of the *Greensboro Patriot*. He was a brilliant, witty and fearless writer. At one time he and a Mr. Jackson, a long legged, half parson editor of a Danville paper, had a right severe controversy. Each was a stranger to the other. Jackson vowed to whip Swain, and Swain heard it. He knew they would meet at Wentworth court. Mr. Swain drove up one night and stopped at the hotel in Wentworth, then kept by Mr. Holderby. Some three or four—among them Jackson—were sitting around the fire and were discussing Buck Swain at the time. He quietly sat down and asked:

"Is that Mr. Swain, of Greensboro, you are speaking of, gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir, do you know him?" said Jackson.

"Yes, I met him this morning; he offered me a seat in his buggy, but he was so heavily armed, with two pistols and a bowie knife, that I thought best not to come with him. I believe he expects a difficulty with a man named Jackson."

There was a dead silence for a while, then Jackson ordered his horse and said he had promised faithfully a friend in the country to stay with him that night, and it was high time he was going.

Mr. Swain once did the Legislature up and they had him before them for the article he wrote. At the same time there was a Dr. Swaine who was a member. When the Sergeant-at-Arms was sent out it happened that he and the old Doctor, his name-sake, were both in Turner's bookstore. The officer stepped up and asked him if his name was Swain. He pointed to the Doctor. The officer then told the Doctor he was ordered to arrest him and bring him before the committee. The old gent was thunderstruck, and couldn't understand it, but he went with him, and the fun soon leaked out. When Mr. Swain did go, he was ordered to apologize before the bar of the House. His apology was worse than the offence. His words had been that the members of the Legislature were not fit to drive hogs. His apology was that they were fit.—*Reidsville Times.*

It is saddening to see our hair blossoming for the grave too early. More especially do women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to men. Ayer's Hair Vigor averts it and restores the hair sometimes, and its original color always.—*Advt.*