

# THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XII NO. 26.

NEWTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890.

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State Library

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

A pinch of morn when spirits seek  
To feed in the shaming gloom,  
Death called the roses from her cheek,  
And marked her for a jeweled tomb,  
Where weeping willows bud and bloom.

Her hands are clasped like braided snow,  
Her eyes no more their watch keep;  
Then on her cheek we see the glow,  
And wrapped in rose, let her sleep,  
In quiet where the willows weep.

No costly stone above her raise,  
Which other names might justly crave;  
For she hath left of silent praise,  
A monument above the grave,  
Each "ing" while the willows wave.

Let grand old oaks by storms uprooted,  
Their shadows round the dial send,  
And when by autumn winds uprooted,  
Their leaves shall richest colors lend,  
As covering where the willows bend.

Brown as a nut on her morrow,  
From tree tops shaken to and fro,  
Shall wrap her door but none be found  
To rise and answer on below,  
To visits where the willows grow.

And when the morning choir of spring  
Rings o'er the plain and shaded nook,  
Loves sweetest floral tribute bring,  
And cast it with a hopeful look,  
Beneath the willows of the brook.

When shadows eastward creep along,  
And ins't mourners gather high  
To tell her an evening song,  
No scenes such hallowed thoughts supply  
As where the willow pling willows sigh.

When autumn's russet cloak o'er spreads  
The shoulders of the giant trees,  
And o'er the pearls, the evening she's  
Shall flash and sparkle on the leaf,  
Let "flow" her kiss the leaf.

Tell them who ask, "Who, here, is not?"  
"To open rose the garden took,  
White blushing and hark marked the spot,  
With Parian cross and open book,  
Beneath the willows of the brook."

Bright halloved morning, quickly come,  
For which the ransom both been paid;  
Call a low-sung, aches home,  
Along the highway, Ions made,  
Far from the willows peroxide shade.

THE SOLDIER WAS A FATHER.  
New York letter to the Baltimore Sun.

There was buried at Greenwood today a man with a curious history. He had been a Confederate soldier, as brave as any of his comrades, but he deserted his army during the war and was tried by court-martial for doing so. Edward Cooper was his name. For the past year he has been living at No. 355 Fourth avenue.

One bleak December morning in 1863 he was before a court martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. The prisoner was told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to his inevitable fate, Gen. Battle said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without reason?"

"There was a reason," replied Cooper, "but it will not avail me before a military tribunal."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said the general; "you are charged with the highest crime known to military law and it is your duty to make known the cause that influenced you."

Approaching the president of the court Cooper presented the letter, saying as he did so: "There, general, is what did it!"

The letter was offered as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

"DEAR EDWARD: Since your connection with the Confederacy, my I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world, but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was roused by little Eddie crying. I called to him and said: 'What is the matter, Eddie?' He replied: 'Oh, mamma, I am so lunny.' And Lucy, your darling Lucy. She never complains. But she grows thinner and thinner every day. Before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die."

"YOUR MARY."

Turning to the prisoner, Gen. Battle asked: "What did you do when you received that letter?"

Cooper replied: "I made application for a furlough. It was rejected. Again I made application and it was rejected. That night as I wandered about our camp thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary."

If every gun in the battery had been fired upon me I would have passed those lines. When I reached home Mary flung her arms round

## UNDER THE WILLOWS.

"The willows of the brook."—Job 40: 22.

Dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Minnie Perkins Reinhardt Murphy, who died June 20th, 1890, at Maiden, N. C.  
BY JOHN ALBERT MURPHY.

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## WEEKLY WEATHER CROP BULLETIN

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1890.

Central Office, Raleigh, N. C.  
The reports of correspondents of the Weekly Weather Crop Bulletin, issued by the North Carolina Experiment Station and State Weather Service, co-operating with the United States Signal Service, show that heavy rains continued throughout the State until the 30th of July, the remainder of the week ending Saturday, August 24, 1890, being warm and bright. Fears have been entertained that the heavy rains of the past two weeks would cause serious damage to crops, but the injury done is far less than might have been expected. Cotton has been shedding badly in some places, but the plants are so well advanced and full of blossoms and fruit that the present loss is not sufficient to justify any gloomy anticipations. In a majority of counties the rains have been just what was needed, and the general prospects for cotton, corn and tobacco continue excellent. The weather during the week has greatly benefited upland corn, but injured crops on low ground. Mr. J. W. Morrow says that Pineville township can show cotton laying in five foot rows and five to six feet high.

The highest temperature during the week was 94, the lowest 54 degrees. The average rain fall was 3.75 inches, which is nearly 2.50 inches above the normal amount. The following are some of the heaviest rains reported: Edenton, Chowan county, 3.90; Elizabeth City, Pamlico county, 2.80; Newbern, Currituck county, 3.39; Raleigh, Wake county, 5.73; Smithfield, Johnston county, 3.85; Lawrenceburg, Richmond county, 7.00; Ayresville, Stokes county, 7.00 inches; Lenoir, Caldwell county, 4.60; Old Fort, McDowell county, 5.00; Asheville, Buncombe county, 3.70. Next week will continue warm with plenty of sunshine and not much rain.

