

# 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 26, 1880.

5 Cents a Copy.

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

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One year, \$2.00 in advance.  
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Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.  
Transient advertisements payable in advance.  
Yearly advertisements semi-annually in advance.  
Afternoon notices inserted before the time contracted for, charged transient rates for the time actually published.  
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"THE ENTERPRISE,"  
NEWTON, N. C.

OBSERVATIONS.

Irish hater—little pats.  
Hayes came within 378 votes of the nomination.

A man terribly pressed for language finds that Tilden is "colossally unfitted" to be President.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

The time may come when men convicted of murder will be sentenced to lecture, and the entire penalty will really fall upon the public.

Edna was ten months subscribing \$4,000 to finish a church building, and only four days raising \$5,000 to establish a new brewery.

In concluding an article on the last corn crop an Alabama editor remarked: "We have an exhibition in our sanctum a magnificent pair of ears."

The mob that took John Sampson out of his house at Saranac, Ark., to hang him for horse stealing, released him upon his opening a barrel of beer.

A census enumerator got a terrible whipping in Pittsburg because he pressed a stalwart Irish woman for an answer to the question, "Are you white or black?"

A couple of reporters spent the night in a cell with a man who was doomed to be hanged in Connecticut, recently, and in the morning the prisoner was perfectly willing to die.

The average person speaks about one hundred and twenty words a minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when the speaker has a trunk lid fall on his head while he is hunting for a sleeve-button.

NEGRO MAN CUT IN TWO.—It is the custom of the more reckless of laborers attached to what are called gravel trains on the railroads to get on the flat cars when they are moving off by running in between them and lifting themselves up by their hands. This manner of mounting cars is always hazardous, but it is almost the only way to board the flats after they are in motion. One of the negro men at work on the train now engaged in filling in Gilmore's trestle, near Chester, tried this method yesterday; his hands slipped in some way and his body was severed, one part rolling down the side of the "hill" and the other being caught under the cars and further mutilated. His name is not certainly known, but it is believed that he is from Charlotte. An effort has been made to ascertain if he has relatives here, but so far it has failed, and the body will be buried in the vicinity of the spot where the accident occurred.—Charlotte Observer.

A man from the Indian Territory followed a horse-thief through North Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas, then back into Louisiana, and finally captured him at Bayou Sara. The two horses stolen were valued at \$5,000. The chase lasted over twenty-six days. The thief's name is Walker and was as good a runner as Walker.

The negroes are thoroughly demoralized. In anticipation of Grant's nomination they had made arrangements for a grand demonstration to-night. Garfield is unknown to them and they are bewildered. Remarks as follows could be heard in groups of negroes: "Fore God, de ting is up. Marse Grant's beat and de war is no account." "Who dis man Garfield? Is de Demercrats whip um?" etc.—Savannah Dispatch in Charleston News.

## A Boy Murderer Hung by a Mob.

A special dispatch to the *Wheeling Register* from Charleston, West Virginia, says: The report of a lynching which occurred near the mouth of the Big Sandy River, in Logan county, has just been received. The victim was William A. Capen, a lad of eighteen years, who on May 1st, shot and killed a young man of his neighborhood named Lou Matheny. The story of the first crime is that the two young men were suitors for the hand of a Miss White, and in a jealous quarrel between them Matheny was shot to death. It is now alleged that great indignation was aroused at the time, it being claimed by the friends of Matheny that the shooting was an unprovoked murder. Since then there has been a steady growth of an intensely hostile sentiment to Capen, and toward the close of last week the plan was formed to summarily dispose of him. The band that lynched him numbered seventy-five men, who surrounded the house where Capen was shortly after dark. The boy was surprised and overpowered before he had an opportunity to prepare for his defence. He was led to a convenient tree, and, though begging piteously for his life, his merciless captors roughly tied a rope about his neck, and hauling him up hand over hand until his feet cleared the ground, left him to die.

