

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1870.

VOLUME XVII—NO. 19.

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Subscription Two Dollars per annum. Advance payments inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve lines (this size type) for the first insertion, fifty cents for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Ready notices will be made. All advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on them, as they will be inserted till ordered and charged for. Unless ordered otherwise, advertisements will invariably be "displayed." Ordinary notices, and all matters relating to the benefit of any one, are regarded as advertisements.

## Selected Poetry.

### Beautiful Sunday.

BY A. J. B. DUGANER.

How beautiful is Sunday,  
The resting-day of Tolly,  
When quiet broods upon the air,  
And silence on the soil;  
And o'er the sunlit meadows  
The calm of twilight sleeps,  
And through the woodland shadows;  
The hush of evening creeps;  
When weary earth resumes  
By Heaven's smile serene—  
How beautiful is Sunday,  
The Poor Man's day of rest.

How beautiful is Sunday,  
So holy and so still;  
It leaves no jar of whirling wheel,  
No din of mart or mill;  
No ring of axe or hammer,  
No sound of graining wheel;  
No voice of human labor,  
No throb of labor's pain.

The march of strife is halted,  
The cries of battle cease!  
How beautiful is Sunday,  
Remembrance the kiss of Peace.

How beautiful is Sunday,  
When through the village street,  
The little children, hand in hand,  
Go up with eager feet;  
Before them, slowly wending,  
The elders, train by train,  
Wide solemn bells are blessing  
With hymns of tender strain,  
Beneath the elden portals,  
And by the church yard sod—  
How beautiful is Sunday,  
That makes a path to God.

How beautiful is Sunday,  
That worships without words,  
From incense-cups of fragrant flowers,  
And choirs of gentle birds;  
With solemn roll of rivers,  
And fountains golden chime,  
And low hymns of the zephyrs,  
And essential praise sublime;  
When Heaven and earth grow nearer,  
And kneel in sweet accord—  
How beautiful is Sunday,  
The presence of the Lord.

## For the Ladies.

### JANET'S NEW-YEAR.

Janet Arbutnot put by the little frock she had been striving so hard to finish.

"It is almost dark," she said, glancing towards the window with a little shuddering sigh. "I suppose I shall have to go, mother."

"I suppose so, dear," replied the invalid, raising herself to a sitting posture; "but they might have spared you to-night."

"Yes, mother, but Mrs. Draper thought they would never get on with the dresses for the tableaux without help."

"And my new frock, Janet," piped a curly-headed little thing from the corner, "who will finish that?"

"Never fear, Alice," replied the sister, pleasantly, "I shall be at home bright and early to-morrow, and you shall have it in good time."

"But what's the use," continued the child, petulantly, "I might as well have no new frock, I've no place to go, and we shan't have even a dough-nut for New-Year—shall we, mother?"

The mother sighed, and fell back upon her pillow, pressing her thin hands to her face to hide the tears she could not keep back.

Jane stood for a moment with her hand on the door-knob; then she recrossed the room to her mother's bed.

"Don't fret, mother," she said, tenderly, kissing the wan and sunken cheeks. "Keep a brave heart, and the sun will shine again some day, despite all this darkness. I think," she added, adjusting her worn shawl, "that I'll come home to-night, if it isn't too late, after the party, and I'll ask Mrs. Draper for part of my monthly pay. You shall have a New-Year's gift yet, Alice."

She kissed them both and left, closing the door softly behind her. But instead of going directly into the street, she went into her bedroom. Taking a key from her pocket, she unlocked a small rose-wood case that stood upon the table, and drew forth a tiny, ebony casket. Her hands trembled nervously as she unclasped it, and lifted a string of emeralds it contained. Rare and brilliant gems they were, most daintily set, and looking strangely out of place in that humble little chamber. Janet held them tenderly, pressing

them caressingly to her lips, and letting them slip through her fingers like a stream of living light. There was a spray of heliotrope in the bottom of the casket, and its sweet, subtle odor, filled the chamber like the breath of incense—and with that strange power which odors alone possess, carried the heart of the sad-faced governess away back to the dewy dawn of her girlhood.

