

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, APRIL 3, 1880.

5 Cents a Copy.

The Newton Enterprise, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, -BY- GEORGE A. WARLICK.

TERMS: Yearly in Advance \$2.00 Six months 1.00 Three months .50

ADVERTISING RATES: 1 in. 2 in. 3 in. 4 in. 5 in. 6 in. 7 in. 8 in. 9 in. 10 in. 11 in. 12 in.

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired. Transient advertisements payable in advance.

"THE ENTERPRISE," NEWTON, N. C. THE POETRY OF SOUND.

The jacksaw pouring forth his lay Into the listening moon;

The music of the sharpening saw, The weird scream of the loon, The big bull-frog croaking in a pond,

In glorious, leafy May— These sounds are sweet—but sweeter far Is Gen. Logan's bray.

Nothing in modern history, except Mark Twain weeping over the tomb of Adam, has presented more elements of pathos than the scene described by General Brislin, of that good little boy,

Only one hundred and fifty years ago Methodism was founded by John Wesley, who drew up the simple rules sufficing for the government of the United Societies.

Knocking the Black Out of Smoke.—Pittsburg is one of the blackest of cities, by reason of the smoke from its manufactories; but a plan is being tested that promises to make it clean.

The Grave of Calhoun.—The statements made to the city council, on Tuesday night, show conclusively that the remains of Mr. Calhoun were interred in Charleston with the consent and approval of his family,

The Carolina Central Railway to be Sold.—We understand that a decree was made by Judge Avery, in Chambers, on Monday last, for the sale of the Carolina Central Railway.

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—Preparation 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.

My own turn at length arrived, and I was ushered into the office. What is your business?—asked an attaché.

AN EPAULETTED UPSTART. It was now near 3 p. m.—the day flying, and nothing as yet accomplished!

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

Nothing in modern history, except Mark Twain weeping over the tomb of Adam, has presented more elements of pathos than the scene described by General Brislin, of that good little boy, Ulisses S. Grant, threshing his Canadian cousin for speaking disrespectfully of his poor dear old uncle, George Washington.

Knocking the Black Out of Smoke.—Pittsburg is one of the blackest of cities, by reason of the smoke from its manufactories; but a plan is being tested that promises to make it clean.

The Grave of Calhoun.—The statements made to the city council, on Tuesday night, show conclusively that the remains of Mr. Calhoun were interred in Charleston with the consent and approval of his family, and that his family, far from desiring the removal of the remains, wish that they shall be retained here, unless the State shall decide to have them interred in Columbia, as was originally intended to be done.

jay stood glaring at me until I had banded the lady her card, and was almost at the door when he roared out—“Who in the devil are you! Come back! Come here, sir! Guard, stop that man! Stop him! Arrest him!”

Whatever else he may have said I did not hear. I impolitely stepped out. There was no use of remaining, and much good reason for going.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE FOE. It was a lonesome, dreary walk,—relieved only by continual meeting with parties of Blue Coats, coming into town from the picket stations up the river.

were safety, and friends and country! But I did not have long to brood over these matters, for presently a soldier yelled after me—“Hello, mister, hold on!” The shout made every nerve tingle, and as he came running forward my impulse was to take to my heels, leaving my baggage as his spoil.

TALKING WITH A YANKEE GENERAL. It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tennyallytown.

TALKING WITH A YANKEE GENERAL. It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tennyallytown.

TALKING WITH A YANKEE GENERAL. It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tennyallytown.

TALKING WITH A YANKEE GENERAL. It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tennyallytown.

TALKING WITH A YANKEE GENERAL. It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tennyallytown.

TALKING WITH A YANKEE GENERAL. It was nearly eight o'clock before we stumbled upon the little hamlet of a dozen houses, surrounding a tumble-down frame hotel, called Tennyallytown.

SWEET MASH.

Facts are stubborn things. Mules are facts. Cremation will end all terrors of the cold, cold grave.

Text in little boy's copy-book: It is a ferrule that works both ways. W. H. H. H. H. Murray has gone to England to get rid of his superfluous H's.