## About Worms.

New York Times.  
The army worm, now devastating parts of Long Island and New Jersey, is so called because it appears in such large numbers, and because, like others of its species, it moves in columns and follows a leader. It is a caterpillar, the larva of a moth, and noted for its voracity, as it will eat, since it can eat, it is said, more than double its own weight in twenty-four hours. Although less glutinous, as a rule, it is more destructive than the locust, from its greater fecundity and wider distribution over the vegetable world. It feeds on leaves, flowers, roots, buds, seeds, even the wood of plants; indeed, it is nearly omnivorous. The worm is asserted to march in regular and exact order; it lives in society, and moves in procession either in single file, or two, three and four abreast, the line being so perfect in the columns that the head of one is never beyond the head of another in a row. It follows the leader, stopping when the leader stops, making journeys from plant to plant or from tree to tree in quest of food, and returning to its nest in the same order. The worms form ranks, march, and halt with the precision of soldiers. When several nests are in the same neighborhood, the going forth and coming back of the creeping battalions at the same hour, commonly toward night-fall, is very curious and interesting. Caterpillars include more than 1,000 varieties, there being 700 in New England alone. They all have 13 segments; the first consisting of jaw and mouth; the second, third, and fourth of the thorax of the future insect, and the other segments of the abdomen. Their rapid growth and extraordinary consumption are shown by the common silk-worm, which, according to Vincenzo Dandolo's treatise on silk, increases, during the 30 days necessary to its full growth, from 1 to 40 lines in length, and from 1-100 to about 95 grains in weight. In that time, therefore it increases its weight 9,500 times, and eats 50,000 times its weight of food. In the Northern States there are about 1,000 kinds of butterflies and moths. As each female lays from 200 to 500 eggs, these species would produce, on an average, from each single female 300,000 caterpillars in a year. If one-half of these were females, the second generation would be 45,000,000, and the third 6,750,000,000. With such fertility, it is easy to see that the destructive power of caterpillars, particularly of the army-worm, must be prodigious.

## There were 126 divorces granted in Vermont last year, the libelant being the man in but 35 cases. The number of marriages in the State during the year was 2,708. In 1878 the number of marriages was 2,766, while the number of divorces was 197.

## Tourgee Discomfited.

Here is a good joke on Tourgee, which we find in the *Chicago Tribune*. Tourgee has had quite as much public attention as he merits. He is a Grant man and got into a discussion with one of the anti's at Chicago. The carpet-bagger was too much for the Pennsylvanian. Now comes the joke. The *Tribune* says: "When the latter retired the Floridians asked the name of the champion of their cause, and when he announced himself as Tourgee, the author of 'A Fool's Errand,' they closed around him and gave him quite an ovation. While this was in progress a tall and lank New Englander, who had observed the whole performance, stepped forward, placed one hand gently upon the author's shoulder, and asked: 'And so you've come up here to help elect Gen. Grant, have you? Mr. Tourgee smiled and acknowledged that anything he could do to promote that object he certainly would do. 'And I suppose you'll write a book all about it?' the New Englander queried: 'Well, no, I didn't intend to, but why?' 'Oh! well, nothing,' the lank man responded in a calm, measured drawl, 'I was only thinking that if you did write a book on it, the name of the other book would suit the new one to a dot; that's all.' The crowd caught the point on the instant, and the New Englander walked after his Philadelphia ally with a quiet smile playing upon his thin, firm lips, while the bystanders roared with laughter."

## A Young Man's Sufferings.

San Francisco Post.  
Some people never seem to get the right idea, of a subject somehow. They were talking at McAllister's the other evening of the sufferings of the poor people turned out of doors by the recent hurricanes in the Southern States, when a bashful young man with a green necktie, who was silently squinting on a straight backed chair in a corner, was asked how much exposure he thought it was possible for a human being to endure.

"Exposure mum? Yes, mum. Well, the most terrible instance of exposure I ever knew was something that happened to myself a few years ago."

"Indeed!" said a young lady. "Tell us all about it."

"Well, you must know, I had a great habit of walking out through the park and strolling on the beach near the Cliff House. One Sunday morning very early I was tempted by the extreme heat to slip into the surf and take a bath, which, as there was no one around at that hour, I finally did. Judge of my horror when I came out and found that the tide had risen and carried off my clothes."

"Ahem!" interrupted the hostess. "Went—went you try some chocolate. Mr. Skidmore?"

"Thanks—in a minute—just as soon as I finish my story. Yes, every stitch I had in the world was gone—everything except a chest protector, and I was forced to walk into Van Ness avenue, where I lived, with nothing in the world but that between me and the sneers of the heartless world. I'll tell you how I managed. I just tied the pro."

But just here the ladies fainted, while another, with great tact, sat down at the piano and shrieked "Nancy Lee" at the top of her lungs, under the cover of which the dead and wounded were carried off, while the sincere but misguided young man was coaxed out into the hall and handed his hat.

Statesville American: The Democrats of the Mecklenburg district have nominated Maj. Clement Dowd, of Charlotte, as their candidate for Congress. Maj. Dowd is an able lawyer and a man of good repute generally. He will not be allowed to walk over the track without opposition.

Got LEFT.—One of the delegates from Florida to the Chicago convention passed through Weldon on his way home and when he got this far, his money gave out, or some one else had it, or something of the kind happened and he could go no farther. He was for Grant.—Routledge News.