Only five years ago, and this selfsame Janet had been the daughter of a wealthy and indulgent father, with every luxury and comfort at her command, and crowds of suitors at her feet. But only one of these met with any favor from the shy little beauty, and he was in every respect worthy of her. On the eve of a voyage to Calcutta, he had made his declaration, and been accepted, and the string of emeralds had been his betrothal-gift.

For months after his departure, Janet lived in a dream of bliss, and then the great trouble of her life came. Her father who held a high position in the mercantile world, failed utterly, and finding himself a beggar, died of a broken heart. Then their beautiful dwelling and everything went, and his poor wife sank into despairing helplessness; and there was no one left to breast the bitter storm but pretty Janet.

Bravely enough she did it, for the girl was a hero, despite her slender form and lily face. She removed her invalid mother and little sister to a city far distant from the scene of their recent troubles, procured humble lodgings and then cast about her for employment. With much difficulty, she obtained a situation as governess, a position for which her fine education and natural abilities rendered her eminently qualified. Thus the years wore on, Janet hearing nothing from her lover. He was, probably, dead she thought; or he might have heard of her father's failure, and resolved to quietly ignore her. She did not know, and she was too proud to inquire.

Now, standing there in the gathering gloom, with the rust and roar of the great city in her ears, she asked herself, "why not sell the emeralds?" They would bring a good price; enough to make her poor mother and little Alice comfortable through many a dreary month. And yet she could hardly bring herself to part with them. They were the one link that bound her to the happy past. The shadows thickened round her, and the dreamy odor of the heliotrope wrapped her, like a trance, in memories of long ago. She could see the green summer-garden, hear the splash of the fountain, and catch the twitter of the canaries from their gilded cages. His face was bending over her, his kisses burned upon her brow, his very words seemed sounding in her ear again. "A quaint affair for a betrothal-gift," he said, "but they are very precious, and they were my mother's wedding jewels. I hold them dearer than anything else I possess, hence I give them to you."

Could she part with them? Sell them for a few paltry shillings!—Her bosom rose and fell with great throbs of agony. She was coiling them into the case again, when her mother's hollow cough broke on her ear.

"For her sake," she murmured, her face whitening in the gloom; "Yes, God help me, for her sake I must!"

She closed the casket resolutely, and slipping it in her pocket, hurried out into the darkening streets. Only a block or two from Mrs. Draper's was a fashionable jewelry establishment, every window a blaze of jewels. With her heart in her mouth, Janet entered and glanced down the line of gaily-dressed customers. It would be half an hour at least, she saw, before she could be waited on, and that would be too late. And after all, perhaps, Mrs. Draper might let her have part of her monthly pay, and she would not be forced to sell the emeralds just yet.—Glad of any pretext or excuse for keeping her precious gems, she hurried from the shop; but thoughts of her mother, and poor, disappointed little Alice, brought the blinding tears to her eyes.—Life was very desolate. Alas! that would the New-Year bring room to her! She ran along briskly, with a dreadful aching at her heart, till she reached the stylish residence of her employer.

"Oh, Miss Arbutnot, here you are!" cried Mrs. Draper, as Janet tapped at the door of the dressing room. "Come in, we're in dreadful need of help. Agnes is in despair; no one can do her hair to suit her; will you have the goodness to try?"

Janet laid aside her wrappings, and approaching the superb beauty, who sat in an arm chair opposite the mirror, magnificently attired in gold-colored silk, began the task of arranging the lustrous, raven hair.

"And now," asked Janet, when her task was done, and every braid was perfect, "what ornaments shall you wear?"

"Emeralds, of course. Green and gold are his favorite colors, you know, mother," replied Agnes, smiling and blushing. "There is the jewel-case, Miss Arbutnot."

Janet opened it, and clasped the glittering gems on neck and wrist, and hung the gleaming pendants from the beauty's ears.

