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Subscriptions for the Enterprise

Selected Story

THE FIGHT IN ONE MAN PASS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE APACHE WAR.

BY APACHE GEORGE.

James Grant was an early settler in the Cooney District, Socorro county, New Mexico, and located a fine ranch among the foothills of the Mogollon Range.

He built his ranch-house on a broad plateau overlooking Tule Rosa Creek, near the point where its waters unite with Los Lentas Creek, and form the San Francisco River.

Grant had failed in business as a wool merchant in San Antonio, and assisted by a few friends, who pitied his misfortune, he had emigrated to New Mexico and settled on Tule Rosa Creek, where he engaged in sheep raising.

He had been very successful, and in five years had been able, from the profits of the business, to pay off all his old debts, dollar for dollar, and had aside a comfortable sum for the benefit of his family, which was quite large, consisting of five girls and three boys.

His devoted wife had willingly accompanied him into exile, and by her advice and encouragement, had helped him to fight the battle that ultimately recuperated his fortunes.

When the incident I am about to relate took place, Mrs. Grant was on a visit to friends in Antonio, the two oldest boys were at school at Santa Fe, and two of the girls were in a convent at San Antonio. There remained at the ranch Mr. Grant, three small children, and the oldest daughter, Kitty, now in her nineteenth year.

Kitty was a very pretty girl, and withal very sensible.

She could ride a pony like a *vagabundo*, and her father often said that if she should be taken suddenly from them Kitty could run the ranch as well as a man.

Aside from these sterner accomplishments, she was as gentle and refined as the proudest lady in the land, could talk intelligently on any subject, play the piano superbly, and sing divinely.

Jake McGrath, the superintendent of her father's ranch, was to use a frontier colloquialism, "stuck on Kitty," and being a bold man, had boldly declared his love.

Kitty had quietly referred him to her father.

"I like you very well, Jake," said James Grant, "and so far as I am concerned, you have my permission to go in and win the girl. I don't know how she feels toward you, but it would suit me exactly to see you throw herself away on one of these nobby-pony tenderfoot from the States." And here Grant's face clouded. "I've noticed lately that young Saltonstall, who owns the new mine over on the range, has been coming here oftener than necessary, and I advise you to look sharp."

Thus encouraged, Grant's superintendent turned away, and mounting his horse, rode to a distant part of the ranch.

He was not yet out of sight when Arthur Saltonstall, the "tenderfoot from the States," rode up to the ranch, mounted on his superb, blooded horse, Brown Bill.

"I am so glad you have come, Arthur!" was Kitty's greeting, as he vaulted to a position on the porch beside her and raised her brown hand to his lips. "Mr. McGrath asked me to be his wife, this morning, and I referred him to father. I don't like him, and I never could be his wife."

She blushed and bent her head, and young Saltonstall lunged down and kissed her.

"I don't fear his rivalry much," he said, proudly; "but as he has been bold enough to speak to your father, I will delay no longer, but this morning will tell him of our love, and ask his consent to our marriage."

"Oh, Arthur," said the girl, and her face paled; "I know he does not like you, though why I cannot tell. Only yesterday he spoke of you contemptuously as a 'tenderfoot in store-clothes.' He thinks that you are lacking in those courageous qualities which he so much admires; but if he only knew how brave and noble you are, I know—"

"That he would gladly consent to our marriage!" cried Arthur, laughing. "To tell you the truth, Kitty, I never admired long hair in a man, and if I don't wear 'duckskin' and ducking, it's because I have plenty of other clothes in my wardrobe that I can't afford to throw

away."

"Remember, Arthur," said Kitty, coming closer, "that no matter how my father decides, or come what may, I shall never cease to love you!"

"I have implicit faith and trust in you," responded the young man. And then raising her hand to his lips, he walked away to hunt up the ranch owner.

Mr. Grant received the young suitor somewhat coldly, and listened in gloomy silence to the story of his love.

