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FACTORY NEAR THE DEPOT
NEWTON, N. C.

Selected Story

DAISY'S HANDSOME PATIENT.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

Ting-a-ling rang the office-bell, and Doctor Hammond, worn out with nightly vigils and hard riding, had just settled himself for an afternoon nap.

"I declare it is too aggravating!" said pretty Daisy Verne, the doctor's niece, hurrying to answer the summons. "These country people, with all their imaginary aches and ills, will be the death of poor Uncle David."

"The doctor is wanted at the Rookery," announced the red-headed farmer she found waiting upon the stoop—"right away!"

Daisy took a moment to consider. "It's only old Joe Bagley," she thought. "It is nothing worse than a rheumatic pain or the influenza. Every few days he is on his back and imagines himself at death's door. It would be a mercy to uncle if he were to be taken with something serious once. I'll take the medicine-case and go over myself. I am as capable of prescribing a dose of thorough wort-tea as anybody else."

An hour later, she stood at the Rookery door, a picturesque old ruin a mile back from the village street. The carved lintel crowning the front entrance showed it had been a place of consequence in its day.

No one heeded Daisy's loud knock, and she entered the low, dark room where old Joe usually sat smoking his pipe.

Some one lay upon the horse-hair sofa, smothered in shawls, his face turned to the wall.

"I'm sure there is nothing the matter with you, Mr. Bagley," she said, indignantly, crossing to his side. "But if you must have a dose of drugs and powders, it shall be a strong one; and perhaps you won't be so ready to send for Uncle David again."

No response from the muffled figure, and Daisy gave the shawl a vicious twitch.

"Put out your tongue and let me feel your pulse. I can't remain idling here."

The figure turned; the folds of the wrap fell apart.

The dark, handsome face of an utter stranger met her astonished gaze.

Daisy's cheeks flushed hotly; she felt a mad wish that the earth would open and swallow her.

But the roguish look in the great, glowing eyes that met her own recalled her to her senses.

She was in for it now, and might as well carry out the farce with a bold front.

"Lady" doctors are rather numerous in these days, and how was this good-looking stranger to know she was an impostor?

"I beg your pardon!" she said, gravely. "I supposed I was addressing Mr. Bagley, who is noted for the number of his ailments. What can I do for you?"

"That is for you to discover," answered the most musical voice Daisy had ever heard, though she was certain she detected a quiver of suppressed merriment in it. "I came this morning to sketch the old ruin, and was taken suddenly ill. The girl really had acquired some slight knowledge of medicine, and it now served her in good stead.

"You have taken a severe cold," she said, feeling his pulse, "and I detect symptoms of incipient fever."

"Does my tongue look so very bad?"

"No," she answered, steadily, though conscious he was laughing at her. "With proper care you will soon be well and strong. I shall leave a few drops of this medicine to throw you into a profuse perspiration. Afterward you must be careful about exposure for a few hours."

Her cheeks were burning, but she managed to measure the drops into a glass standing upon the table.

As she turned away, a voice said, from the sofa:

"You will not leave me until Mr. Bagley returns, doctor? He has gone to the village to make some purchases."

Daisy reluctantly seated herself. In her "professional" capacity she could not well do otherwise.

The young man, after gazing at her for a moment with dancing eyes, said, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"My head aches, doctor. Will you be kind enough to bathe it while you are waiting?"

Refusal was out of the question. There was nothing at hand but cool spring water.

Daisy felt like showering the contents of the dipper over her aggravating patient.

He closed his eyes and seemed perfectly content as he felt the touch of her velvet fingers upon his forehead.

At last footsteps sounded without. Daisy sprang up, breathing a sigh of relief. Mr. Bagley has come. I will send over my—she would not say "uncle," and so used the word "colleague" instead—"in the morning."

She hastened out, meeting the startled old man upon the steps.

Doctor Hammond himself visited the patient the next day. Poor, flurried Daisy heard no more of him.

Something like a month later a letter came from her father—for years a restless wanderer upon the face of the earth, and now off for a trip to Mexico—that overwhelmed poor Daisy with misery.

