FINTERPRISE

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"THE ENTERPRISE," NEWTON, N. C.

Love's Armor-Bearer.

Love's armor-bearer goes before, And half prepares the way for Love, Faint fires flush in his beardless face While golden lashes droop above.

The levely eyes, that shyly glance From side to side; he seems so young; He moves with such exquisite grace We quite forget his silent tongue.

He runs before, and all the vouth Come out to meet him on his way, Like startled fawns, they peer at him, Half wish, half fear, that he may stay.

Far off they follow where he leads, His flaming torch sheds sparks of fire, The burning seed blown back, tak s root To spring in new and vague desire.

Ode to a Fish Worm.

Unlucky creature! When the cruel hook Impales tace, or I plunge thee in the brook,
Thou caust been a gonizing yell,
The fearful the properties the endurest tell. Thou canst not, by thy countenance, express , awful suffering and dire distress. "Tis only in thy power to twist and squirm, But I can tell what that dost mean, O worm ! And shall I all this pain inflict on thee? No : I'll show mercy-Ha! What do I see In yonder pool so deep? It is a trout! A big three-pounder! I must have him out! For what are you to such a prize, O worm? Thy hour has come! Get on that hook!

Ha! You resist me! 'Twill avail thee

Oh, drat! I've dropped the worm, and too, by snum.

That cussed hook I've baited with my thumb! Confound the thing! I've lost that worm,

The front made off the minute that I swore.

A Fearful Act.

Augusta Chronicle. Last Sunday afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, Mrs. Emily Carter, the wife of a well-known and highly respected citizen, Mr. Samuel Carter, who resides four miles from Thomson, took her little infant, six months old, and carried it to the woods, a short distance from the house, and then, with her husband's razor, cut its throat from ear to ear, leaving it lying in the woods. When her husband was returning from Sunday school he saw her coming from the woods. Upon reaching the house he asked her where was the baby. She first anthroat and left it down in the woods. Mr. Carter immediately sent for one or two of his neighbors, and searched with its little throat cut. Mrs. Carter is perfectly insane. She was carried to jail yesterday morning, and will probably be sent to the asylum.

The Sixth Massachusetts regiment the regiment that was fired on when passing through Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, has been invited to visit that city on the coming anniversary of tation. It will be entertained by the Grand Army of the Republic at that

After a telegraph pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head he threw up his hands and shouted, "Don't hit me again wid yer club, Mr. Policeman. It wasn't me that stole the chickens. It was Deacon Henry." Then he looked, saw what hit him and walked off saying. "Golly, I'se in luck dis mornin'. I 'specied dat de policeman had me shuah dat time."

THREE YEARS IN BATTLE | Yankees! Every pulse stands still, "Smarts' Island," "Big Island," "Jen-AND THREE IN PRISON.

BY RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Personal Narrative continued --- School Boy politics, and a taste of mob-law --- Prepar ing 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 Wil-

mington, Delaware.

(CONTINUATION.)-Returning to the edge of the cleared space, I crawled among the wet weeds to watch the foe. Sunset was at hand, though the storm darkened into the gloom of twilight. Heavy thunder lumbered in the distance, the wind swept the river with a loud booming roar, and the rustling of millions of dry blades of corn sounded to my over-wrought nerves like some strange super-natural symphony. Then the heavens opened; the delage descended! In a twinkling earth was drenched, half-drowned! As for me, what difference did it make? I was miserably superior to every such discomfort.

But hark! what is that? The sound of voices in the corn-field behind me! the tall cane, as if of men running. Soon they will strike the creek, and

come down upon me! Half arising to look for an hiding place among the reeds I make a blood-stirring discovery: the sentry has left the culvert, and taken shelter, with a comrale, under a large tree, nearly one hundred yards down the levce! They are standing together, with hats pulled down, and a single oil cloth wrapped around the shoulders of both! Instantly my resolution is taken. Uttering a little prayer as I run across the cleared ground, threshing down the reeds and weeds with what seems to my excited senses the the boat, head-long, and rest a moment to take breath, and listen. Had there then come a yell from the men in the corn, or the soldiers in front, I think I must have dropped down dead. But a miss is as good as That trout still waits for thee. It must be a mile. The booming of the storm lessen the chance of being killed I cage containing two white pigeons,

> which is chained to a rock on the ed to drift until darkness set in. The far through the cruel wires, straining bank. After trying my keys on the enemy continued popping away in for liberty and dying in the effort. A chain, I tear up the seat, a strip of ed with old Springfield muskets (long | But I must not yield to melancholy pine, five inches wide, and by great stress manage to slide rock and ail into the bow of the boat. Then, to my dismay, I perceive there are no ours! WORKING UNDER A CANAL.