"I like a man of grit," he said, when the recital was finished; "and when you can prove to me that you are a man, in all that the name implies, you are welcome to Kitty. I'll tell you beforehand, though, that my superintendent, Jake McGrath, is in the field before you. Jake usually carries everything by storm, and if you don't look sharp, he'll carry off his wife right before your eyes."

"Trust me for that," said Arthur, a little defiantly.

And here turned to Kitty. Before he reached the house the writer of the history rode past him. I knew the young man, and we exchanged pleasant greetings.

"What's the latest news about the Indians, George?" he asked.

"Bad!" I responded. "A bunch of about twenty-five bucks passed through Black Horse Canyon last night. They were heading toward the other side of the range, and traveling very fast."

"The wretches!" cried Saltonstall. "Why don't the troops get after them?"

"A squad of our men are in hot pursuit," I answered, "and the captain thinks we can overtake them before they reach Horse Spring. He wants to secure the co-operation of the citizens as much as possible, and I've come down to ask Grant to join us. We are in camp fifteen miles above here, on the creek, for our horses are sadly in need of rest and grass. We'll take up the trail early to-morrow morning."

"I'll meet you," said Saltonstall, "and bring three good men with me. I sent them to Clairmont yesterday for the mail, and told them to call for me here this afternoon."

"All right!" I said. "We'll look you up."

And the ranch owner coming up at this juncture, I briefly detailed the purpose of my visit, and he promised to accompany me back to camp with such of his men as he could spare from the ranch. He told his daughter of his intention, and made hurried preparations for departure.

As we rode away, he looked back toward the ranch-house, on the porch of which Arthur and Kitty were seated in close and confidential communion.

"If that whip-snapper was a man," he growled, "he'd be in the saddle, assisting to drive out these murderous red demons, instead of talking sentimental nonsense to a girl, like the coward that he is!"

"He has promised to join us to-morrow morning with three of his men," I retorted, somewhat nettled, for I thoroughly understood the young man's better qualities, and knew him to be as brave as lion.

"Oh, of course he'll come!" rejoined Grant, sarcastically. And the subject was dropped.

The hours passed swiftly by, and Arthur and Kitty, talking only as lovers can, took no heed of the flight of time.

Suddenly a Mexican boy, mounted on a panting pony, whose steaming body was white with foam, dashed up to the ranch.

"Los Indios!" he cried, throwing himself from the saddle.

"Where?" cried Saltonstall, starting to his feet, while Kitty trembled with terror.

"In the foothills yonder," answered the boy, pointing in the direction whence he had come.

"They are not five miles back, and are riding this way!"

"Quick!" cried Saltonstall, turning to Kitty. "We have no time to lose. Get the children, and I will notify the women about the ranch and have ponies saddled. If we move expeditiously, we can reach the Ranger camp before they overtake us."

For an instant Kitty hesitated, as her gentle mind pictured what might be their fate, with the bloodthirsty foe steadily advancing upon them.

Then by a mighty effort she controlled herself, and hastened to obey Arthur's directions.

In fifteen minutes the little party was in the saddle, and with Arthur guarding the rear, galloped briskly up the creek toward the camp of the

Rangers.

A half-mile from the ranch-house met Jake McGrath, and hastily communicated the dread intelligence the Mexican boy had brought in.

As the words fell from Arthur's lips, McGrath's knees beat a loud tattoo against his saddle skirts.

Before his trembling lips could utter a word, there was borne to the ears of the little party a faint and eerie yell, that sent a cold chill to their hearts.

"There they come!" gasped McGrath.

And wheeling his horse, he dug the spurs into the animal's side and dashed away, before Arthur could prevent him.

"The coward!" hissed the young man, as the ranch superintendent's form disappeared among the rock. And urging the fugitives to spur up their ponies, the journey was continued.

From time to time they heard the yells of the savages, and Arthur noted with alarm that they grew louder and nearer.

"Hurry! hurry!" he cried, and they dashed on at a gallop.

More than half the distance had been passed, and the trail wound through a narrow pass, flanked on either side by towering cliffs.