"My child," the letter said, "I wish you to set out immediately for Thorndyke Hall, where you are expected to make a long visit. Mrs. Thorndyke will receive you with open arms. Her husband was my best friend, and his son, Basil, proposes to make you his wife. I do not wish to force your inclinations, but I shall be grievously disappointed if you do not marry him."

Daisy dashed the bitter tears from her eyes. She knew absolutely nothing of the Thorndykes, and it seemed so strange that Basil should make overtures for her hand.

"I will go, because papa wishes it," she thought; "but I would rather die than to marry that orgie."

Why she used the word "orgie," Daisy could not have told; only that was the fancy pictured her would be suit.

Explicit directions accompanied her father's letter. The journey was to be performed by rail, and she had scarcely seated herself, when a tall, handsome gentleman came down the aisle of the car. One glance, and Daisy's heart began to throb madly. He was the patient of the Rookery.

He held out his hand, with an aggravating smile.

"Glad to see you, doctor. Possibly I owe my life to your skill. It was a great trial to have that brusque old man take your place."

He coolly established himself in the vacant seat at her side. There was a moment's silence; then he said, with a queer, quizzical glance:

"Where are you going, doctor? Daisy felt the spirit of mischief take possession of her.

"I do not mind telling you, since you seem interested. I am going to get married."

"Indeed! To some favored lover, of course?"

"No; to a gentleman I never saw."

"Fortunate fellow! Of course he must be young, handsome, wealthy and agreeable."

"I can only give you the picture I have mentally formed."

"Well?"

"He must be rich, or my father would not favor the alliance. But I am sure he is old and ugly, and ignorant and disagreeable. I shall hate him with all my heart, and spend the remainder of my days in coddling him."

"Your medical skill will be of inestimable value to you in that event."

Daisy saw that shadow of a smile lurking about his lips, and went on, hastily:

"Thorndyke Hall itself must be a rat-infested ruin, barren of even the comforts of life. I imagine it as being located in a desolate region, where even the crows would starve. I shall have no companion save old Mrs. Thorndyke, a snuffy witch of a woman, who has not read a newspaper for twenty years."

"A pleasant picture, truly. I trust you will be happy in your new home."

"Thanks, satirically."

"If you tire of it, you can resume the practice of your profession, you know."

They rattled on in this way until the stranger left the train at a way-station. Daisy dropped her head upon the seat in front of her when he was gone, and actually sobbed.

Her tears were not dry when she reached her destination. There was no carriage in waiting, and as Thorndyke Hall was but half a mile from the railway station, she set out to walk.

Sound a handsome, imposing mansion in the midst of attractive grounds.

"The ostentation of wealth!" she thought.

The house had a shut up aspect that chilled her, and she went round to a side-door. Evidently there were but two persons upon the premises, and she soon stood face to face with them—a yellow, wrinkled old woman, and a repulsive-looking man past fifty. They correspond so exactly with her mental picture, Daisy recognized them at once.

"You are Mrs. Thorndyke?" she said, shuddering as she touched the woman's hand. "And this person is the husband papa has selected for me?"

A swift look passed between the two. The man made an eager gesture, and the woman said:

"This gentleman is my son. He is Daisy Verne, of course?"

"Yes."

"My boy had fallen deeply in love with you before he ever saw your face."

"And now I am more infatuated than ever."

A horrid smile parted his thick lips, and he attempted to take her hand.

"You are certain to like him," said the woman, complacently. "Good sons always make good husbands, you know."

Daisy felt herself sickened with apprehension. Was it possible that her father would willingly consign her to the dreadful fate of wedding such a man?

She asked to be shown to her own room. It was a marvel of elegance and beauty, but poor Daisy shivered and trembled under the silken coverings of the luxurious bed all night long.

The ugliness of mother and son seemed intensified when she went down stairs to meet them the next morning. She had scarcely made her appearance, when the latter said:

"I have just received a line from Mr. Verne. Your father wishes the marriage to take place immediately. I have made all the necessary preparations, and a clergyman will be here at ten o'clock."

"But I do not love you," gasped poor Daisy. "I cannot become your wife."

He looked at her with a threatening frown.

"Your father's wish is my law. You will learn to love me; it could not be otherwise. I shall come for you at the appointed time."

