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

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FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

The Trysting Stone.

At the mystic midnight hour alone,
I stood last night by the trysting stone—
Coldly, coldly, the moon moon shone.

The oak and the pine darkly east at my feet
A great joint shadow—I thought it was
met;

And I heard two wind spirits sighing and
singing

Up in the oak and the pine-tree swinging—
Two plaintive voices wearily sighing,
Each to other in woe r-plying.

I gazed on the moon as I softly said,
'The hope in my bosom is cold and dead,
And a shadow darkens my life. Ah me!
One backward glance of memory
Does ever the absent one cast hither?'

I heard the two wind-spirits shudder to-
gether!

Then my thoughts were all of the days long
gone,
And the fair, false face of the absent one.
'O, Mary! Mary!' I murmured low,
'The moon on the stone has had time to
grow.

Since we plighted our troth here long ago!

And lo! as I spoke, looking down with a
moon,
I saw how the shadow had spread and
grown;

The great joint shadow of pine and oak
Had changed to a wonderful shape as I
spoke.

'The shadow hath taken,' I muttered then,
'The form of a bird of ill omen!'

Then the ancient wound in my deep heart
bled,
And the old griefed in my soul, as I id-
'Curs'd, curs'd for aye, be the trysting
stone,

For the sorrow of both, and the falsehood
of one!

For the sorrow of both, and the falsehood
of one!

Then the limbs of the oak swept low down
Till they touched the shadow so drear and
brown;

The wind spirits uttered a wilder wail—
What was it that darkened the moon like a
veil?

My soul sank down in a death like swoon,
In the wan, weird light of the midnight
moon!

For the Ladies.

THE

MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

I was spending the most beautiful part of the year with Mrs. Ross, at Rose Hill, my usual summer resort; and a gayer, happier company than that which was then around me, I have seldom found. Excursions, picnics, and all manner of enjoyments were continual on the list, and never had time passed so pleasantly before.

One among us, however, seemed to take no interest in our gatherings; or in any of our pleasure parties; and Charles Meredith's coldness and reserve was frequent subject of comment, especially among the ladies. Young and attractive he certainly was, and possessed of brilliant colloquial powers, which I myself had often tested; for, strange to say, Mr. Meredith had repelled all friendly advances from others, and it was only after many persevering efforts that I finally drew him out of his reserve. Our sameness of pursuit had some influence here, no doubt. We were both artists. I was strongly and irresistibly attracted towards the handsome, energetic enthusiast; and it pleased me greatly to find that in my company, at least, he would throw off the mask of reserve.

When at length I persuaded him to mingle with our little party in the drawing room, the fascinating young artist soon became a general favorite. I noticed more than one fair lady's cheek blush with pleasure, when Charles Meredith's dark eye flashed into hers; but among all the ladies of our little set, he seemed to choose Annie Fay, the merriest little fairy that ever danced upon the earth.

One stormy evening, we were sitting in the well lighted drawing room, most of us in earnest conversation concerning the "sphere of woman." I noticed that Charles was unusually quiet as the discussion went on, though his eyes were flashing strangely as he listened to our various ideas.

Suddenly I exclaimed to my opponent: "Say what you will, sir, when a woman has once lowered herself from her upper sphere, she has lowered herself far in my estimation and respect."

As I said this, I turned my gaze full upon Charles Meredith's face, as if to ask his opinion. To my terror, I saw him spring from his seat with pale face and hands uplifted, as though suffering intense agony. Several gentlemen sprang forward to aid him, when suddenly his arms fell helplessly by his side, and, hastily turning, he left the room.

"Poor fellow!" said Annie Fay; "he works so incessantly that it is no wonder he is ill."

Her words were received as sufficient reason for Charles' behavior, and were verified when he returned to offer an apology for his abrupt departure, giving sudden illness as an excuse.

After that, Charles Meredith never joined us in the drawing-room again. More reserved than ever, he worked in his room, or with sketch-book in hand, spent days in rambles over the hills—I now seldom met him; or, when I did, I was pained and surprised to find that his interest in me seemed entirely gone, as cold and discouraging was his behavior.