"And what for your hair?" she asked.

"Who knows?" replied the beauty, discontentedly. "Flowers, I suppose. If only I had emeralds to match my necklaces.—Pshaw!" she continued, as Janet held a wreath of rose-buds against her jetty braids, "take them away. They spoil everything else. Nothing but emeralds will do."

"Won't your pearls answer?" suggested her mother.

"Pearls mixed with emeralds! You would make a trifle of me, mamma. Oh, dear! I shall have to take off the dress and wear something else."

Janet hesitated a moment, and then drew the little casket from her basket.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Draper," she said, timidly, flashing open the case, "but if these would suit, I should be so pleased."

"Why, Janet," cried the heiress, lifting the glittering bright string from the case, "are you another Cinderella? But where," she added in surprise, "did you get these costly gems?"

"They were the gift of a dear friend," replied Janet, quietly. "I meant to sell them this evening, but my heart failed me."

"Why, I'll buy them if they are for sale," said the heiress, kindly. "Oh, mother, do look here! Was there ever anything so magnificent?" she cried, excitedly twining the gorgeous string round her raven braids. "May I wear them to-night, Janet?"

"In welcome," said Janet.

"Well, well," continued Agnes, with a sigh of satisfaction, "there never was such a godsend—my dress is perfect now. I shall not forget your kindness, Miss Arbutnot."

And she swept down to the parlors, the emerald encircling her brow like an aureole of light.—Janet looked after her with an old sensation of mingled pain and pleasure, and half regretted the impulsive generosity that had prompted her to proffer her precious emeralds, even for so short a time.

The tableaux were over, and the waltzing had begun. Mr. Willoughby, the lion of the season, who had just come from Calcutta, a millionaire, approached to seek Miss Draper for his first partner.

"You have surpassed yourself to-night, Miss Agnes," he said, his eyes full of admiration, as they rested upon her queenly face.

Agnes flashed with pleasure.—The music struck up, and he turned to lead her off, but suddenly stopped, staring like one petrified.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, at last, "they are the same. Miss Draper excuse me! But I cannot be mistaken; where did you get those emeralds?"

Agnes grew scarlet to her fingertips, and drew back languidly.

"A strange question, Mr. Willoughby," she said.

"I know, Miss Draper; and I beg pardon for my rudeness—but those gems were my gift to the dearest friend I ever had. You can understand my solicitude to know how they ever came into your possession."

"They are not mine, Mr. Willoughby," she was surprised answer. "They belong to my mother's governess."

"And her name?" he said breathlessly.

"Janet Arbutnot."

"Mr. Willoughby's travel-bronzed face grew radiant.

"One other favor, Miss Agnes," he said. "Can I see your mother's governess?"

For an instant Agnes struggled with wounded vanity and self-love, and then said, frankly, her better nature triumphing:

"I see, Mr. Willoughby, that there is a grand denouement at hand, the finale of our tableaux. Come with me."

He followed her from the parlors, and into a little ante-room, where the young governess sat.—One glance at the quiet figure in its robe of brown—and she smiled sorrow-worn face—and Estace

Willoughby rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Janet, Janet," he cried, "have I found you at last?"

Agnes disengaged the emeralds from her hair, and dropping them softly into Janet's lap, left the room, blinded by really genuine tears.

"It is quite as well as if I had won him myself," said she.

"Why did you leave our dear old city?" said Estace Willoughby, when he and Janet were alone together. "I can understand some of your reasons, of course; you shrink from old associations—but it led to this apparent desertion of my part. I had to go up the country from Calcutta, on important business, fell sick and was detained for months. When I returned to America, all trace of you was lost. I had been in search of you for months. But how will you never part again."

"So after all, gladness and rejoicing came to Janet, and to the friends she loved, with the dawning of that happy New Year."

### Orange Peel Poisonous.

The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal says:

"Now that oranges are in every child's mouth, it is well enough for parents to know that fatal consequences may follow the swallowing of the rind. Many years ago we had in charge two little girls, sisters, four and six years of age, who were seized with violent inflammation of the bowels from this cause. One of them died in convulsions, and the other had a narrow escape. Since that time, quite a number of instances, similar in character, have come under our observation."