Beyond this pass was an open stretch of country, which they would be obliged to cross.

As they reached the divide, another yell, so near and distinct that the women screamed with fright and children began to cry, was borne to their ears, and Arthur's face paled.

He bent suddenly in the saddle, and touched his lips to Kitty's cheek.

"Darling," he said, "the wretches have been gaining steadily upon us, and will surely overtake us in the open country. You know the trail. Ride on with all speed. In this pass one man can hold an army at bay. I will remain. Before the miscreants can retrace their steps and go around the mountain, the Rangers will be here. Ride for your life, and God bless you!"

She thought of the danger to which he was so bravely subjecting himself, and words of objection rose to her lips.

"Ride!" he commanded. "It is our only hope of safety!"

He dismounted, and turned away his head to hide the tears that would come; and Kitty, with a numb, nameless terror at her heart, urged forward her pony, and the party of women and children disappeared down the divide.

"Heaven grant they may not be too late!" was Arthur's low-muttered ejaculations, as the sound of hoofbeats died away in the distance.

And cocking his six-shooter, he turned his eyes upon the proportions of Brown Bill, who stood restlessly pawing the ground.

"Poor old fellow!" cried Arthur, through his tears.

And throwing his arms around the horse's neck, he hugged him close.

Then quickly stepping to one side, he raised his six-shooter and sent a bullet crashing through the animal's brains.

With a low moan the horse pitched forward on his knees, his limbs quivered, and he fell upon his side—dead!

Lying extended at full length behind this barricade, Arthur awaited the approach of the Apaches.

On they came, yelling fiercely; but when the advance reached the turn in the pass and saw the dead horse, they halted; and Arthur, taking quick aim, fired, and the foremost Indian threw up his hands and pitched from the saddle, dead!

Now they opened fire upon him, and the bullets fell upon him like hail.

Twice was he wounded, but he still kept up a rapid fire, and the Indians finally fell back.

He knew this was only a ruse, and that if he exposed himself, a bullet would surely lay him low.

His wounds pained him, and the fierce heat was intolerable.

He longed for a drink of cool water, and counted the minutes as they slowly dragged by.

And how passed—two and still no sign from the foe.

Would the Rangers never come? He raised his head to look about him, and a bullet whistled by so close that it made him shudder.

He dropped behind his dead horse, and the Indians, thinking him dead, set up an exultant shout, and rushed forward in a body.

The bullets from his Winchester did not check their advance, and he knew that in another minute their cruel knives would be drinking his heart's blood.

He determined to sell his life as

dearly as possible, and staggered to his feet.

As he did so, a loud cheer awoke the echoes of the canyon, and the dismayed and discomfited red men fell back before the steady fire of our men, who had arrived just in time to save Arthur Saltonstall's life.

The conflict was short and sharp. The Indians fell back, leaving several of their dead and wounded.

Those that escaped scattered in the foothills, and we gave up the pursuit.

Arthur Saltonstall was badly wounded, and we carried him back to our camp on an improvised stretcher.

When we came up he fainted, and James Grant, who had accompanied our party, sprang to his side.

The application of a little cold water, and a drink of whiskey, revived him, and when he opened his eyes, the ranch owner grasped his hand.

"Saltonstall," he cried, "forgive me for misjudging you! You are a brave man. Jake McGrath is a hothead and a coward. You love Kitty, and Kitty loves you. Take her, my boy, and God bless you!"

HOW AND WHAT SHOULD GIRLS PLAY?

Philadelphia Press.

A young woman from one of our finest colleges for women has recently returned to her home for the summer vacation. Lotta, as we will call her, has grown stout and ruddy, yet stands at the head of her class in scholarship, and is a bright, lovable and pretty girl. But her figure! It delighted the sensible, but shocked the fashionable. "Aren't you going to put corsets on that girl, Mrs. Hand?" inquired a neighbor, anxiously of the lady's mother.

"Oh, no," returned Mrs. Hand, quickly. She can't go through the exercises properly in corsets."

"Then I would take her out of college and put her somewhere where she could have her figure properly curbed."