"Mr. Meredith has left us," remarked Mrs. Ross, one morning after we had breakfasted.

"Left us?" I exclaimed. "Where has he gone, and why?"

"I do not know. He gave me no reason," was the answer.

Now that he had gone, I found what a deep hold the dark-eyed boy had taken upon my affections. I recalled his graceful form, his musical voice and sad looks, and regretted keenly that I had not taken greater pains to secure his friendship.

I was walking in the garden, one day, just at twilight, and hearing the roll of carriage wheels, I approached the front entrance gate. A traveling carriage drew up before me, and as its occupant sprang out and came towards me, I was surprised to find it was Charles Meredith. We entered the house together, but he did not appear at the dinner-table. Mrs. Ross was stating how glad she was to see him back again, and how pale and ill he looked when he entered.

The next day the bell was muffled, doors were opened and closed carefully, and the news of Mr. Meredith's dangerous illness flew from mouth to mouth. For a long time, his life hung by a thread; but at last our good hostess joyfully told us of his recovery. A mighty load seemed to leave my heart, and I now waited anxiously for his re-appearance. Great was my surprise and disappointment, then, when I heard that he had again left. As before, I asked where he had gone; but Mrs. Ross did not seem to hear my question; and I impatiently exclaimed to Annie Fay, who stood near me: "It is very strange why Mr. Meredith thus suddenly takes his departure. Have you any idea of the time of his return?"

"He will not return at all, Mr. Brookfield, for he—"

Here Annie suddenly stopped, and casting a quick, confused glance at my face, she turned away. I looked after the little sprite in surprise.

"Why should she know anything of Meredith's affairs?" I thought; "and certainly she does, for she appeared strangely confused."

The next week, I packed my trunk and started off also, with no particular determination of destination in view. I visited every studio and art gallery I came across, however, half in search of Charles Meredith, and half desiring of ever seeing him again. My efforts were unavailing. I never met Mr. Charles Meredith again.

At last I settled myself in a fine old city, offering me many inducements to remain. Having several influential friends in the place, I soon found myself in the midst of all the fashionable pleasures then at their height. Invitations poured in upon the successful artist, and my time was fully occupied. As I entered my studio, one afternoon, I found there an invitation to attend an entertainment given by Miss Helen Meredith.

"Perhaps this young beauty and heiress is some connection of Charles," I thought, and accepted the invitation.

The lady was known to me by sight, but by report she was no stranger. On the specified evening, I entered the brilliant saloons, accompanied by a friend who presented me to the beautiful hostess. I noticed that the lady turned hastily at the mention of my name; and I fairly started with surprise, for Charles Meredith himself seemed to stand before me; only that the sad, worn look, did not rest upon his face, and amid her surroundings, Miss Meredith seemed peerlessly lovely. She

must have noticed my long glances at her face, for her cheek was crimson; and merely speaking my name, she turned away.

I was provoked at myself for allowing a mere resemblance to disturb me so; and then, drawn irresistibly, I turned to look at her again, and met her eyes fixed full upon me. She was very pale now; and a strange thrill ran through me as I once more watched the strange resemblance to Charles Meredith.

"Pshaw," I said to myself, "she must have a brother by that name. That is the reason of it. I shall certainly ask her if such is the case."

During the evening, I found an opportunity of doing so; and I was assured that she had no brother.

"That is my sister at the piano, Mr. Brookfield," she said.

I felt rather foolish, and to relieve myself, I told the story of my deep interest for Charles Meredith. She listened politely to the end; and then, after a few comments, she requested me to return to the room which we had left. I glanced at the burning cheeks and bright eyes, and then did as she requested.

I went home that night strangely happy, with Miss Meredith's permission to call again, still ringing in my ears. I did visit her again, and many times. At first, because she reminded me so much of the lost Charles Meredith, and finally, because my heart was in her possession.

A year flew by; and then I asked Helen Meredith to be my wife. She sat very quiet while I was speaking; I could not help noticing how tight her hands were clasped together and how gaspingly she came her breath.