Eastern District. Cloudy and cool weather prevailed, with heavy rains until July 30th, followed by warmer weather the rest of the week. The average rain fall 3.26 inches. Some damage reported to cotton and tobacco. Cotton is shedding, but not as badly as was anticipated. The rain has been favorable for corn, grasses, potatoes and vegetables, but slightly injured tobacco. Rust reported on cotton in Richmond county.

Western District. Rainy weather continued until the 29th, followed by warm weather with plenty of sunshine, which was greatly needed. The average rain-fall for the week was 3.20 inches, in excess of the normal. Less injury to cotton reported in this district than in others, though it has shed some. Corn and tobacco, improved especially upland corn.

NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.  
Wiggins says the world cannot end for billions of years.

Prof. Wiggins, the weather prophet, who is now at a small Canadian village near Ottawa, was interviewed the other day by a Globe-Democrat correspondent.

"Will this world ever have an end?" was asked.

"No," said the astronomer; "this world will never have an end. The universe, or immensity, so far as revealed to us in the telescope, is made up of star bunches, or nebulae placed at immense distances from each other. Our sun belongs to the nebula which we call the milky way. Who would think of one nebula blotted from existence without all the others meeting a similar fate? But if our earth ever does have an end it cannot be for many billions of years yet."

"The first planet of the solar system that will be snuffed out is Neptune, for it is the farthest from the sun and the oldest. Uranus will then follow, then Saturn, then great Jupiter, then Mars. Twenty millions of years after we see Mars fall out of the sky we may prepare for oblivion, but not till then. You see, as the planets grow they recede from the sun and shift their axes. And as they recede from the sun, or the center of gravity, they swell or enlarge. Life on Mars is much preferable to that on earth, for the people there have smaller bones, because the attraction is less, and they

## JUDGE A. L. McCORKLE.

Raleigh News and Observer.

Yesterday Governor Fowle appointed Col. Matthew Locke McCorkle to be Judge of the 11th district to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Shipp.

Col. McCorkle was born in Catawba (then a part of Lincoln) county, November 17, 1817, and is now in his 72d year. His grandfather, Francis McCorkle, fought gallantly at Ransour's Mills in the Revolutionary war, and the name has ever been held in high esteem in that portion of the State.

Having graduated at Davidson College, he studied law under Chief Justice Pearson, and obtained his license in 1846, but was immediately made Clerk of the Superior court, which position held until 1850. At the outbreak of the war he raised a part of the Twenty-third North Carolina Regiment, and he served faithfully on the field of duty.

In 1864, he was elected to the Legislature, and was also elected Colonel of the Senior Reserves.

His next public service was in the Constitutional Convention of 1875. Judge McCorkle is one of the best and pretest men in the State. He is a sound lawyer, a gentleman of character and high integrity. His disposition is amiable, his manners courteous and he possesses a fund of the milk of human kindness and charity that make all men esteem him who come in contact with him.

It was understood that Gov. Fowle would make no appointment to this vacancy until after the Judicial Convention had made a nomination, but upon Judge Whitaker's action in regard to jurisdiction, in order that Stokes court might be held, the Governor determined to fill the vacancy at once. Col. McCorkle's name has been mentioned in connection with the nomination, but we learn that his name will not be presented to the convention at all.

OUR BIGGEST LAND OWNER.  
Asheville Citizen.

Mr. Barkley Cain has sold his farm of 50 acres on the French Board, South of the city, to Mr. Joseph Vanderbilt for \$12,500. Mr. Josiah Jones, whose farm adjoins Mr. Cain's, has also disposed of his farm to Mr. Vanderbilt. The price is unknown.

Mr. Vanderbilt has purchased of Mr. G. W. Pack the Antler Hall estate for \$30,000, and it is reported the estate of G. W. West and Col. J. G. Martin, for \$90,000 and \$50,000 respectively. This property all adjoins, and with the exception of Col. Wm. Coche's farm, gives Mr. Vanderbilt the entire front on the French Broad, from below the Swanmanoa to Alexander's bridge, and beyond. It also comprises some of the most valuable as well as the prettiest valley and hill lands of this beautiful section. Mr. Pack has instructed all work connected with Antler Hall suspend ed.

THE FIRST STEP.  
Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of his great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume her'thy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at T. R. Abernethy & Co's Drug Store.

LADIES.  
Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

## THE COTTON PROSPECT.

The New York quotations show that there is now a difference of nearly 2 cents per pound between spot cotton and deliveries for November and December the quotation for the former being 12 1/2 cents, and for the latter 10.51 and 10.50.

