

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, JUNE 19, 1880.

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The Newton Enterprise,
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—BY—
GEORGE A. WARLICK.

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"THE ENTERPRISE,"
NEWTON, N. C.

Roses and Thorns.
R. H. STODDARD.

The young child Jesus had a garden
Full of roses, rare and red;
And thrice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for His head.
When they were full-blown in the garden,
He called the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare.
"And now how will you make your garland?"
For not a rose your path adorns."
"But you forget," he answers them,
"That you have left me still the thorns."
They took the thorns and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head!
And where the roses should have shown
Were little drops of blood instead.

The Girl Graduate.
She was a school-girl graduate,
With school-girls used to play;
She got her sheep-skin and a great
Big 60-cent bouquet.
When she went home her dear mamma
Met her with a pleasant look,
And said, "Now, Mary Ann, bite in
And take my place as—cook."
But Mary Ann popped up her nose
And said, "Mamma, I won't.
What! Come right out of school and cook!
You bet your socks I don't."
That anxious, overbearing ma,
Like any mother should,
Hit Mary Ann beneath the ear
With a great big stick of wood.
So now that school-girl graduate,
With pleasure in her eye,
Can cook a steak or wash a shirt
Or make a dish-rag fly.
Her mother taught her what it was
To lead a useful life.
There're forty chops a running there,
Each waits her for his—cook.

OBSERVATIONS.
An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plaze yer honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a gineral officer."
"I never did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee-room. "And pray, sir," inquired a well-to-do wit, "since you saw the wind and the storm, what might their color be?" "The wind blew and the storm rose," was the ready rejoinder.
A Denver clergyman, on receipt of the usual half-fare pass, wrote to the superintendent: "Can you not embrace my wife also?" To which the railroad man said he did not know, but he would like to see the clergyman's wife first, as he was rather fastidious.
There was a young girl of Cin-sinnetter, who of Thomas's music had a snatter, and she bawled so by night and bawled so by day,
That the neighbors subscribed and sent her away
To Europe to finish her snatter.

Death Bed Nuptials.
WHEELING, W. VA., June 5.—Several weeks ago a day was appointed for the nuptials of Mr. Ed. Coer, of this place, to Miss Aggie Caldwell, but ere the day arrived, the young lady was stricken down with typhoid fever, and suffering a relapse, she was informed yesterday morning that she could not live. She requested that her betrothed should be called, together with a minister of the Gospel, and the dying girl was soon united to her lover, only to be disunited a few hours later by death. The melancholy occurrence has cast a profound gloom over the entire community, as both are of our most aristocratic and wealthy families, and the death of the young lady has caused a feeling of sorrow that will take months to dispel.

How the "Devil" Fooled the Boss.

Reidsville Times.
Abe Fulkens entered as an apprentice, or "devil" if you will, in the Milton Chronicle office. Abe soon got flashy and was really sprightly and handsome as he grew into his teens and sported good clothes. Right across, just opposite the window he worked, was a house of beautiful girls. Abe was dead mashed with the youngest. He worked side by side with his boss. He got into a fearful habit of tucking his head to one side and gazing down into the w box. So much so that the editor asked him one day, "Does the light hurt your eye, Abram?" But he said it didn't, that he only did his head that way to give himself a fresh start and set type faster. But the editor set out of his case one day and he found a piece of looking glass neatly fitted in the w box, into which Abe peeped with one eye and saw the image of his girl at the opposite window. The case was moved far across the room.

Strasbourg's Clock Outdone.

A wonderful clock, said to be superior in mechanism and the variety of its performances to the famed Strasbourg astronomical and apostolic clock, has been placed on exhibition in Tammany Hall, and for a considerable time will remain there for the inspection of the public. This clock was constructed at Detroit by Prof. Felix Meiers, a gentleman who has devoted his entire life to the study of astronomy and mechanics. It is called the American national astronomical clock, and it is probably the most complex and ingenious horological work that the hand of man has ever produced. The clock is eighteen feet high, eight feet wide and five feet deep, and weighs 4,000 pounds. It is wound once in twelve days, and is run by weights of 700 pounds. It shows the local time in hours, minutes and seconds, and the time of thirteen other cities of the world, among which are Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Pekin, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin, Paris. It also denotes the movements of the planets, and measures their movements by seasons, years and cycles for 200 years, including leap years. Concealed in its interior is a music box, which plays when Death strikes each hour. At the same moment the figure of Washington, seated in a chair beneath a canopy, rises to his feet, holding the declaration of independence in his right hand. A liveried servant sitting at the right hand also rises and opens a door, through which come all the Presidents of the United States, who march in review before the effigy of Washington, saluting him as they pass. The procession disappears through a door on the opposite side of the platform, which is opened and closed by a servant in gorgeous livery. The likenesses of these figures, including President Hayes, who is in the rear, are said to be excellent. As soon as the door is closed, the figure of Washington resumes his chair of state, and all is quiet until the hammer of Death again sounds the hour on the gong, when the extraordinary scene is repeated. The quarter-hours are struck by an infant, the half hours by a youth, and the three quarters by a man. The South Church, Boston, has offered \$45,000 for the clock; the price of which is \$50,000.