Finally, she looked full in my eyes, and said: "Before I answer you, Mr. Brookfield, I shall tell you something that may, perhaps, greatly change your mind."

Here she stopped suddenly, and after a great effort, she continued: "In a small country town, four years ago, a gentleman died, leaving two daughters to the care of an uncle, who had one son. This uncle, miserably as he was, allowed his nieces, and, indeed, his own son, only the barest necessities of life. The younger of the sisters was an invalid, and needed more than these. This the other soon discovered, as she saw her sister, day by day, approaching the grave. One day, she applied to her uncle for assistance, but was roughly told that if she would consent to marry his son, more would be done for them than had been hitherto.

The proposition was, of course, firmly and instantly refused. But seeing that persecution of both father and son would soon be unendurable, the sisters one day left their uncle's roof, and betook themselves to a place where they were utterly unknown. For a long time the elder sister sought in vain for employment; and, at last, to avoid further privations and persecutions offered a helpless woman, the high-spirited girl was driven to a novel expedient—that of donning male apparel."

Here the thrilling voice again wavered, and a light was gradually breaking over my mind. But I kept my eyes resolutely on the floor, until she gained courage and proceeded:

"The young girl now engaged a room for an artist's studio, and to her joy, found that her talents and productions were appreciated. After a short time, she was enabled to place her sister at a good school, where her health would be sure to receive proper attention. For a time, the young artist labored incessantly, scarcely leaving her canvass, and giving herself but few hours for recreation. Part of a summer was spent at a pleasant country place, from which she was recalled by the dangerous illness of her sister. When relieved of anxiety on her account, she returned again to her summer resort, but only to suffer many days of illness, caused by over-exertion. During this illness the lady of the house proved herself to be a true Christian and a noble, disinterested woman. Day by day she watched by the sick bed; and to her, and a warm-hearted girl in the same house, was confided the story of a young, struggling artist. After her recovery, the young girl learned that a large fortune had been left her by a distant relative. Once more the country place was left behind, and with thankful hearts, the two sisters took possession of their ample inheritance. And now, though Helen Meredith earnestly desires Mr. Brookfield's good opinion, and knows that he does not appreciate a woman who has 'once left her proper sphere,' yet she has told him her story, and is ready to hear him speak for himself."

"And I, Helen, having heard your story, and understand it, wait patiently to hear your answer to my question," I answered, quietly holding out my hand.

"Then you are satisfied with me?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Perfectly," I answered, and her hand was lightly laid in mine. I had my answer.

A Chapter on Butter.

No one thing enters so universally into the husbandry of the country as the making of butter. The poor man has his single cow; the rich, some of them, fifty or more, and the aggregate production of these million dairies is immense. To add to the amount or to improve the quality is of consequence; and here are our recommendations for doing both:

AS TO QUANTITY.

The first requisite is good cows. They may yield a large quantity of milk, and yet not make a large quantity of butter, as the per cent of butter in the milk is all the way from three to six of its strained weight.

The cows must be well fed. Between fair feeding and extra feeding, there is a difference of from four to six ounces of butter a day.

Cows should be milked at exactly the same time, morning and night, with an interval of as nearly twelve hours between as possible. They must be milked quickly and clean.

Immediately after the milking is done, the milk must be strained into pans, and these pans set on a milk-rack in a room where the temperature is as cool and as even as possible. The milk should be skimmed in the summer as soon as it has become thick, and if the dairy is sufficiently large, the churning should be done each day. If the experiment is at all a success—which can only be ascertained by trial—churn the buttermilk after the first and most generous instalment of butter has been removed. The cream of some cows does not and will not come as soon as that of others, and there is likely to be considerable loss for this reason. Strain the buttermilk, so that every particle of butter may be saved and added to the general mass.

The observance of these recommendations will add from three to six pounds a week to any given dairy of ten cows, where the former treatment has been careless; and the same food given to good butter cows, instead of poor ones, will make a difference of from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of the total product.

AS TO QUALITY.

Good butter cannot be made when the milk-pail is not clean and sweet. If it has not been thoroughly scalded and dried (in the sun, when possible) to end up, it will be neither.

