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G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE.

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Selected Poetry.

Sunlight in the Valley.

BY MRS. L. J. H. FROST.

There is a sunlight in the valley
Where the lilies lie asleep;
And the babbling brook is laughing
While the willows o'er it weep.
The birds sing on the branches
All through the living day;
And the butterflies are dancing
Their happy lives away.
The wild bee sips the nectar
From the sweet-brier's blooming cup;
While the tiny, modest violet
To heaven is looking up;
And on its face reflected
Lies the azure of the sky,
As are mirrored in the waters,
The cloudlets passing by.
Yes! there's sunlight in the valley,
Where the lilies lie asleep!
But I cannot see its beauty,
For my eyes are closed to weep.
But my heart is looking heavenward,
As looks the violet blue,
While on its face is reflected
The impress of the true.
Pain would I with the lilies
Lay me down and sweetly sleep;
To waken on the morrow
In that land where none need weep.
In that land of glorious beauty,
Where the sunlight never fades,
And the wing of the death-angel
No heart shrive ever shades.

Story for the Ladies.

THE TWO RIVALS.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

The twilight was descending, dark and chill; the lurid clouds which threatened a coming storm were piled in sullen, ragged masses along the northern horizon, and still Eunice Layard sat on the old stone stile, patting her pretty foot on the rustling heap of dead leaves while the fresh wind painted her cheeks of the softest damask pink, and the long, over-drooping lashes hid the shining of her clear, gray eyes.
For it was the old, old story of our lifetime over again—love contending for his empire, while the little queen of hearts stood coquettishly by, and enjoyed the measuring of lances!
Mr. George Hardenbrook, with his hands in his pockets, and a rather unbecoming fur cap drawn over his square forehead and slaggish eyebrows, certainly did not wear a very romantic exterior, but, then, does not the old proverb say, "Never judge by appearances?" while Mark Tyrrell, a straight, bright-eyed young fellow, whose simple rustic attire had something of the picturesque in its style and arrangement, leaned against the trunk of a leafless sugar maple and watched Eunice's every movement, as if she were a precious, priceless diamond, and he her guardian!
"I make no professions," said Mr. Hardenbrook, nodding his fur cap dogmatically; "but I'll be a good husband to you, Miss Eunice, and it is well known that the Hardenbrook farm is the best in the neighborhood, let alone the water-privilege and the saw-mills. I ain't young, but, then, I ain't old! My house was new furnished last fall, and there ain't nothin' you'd a mind to ask for, Miss Eunice, that you couldn't have, right straight off!"
"You're very kind," said the modern Helen of Troy, with a demure quiver of the long eyelashes.
And then she glanced towards Mark Tyrrell, as if mutely to question what he had to say for himself.
"I can offer no such brilliant inducements as Mr. Hardenbrook," said the young man, quietly, though, as he stood there, with folded arms, there was an aspect of satire in the tones of his voice; "I am a self-made man, and my fortune remains yet to be achieved."
"As if I were to be sold to the highest bidder," she said, laughingly.
"You are laboring under a mistake, Eunice," said Hardenbrook, eagerly; "I assure you we have no such idea. You see I happen