"She looks like a perfect fright," she added later, in describing Miss Lotta's appearance to a friend.

"I know it," returned the friend, "but she is just for the sake of comfort, for they are going to sacrifice that girl's prospects." (The contempt with which this remark was uttered!)

"Yes, and she is as strong as a horse," was the response. "It would tone her down to dress her properly, and couldn't hurt her with such a constitution."

But Lotta is still untrammelled by corsets. She can run a mile without getting seriously out of breath; can climb any tree in search of birds' nests or botanical specimens, of which she collects a great many; plays tennis superbly—in short, is a glorious example of what American girls of seventeen ought to be.

"I have never curtailed her in the matter of playing," said Mrs. Hand, in describing the way in which she has brought up her daughter. "She never was what would be called a tomboy, but always very fond of ball-playing and of rowing. She has developed mostly out of doors, and you can see the result. Her waist development is large, it is true. I dislike to have her look so unlike other girls as she does, but I am content to leave her as the Lord made her. She is a noble, high spirited, perfectly healthy girl. I consider that her outdoor exercise, in which I have allowed the fullest freedom of motion, has been the source of her superior health and strength."

We make no remarks upon this incident. It is worth while to consider, however, with reference to it. Some boys and girls are nourished by the same food, warmed by the same fire and taught from the same books, reason would indicate like plays as suitable for both. There be quiet boys and noisy girls; there be quiet girls and noisy boys. Do not remark that because a girl is a girl she can not and should not play the invigorating and healthful plays which are usually relegated to boys. If her nature demands vigorous exercise, let her have it. This placing of stones on the heads of our girls, as it were, to prevent them growing to the full divine stature, is an insult to them and the civilization under which we live.

THE LESSON LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.

N. Y. Sun.

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words "love, honor, and obey," the groom interrupted him and said:

"Read that ag'in, sah; read it wunst mo', so's de lady kin retch de full solemnity ob de manni' I've been married befo'."

GIRL TYPE-SETTERS.

New York Sun.

At the tall type cases that were ranged on the top floor of a William street law and newspaper printing office, side by side with male journeymen, who were busy at work with their sleeves rolled up, a score of young women stood smilingly sticking type in burnished composing sticks.

They worked with great dexterity, and a bystander who looked on critically could not have detected that the men excelled them in the swiftness with which they picked the types from the cases and dropped them in place in the sticks. Their ages ranged from 17 to 25 years, and they were all plainly but neatly dressed. They kept their eyes on the copy before them, and attended strictly to business all day long.

"They are all first-class compositors," the proprietor of the place said, and some of them earn more than the men, because they stick closer to their work." The proprietor was a veteran printer himself, and said he had taught lots and lots of girls to stick type in his office during the ten years.

"There must be somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred girls compositors in the town now," he added, "and most of them make a good living at it. Harper Brothers and other big firms employ squads of them in their composing rooms on certain grades of work."

How does their work compare with the men's?"

"Very favorably. A little more care has to be expended in reviewing the proofs than in the case of the men, but in other respects the women's work is just about the same. The need of watching the proofs more closely, though, makes a difference in the rates of compensation, but as a rule the difference is not more than two or three cents per thousand lines less than the rate paid to the men. You know, male printers are like sailors in their roving disposition, and they like to go off and have good time sometimes, and they have a good time irrespective of the demands of business. They change about from office to office a great deal, too, and for this reason less printers very often prefer to employ girls, especially when the job on hand is something to do with a rush within a stipulated time. You can depend on the girls every time to come to work promptly and regularly every day."

"Is there jealousy among the men on account of the employment of the women?"

"Not that I ever heard a compositor utter a word complimentary to the competition of women."

GEN. HANCOCK'S COURTESY TO GEN. GORDON.

Correspondence N. Y. World.