On Saturday last the woman in the case put in an appearance in Sumter, S. C., and the man disappeared in jail. Ellison Hampton, a colored man, living within twenty miles of Sumter Court House, beat his son (a youth of ten years) to death with a leather thong. He first beat him until his arm wearied with a switch and then tied him up to a stake in his yard and struck him in the neighborhood of four-hundred lashes, the boy expiring under the lash. It seems that Ellison had been married twice, this boy being the child of his first wife, who is still living. On this occasion the wrath of the father was evoked by the boy having gone to see his mother. Ellison has been arrested and is now in jail charged with murder.

To Girls.

Now that you are being courted, you think, of course, it is all very well, and it will be nicer when you get married. But it won't. He thinks he's going to keep on this high pitch of love all the time. But he won't. He doesn't know himself and you don't know him. It can't last. It must cool down. When he sees you as many times a day as he wants to, and maybe more; when he sees your head done up regularly every morning in curl papers and the bloom is all off the rye; when your home contains a good deal of wash tub, cradle and cook stoves, he won't stand for one hour in front of the house out in the cold watching your light in your window. He'll be thinking rather of getting out of the house. Young woman protract this courtship as long as you can. Let well enough alone. A courtship in hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till Christmas after next.

To Cure Fits of Sneezing.

Exchange.
A friend informs us that the most instantaneous and sure cure for fits of sneezing is to be found in plugging the nostrils with cotton-wool. He has tried it repeatedly, and it has never yet failed to allay the fit. In his own language, he says: "Again and again I tested the efficacy of this simple remedy, always with the same result. However near I was to a sneeze, the introduction of the pledgets stopped it at once. Nor was there any inconvenience from their presence, making them sufficiently firm not to tickle, and yet leaving them sufficiently loose to easily breathe through." This is really worth knowing, for incessant sneezing is among the greatest of smaller ills, and it seems only a rational conclusion to hope that in this simple plan we have the most efficient remedy against one of the most distressing symptoms of hay fever.

A Very Smart Girl.

Toledo has a smart girl. Her father and mother were living pleasantly together, and she suspected nothing wrong in their relations till one day, on receiving a bundle wrapped in an obscure Indiana paper, she discovered an advertisement of an application for divorce signed with her father's name. She promptly started on a visit to a friend in Indianapolis, from which point she made an excursion into the county in which the notice was published. Here she found that her father had been divorced. Coming straight home, she informed him of her discovery, when the "old man" confessed, said he was ashamed of himself, and anxious to make it all right with her mother. "You must not go to mamma yet," said the girl: "I do not want her to know the painful truth." Fortunately the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage was close at hand, and the girl arranged a silver wedding, to which the minister who first married the couple was invited, and he pronounced the ceremony that made them again man and wife. The mother's rival was present by the very urgent request of the daughter, and when it was all over the latter took the fair offender into a corner and whispered to her, "papa and mamma are married again as fast as the law can make it. Whether the truth is ever known depends on you. Papa will never tell it, and I am sure I never shall. But it does seem to me, dear, that some other climate would suit your constitution better than this." If the man who marries that girl ever gets a divorce, he won't want to come sllobbering around much afterwards.

A sad-looking man went into a drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine and worm-wood and rhubarb and epsom salts and a dash of castor oil and gave it to him; and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

The Rockingham District Convention.

Reported for the Raleigh News.
The Democratic convention of the 6th congressional district, met to-day and at the request of the executive committee of the district, Col. R. T. Bennett its chairman, called Mr. A. C. Freeman, of Stanly, to the chair temporarily and requested the members of the press present to act as secretaries.
Committees, composed each of one delegate from each county in the district, on credentials, on organization and on resolutions, were ordered. These committees soon reported and Col. P. B. Means of Cabarrus county was recommended as permanent president and the representatives of the press present, were requested to act as secretaries.