And he did. Daisy had decided to appeal to the clergyman, but the instant she saw his face, something told her it would be in vain. He looked quite as evil as his confederates.

The ceremony had actually begun, when a quick step sounded outside, and a man bounded into the room.

Daisy's handsome patient again! She sprang forward and clung to his arm, bursting into tears of joy and relief.

"Save me!" she cried, hysterically. The newcomer glanced sternly around the room. Mother and son covered under the lightning of that look.

"What is the meaning of this strange scene?"

It was Daisy who made response: "I was half in earnest when I said I was coming to Thorndyke Hall to get married. But nothing could induce me to give my hand to yonder wretch. It was his purpose to wed me against my will."

The dark eyes opened wider and wider in amazement.

"Who do you think he is?"

"Basil Thorndyke."

"The villain! Has he dared to deceive you so cruelly? I see it all. He knew you were expected some time, and seeing the error you had naturally fallen into, resolved to profit by it. His real name is Dick Grubb. And I, my darling, am Basil Thorndyke—the man who loves you with his whole heart, and asks no greater honor than to make you his cherished wife."

Then the truth came out. Basil had fallen in love with Daisy at first sight, and on learning the name of his pretty doctor, had solicited her hand in marriage of Mr. Verne, who was an old friend.

There had been a mistake as to the time of her expected visit to Thorndyke Hall—which had been left in charge of Mrs. Grubb and her son for a season—hence nobody was there to welcome her.

Daisy's preconceived notions of her would-be husband were so amusingly wrong, that she actually sobbed.

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STATE NEWS.

News & Observer: A bear hunter, with his dog and gun, pursued a big bear, near Black Mountain, on the 19th. He finally killed the bear just as Senator Z. Vance came up. Senator probably ate bear meat next day. His house is near the place where Bruin was killed.

Lenoir Topic: We are informed that the revenue officers of Watauga and Ashe counties, we believe, made a raid week before last, upon a crowd of illicit distillers harboring on North Fork of New River, near the head, and at a point where the two county lines and the Tennessee line converge. Fifteen prisoners was the result of their haul.

Asheville Advance: Judge Stanly Mathews of the U. S. Supreme Court Bench is in the city. He and his family are at the Swannanoa Hotel. They will spend the summer in Asheville.

Greensboro Patriot: Guilford has 64 pensioners.—The stock law movement in Trinity College township, Randolph county, last week was carried by a majority of 60 votes.—The rebuilding of Randleman's factory will begin in September.

Fayetteville Observer: A gentleman, who was been travelling in the Western part of our county, reports that the crops are in splendid order; the best that have been made in that section for twenty-five years. There is good deal of tobacco planted; nearly every one is making the experiment.

News & Observer: There has been a good deal of talk about lynching Jerry Finch and Lee Taylor, the negro men in jail at Pittsboro, charged with the triple murder of the Finch family. Many people think the evidence against them ample. Cool people advise against Judge Lynch, unless there is more evidence, any other course near being lynched.

News & Observer: Mr. J. A. Hill let his wheat, the other day, for 95 bushels of nine cents, from 54 cents. This is the best we have heard of in the country this season.—There were 44 persons baptized by Rev. D. B. Clayton, at Red Hill University Church last Monday—17 by immersion and 27 by affusion. There was a large crowd present and much interest was manifested in the sermon.—Mr. Reddin Hair, of Mingo township, was feeding Mr. Taylor's steam thrasher. His right hand was caught and crushed above the wrist so badly that it had to be amputated.

Wilson Advance: The wheat crop throughout this section has been poor, but the tobacco is looking finely and is growing rapidly.—The property in Wilson county is valued at \$3,500,000 against \$1,900,000. This looks like progress in sixteen years.—On Saturday morning about three miles above Rocky Mount, Clarence Daughtridge, a fourteen year old son of Mr. William Daughtridge, while swimming with his two younger brothers in the river got over his head and sunk. The little boys made a strenuous effort to aid him and the elder came very near being also drowned.