ed to meet Tyrrell, and it transpired where he was going, and so I told him honestly that I was bound in the same direction, and probably with the same intention! So, says I, 'let us go on and have it out like men,' and says he, 'agreed!' So here we are."
"He speaks truly, Miss Layard," assented Mark Tyrrell, as Eunice glanced inquiringly at him. "We did agree to lay our future at your feet and abide by the decision you were pleased to make!"
"And, Eunice's eyes glittered scornfully again, 'you expected me to choose a husband on the spot, as coolly as if I were selecting a new dress, or a set of china for any!'"
"Well, said Hardenbrook, somewhat awkwardly, 'a girl must choose some time, and I don't see why now isn't as good a time as any!'"
"I, at least, do not wish to hurry your choice, said Mark, quietly."
"And Eunice looked a little vexed—she would, perhaps, have preferred somewhat more of true lover like ardor."
"Gentlemen," she said calmly, "I believe according to the popular creed of the world, I have reason to feel very much obliged to you. But I shall take a week in which to consider what it is best to do!"
"Very well," said Hardenbrook, complacently. "I ain't afraid of waiting. The more you think about the Hardenbrook farm and the water-privileges—"
"And the newly furnished house," broke in Eunice, laughing. "But it is getting cold, and I want to get home."
"May I have the pleasure—"
began Mark, but Eunice shook her pretty little hooded head resolutely. "No, you may not," she said. "I prefer to go home alone!"
"And she stood by her word."
"She is very willful," said Mr. Hardenbrook, disconsolately, as he watched the scarlet shawl disappear, a fluttering bit of color down the chill autumnal pathway, "I shall break her of all that sort of thing!"
"When you get her," said Tyrrell, dryly.
"Yes; of course, when I get her. It is very pretty and enticing, and all that sort of thing, in the girl you are making love to—but in a wife—"
"It will be time enough to talk about that when you have a wife," said Mark Tyrrell, and George felt a sort of uneasy consciousness that his rival was laughing at him.
The week of ordeal passed away, as all weeks will, whether of joyous holiday or burdened with the awful show of morning. And Mark Tyrrell and Mr. Hardenbrook went down to Farmer Layard's snug red brick house, to learn the story of their fate, on the evening of the second day from that on which Eunice had sat enthroned on the stone stile, and received two offers of marriage at once.
Miss Layard, meanwhile, had not been idle. She had made up her mind to marry the man who loved her best.
"For if I should love, and have no equal meet of affection given me back," Eunice said, "my life would be simply a wreck. If I am loved—really, truly, and for myself, then, and her violet great eyes softened into velvet tender, 'I would not envy the proudest lady in the land!'"
"But how are you going to decide the question?" said Mrs. Tarbox, her aunt, who "kept house" for Farmer Layard, and did her best to spoil Eunice every day of her girlhood.
"Oh, I know how," said Eunice, calmly.
"And mayn't I know, too?"
"Of course you may, for I couldn't manage matters at all without you."
"And then there was a regular council of war between these two designing females."
So when Messrs. Hardenbrook and Tyrrell arrived, Mrs. Tarbox received them with a great deal of politeness, and invited them to "stay and spend the evening."
"Mr. Layard'll be in directly," said Mrs. Tarbox, "and I know he'll be pleased to see you."
"Ahem!" said Mr. Hardenbrook pompously, "I—well, that is, called to see Miss Eunice."
"Oh—h—h!" cried Mrs. Tarbox. "Then you haven't heard?"
"Heard what?" demanded George and Mark at once, while Eunice, hiding behind the door in the next room, felt herself quiver all over lest Aunt Tarbox shouldn't have nerve to go satisfactorily through her part.
"But Aunt Tarbox had more nerve than her niece gave her credit for and went on admirably: 'Well, I declare,' cried this excellent lady, 'I thought everybody

knew by this time. News does travel so in this village!'"
"But," interposed Hardenbrook nervously, "you haven't told us what it is!"
"So I haven't," said Aunt Tarbox. "Then you didn't know that Eunice was going to marry Squire Carpenter, down in Daleville!"
"Squire Carpenter," roared Mr. Hardenbrook, growing very red. "Who the—mischief is Squire Carpenter, of Daleville? I never heard of him!"
"No, nor anybody else!" thought Aunt Tarbox, scarcely longing to burst out laughing, but she answered, calmly: "Well, he's a rich gentleman, who—"
"And Eunice has jilted me for him!" cried George, scarcely crediting the evidence of his own ears.
"Me—when the Hardenbrook farm, and the saw mills and everything else that belongs to the property might have been hers."
Mark Tyrrell stood quiet and silent, but through the friendly crack of the door, Eunice could see how very pale his countenance had grown in the lamplight.
"Well," quoth Mr. Hardenbrook, still very much excited, "let her go! I never cared about her—maybe it's just as well! There's as good fish in the sea as was ever caught out of it, eh, Tyrrell!"
"Don't you think we've had a lucky escape from the flirting god for nothing little—hey—hallo—what are you about?"
For Mr. Hardenbrook's flow of words were suddenly checked by a firm and uncompromising grasp of his jugular.
"Hold your scandalous tongue," enunciated Mark Tyrrell, indignantly. "Miss Layard's name is far too precious to be taken irreverently into your insulting mouth. Let her marry whom she will, and I shall always love and respect her, and I insist upon your doing at least the latter."
"I didn't mean anything," sullenly muttered Hardenbrook, as the young Hercules set him down with more emphasis than gentleness on the chair in the corner. "I wish you a very good evening, Mrs. Tarbox."
"And out he flounced, considering himself a very ill-used mortal."
Mark was about to follow his example when the door suddenly opened, and Eunice ran out with reddened cheeks and smiling lips: "Mark—Mark—don't go yet! she cried. 'I want to tell you that—'"
"That Squire Carpenter is an invention," laughed Mrs. Tarbox. "Eunice only wanted to find out which of you really loved her the best."
"Then, Eunice," exclaimed the young man, with kindling eyes. "Yes," said Eunice, quietly. "You may have me if you will; only, she added, laughing, "I'm sorry that Mr. Hardenbrook was so disturbed."
"I am not!" said Mark.