Quite recently we have seen a child, something over a year old, that was attacked with violent dysentery symptoms, for which no cause could be assigned. The attack came on during the passage of the steamer from San Diego.—The symptoms were so identical with those which we had previously noticed to arise from poisoning by orange peel, that we were induced to inquire particularly if the child had had an opportunity of getting this substance in its mouth. We were informed that it had been playing with an orange, and nibbling at it just before the attack of the disease. The discharges from the bowels were frequent, and consisted of blood and mucus. After a week of severe enteric inflammation, the child died. We have no doubt that the disease was brought on by the rind of the orange. Though but a small quantity must have been swallowed, yet a very small quantity of such an indigestible and irritating substance will often produce most serious consequences.

The oil of the rind is highly acrid, and adds greatly to the noxious quality of the indigestible mass. We learn that it is a common practice among the children of some of our public schools to eat the rind, and that juvenile merchants have been known to trade off the inside of the fruit for the skin."

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them. The most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its genius and its spirit, more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph? The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertised his medicines and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients; the merchant, his ships; and the actor who could make others laugh or weep, can now furnish a skull for his successors in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble, for like wine, their value increases with age.

PENSACOLA, Florida, has been sold out, and the best of the joke is that she has bid herself in. The carpet-baggers and scoundrels who run the city government had levied illegal taxes that the city would not pay, and the property was put up for sale for taxes.—Nobody would bid, and the city bought in the property. The next move, we suppose, will be to expel the citizens from the property, and we shall then see a city without inhabitants, and owned by a corporation that has no constituents.

The following rules are posted in a New Jersey school house:—No kissing the girls in school hours; no nicking the master during holidays.

### From the Columbia Phoenix.

#### The Greenville & Columbia Railroad.

Editor Phoenix.—In April last, I took a trip to Greenville, S. C., over the Greenville and Columbia Railroad. I then came to the conclusion that I would not take another trip over the road, unless my life was insured, as the road was in a most horrible condition.—Since that time, I have been North and West, but business calling me here again, I learned that some changes had been effected in the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and that great improvements had been made in the road, and having some business at Greenville, I concluded to try it again; and I must here state that I was most happily disappointed, as I found the road improved to almost a first class road, and the cars were magnificent. I can truly say that, in traveling over 12,000 miles, I have seen no better cars on any of the Northern or Western roads. I am wholly unacquainted with you, or any of the officers. I made some inquiries and learned that the company have, for Superintendent, a Mr. More, formerly connected with the New York Central Railroad, and that the improvement was, in a great measure, owing to his management, as I understand he has given his whole time to putting his road in good order; and I am always ready to give my testimony and as this road, by the energy and management of Mr. More, has been brought out of the mud and made a good road, I thought I would let you know what strangers think I think of it. You can do what you choose with this. I feel that such persons, industry, etc., should be noticed, in all cases, as it will stimulate others to act.

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### A PHILADELPHIAN.

Columbia, September 13, 1870.

EXEMPTIONS FROM STAMP DUTY AFTER OCTOBER 1st.—Acting Commissioner Douglas has addressed a letter to F. M. Patrick, Esq., stamp agent at New York, stating that the only instruments subject to stamp duty under schedule B, which are held exempt from tax after the first of October next by the terms of the Act of July 14, are "promissory notes for a less sum than \$100, receipts for any sum of money or for the payment of any debt." Section four of the Act alluded to also provides that "no stamp shall be required upon the transfer or assignment of a mortgage where it or the instrument it secures has been once duly stamped." The agent in his communication to the department states that many business men seem to think that the tax is repealed on all terms, and the acting commissioner in his reply authorizes the publication of the decision to set aside that erroneous impression.