## Painting Hell.

New York Graphic.  
Here's a touch of orthodoxy that is respectfully commended to the consideration of Col. Robert Ingersoll and his followers. It will be seen at a glance that the Rev. Mr. Furniss, a British clergyman, from one of whose sermons it is an extract, is a warm disciple of the Miltonic school of theology:

"We know how far it is to the middle of the earth—it is just 4,000 miles. So if hell is in the middle of the earth, it is 4,000 miles to the horrible prison of hell. Down in this place is a horrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs and wailing like dragons! There you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all you hear the roar of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations. But there is another sound. There is in hell a sound like that of many waters. It is as if all the rivers and oceans of the world were pouring themselves with a great splash down on the floors of hell. Is it, then, really the sound of waters? It is. Are the oceans and rivers of the earth pouring themselves into hell? No. What is it, then? It is the sound of oceans of tears running down from millions of eyes. They cry forever and ever. They cry because the sulphurous smoke torments their eyes. They cry because they are in darkness. They cry because they have lost the beautiful heaven. They cry because the sharp fire burns them. The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of that red-hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks to be about sixteen years of age. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. The door of this room has never been opened since she first set her foot on this red-hot floor. Now she sees the opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down upon her knees upon the red-hot floor. Listen! She speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing place has been on this red-hot floor. Sleep never came on me for a moment that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look at my burned and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment—only for a short moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one moment. The devil answers her question: 'Do you ask for a moment—for one moment—to forget your pain? No, not for a single moment during the never-ending eternity of years shall you ever leave this red-hot floor.'"

## At a camp-meeting last summer a venerable sister began the hymn:

"My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

## Stonewall Jackson's last dispatch, written by his own hand, in pencil, is preserved in a case in the Virginia State Library. It was written to Gen. Lee, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, where Jackson received his death wound. It is a short note, ending thus devoutly: "I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success."

## ALL INDORE IT.—The Recorder, Americus, Ga., says: "Clerks, Senators, Representatives, Doctors, Lawyers, Citizens, in public and private life, are testifying by the thousands, and over their own signatures, that a remedy has been found for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and for Diabetes; these are respectively known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure."—Ade.

## A WISH GRANTED.

### The Author of "I Want to be an Angel" Buried at Laurel Hill.

Philadelphia Record.  
Miss Sidney Paul Gill, author of the widely-known and popular hymn "I Want to be an Angel," was buried yesterday afternoon, at Laurel Hill Cemetery, in this city. Miss Gill died on Saturday night last at the residence of her brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, at Newark, N. J.

She was the daughter of the late Bennington Gill, of this city. While her father was doing business as a merchant in Birmingham, England, sixty years ago. Miss Gill was born, the youngest of four children. She and her sister conducted a large boarding school for young ladies, and made a handsome fortune. They retired twenty-four years ago, when Miss Gill removed to Newark and took up her residence with Dr. Wilson.

The way she came to write the well-known hymn was this: She was a member of the Clinton Street Presbyterian church, this city, of which Rev. Dr. Joel Parker was pastor. One Sunday they had an anniversary celebration, and between the morning and afternoon services Miss Gill wrote the hymn. It was read then for the first time, and afterward published and translated into several foreign languages. She wrote many other hymns, but this alone commanded attention because of its simplicity. Except the good it did Miss Gill never realized anything from her composition.

### An Arkansas Romance.

A very singular termination to a love affair has just occurred near this city. Sometime ago a young man, whom it would no doubt be well to call James, fell in love, or thought he did, with a young lady whom it would be well to call Susan. Practical names, both of them. The fondness of James was returned. James told Susan that he loved her, and Susan told James that she loved him. James asked Susan to marry him, and Susan said that she would. The young man had spent sleepless nights in contemplating the prize he was attempting to win, but when he found that the pole of his attractions had knocked the "persimmon" of Susan's affections he ceased tossing the cover at night and slept soundly. Finally he mused: "I don't love that girl. I wish that I had not acted so rashly in engaging myself to her. It would almost break her heart if I were to tell her of my mistake. She is so affectionate. What a fool a man is!" Susan did not pass all this time without musing: "Women are so impulsive," she thought. "I am engaged to that man, and I declare that I do not love him. I would break the engagement, but he might kill himself. I don't know what to do." The parties continued to be affectionate toward each other, and the same grave troubles affected alike the mind of each. Several nights ago the affectionate party sat beside each other.

