

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

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

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The Happy Hour.

The busy day is over, The household work is done; The cares that fret the morning Have faded with the sun; And in the tender twilight I sit in happy rest, With my darling little baby Asleep upon my breast.

THE SALVATION ARMY AT WORK.

The "salvation army," which arrived in New York from England a few days ago, made its first attack on the sinners of the metropolis on Sunday last, although, according to all accounts, with but indifferent success.

A man in Newton, Massachusetts, has invented and patented a ballot-box that he claims is fraud-proof. If this is the case, he has struck a very valuable thing, that as the ancients used to say, "will fill a long felt want."

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—Preparings 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.

Investing half of my last half dollar in a shabby breakfast, and depositing my satchel with the saloon-keeper, I sallied forth to visit the Lincolnite Chiefs, an errand so absurdly hopeless, and so plainly dangerous, that on retrospect I fail to comprehend how any one should have been so 'green' as to undertake it.

Gen. Scott's headquarters were at Willard's Hotel, and as it happened he was standing in the door-way, about to take a horse to visit the camps on Arlington heights.

Selecting the mildest looking of the brass-buttoned, gold-epauleted, red-belted sons of Mars, clanking their swords and jangling their big spurs on the pavement, I ventured amid fear and trembling to ask if he would introduce me to the General.

man to the Recruiting station, on the next block! Gentlemen, to horse! Then, climbing heavily into his magnificent saddle, he galloped off to the Southward, followed by a clattering troop, leaving the impression upon my mind that he well deserved his reputation for pomp and parade, though assuredly a gallant soldier in younger days and a better cause.

WANDERING AROUND TOWN.

Naturally I felt very much set back on finding myself marched to a recruiting station, but retained self-possession sufficiently to thank the Orderly at the door, and spend some time talking with the officer at the desk. It was observable that not a single other recruit was present; the recent battle having subdued the martial ardor of most persons in that region.

Shortly after ten o'clock I ventured to call at the War Department. The corridor was crowded with men, both civilians and officers, awaiting audience. A select number were admitted to the War-Office proper; and a still smaller number were granted personal interviews with the thrifty Pennsylvania Scott, paroled with the Portfolio—Arenaque Vivom.

"I am a stranger, sir, and wish to speak with the General." "What does the young man want?"—said the big son of the War-God, coming to a sudden halt in front of us.

Dix has bought up two or three members of the Legislature to give him notice of any attempt to pass an act of secession in secret session, and you may be sure if the traitors try that game they will land in Fort McHenry." Singularity enough these casual predictions were fulfilled within a month, by the wholesale arrest of the Maryland Legislature, the members being dragged from their beds at midnight, by armed gangs of soldiers, under Gen. McClellan's orders.

TWO NAPOLEONS.

Promenading over a stone floor, in momentary expectancy, for four hours or longer, is a discouraging business, and I more than once was on eve of retiring in despair, when some new arrival or departure, would cause me to linger; which I do not now regret, as it gave me opportunity to see, at close view, several personages since prominent in history.

The real Napoleon had not yet taken his departure from the building, when a shout was heard outside, and a squad of officers walked in with the "idol of the hour,"—the "hero of Rich Mountain,"—the "young Napoleon" who was receiving more newspaper and personal adulation than any man in the war at that period.

Another officer, who was not so quickly admitted to audience, was Gen. Patterson, the Federal commander in the Valley, who permitted Gen. Jos. E. Johnston to escape to Manassas.

THE IRON TRADE BOOM.—A Pittsburg (Pa.) dispatch says: "The condition of the iron trade is more encouraging now than it has been for years. Orders are still coming in freely from railroads and commercial centres, and the demand is constantly increasing."

A little learning is a dangerous thing. This applies to violin playing.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "There is no use trying to dodge Jordan. If one proposes to follow the actions of Christ, he must be immersed."

McKendree Methodist Church, at Nashville, is to be rebuilt at a cost of \$30,000. The insurance upon the former edifice will furnish \$25,000 of this amount.

Of fifty-two Baptist preachers who died last year in this country, only five were under forty years of age. The oldest was ninety-nine, the youngest thirty-seven.—Religious Herald.

Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, D. D., general superintendent of the missionary work of the Southern Baptist Convention in Italy, has returned to his work in Rome, after a visit to his old home in Virginia.

The average annual travel of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church is fourteen thousand miles, at an average cost of little less than four hundred dollars.

Dr. Hepburn, writing from Japan thus speaks of the Pan-Protestant Church of that morning land: "The Scotch Presbyterian, American Dutch Reformed and American Presbyterian have united and formed one Presbytery, called here Chiuwkai."

A LUCKY FARMER DIGS UP \$800.—Mr. John Bidgood, of Nash county, living about eight miles from town, was made happy one day last week by being a recipient of a heavy windfall.

A NEW REVENUE BILL.—Col. Armfield has not yet perfected the revenue bill which he proposes to introduce during the session of Congress.

THE IRON TRADE BOOM.—A Pittsburg (Pa.) dispatch says: "The condition of the iron trade is more encouraging now than it has been for years. Orders are still coming in freely from railroads and commercial centres, and the demand is constantly increasing."

Never hesitate to give Shiner's Indian Vermifuge when your children show the first symptoms of worms. You cannot afford to trifle with worms, they work in earnest and to kill.—Ade.

Natural History—The Baby.

What animal is this? This is a baby. He is now about three years old, and at the wickedest point of his early career.

What country does the baby mostly inhabit? He can be found in every inhabited country on the globe, the same as mosquitos and boils.

Does a baby eat grass? Yes, or anything else. They swallow pocket-knives, thimbles, buttons, spoons, or any other object a little smaller than a tea-cup.

Do they graze during the day, or only at night? They are always grazing, paying not the least heed to the hour.

What meaning is attached to this cry? Men of deepest thought have agreed that it signifies to wake up the neighborhood and have some fun.

Of what benefit to mankind is a domesticated baby? They are few of our earthly account for the first few years, but by and by they can slide down hill on a cellar door and carry articles out of the house and trade for a wooden sword, or lose them in the grass.

Do you know of any instance where the baby has attacked the household and killed or injured any one? Such instances have been related by such eminent naturalists as George Francis Train and Texas Jack, but we don't put much faith in them.

Are they a healthy animal? No; on the contrary, no druggist could make enough profit in a year to buy him a pair of Arctic overshoes but for the presence of a baby in every household.

What machinery is made use of to compel the baby to take a dose of castor oil? There are several patent machines for the purpose, but most people follow the rule of knocking him senseless, and getting the dose into his mouth before he recovers.

What music do they seem to prefer? A base drum is their first choice, but they have a heavy leaning toward the sound of the stove-handle knocking the nose of the pitcher with the emptyings in it.

This is all about the baby. Take another look at him, for next week we shall write about some other reptile.—Detroit Free Press.

John Sherman doesn't expect to win the first prize, but he thinks he can save his entrance money.

"Does your mother know your route?" asked a rival when the bride and groom started on their wedding tour.

The rise in the price of paper has its good features too. Peruvian money will be worth something if the rise continues.

They went fishing. She looked languidly at him and said: "I wish the fish would bite at your hook; if I was a fish I would."

The bangs on a lady's brow are better than a barometer. In wet weather they straighten down; in dry weather they frizzle up.

A Murray Hill young man has commenced exercises in drawing. He sits down by his girl and draws her head over on his shoulder.