Gen. Gordon related an incident of his experience in New York which appeared to have touched him very deeply. He was complimented, in the first place, by being invited to act as aide upon Gen. Hancock's staff. When he called to report for duty he was handed an order which directed staff officers to take their positions in the line according to their rank. Gen. Gordon was embarrassed when he read this. He had held one of the highest offices in the Confederate army, but under the existing order of things he had no rank. So he solved the vexed question of his position by going modestly to the end of the line below every one of the regular army officers down to the humblest. But he was not permitted to remain there. An aide from Gen. Hancock came galloping up and directed Gen. Gordon as the ranking officer to take his position at the head of the staff next to Hancock himself. This recognition of his old grade deeply touched Gen. Gordon, not that he cared anything for the position itself. He is too much of a man of the world to be moved about trifles, but the spirit of courtesy and friendliness that dictated the offer stirred his chivalrous nature to its fullest depths. Again at the tomb Gen. Gordon fell back, decided to yield the place to some of Gen. Hancock's regular military associates. But even then he was foiled in his attempt by the watchful courtesy of Gen. Hancock. Word came quickly to Gen. Gordon that he was out of position, and he was directed to move up above Gen. Roger Jones and hold his place until the close of the ceremony.

A TRUE PICTURE.

Atlanta, Ga. Constitution.

"I know Jefferson Davis intimately," says Dr. Divine, of this city, formerly a neighbor of Davis in Mississippi, "and the prevalent idea that he is dyspeptic or sour is very unjust. He is a great student, much given to his books and consequently not on the hurrah! order of men. But he is as gentle as a woman, as approachable as a child, and his sympathies are readily worked up when the stories of the suffering are poured into his ear. Davis is one of those men whose fame will come out in bold relief when his detractors are dead and forgotten."

MR. KEILEY WILL COME HOME—CONTEMPTIBLE ACTION OF THE AUSTRIAN GOV.—GOVERNMENT.

Washington Correspondence New York Herald.

Mr. Keiley will presently return home, as the Austrian government declines to receive him as minister. But the Austrian minister of Foreign Affairs has very curiously and stupidly blundered in giving as the main reason for refusing to receive Mr. Keiley the excuse that Mrs. Keiley is a Jewess.

While the President and Secretary Bayard were ready to admit the right of the Austrian or any other foreign government to object to an American representative on the general ground that he was not pleasing to them—a ground on which this government has in repeated instances required the recall of a foreign minister here—they have resented in proper spirit, and with indignation, the excuse given by the Austrian government.

Not a word can be justly said against Mrs. Keiley. She is a lady in every way fit to appear in any society or at any court, and to make her Jewish origin an excuse for declining to receive her husband as minister is to show a narrow and mean spirit which Secretary Bayard has denounced as it deserves. When Congress asks for the publication of the correspondence it will be seen that the Austrians play a very discreditable part in it, and that Secretary Bayard has temperately and with proper dignity, but with proper vigor also, resented and denounced the narrow-minded bigotry of the Austrian foreign office.

THE INDIAN'S THIRST FOR BLOOD.

Colonel Royall, of the army, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, is one of the best known Indian fighters in the service. He is here on leave, his health being much impaired by many years life on the frontier. Speaking of the present disturbances and the love for murder which every Indian seems to possess in a greater or less degree, he said: "I once asked a remarkably intelligent Indian, who was known to have killed a white man some years ago, why it was that his race enjoyed so much going on the war-path and killing people. The conversation which ensued ran something like this, the Indian beginning: 'Did you ever shoot a rabbit?' 'Yes.' 'Did you ever shoot a deer?' 'Yes.' 'Didn't you get more fun out of killing the deer than the rabbit?' 'Yes, I guess so.' 'Well, there's a heap more fun for an Indian to kill a man than a deer.' 'That was Indian logic, and pretty good logic, too, I should say.' Col. Royall remarked, and added: 'My experience has been that the minute an Indian sheds human blood, it seems to affect the whole tribe the same way that the smell of blood would a pack of wild beasts. It intoxicates them. They become devils. They must satisfy their lust for murder, and the settlers on the trail they make their victims.'"

A SUCCESSFUL SCHEME.

Texas Sittings.

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