The boat was a flat-bottomed bat teau, 20 feet long, 6 wide, and a foot deep, designed for use in shallow water, propelled, by long poles, which had been carried away; though of no service in crossing the deep river. Fearing the searchers would emerge from the corn, I shoved the end of the scow into the culvert, and, flat upon my back, began to work through, by pushing with hands and feet against between the top of the water and the ooze, mud, dripping moss, etc., while a perfect shower of stakes, lizzards, or other "serpents," dropped upon me for the child. He soon found it dead, from the slimy walls. As the culvert extended entirely across the canal and inside, particularly on this stormy evening; and the falling trash made the atmosphere smothering. At the moment the bow projected into daylight again, I crawled forward, washreconnoitre. The outlook was discourthat day, and has accepted the invi- aging enough. At the tree, scarcely stone's throw distant, stood the two soldiers, in plain view of my line of transit across the river!

FLYING FOR LIFE. a paddle, I threw my whole strength muddy river, nearly as broad as that against the masonry, and sent the flat just crossed! I stood upon an island, surging 20 feet into the river, then be- more belpless than before, because gan to ply the paddle,-noiselessly as now my boat was gone! possible. But what can the matter be? The clumsy old craft seems to through the Blue Ridge range, rapid- 000,000 are unsurveyed. The San turn upon a pivot instead of going ly widens and deepens, and contains a Francisco Bulletin says there is not transportation of converts from Euahead; while the swift carrent is car- succession of long narrow islands. much exceeding 4,000,000 acres under rope, and has money enough left to rying it down directly in front of the well known as "Harrison's Island," | cultivation,

Of course this can not last. Almy weak arms are unable to keep the in the gloom of a stormy evening, it the foe. Suddenly I hear a growl of mainland. amazement, a volley of curses, a throwing down of wraps, the clicking of musket triggers, and a chorus of yells:

any need so to do! Nor drop the like a soggy black blanket over all paddle,-it is all I have! Nor come the earth. But, hold !-a corn-field to halt, -because I prefer to place a signifies cultivation, and cultivation thousand yards of water between us. betokens inhabitation. Perhaps some People cannot always agree.

SHOOTING THE BOAT FROM UNDER ME | an immense wheat field, the island bekees ran down to the river bank, and Imagine my joy on seeing in the midthe music resounded through the It was as if the sun had suddenly misty atmosphere like the explosion burst through the gloom! True, the And a crashing, snapping, swaying of of a couple of cancon. One bullet denizens might be "loyal," and give er struck the water. Instantly a food and shelter,-which, with rest er soldier came running down the riv- Strange there are no lights? Surely an alarm of "Rebel advance." Half- serted,-desolate! The blighting im the towpath, yelling and firing as they place. The islanders have fled; appanoise of a locomotive, I tumble into off the edges of the boat. All my dashed about, and a huge ham-bone a crippling shot, splitting my paddle, human hands. The bed retains its within forty feet of the shore. To Over the mantle-piece hangs a bird-And now to unfasten the boat, one arm to the off-gunwale, determin- ed to death; one with its bill thrust pad-lock, and failing to break the lively fashion; but as they were arm- pathetic sight. range rifles, not having come into yet awhile. Those rascally Yankees, vogue), and as I had gotten fully 400 aware that I am entrapped, and angeryards distant, and in the shadow, with ed by my taunting gesticulations, will an heavy rain falling, my chances were come over after me! Dark though it pretty good.

AN ISLAND PRISONER.

While drifting with the current, hanging at full length, my toes touched on a sand bar. The momentum of the boat dragged me off, but i left enconraged to watch for another; and finding a firm foothold on a rock, gave a lurch which sent us a dezen feet nearer to land. 'An hundred yards below we passed another sand bar, and the masonry. There was barely space as a bullet just then bored through the boat below water line, I "let go" and swered that she had given it away, arch for the boat to enter, and its by tip-toeing, hopping, and sputtering, but afterwards said she had cut its sides scraped down large quantities of with nose just above water, managed to reach the bank. What an exultant moment was that! Although exhausted, chilled, and hungry, as well as soaked like a drowned rat, I cut a caper on the beach, waved my hat at the levee there was pitchy darkness the Yankees, tore off my "Red-Whiteand-Blue" necktie, with the showy ing this night, let come what shall! "spread-eagle" badge, crushing both under my heel; and set out through a corn-field in search of the nearest farm house,-not for a moment doubted my face, and raised on my knee to ing that safety and food and shelter on "old Virginny shore" were reached

Woeful mistake !- most miserable undeception! Six hundred gards through the corn, and there appeared a fresh line of reeds. And beyond,-Taking the broken strip of pine for great Heavens !- another rushing

with such a sensation as men must kins'," and the like. Harrison's island eel on finding themselves borne down two months later became noted the 1 cataract. In a moment I see my world over, as being the Point de appui error; ignorant of boating I have been of the fatal expedition to Leesburg. haddling too much on one side. Lucki- or "Ball's Bluff;" the Federal troops ly, the rain drowned the noise of the crossing on pontoons to the island; thence in batteaux to the bluffs.