From the Eastern Argus.
Mrs. Revels at Grant's Table—A Scene at the White House.
Mrs. Senator Revels, the wife of the distinguished "man and brother," arrived in Washington on the 17th ultimo, and was entertained the next day at a State dinner party by Gen. Grant, Gen. Butler, Gen. Schenck, Gen. Garfield, and other military imbeciles of note, accompanied by their wives and daughters, were among the company. Mrs. Revels passed from the drawing room to the dining room on the arm of Senator Sumner, and occupied a seat at the table between that gentleman and the President. Her conversation charmed the company even more than her appearance, although the refined and instinctive taste in dress in the ladies of Guinea are distinguished, was sweetly apparent in the decoration of her person. A turban of mild scarlet with yellow border—a crimson moir antique with blue and green flounces, and buttons of dainty brass—red slippers with white rosettes, with a massive necklace of barbari pearls, and half a dozen breast pins of curious workmanship—a few neat rings and a gilt belt—united to form a toilette in which purity and simplicity were exquisitely united.
Mrs. Revels partook freely of the Executive nourishment, and avowed her satisfaction over the cookery at almost every bite with a frankness quite refreshing in the saloons of the State. "See heah," she remarked, as she passed her plate for another cut of ham, "of all dem dishes, giv me the hog and the hominy—golly, but dat's a sweet piece of bacon. Des yah! it reminds me of possum fat. Des is good cooking, Hiram." This last observation was, of course, addressed to the partner of her bosom. There was a general feeling at the table that the "Court Circles" had received in this estimable matron a remarkable addition. On her departure at the close of the entertainment, General Grant, with his wonted urbanity, remarked that he would like to see more of her, to which Mrs. Revels, with uncommon tact, replied: "Yah! Yah! Can't see no more of me dis time, but I see gittin low necked dresses. Dis heah high one was made down South!"
Oroide Watches.
Postmasters and other persons throughout the country are in daily receipt of speciously worded circulars from oroide watch dealers in New York city, to invest, or to act as agents, for some so-called celebrated oroide watch. Our readers will save themselves, and perhaps their friends, from humbuggery in this matter, by remembering that oroide is simply a high-sounding word for brass, and oroide is brass—only brass and nothing more. The brass is tintured with some preparation to prevent its coloring, and is called oroide, but the value per pound is the same as the original brass. In a suit brought against a New York firm, by the National Watch Company, for advertising Elgin Watches C. O. D., numerous express agents throughout the country made affidavit as to the worthless character of most of the watches sold by C. O. D. advertisements, and of the numerous class of oroide watches sent out by express from New York. The agent at Madison, Wisconsin, testified "that of all that class of watches that had passed through his hands, he had never known one to prove worth a five dollar note, and that the purchasers were invariably dissatisfied, and considered themselves swindled." Other agents testified from practical observation to the same effect. In view of the light thus thrown upon the oroide watch business, we trust none of our readers may be taken in by these circulars. If a person is inclined to buy a watch, let him go to a dealer whom he knows, and can hold responsible, and buy a watch of known character and of value. It certainly is a better investment to pay twice as much and get a valuable article, than it is to pay out money and have a piece of brass to show for it.
The remains of Byron lie beneath a little white tablet, without ornament or inscription, in a time-worn church, in a miserable, poverty-stricken village, a few miles out of London.
To rejoice in the happiness of others, is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.
When man revolts against the Gospel, he takes another master—himself; one who renders all inferior masters possible.