Col. Means made a short, stirring and patriotic address.

The committee on resolutions reported the following, which was adopted unanimously and with enthusiasm:
Resolved, That it is the duty of every Democrat in this eventful year to support the nominees of the party in every contest, National, State, district and county, for the reason that the safety of free institutions and civil liberty are involved in the contest, and that all Independents are enemies to the principles we uphold, and should be treated as disorganizers and enemies of the principles and men we support.

It was then announced that the convention was ready to receive nominations.

Gen. A. J. Dargan placed in nomination Col. R. T. Bennett, of Anson.

W. J. Montgomery, of Cabarrus, named Clement Dowd, of Mecklenburg.

Will G. Burkhead, of Catawba, the name of M. L. McCorkle, of Catawba.

B. C. Cobb, of Lincoln, the name of Col. John F. Hoke, of Lincoln.

C. E. Grier, of Mecklenburg, the name of Col. Wm. Johnston, of Charlotte.

J. M. Brown, of Montgomery, the name of Col. W. L. Steele, of Richmond.

F. A. McNeill, of Robeson, the name of A. F. Rowland, of Robeson.

Each of these names was presented in lively and interesting speeches, seconded with spirited speeches by friends of the gentlemen.

On motion the balloting proceeded with the following result:

	Steele	Bennett	Johnston	Dowd	Hoke	McCorkle	Graham
1st Ballot	16	38	39	17	23	21	19
2d Ballot	17	37	39	17	23	21	19
3d Ballot	11	38	39	22	23	21	19
4th Ballot	11	37	39	23	23	21	19
5th Ballot	14	37	39	19	23	21	19
6th Ballot	11	37	40	22	23	21	19
7th Ballot	11	37	48	9	23	4	19
8th Ballot	11	36	48	10	23	25	19
9th Ballot	11	60	49	10	23	19	19
10th Ballot	59	62	10	32	19		
11th Ballot	84	79	10		26	28	
12th Ballot	55	74			26	28	
13th Ballot	1	23			77	48	19
14th Ballot	1	42	99				9

After the 14th ballot Mr. B. C. Cobb offered the name of Maj. W. A. Graham, of Lincoln county, as a compromise candidate.

On the 15th ballot Maj. C. Dowd, of Mecklenburg, was nominated amid wild shouts of applause.

The chair announced that the election of two delegates to the Cincinnati convention, and two alternates, and also an elector for the 6th district, was in order.

Col. Bennett was chosen by acclamation elector. Robt. L. Steele, of Richmond, and Col. Paul B. Means were elected delegates to Cincinnati unanimously.

Geo. Wilson, of Mecklenburg, and W. Foster French, of Robeson, were elected by acclamation as alternates.

Maj. Dowd and Col. Bennett were invited to address the convention. They appeared, and it is useless to say that their speeches were in every way worthy of these patriotic gentlemen.

The various delegations were demonstrative in their zeal for their favorite candidate, but the very best of feeling prevailed throughout, and the body adjourned confident of the success which awaits their candidate.

Moths.

A word in season, if it is the right word, regarding moths, will be equivalent in utility to the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." An obscure student of economic housewifery, who has attentively regarded for a series of years the action of different vegetable substances on the life and the destruction of insects, has discovered the proper food for the greedy moth, all mouth. It is cheaper than camphor or tobacco, has no smell, and is always available. A pound or two or three of black pepper, ready pulverized for table use, scattered freely among your furs and woollens, can easily be shaken all out in the autumn by some hand, willing and happy to be hired to sneeze, and the garments will be found uninjured.

Glass Millstones.

The idea of constructing millstones of glass is said to have originated from the observation that the finest flour was produced by those millstones which have the most glassy texture; from this observation came an experiment which demonstrated that pieces of glass combined in the same way as the French buhr, and similarly grooved on their surfaces, gave better results in grinding than the buhr millstone. The outcome of the successful experiment was the invention of the glass millstones now used in Germany with much satisfaction. Respecting their special merits they grind easily and do not heat the flour as much as is the case with the French buhr stone. In grinding grist they run perfectly cold. In making these stones, the glass is cast in blocks of suitable size and shape, joined with cement in the same way as the French buhrs, dressed and farrow cut with picks and pointed hammer.

Garfield the Candidate.