Asheville Citizen: At Waynesville, we met a lad of thirteen years, Willie Farmer by name, who is a genius, and whose genius runs in that practical line which tends to make him, if he lives and can have opportunities useful to himself and country. When the steam engine reached Waynesville, it attracted his attention, and after day the little fellow watched it, examined the machinery, and went to work, and the result was a complete little engine, steam, and everything necessary for power and use, and works very elegantly, and affords power to drive two.

Charlotte Democrat: We are gratified to announce that Judge Clark, one of the new Judges, occupied only thirty minutes in his charge to the Wake county grand jury last Monday. The Raleigh Visitor says the charge, though short, covered all necessary law points. A good example.—In Mecklenburg and the surrounding counties the crops of cotton and corn are very promising, in fact rarely ever better.—Wheat and oats turned out only about one-third of a half crop generally, but in some localities probably three-fourths of a crop was realized.

COL. J. YOUNG'S DEATH.

News & Observer: Hon. Joseph B. Batchelor returned from New York last evening and kindly gave a reporter the facts as to the death of Colonel Young. Both were at the Grand Central hotel. Thursday Colonel Young and several young ladies from Boston, guests of the hotel, went to Coney Island and returned about 9 o'clock. They were at supper in the dining room, when Colonel Young suddenly complained of the heat and then of a rush of blood to his head, saying "I am very warm. Isn't my face flushed?" He was fanned, but felt no relief, and was taken into a parlor. It was discovered that he had a critical attack of apoplexy. He was taken to his room and a physician summoned. About 9:30 he died. Mr. Batchelor had been at Coney Island during the day, but did not leave until a late hour. On going to the dining room and asking for Col. Young he was told of the apoplectic stroke and going at once to Colonel Young's room was met at the door by the physician, who said Colonel Young had just died. Colonel Young was in New York making purchases for furnishing his new house at Henderson. He intended going to Boston, making some purchases there, and going to Saratoga Springs to spend some time. He was not accompanied by Mrs. Young, who is in Henderson. His brother, Mr. W. H. Young, and the latter's wife were in New York, at the Sturdivant house. Mr. Young had been in Philadelphia for medical treatment, but went over to New York for a day. Mr. J. Q. Young was telegraphed for and arrived from Henderson Saturday morning. Col. Young was very prudent. He knew his critical condition, and never exerted himself and was not exposed to the sun. He was apparently quite well Wednesday and also Thursday.

THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF DEMOCRATS IN OFFICE.

N. Y. Sun: As we understand the doctrine of the Administration in regard to offensive partisanship, a Democrat in office must not make himself offensive to any one by reason of his party predilections. It therefore becomes quite interesting and important to Democrats who have already obtained or expect to obtain appointments under the Federal Government, to know precisely how far they may go in their efforts to promote the success of the Democratic party without rendering themselves liable to reproach for offensive partisanship.

What constitutes an offensive partisanship? In some cases the question is not difficult to answer.

Take, for example, the Ohio Postmaster who stood in the door of his Post Office and proclaimed to the villagers: "If you want to vote for a gentleman and a statesman, vote for James G. Blaine; if you want to vote for 250 pounds of flesh and a No. 18 collar, vote for Grover Cleveland." This Postmaster is naturally classed among the offensive Republican partisans by Mr. Vilas.

There are other cases in which the problem is not so easy to solve.

At the banquet in Boston to Senator Logan, a short time ago, a number of Republican officeholders were conspicuous by their absence. Neither the Postmaster, the Collector, nor the United States Marshal attended, and it is suggested in various New England newspapers that they stayed away for fear their presence at a dinner to the Republican candidate for Vice President would be regarded as evidence of offensive partisanship!

According to this view, a public officer is an offensive partisan if he is an honor of a party to which he is appointed, and if he deprives his fellow-citizens of their rights by reason of his political affiliations.

This State renders it essential for the administration to determine soon how far it will allow Federal officers to participate in State politics. Of course no man should be permitted to neglect his public duties or pervert his official power to party ends; but it will be a hazardous experiment, we fear, to prohibit all political activity whatever on the part of Democrats in office.

Will Democratic officeholders be allowed to go as delegates to nominating conventions? Will they be allowed to attend such gatherings, even if they do not go as delegates? Where is the line to be drawn which shall indicate how far they may go and no farther?