### A Garfield Gathering.

Wilmingon Star.  
What probably was intended to be a grand rally of the Republicans, but which turned out a rather tame and spiritless affair, was held at the court house last night, the understanding being that the meeting was held to endorse the recent Presidential nominations at Chicago. A band of music was brought into requisition to aid in getting up sufficient enthusiasm to make the affair go off creditably, but the attempt was futile, despite the efforts of Geo. Price and other dark and bright lights of the party hereabouts. The court house was not crowded, but little interest being manifested by the colored masses. Geo. Mabson addressed the meeting. His mention of the name of Daniel L. Russell provoked a weak cheer.

A Garfield and Arthur club was organized, and the crowd adjourned to the custom house about midnight to serenade Collector Canaday, who was telephoned for. While awaiting the Collector some of the crowd got to fighting, when the police came up and arrested two of the belligerents and carried them to the guard house, the greater part of the crowd following them. The Collector didn't appear.

UNQUESTIONABLE.—The Herald, Detroit, Mich., says of Warner's Safe Liver and Kidney Cure: "Its efficacy in kidney, liver, and urinary diseases is so fully acknowledged that it is not worth the questioning. Bona fide testimonials from well-known citizens in public and private life are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter."—Ade.

Statesville American: During a difficulty on last Saturday evening between two brothers, Si and Tom Campbell, colored, who live about a mile and a half south of town, the latter with a hoe struck the former on the head, inflicting a fatal wound. We learn that Si has since died, and that Tom on Wednesday morning came in town and surrendered himself. He was lodged in jail.

LARGEST BOOK PUBLISHED.—The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is believed to be in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete as an aid in getting an education.

## Railroad Prospects.

The prospect of an early completion of the Chester & Lenoir Railroad from Dallas to Lincolnton, is promising. The work of leveling and repairing the grading has already been commenced under the supervision of road-master Waddell; arrangements are in progress for procuring cross ties, an abundance of which will be furnished by responsible parties at reasonable rates. One hundred tons of iron has already been delivered at Gastonia, and another shipment of one hundred tons has been made from the rolling mills, and is expected to arrive in a few days. At a meeting of the directors in Chester, last Friday, the building of the bridge across the South Fork of Catawba, three miles above Dallas, was let out to responsible parties, the contractors for the masonry being George A. Denning & Co., of Augusta, Ga.; and for the superstructure, Williams, Post & Co., of Atlanta, Ga. The superstructure will be a combination of wood and iron, and the whole work is to be completed by the 15th of Sept. next. The bridge completed will cost about \$9,000. After the completion of the bridge there will probably be no hindrance to the speedy completion of the road to Lincolnton.—Yorkville Enquirer.

## An Arkansas Romance.

A very singular termination to a love affair has just occurred near this city. Sometime ago a young man, whom it would no doubt be well to call James, fell in love, or thought he did, with a young lady whom it would be well to call Susan. Practical names, both of them. The fondness of James was returned. James told Susan that he loved her, and Susan told James that she loved him. James asked Susan to marry him, and Susan said that she would. The young man had spent sleepless nights in contemplating the prize he was attempting to win, but when he found that the pole of his attractions had knocked the "persimmon" of Susan's affections he ceased tossing the cover at night and slept soundly. Finally he mused: "I don't love that girl. I wish that I had not acted so rashly in engaging myself to her. It would almost break her heart if I were to tell her of my mistake. She is so affectionate. What a fool a man is!" Susan did not pass all this time without musing: "Women are so impulsive," she thought. "I am engaged to that man, and I declare that I do not love him. I would break the engagement, but he might kill himself. I don't know what to do." The parties continued to be affectionate toward each other, and the same grave troubles affected alike the mind of each. Several nights ago the affectionate party sat beside each other.

"Susan," remarked James, "do you think that a man should marry a woman when he doesn't love her, merely to preserve his honor?"

"No; do you?"

"I don't think that he should. By the way, Sue, I think that it would be better for us not to get married. I have been mistaken; I don't love you. I hope that you will forgive me. Have I wronged you?"

"Glorious man," said the girl. "You have lifted a heavy weight from my heart. I do not love you, and the fear of fatal results has kept me from breaking our engagement."

"Is that so?" asked James, astonished.

"I speak truthfully."

"Well, I will be dog-goned. I thought that you cared for me."

"And I that you cared for me."

"I'll be blistered if this affair hasn't got away with me. Say, Sue!"

"Yes."

"Now let's look at this business a little closer. We are both very frank. I think that frank people make the best of husbands and wives. We understand each other first-rate. Tell me, don't you—that is, don't you entertain something of an affection for me?"

"Y—yes. Don't you for me?"

"Yes. Suppose, as we understand each other so well, that we get married."

All right," and the ceremony was performed in a country church last Sunday.