Nor can it be done if a shower of dust, dried manure, and scurf, is permitted to constantly fall into the pail from the udder and side of the cow while she is being milked in the morning or at night.

Nor can it be done if the milk in the pails is left standing in the barn yard, waiting transportation to the house, as nothing is so susceptible to taints.

Nor if the pans are not, equally with the pail, clean and sweet, which can only be secured in the summer by an abundance of boiling water and scalding sun.

Nor can it, finally, if the milk-horse is unshaded, or in the neighborhood of a noxious hog pen, or when from the cow to the butter-mould there is not absolute and complete cleanliness.

The cooler the temperature, the less manipulation with the hand, and the sooner the churning is done, after the cream, unmixed with any foreign substance, has been taken off and well stirred together, the better.

The best implements to use in making the best butter are wooden pails, zinc pans, a wooden crank churn, one wooden scoop, and two paddles, all in the hands of a person immaculately clean herself, and who is liable to go into hysterics if all the process and paraphernalia that pertain to the business are not equally so.

(Heath and Home.)

What Sleep Will Cure.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper and peevishness. It will restore to vigor an over-worked brain.

It will build up and make strong a weary body.

It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly the variety known as nervous dyspepsia.

It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives.

It will cure hypochondria.

It will cure the blues.

It will cure headache.

It will cure neuralgia.

It will cure a broken spirit.

It will cure sorrow.

Indeed, we might have a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure for sleepiness, however, is not so easy, particularly those who carry grave responsibilities.

The habit of sleeping well is one which if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never sweet after it; or, perhaps, long continued watchfulness produces the same effect; or, hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea and whiskey drinking, and tobacco using. To break the habit are required:

1. A clean bed.
2. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness and pleasant occupation.
3. Good air, and not too warm a room.
4. Freedom from too much care.
5. A clean stomach.
6. A clear conscience.
7. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it, sadly imperfect.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—Young ladies, the whole secret with ninety per cent of you not being able to secure good husbands, is simply that you do not know how to work. You have no knowledge of practical house keeping, and consequently are useless as helpmates. Instead of being an assistant to your husband, you are an obstacle to his success. Your stovish living, too, is incompatible with his means. You want to begin house-keeping as your parents left off, not as they began, and there are few young men who have not already a good income, that can afford to marry you.

There are no possible objections to the accomplishments of music, painting and the like, as such, but the idea is to be able to set these prior amusements aside, for the stern duties of married life call for your practical knowledge. Show the young man that you will not be a dead expense to him through life. Believe us, young friends, as many true, patriotic, womanly hearts beat over household duties as flutter beneath the soft light of a parlor chandelier. Your kiss is just as sweet, your smile just as bright, your heart just as happy and tender after a day's exertion in a sphere worthy of true womanhood, as in places of dissipation, frippery and silly amusement.

Have an ambition to do your part in life, cultivate industrial habits, and let the parlor accomplishments go with the higher accomplishments we have roughly enumerated. It is astonishing how soon a domestic young lady is found out and appreciated. It is because she is such a rare exception to the general rule.

CAN ANY ONE TELL?—Can any one tell how men that cannot absolutely pay small bills, can always find plenty of money to buy liquor and treat when happening among friends?

Can any one tell how it is with some men who owe their butcher, shoemaker, the printer, etc., and have anything that's nice, eat oysters at night, wear fine clothes, and have all the delicacies?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families, who have no income and don't work, while others who are industrious and always employed almost starve?

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Stander-
ing from red and beautiful lips
are like spiders crawling from the
heart of a rose.

Literal Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."

"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used the shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally, and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of what instead of blunder. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman, who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the trichin.

One day, at Lake George, a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful islands on the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and straw hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat:

"Halloo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool; what do you suppose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied,

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also the following dialogue:

"Halloo, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and his bosom sadly begrimed, and he indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds one of an instance which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shop keeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put on one, for you need it."