These questions will have to be answered before long, and we are confident that the Administration will answer them intelligently and with wisdom.

THE GROWING "GOLDEN WEED."

Farmer & Mechanic: Reports from all over the tobacco section are to the effect that this year's crop will be immense. Col. A. M. Yarborough, of Osgood, who spent Tuesday last in Raleigh, says that Clatham will astonish the ware houses during the coming season. Moore is spreading herself, and will visit the markets next fall with great loads of bright wrappers and good heavy fillers. Graville, Person and Caswell, already rich, will be made richer with this year's crop. Franklin and Nash each have great green acres of the weed, and are killing worms and building barns with a vim, and Johnston will take a front seat in the synagogue of sellers. If you want to know what Wake is doing, just listen: Not four days ago a prominent Raleigh tobacco dealer offered one Wake county man "seventy-five hundred" dollars for his crop. The land on which this crop is being made could have been bought four years ago for less than half that money. Another Wake county man, Mr. Charles L. Hinton, was offered one hundred and fifty dollars for what tobacco he had growing on one acre.

Cotton and other crops are equally promising. Mr. M. T. Leach expects to make one hundred bushels of cotton in 100 acres of land.

A CHANCE FOR HOMES?

Southern Colonist: Our early days were spent on a farm. We understand from practical experience what plowing, chopping, hoeing, mowing, picking stones and other kinds of farm work really are. But in our early home it took a small fortune to purchase a farm, and the price per acre is no less today than it was years ago. With land at thirty and forty dollars an acre; with lumber at ten dollars per thousand; with horses at one hundred and fifty, cows at forty and fifty, and sheep at from four to six dollars each, what chance is there for a young man with limited means to get a home in the North?

We know many men in some parts of Pennsylvania who have toiled for years to get a home. They manage to pay interest and live, while they know that unless they strike some streak of unusually good luck, they will never own their homes. Can one wonder that they become despondent?

To all such the South offers a golden opportunity. Good land can be purchased at from five to seven dollars an acre. Elegant pine lumber can be obtained at six dollars a thousand. Living is comparatively cheap. The prices of stock are so low that good horses and cows are easily purchased. The seasons are long. The climate is delightful, and health floats on every breeze.

We shall be glad to hear from our Northern friends on the subject of Southern homes, and will give any inquiries they may make of us the most careful consideration.

We shall have more to say on this subject in future issues of this paper.

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

The Louisville, Ky., Times of June 15 gives a thrilling account of the heroic conduct of "Little Willie Davis," of that city, in saving the life of a child six years old that had fallen into the river from an excursion steamer. The child had gone down for the second time, and while strong men were hesitating what to do, young Davis, who is just thirteen years old, dove into the river and seizing the drowning child brought it to the surface and saved its life.

The Times says: "When young Davis arrived at his home he did not even mention his adventure to his parents, and they did not learn of it until the father of the rescued boy called at their home to thank the gallant boy. Mr. Dabney was very free with his thanks and praise, and promised his life-long friendship to the boy who had saved the life of his child. When Major Davis commended his son Willie for his heroic deed, he had modestly answered that he had only done what he thought right, and slipped away to bed at the first opportunity.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworms, letter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains, etc.

"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions, etc. Thin people, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. 25.

"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Burch's-pain," great kidney and urinary cure.

"Rough on Pain," Pains, Rheumatism, for Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.

"Rough on Coughs," cures, 15c. Liquid, 15c. For children, slow in development, puny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Dentists," Tooth Pains, Try It! 15c. Nervous, etc. 25c. Expectorant, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer," 25c.

Outraged throat affections, hacking, irritating coughs, cured by "Rough on Coughs."

Stinging, irritating, all kinds of a urinary complaints cured by "Burch's-pain," 15c.

Night sweats, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using "Wells' Health Renewer."

If you are feeble, broken, worn out and nervous use "Wells' Health Renewer," 25c.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworms, letter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains, etc.

Three or four hours every night coughing, (retinitis) cured and cured by using "Wells' Health Renewer," 25c. Tracheitis, etc. 25c.