Leadville disdains mere colonels. The usual remark is, “Senator, shove the bacon.” It certainly shows public spirit in the man who contracts a disease that is spreading.

When the farmer puts a porcelain egg under the hen, is he setting a good egg sample? The reason that Darwin's “missing link” is so hard to find is because dead men tell of no tails.

Patrick Gilmore is almost convinced that the last verse of his National Hymn came out 13-15-14. If the monopolists are given a long enough rope they will make pulp of the whole protective system.

“What is heaven's best gift to man?” she asked, smiling sweetly on him. “A boss,” he replied, with prudence. It will be noticed in railroad accidents that generally speaking the brakeman has his limbs broken.

“Pa the bare won hund dolls,” is the way a half-millionaire of Chester, Pa., wrote it, but they don't go back on the check on that account.

A Michigan Congressman told a friend that he was filled with amazement, and the friend went down to the bar and called for amazement.

The late Mrs. Mary Chapman, an actress well known on the Pacific coast, was the mother of twenty children. She not only filled the stage, but she crowded the omnibus.

Theodore Tilton was asked by a New Hampshire woman if he really thought Beecher was guilty, and he evaded the question in a way that made her hair stand up.

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name.

“Walsh—Walsh,” responded Paddy; “are you from Dublin? I knew two old maids of that name. Was either of them your mother?”

A Towanda, (Penn.) sign reads thus: “John Smith, teacher of cow-tillions and other dances—gammer taught in the neatest manner—fresh salt herrin of draft—likewise Good-frey's cordial—rutes sassage and other garden tuck. N. B.—bawl on Friday nite—prayer meeting cheunday—also salme singing by the quire.”

A young lady writes to an exchange: “For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres.” Oh, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a bean, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to remain at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.

A comical story is told of two well-known Southern clergymen, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for using the word. “Brother G.,” he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any other questions, “is it possible that you chew tobacco?”

“I must confess I do,” the other quietly replied. “Then I would quit it sir,” the old gentleman energetically continued.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

There are in London 102 preaching places for the Wesleyan Methodist, as published in the *Watchman*, weekly.

I was the bedfellow first of a Bishop and then of a United States Senator. One grunted and the other snored like other folks.—*Rec. J. J. Laflerty.*

During the year 1879 twelve persons in Europe and the United States gave an aggregate of \$3,000,000 for the support of foreign mission work.

The salary of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has been increased from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

An Indiana preacher made use of the expression, “The iconoclastic segregation of sin,” one Sunday and the next week he received a call to a Congregational church in Boston.

The *Methodist* says that out of 14,000 preachers in the M. E. Church, only eleven names have had blots on them, and that two or three did not deserve the black marks.

Another important old manuscript has been found in a famous Greek monastery on Mount Athos, which, it is believed, may throw some light on difficult passages in the Epistles of St. Paul.

Bishop Keener preached on Sunday. The sermon needed rhetoric. Fifty Methodists were loaded to the muzzle with a shout, but there was no powder in the pan.

Statesville *Landmark*: But speaking of calves, we learn that a Mr. Richardson, of Davie county, is the owner of a real curiosity in that line. It has no legs and no places for these useful appendages.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BURY CONGRESSMEN.—It costs the government to bury Congressmen who die in harness. The expense for the last fiscal year was \$13,366.97.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—It is an interesting fact, and one perhaps not generally known, that the Siamese twins used to have frequent fights. They were indicted for one of these, at a term of Surry court some time before they died, submitted for an affray and judgment was suspended upon payment of cost.

A NEW BANKRUPT LAW WANTED.—Petitions from merchants of the large Northern and Western cities continue to be sent to Congress, in which they urge the speedy enactment of a bankrupt law.

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter as he said: “Well, I have been fairly caught this time.”

“Then I would quit it sir,” the old gentleman energetically continued. “It is a very unclerical practice and a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a bog won't chew it.”

“Father C., do you chew tobacco?” responded the amused listener. “I? No, sir!” he answered gruffly, with much indignation. “Then, pray, which is the most like the hog, you or I?”