What the Features Indicate.
We are told that the extremes of both largeness and smallness of stature are not favorable to strength of intellect. Giants and dwarfs are generally deficient in this respect, and excessive corpulency or meagreness is seldom associated with mental activity. Aristotle and Napoleon Bonaparte, however, were very short. Charles James Fox was exceedingly fat, Daniel Webster was both broad and tall, and Lord Nelson a living skeleton.
A large head is generally the accompaniment of a great intellect; but a small one with a comparatively extensive forehead is quite consistent with mental capacity. Raphael, Frederick the Great, Charles XII, and Lord Brougham were illustrations of the latter fact.
It is said that any nose which is less than the height of the forehead is an indication of defective intellectual power.
The eyes indicate character rather by their color than form. The dark blue are found most commonly in persons of a gentle and refined character; light blue and gray in the rude and energetic. Lavater says: "Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous and profound; just as genius, properly so called, is almost always associated with eyes of a yellowish cast, bordering on hazel." The higher the brows rise the more their possessor is supposed to be under the influence of feeling, and the lower, the better controlled by his reason. A very small eye-brow is an indication of want of force of character. A tolerably large mouth is essential to vigor and energy, and a very small one is indicative of weakness and indolence. In a manly face the upper lip should extend beyond and dominate the lower. Fleshy lips are oftener found and associated with voluptuousness. The retreating chin indicates weakness; the perpendicular, strength; and the sharp, acuteness of mind.
CUTTING AND TRAINING TOMATOES.—A Massachusetts correspondent of the Country Gentleman states that the past season he tried seven ways of cultivating and training the tomato, and likes training to a single stake the best, as they ripened ten days earlier and yielded better than the others. The plant as it grows is tied to the stake. When the first cluster of blossoms buds appear, the lateral shoots which appear in the axil of each leaf below it, are carefully plucked out, leaving but a single stem, surmounted by a cluster of flowers, and a bud which will serve to continue the stem. This bud will develop three leaves and a cluster of flowers, and all the axillary shoots upon it are removed, and the stem is kept carefully tied up, and so on. The vine is kept to a single stem without branches, and bearing only leaves and clusters of fruit. The vines, with the exception of two, grew to the top of the stakes, the first cluster growing within three inches of the ground, and the first ripe tomatoes the 25th of July.
SAVE THE MANURE.—It is always a wonder to an Eastern man how people anywhere can waste fertilizing material. However rich the soil, common sense teaches that each crop carried off makes it less so, unless something is returned in payment for the abstraction. No matter how large the pile of money, the decrease of a penny a day will at length take the whole. So no matter how rich a soil, continued cropping will make it poor unless the average is kept up by something returned in lieu of that taken.
Save the manure, all of it, and what is not needed now will be in reserve for some future necessity.
AMONG THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE there are five drunkards.
To keep warm of a cold day, women double the cape and men double the horn.
Who first introduced salt provisions into the navy? Noah; for he had Ham in the ark.
LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY. School marm to little Josie—"Where is the North pole, Josie?" "Top of the map, marm."
Let thy actions prove that thou art indeed a man in the highest and holiest sense of the exalted name.
Base all your actions upon principle of right; preserve your integrity of right; and, doing this, never reckon the cost.
When once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in it.

Death from Kerosene.
On Saturday night last, Miss Mary J. Samford, daughter of Rev. A. M. Samford, living in this place, was engaged in writing a composition, and about 9 o'clock, the oil in her lamp having become exhausted, and she wishing to finish her writing, undertook, it is supposed, to replenish the lamp with oil by simply unscrewing the top, without extinguishing the flame, in order that she might have the benefit of the light in pouring the oil into the lamp. The flame was communicated to the fluid which set the lamp on fire. She threw the burning lamp on the floor, in the breaking of which she splashed the oil on her dress, which also took fire. She called to her step mother, and ran out doors and before proper assistance came to her rescue, her father or being absent from home, she was so badly burned that death ensued the next morning about 10 o'clock. She was in her fourteenth year, and the very picture of good health.
[Catoville (Ga.) Express.]
DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, a great shower, or a wind undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the tide of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of battle, but he may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by, that might have gone through him; and what little, odd, unforeseen chances of death he has seen turned aside, which seemed in full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All of which passages if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and Divine hand, we do, by the same assertion, cashier all Providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.
[Dr. Smith.]
CURE FOR ROUP IN CHICKENS.—A gentleman who had several valuable fowls afflicted with roup asked a well known chicken fancier of this city for a remedy. He was informed that the most effectual cure was to cut off the heads of the fowls as soon as the disease made its appearance. Unwilling to lose valuable fowls without making an effort to save them, he commenced to treat them after a method of his own. He placed his diseased fowls in a perfectly dry room, bathed their heads with kerosene oil and rubbed their bills inside with a mixture of alum and grease. He fed them only on Indian meal and boiled potatoes, well peppered with cayenne, no hard food whatever being allowed them. With this treatment they commenced to improve, and in from a week to ten days had entirely recovered. The disease has seldom failed to succumb to this treatment. On an average, only about one chicken in six died.
[Germantown Telegraph.]
ONE of the most singular sights growing out of the war is a continuous line of peach trees around Petersburg, and extending toward Richmond. They are growing from the breast works thrown up by the Confederate army, and are the only legacy left by the poor fellows who were on the advance line. Having eaten the fruit while on picket duty, they cast the stones aside, and now they appear in one continuous line of beautiful trees, which yielded an abundant crop the last year.
REMARKABLE COMPLAINT.—A Boston woman complains, and so have many other women, that she has stopped in sundry hotels in sundry places, and she never knew one to have a clock in its ladies' parlor, nor a paper accessible to its lady guest. But there is always a mirror.
A WITNESS in the box, questioned by a lawyer as to the general reputation of another witness, who was asked whether the individual was not a notorious liar. "Why," said he, "not exactly that; but he is what I call an 'intermittent liar.'"
MRS. BARNUM, speaking of crossing the plains, mentions the fact of strong, muscular men becoming exhausted, and nervous women driving the teams to the end of the journey.
A FEMALE writer says that young ladies should have some aim in life. Almost every one does.—She gets a bean; then she aims to get married.