A WESTERN STORY.—A curious story comes from California, which goes to prove that the "heavenly Chinese" has at his command an armory of ingenious devices which bid fair to make him a formidable rival to all barbarians in every department of industry. A gentleman of San Jose, desirous of having fourteen houses built, contracted with a Chinaman to do the work. That the Chinese contractor was entirely innocent of any knowledge of the architecture of civilized nations, was no obstacle to his contract for "the job."

With a shrewdness that was admirable, he hired an American builder to put up the first house. During the operation, the contractor from the Flowery Kingdom, with his Chinese assistants, attentively watched the method of construction, and when the house was finished, he discharged the builder and erected the remaining houses himself. In view of the marvelous facility with which these organized human pieces of machinery adapt themselves to every circumstance, the stories long current in the east of wonderful lamps, genii, and other marvels of that enchanted land, begin to be appreciable.

The first velvet factory in the United States has been started by a French colony in Kansas, at the town of Franklin, eighteen miles South-west of Ottawa. The colony began operation last summer on the co-operative plan, and have already, besides their manufactory, comfortable dwellings, stores, shops, and farms under full cultivation.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty men what were good to be done, than to be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching.—[Shakespeare.]

### Why do not our Teeth Last our Life Time?

That they are made as perfect, if the right materials are furnished, there cannot be a doubt.

But are the necessary elements furnished to children as they are to the young of the other animals? And do we not subject our teeth to deleterious influences, from which animals, as they obey their natural instincts, are exempt?

The forming young of other animals, while dependent on the mother, get lime and phosphorus, and potash, and silica, and all the other elements of which the teeth are composed, from the blood or milk of the mother, and she gets them from the food which nature provides containing these elements in their natural proportions.

But where can the child in its forming state get these necessary elements, whose mothers live principally on starch, and butter, and sugar, neither of which contain a particle of lime, phosphorus, potash, or silica? Nature performs no miracles. She makes teeth as glass is made, by combining the elements which compose them according to her own chemical principles. And this illustration is more forcible, because the composition of the enamel of the teeth and of glass is very nearly identical; both at least requiring the combination of silica with some alkaline principle.

If, then, the mother of an unborn or nursing infant lives on white bread and butter, pastry and confectionery, which contains no silica, and very little of the other elements which compose the teeth, nothing short of a miracle can give her a child with good teeth, and especially with teeth well enamelled.

But what article of food will make good teeth? Good milk will make good teeth, for it makes them for calves. Good meat will make good teeth, for it makes them for lions and wolves. Good vegetables and fruits makes good teeth, for they make them for monkeys.

Good corn, oats, barley, wheat, rye, and indeed everything that grows, will make teeth, if eaten in their natural state, no element being taken out; for every one of them does make good teeth for horses, cows, sheep, or some other animal. But starch, sugar, lard or butter will not make good teeth. You tried them all with your child's first teeth, and failed; and your neighbors have tried them, and indeed all christendom has tried them, and the result is, that a man or woman at forty, with good teeth, is a very rare exception.

A FLOATING RICE THRESHER.—Our rice planters are adopting all the improved modes of labor-saving and time-saving machinery in the manipulation of their crops.—We noticed one at Lamar's canal, near the bridge. It is in the shape of a flat and covered over, with abundant room for laborers, &c., and securing ample protection from the weather, so that, instead of carrying the rice to the thresher, the thresher is carried through the various canals of the field to the rice, thus saving transportation, loss of time, and loss of grain. The machine in question was put up for J. Hager, Jr., by Messrs. Monahan & Parry. The idea is excellent, and there is no reason why it should not be generally adopted. By the application of proper motive power the flat might be made available for several plantations, and thus save a large expense to smaller rice planters.—Savannah News.

A SOUTHERN SAMSON.—There is a man living in Calhoun County, Miss., who is supposed to be the strongest man in the State, if not in the entire South. He is thirty-five years of age, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it takes from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of whiskey or water (the former is preferred, we presume), and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung-hole with as much ease as others could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head, carried them for several hundred yards with apparently but little effort. He offers to bet that he can lift 1,300 pounds.