Washington Post.
The nomination of James A. Garfield as the Republican party will quickly discover, is a terrible mistake, and one from which there is no recovery. There was not a candidate voted for by the Chicago convention who would have been so weak—save and accept Grant. There is nothing that could have been said against Blaine that cannot be said against Garfield, while, as a leader with power to inspire enthusiasm and herculean endeavor, Blaine is so greatly his superior as not to be mentioned in the same connection.

The Republican party has been in angry contention for nearly two weeks and the result is Garfield.

Garfield—the salary grabber.

Garfield—the proven beneficiary of the Credit Mobilier swindle.

Garfield—who sold himself to the DeGolyer paying company for the pitiful sum of \$5,000.

Garfield—the assassin of Fitz John Porter.

Garfield—the pulp protectionist.

Garfield—a man with the voice of a lion, and the heart of a sheep—irresolute in purpose and with a record stained in every page.

How can he be held to be purer than Blaine, when a Republican investigating committee excuplated Mr. Blaine from all participation in the Credit Mobilier swindle, and yet fastened it squarely upon Garfield?

How can he be sustained above Blaine when Blaine refused to take a dollar of the salary-grab, which Garfield both voted for and clutched?

When has Blaine been convicted of selling his vote for \$5,000?

Certainly if the Republicans were honest in their search for a pure candidate, they did not find him in Garfield.

He had one son hung, another at San Quentin. His wife had eloped with a chromo peddler and his daughter was a waiter girl in a dive. "Have you any family?" he was asked by a fellow passenger. "None to speak of," was the prompt retort.

"When I goes a shopping," said an old lady, I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it is suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it is cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers take it, without clappering all day about it, as some people do."

A Picture of Garfield.

Gen. Garfield, the Republican candidate for president of the United States, has five children living, and has lost two who died in infancy. The two older boys, Harry and James, are now at school in New Hampshire. Mary, or Molly, as everybody calls her, is a handsome, rosy checked girl of about 12. The two younger boys are Irwin and Abram. The general's mother is still living and has long been a member of his family. She is an intelligent, energetic old lady, with a clear head and a strong will, who keeps well posted in the news of the day, and is very proud of her son's career, though more liberal of criticism than praise.

In person General Garfield is six feet high, broad-shouldered and strongly built. He has an unusually large head, that seems to be three fourths forehead; light brown hair and beard, large, light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He dresses plainly, is fond of broad-brimmed slouch hats and stout boots, eats heartily, cares nothing for luxurious living, is thoroughly temperate in all respects save in that of brain-work, and is devoted to his wife and children, and very fond of his country home.

A Runaway Husband.

One day last week a man residing in East Toledo, O., skipped from his family and brought up in Detroit. His wife got a clue to his whereabouts and came on after him, and yesterday she had an interview with him at the Central Station, where he had been run in for the purpose. She had no tears to shed. On the contrary, her hair had a fighting bang, and as soon as she could get her breath she began.

"So, you miserable little apology for a human being, you skipped out, did you?"

No reply.

"After I had washed and scrubbed and sewed for nearly twenty years to support you you got tired of your family, did you? Our style of living wasn't tony enough to suit you, and you wanted a diamond pin and a cane!"

"Say, Lucy, I'm sorry," he mumbled.

"Well, I ain't!" she snapped. "No, sir! On the contrary I'm glad of it! You've chewed tobacco and drank whisky and whittled shingles and loafed on the corners at my expense just as long as you ever will!"

"What will you want of me, then?"

"Want of you? Why, I want to clear my character! All our neighbors say that you ran away from me, and some pity me and some laugh. You run away from me! Why, you low-down corner loafer, you couldn't run away from anything but a spade or an axe. I followed you to get this matter straight. I've got to live there and I'm not going to be either pitied or laughed at!"

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Here's what I want!" she said, as she seized his collar and twisted him around. "Now you take that—and that—and that—and I'll have these officers sign a paper that I found you and kicked you out to take care of yourself! Now you git! Don't ever write me, don't ever dare to come back to me! Even if I hear that you ever tell anybody that you were married to me I'll buy a shot gun and hunt for you!"

The husband sneaked out of doors and down the street, and the wife, having the "does" in her pocket, walked the other way, muttering to herself:

"Skipped out! Run away from his family! Well, his old shirts will make a mop worth twice the value of his whole body! Now, I want to see some one grin in the face of this testimonial that I raised him right off his heels!"

The fifteen puzzle is now trying the Russians. A man in St. Petersburg, after working five hours at it and making the blocks come out 13-15-14 each time, threw down the puzzle, kicked it across the room and wrathfully exclaimed: "Goramitztohlafax-witz."