As my island was more than a mile though obliquing across the stream, long, and as I landed near the centre, broad batteau from drifting in front of was not singular I mistook it for the

Yet it was a disheartening discov-

A BAD PREDICAMENT.

ery. Recollect that I had eaten noth-"Halt! Halt! Halt there! Stop, ing, except a little hard corn for near-God d-n you! STOP! Drop that ly three days, was barefooted, and ex paddle! HALT, d-n you, or we'll kill hausted from over-excitement. The rain was pouring down, and twilight I do not look around,-there isn't settling with a blackness that fitted They have their views; I have mine, one lives on the island. Hastening westward I come out of the corn into A momentary delay, while the Yan- ing divided between the two grains, they opened fire. "Bang! Bang!" - | dle of the field a two-story log house! went 'sing-ing' over head ; the oth- me trouble; but they could not deny shout arose from the corn-field, anoth- were become absolutely indispensable. er bank, and the rapid thumping of a it is not bed time! The door stands drum beating the "long roll," at some open; light flashes-that is, upon my point below; the firing having created mind; the house is tenantless,-dea-dozen "reserves" came running up print of ruthless war is upon all the caught sight of me. It sounded like rently weeks ago! There are many a skirmish line of sharp-shooters. The signs that their departure was hurried. air swarmed with bullets; each one Swinging on a crane in the fire-place seemingly a trifle less than one-six. is a pot of what was once soup, or teenth of an inch from my ears! Pres- boiled cabbage. The tea table had ently the rascals, getting the range, been spread, and chairs are yet gach began to chip splinter after splinter ered around it, but the dishes are strength was put forth in widening on the platter has been gnawed by the distance between us. Then came the rats until it appears polished by and leaving two strips of pine in my mattress, and there is an old sail-cloth hands! This disaster occurred when spread over it, blankets being gone. sprang into the water, and clinging by forgotten in the hurry, and now starv

be. I must search the island for a sk iff or some means of escape. It is a wretched failure. The river, swollen above its banks, is overflowing the lower portions of the island, and in Pladding through the tall weeds I re peatedly find myself over-boot-top in darkness, which is land and which is

Suddenly,-to my intense alarmthe earth opens, and I sink, nearly to the arm-pits in slush, foam, stubble and sand :- a frightful sensation, recalling like a flash, all the stori s of ravellers buried alive in quick-sands Luckily, 'tis only a muskrat hole, which the overflow has caused to cave in, making a neat pitfall; but one might as well be drowned as frightened to death. So, no more reconneiter-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When the courting at midninght is ended, And he stands with his hat in his fist, While she lovingly lingers beside him, To bid him "Ta-ta!" and be kissed,

How busy the thoughts of the future-You bet you his thoughts he don't speak-He is wondering how they can manage To live on t velve dollars a week.

There are more than one thousand it will run up to over \$40,000,000.

California contains about 100,000, The upper Potomac, after bursting 000 acres of land, of which about 43,-

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Lord's Prayer has been published in 108 dialects and languages by the Evangelical Bible Society, and distributed throughout Russia, where these various languages are spoken.

The number of Bibles extant at the beginning of the present century did not exceed 3.000,000, but since that time 116,000,000 are estimated to have been printed by the British and American Bible Societies alone.

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl. will rich and poor folks live togther when they go to heaven?" "Yes, my dear they will be all alike there "Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

Dr. J. S. Kennedy, of the Holston Conference, is writing in the Methodist Advance on the subject of the new Conference in Western Carolina. He thinks the Holston Conference can well afford to give up her North Carolina territory, and that a new Conference ought to be formed.