A SPLENDID PRIZE.—The death of the Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India, leaves at Mr. Gladstone's disposal the great prize in the lottery of British ministerial patronage. According to a state ment in the Philadelphia Press, the salary is £25,000 per annum, with an outfit of £20,000, besides a free passage for the Viceroy and suite, and the use of palaces furnished in royal style in Calcutta and other parts of India. These are the direct advantages, but the indirect emoluments are so immense that the Indian Viceroy, after having expended the whole of his salary, usually at the end of his official term of six years brings back with him from £100,000 to £150,000 in hard cash. He is forbidden to receive presents from the Indian princes, many of whom have the wealth of sovereigns, but he usually comes back with a fortune nevertheless.

THE Georgia Senate passed a resolution on the 10th inst., to invite President Grant to the State Fair, and tendering him the hospitalities of the State during his stay. A committee will be appointed to meet him at the bound ary of the State and escort him to quarters.

POTATO-VINE HAY.

In our ordinary plantation system, the supply of long forage for stock is generally made a secondary consideration, and, consequently, is never abundant. In the middle and lower counties of the State, where the sweet potato is largely planted, an addition of considerable value may be made to the fodder left, with but little trouble. I have long been in the habit of going into my potatoes before frost—say about 10th of October—pulling by hand the vines, and immediately putting them into compact cocks about twice the size of a floor barrel. They remain thus four or five days, when the cocks are thrown down for three or four hours' sun, and then hauled in and housed. It makes an excellent hay. Horses eat it with avidity.

The greater facility with which the potatoes are dug, after the beds are cleansed of the vines, repays the expense of making the hay.—Rural Carolinian.

HORRIBLE SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.

The Vienna Wanderer relates a horrible scene which occurred at Corinth, in Greece, at the execution of a number of brigands. The criminals were six in number, and two of them drew daggers at the moment when they were to lay their heads under the fatal axe, and rushed upon the executioners with frantic fury. One of the latter owed his safety only to a coat of mail he wore under his shirt, while another was dangerously wounded. The rest had to defend themselves with their axes and knives against the robbers, and did this with so much fury that two of the criminals were dead and chopped to pieces before their heads fell by the fatal axe.—This horrible spectacle was enacted before an immense concourse of people.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS.

A correspondent of a Georgia paper says: "I noticed in a recent number of your valuable paper a recipe for 'canning eggs,' which is good, but I think I have a better one.—In our climate they will keep for a year. I keep in a convenient place a small cup of lard, or grease of any kind, and in it a small rag. As soon as the eggs are brought in from the nests, (in warm weather I take care to collect them at least twice a day.) I rub them all over with this greasy rag, and put them, little end down, in a keg or barrel. When a row is finished, or bottom covered, I scatter over them equal parts of bran, or meal husks, and salt. If all salt is used the eggs become congealed or coked, if all meal, they are not cooled enough. In this way proceed, every egg wedged in the salt and bran until the cask or can is full. I have used packed eggs till June, and find them good for cooking, thereby reserving my spring-laid eggs for setting."

DIED FOR DOLLARS.

A startling incident is related in connection with the flood in Virginia, and one which shows with what tenacity some people will cling to dollars. In this case a man had the earnings of years in an iron safe. By his side was his wife and seven children. The roaring waters of the swollen river were rushing through the lower stories of his house; outside were a party of neighbors with a boat, and who had risked their lives to save his family. The man would not leave the house without the safe; the woman refused to leave without the husband, and there they remained watching the safe. The waters rose higher and higher—with but a moment's warning the house was carried from its foundations, and in a few minutes man, woman, and seven children lay silently at the bottom of the river. Truly they died for dollars.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

The Chrystal Springs (Miss.) Herald reports the following strange occurrence: "Mr. O. D. Newman, of this place, was stabbed some thirty years ago in the back with a knife, by a man with whom he had a difficulty. A few days ago, while in his field, he felt something sticking out of his back, and called a negro to see what it was. The negro looked, and told Mr. N. that it was a knife blade. Mr. N. reached around and pulled out a piece of dirk blade over two inches long, which had been there since 1836."

A LAW OF ALABAMA REQUIRES

that all cotton sent to market in that State shall be entirely covered by bagging—the sides as well as the ends of the bales.