That's a whopper—we mean the man.

A HEALTHY Texan pioneer has received into his manly frame, at various times, 175 shots, has had nearly all his legs and ribs and scull fractured, been scalped by Indians, raised twenty children, and lots of crops, and is tough, and eighty now.

### Perilous Conjurings.

Robert Houdon used to say that if the public knew what passes through the mind of a conjuror when he sees the barrel of a pistol turned toward him in the course of "fireman's trick," they would perhaps give him credit for as much nerve and courage as the bravest soldier shows in battle.—An omission in some trifling point, the breaking off of the small part of the false ramrod, or the real bullet as it is being withdrawn, may make the discharge fatal.—Oten, too, the trick is a new one, and some miscalculation may make the plan a failure where failure may mean death.

A circumstance in Houdon's life shows how daring the conjurors who amuse us, will often play with danger, depending on their ready fingers to secure their safety. He had performed some startling fire-arm tricks before a party of Arabians, making use, of course, of the ordinary form of conjuring pistol, which is so contrived that the ramrod withdraws the bullet. While the rest of the party were expressing their admiration, a crafty old Marabout, who had some suspicion of the true nature of the trick said: "The stranger is doubtless a strong magician, will you suffer me to fire at him with my own pistol?" "Yes," said Houdon, unhesitatingly; "but I must make invocation to those who assist me." The next day he met the same party, and offered a saucerful of bullets to the inspection of the Marabout. Satisfied that they were lead—as indeed they were—the Arab handed his pistols to Houdon, who loaded them, using the Arab's ramrod. His own friends were in terror, and even his wife, well as she knew his skill, was in perplexity when she saw him hand back to the Arab one of the loaded pistols. "Now fire!" he said. The Arab did so, and Houdon was seen with the bullet between his teeth. "Bah," he said, "seizing the other pistol, "you cannot use your own weapons.—See here. You have been unable to draw blood from my flesh, and I will draw blood from yonder wall." He aimed at the wall, fired, and immediately a stain of blood was seen. The Marabout went up to the wall, and when he had dipped his fingers into the blood, which was trickling down, his awe and amazement were so great that his features assumed a ghastly hue. Yet the trick was simple enough, two prepared bullets having been skillfully substituted by Houdon for the leaden bullets he took up from the saucer. But the experiment was quite new, and Houdon tells us that he trembled, and could scarcely control his terror as he saw the Marabout drawing the trigger of the pistol.

CHOLERA APPROACHING.—The awful news of the approach of cholera reminds us of an old incident and unconquerable enemy.—In Havana it is spreading with frightful rapidity. There were 53 deaths in one day and 80 on another. The victims are taken from all classes—from the aristocracy and the chain gang—equally. In the shipping in the harbor its ravages have been very great, and letters dread lest the epidemic make such headway as to fill the city with mourning, and to take the population off in countless numbers. In France we hear of the cholera among the German troops. In Southeastern Russia it is rapidly extending. The Journal de St. Petersburg, of the 11th instant, announces 23 cases and 16 deaths from the epidemic at Rostow, and 9 cases and 4 deaths at Kertch. The appearance of the disease is also announced at Odessa, in a communication dated the 4th instant. The latest news from Taganrog States that from the 25th of June to the 18th of July, 118 cases of the malady occurred in that town, 75 of which ended fatally.

THE Lorraine peasant loves to narrate the story of the "Woman of Stenay," who offered a barrel of wine to a detachment of Austrians, saying: "You are thirsty friends, drink; you are welcome to my store," drinking as she spoke, a cupful in their honor.—The soldiers accepted with pleasure, and in a few minutes 400 men were writing on the ground in agony. "Then the woman of Stenay" rose, and with her dying grasp shrieking out, "You are all poisoned! Vive la France!" fell back a corpse. This is the legend of Lorraine, and the memory of its heroine is revered by the peasantry as that of Charlotte Corday.

Truth withheld is sometimes a worse deception than a direct misstatement.