The Praying Mother.

come a Christian, but not till then,

ed to read the Bible.

after a long, weary march, I took out called upon by the enumerator, my watch, and it was twelve o'clock. I had been gone four months, but I remembered that my mother at that N. Y Times. hour was praying for me. Something prompted me to ask the officer to relieve me for a little while, and I stepped behind a tree away out on those plains of Mexico, and cried to the God of my mother, to save me." My friends, God saved him and he went through the Mexican war, "and now," he said, "I have enlisted again, to see if I can do any good for my Master's

CRITICISING NEWSPAPERS.-It is a very easy matter, says an exchange, to criteise a newspaper, but to publish one, so as to interest, amus and instruct the public, is no light undertak- led with bleeding at the nose; ten had water; and it is not easy to tell, in the ing. Those who are so proud to find fault with every little item that does not suit their critical and exalted taste, should buy type, ink and paper, discontinuation of tobacco for ten or and publish an organ of their own. twelve days. The physician treated Let them try it for three months only, them all for weakness and nervousand if it don't give them some new ness, though with little avail until ideas of the newspaper business, then they had relinquished smoking, when we are no judge of human nature. The conceit would be taken out of such individuals so quickly that they would hardly know what was the matter with them, or whether they stood on their hands or feet. We however, would suggest a trial.

> The nomination of Grant will probably be secured by the votes of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, which will give 484 votes .- Washington Post.

A changeable complexion indicates pension bills pending in the House. the existence of worms. A few doses The amount annually paid for pen- of Shriner's Indian Vermituge will sions is about \$30,000,000. This year destroy them and make your complexion bright and healthy .- Adv.

> Mormonism is profitable as well as polygamous. The church has just paid off a debt of \$800,000 due on the I set them all ap in housekeeping.

A Negro Burned Alive.

Washington (N. C.) Press.

A negro, Albert Shepherd, fermerly owned by the father of our townsman, James E. Shepherd, and who was known as a faithful and trusty servant, was burned to death on Wednesday of last week, under the following circumstances: He was employed in hauling logs on the tram road from the swamps near Pantego, and was overtaken by the fire in the woods around. He made an effort to get out by the way in which he came, and found that the fire had already reached the road ahead of him. Being completely hemmed in at both ends of the road, he released the mule from the car and made off through the swamp, but, owing to its density and the rapid travel of the fire, was overtaken and burned to death. His body was afterwards found some distance in the swamp. The mule reached home all right, except being badly singed by the fire through which he had to pass.

Questions to be Answered.

Wilmington Star.

The time is drawing near when the census taker will enter upon his duties, and in order to expedite business I remember being in the camp and it would be well for all persons to prea man came to me and said: "Mr. pare themselves to answer all questions Moody, when the Mexican war began promptly. The following statement I wanted to enlist. My mother, see- in regard to agriculture will be found ing I was resolved, said if I became of interest: The census taker will a Christian I might go. She pleaded want to know from each farmer the and prayed that I might become a number of acres of land planted and Christian, but I wouldn't. I said the amount raised in 1879, of wheat, when the war was over I would be corn, tye, oats, barley, buckwheat, peas and beans, rice, tobacco, cotton, "All her pleadings were in vain, and potatoes, orehards, vineyards, small at last, when I was going away, she fruit, hav, clover seed, grass seed, hops, took out a watch and said: 'My son, hemp, flax seed, bees and honey, suyour father left this to me when he gar cane and sorghum. The number died. Take it, and I want you to re- of sheep clipped and pounds of wool in member that every day at 12 o'clock, 1880. Yield of the twelve months your mother will be praying for you.' from June 1879, to June 1880, of but-Then she go = " her Bible and mark- ter, theese and milk sold; value of anied out passages, and put a few differ- mals slaughtered; market gardens; ent references in the fly-leaf. I took forest products and value of home the watch and Bible just because my manufactures. Our farmers know how mother gave them. I never intend- valuable their time is during the month of June, and it will be well for them to I went off to Mexico, and one day think this matter over before they are

Boys Smoking.

When the boys are advised not to smoke on hygienic grounds, they laugh at the advice, and speak of its givers as old fogies. But careful experiments, lately made by a physician of repute, prove that the practice is very injurious. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, from nine to fifteen, who had been in the habit of smoking, and examined them closely.

In twenty-seven he found obvious hurtful effects; twenty-two having various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less craving for strong drink; twelve of the boys were troubdisturbed sleep; twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared after health and strength were speedily re-

Even if it be granted that smoking is not harmful to adults, there is no doubt of its harmfulness to the young. Dr. Rankin, Dr. Richardson and others, who have made a special study of the subject, all agree in declaring that it causes in them impairment of growth, premature virility, and physical degradation. One of the worst effects is the provocation of an appetite for liquor, which indeed is not confined to the young, but which grown people are better able to man-

age. Where boys drink to excess, they are most invariably smokers, and it is very rare to find a man over fond of spirits who is not addicted to tobacco. Men who want to give up drinking usually have to give up smoking at the same time, for they say that a cigar or a pipe generally excites a desire for liquor very hard to control.

Postmaster General Key says he is not a candidate for the Vice Presidency.