Earlier in this year there was a corner in Liverpool which advanced and maintained prices in New York. Now, it would appear, there is a corner in New York which is stiffening prices in Liverpool. At least, a dispatch of Monday from Liverpool reports the Journal of Commerce of that city as saying that "New York cotton operators have undertaken to run a corner in Liverpool in autumn deliveries. They have set local houses to buy all spot cotton at the present basis as well as for immediate delivery. They will try to run a corner in New York also."

Advices from Manchester also say that the cotton spinners there may have to fall back on their reserve stocks unless prices decline, and that foreign holders may slip their surplus supplies to New York.

It thus appears that, although the price of cotton has been well maintained during the summer months by the competition between a home and a foreign corner, the prospects for the new crop are not assuring of the maintenance of present prices. True, if the Manchester spinners reduce their reserves, as suggested, they will have at command to replenish their stocks, but the conditions under which they may do so are at present uncertain and precarious.

The true policy of the planters appears to be to avail themselves of the present prices as long as they continue, so as to meet their needs and obligations, but not to hurry the balance of the crop to market if reactionary forces bring it under the control of the "bears"—for there is no reason to doubt that deals and corners will be continued throughout the coming cotton season. A close watching of the games of the speculators and an improvement of the opportunities afforded by their "ups and downs" may enable producers to profit by the deals of the speculators.

SWEET CATSUP RECIPES.  
Currant Catsup—Take 4 pounds of ripe currants, one and a half pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful of salt, ground cloves and pepper, with a pint of vinegar; stew the currants, and sugar until thick; add the other ingredients, and bottle for use.

Gooseberry Catsup—Take nine pounds of gooseberries, five pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, ten tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and one each of allspice and cloves. Take the blossoms off the gooseberries and wash them; put them in a porcelain kettle, wash, let scald and strain; add the sugar and spices; let boil fifteen minutes, and add the vinegar cold; bottle immediately, while hot.

Grape Catsup—Take six pounds of ripe grapes pick from the stems, boil in a little water and strain, add a pint of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, a teaspoonful of salt, and one grated nutmeg; boil until thick, and bottle. This catsup is excellent with game and fish.

Sweet Green Tomato Catsup—Take six pounds of green tomatoes, and chop fine, cover with vinegar, put on the fire, and boil until very tender, strain, add three pounds of sugar, season with spice to taste, boil fifteen minutes, and bottle.

Sweet Ripe Tomato Sauce—Cut up three dozen large ripe tomatoes, put in a preserve kettle and boil until soft; take off and strain; to every cup of juice add a teaspoon of sugar, the juice of a lemon, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, mace and cinnamon, with half a nutmeg; boil until thick, and bottle.

Peach Catsup—Take very ripe, soft peaches peel and seed, put in a kettle, after mashing, and add a little water to keep from burning; cook and stir fifteen minutes, take up, strain, and put back in the kettle, with vinegar; to these, a teaspoon of sugar; to every quart, with spice to taste; cook ten minutes, and bottle.

AN INTERESTING CASE.  
Asheville Citizen.

An interesting habeas corpus case was before Judge Merrimon this morning. It involved the possession of Susie Ropetwister, an Indian child. The suit is brought by John Ropetwister, father of the girl, and

## THE MOUNT HOLLY FAIR.

Charlotte Chronicle.

The Mt. Holly fair was in full blast yesterday.

The clouds had vanished, and the summer sun sent his burning rays down upon the multitudes that had gathered at Mt. Holly to attend the State horticultural fair.

Geo. Robinson, commissioner of agriculture, President A. Q. Holliday and others, held the second interesting session of the Farmers' Institute. The subject under discussion was making silo and ensilage, and the breaking of fine horses.

The grape fair was formally opened yesterday. The display of grapes consists of about 1,000 plates, and covers about 1,200 square feet of table, including between 90 and 100 varieties. This is a beautiful display and well worth seeing. The largest and best display of grapes is from Wake county. The largest exhibits belong to S. W. Whiting, G. B. Edwards, and S. Otho Wilson, of Raleigh; Prof. P. W. Johnson, of Wake Forest, and J. Van Lindley, of Pomona, N. C.

In addition to this there are some fine exhibits of manufactured goods. Today, the Chief of the Pomological Department of the United States will deliver an address.

Addresses will also be delivered by Capt. S. B. Alexander, Col. A. Q. Holliday and others.

Professor McCarthy, State Botanist, will make an address on practical horticulture by practical illustrations.

J. Van Lindley and S. Otho Wilson will discuss grape culture in North Carolina.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS  
Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. Sold by J. C. Simmons, druggist.

**J. B. LITTLE,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST.  
NEWTON, N. C.

**Dr. P. F. LAUGENOUR,**  
DENTIST.  
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