GREENWICH.—Many remarks have been made about the greenness of countrymen when in cities, but the truth is, the greenest of all green things is a city man in the country.
A short time ago, a man from New York, went up to Potter Co., Pa., to visit his country cousins.—Desiring to show him every attention, his relatives got up a deer hunt for his special pleasure.—They furnished him with the best outfit and the best rifle, stationed him on the best run away, told him to shoot the deer when it should attempt to pass down on its way to the river, and then took other and less inviting positions themselves. The dogs were taken into the forest and soon started the game, which rushed pell-mell through bramble, briar and windfall down the select path and across the river to parts unknown. Not hearing the report of any rifle, the Potter boys started for the station of their city friend, whom they found at his point of observation, looking intently upon the runaway. "Why did you not shoot the deer?" they inquired. "Have not seen any," he replied. "Did you see anything?" "Yes, I saw the devil come tumbling down the mountain with a big rocking chair on his head, and his pocket handkerchief hanging out behind."
SOWING CORN FOR FODDER.—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker adopts a mode of furrowing for the drills by using two horses and a common plow, the ground being first ploughed and harrowed in the ordinary manner: The first furrow extends around the whole field at the outside.—For the next, the near horse walks in the furrow, and the team continues going around until the centre is reached and the whole field furrowed. This operation leaves about eighteen inches between the drills. The weight of the plow alone will cause it to sink about three inches, which is deep enough. The corn is sowed along the furrows by hand, at the rate of three bushels per acre, and then covered by harrowing. A one-horse cultivator, with the side teeth removed, is passed between the rows when the corn is up, killing the weeds and ridging the rows. The nearness of the rows to each other would doubtless give larger crops by this mode, than when they are three feet apart.
REMEDY FOR THE BORER IN APPLE TREES.—A correspondent gives the best remedy which he has ever seen tried for the borer in and lice on apple trees. It is as follows: For a tree six inches in diameter, take a brace and bit—the bit say half-inch—bore three holes to the heart, commencing about six inches from the ground, advancing each hole about six inches up and one-third around the tree. Then fill each hole with sulphur. Plug the holes up with a soft piece of wool, cut off smoothly and the work is done.—The spring is the best time to do the work, when the sap first starts in the tree. The sulphuric purification will give the customers particular fits.
A NEW ALBANY, Indiana, man stood by while an exciting fight was going on between two women, every now and then exclaiming: "Lick her, Betsy, lick her; you're my wife, and if you don't lick her, I'll lick you." Betsy obeyed her lord.
A VIRGINIA man cocked a gun and blew down the muzzle to see if it was loaded. He didn't stand his conclusions, but the bystanders who saw his head fly off think it was.
A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this: that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.
ANNA DICKINSON says that "there is no work a man can do but that will be better done by having a woman at his side." How about making love to her rival?
A TALENTED youth at Key West charms rattlesnakes out of their holes and about his neck, and makes a practice of carrying scorpions and wasps in his sleeves.
THE Christians observe Sunday, the Greeks Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Turk Friday, and the Jews Saturday.
As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.
THERE is a whole sermon in the saying of the old proverb, "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation."