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JOHN C. BAILEY, PROP.

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SMITH'S NEW CLERK.

Jenkins met Smith, his Senior partner, at the depot, who had been absent on a business tour. "How's business?" inquired the latter. "All right; got a new clerk." "Got a new clerk, eh? Where is Jones?" "Discharged him. An idle, extravagant, imprudent young dog!" "True enough, and the new one won't be any better. Drinking, gambling, late hours, and fast horses—that's the way with 'em all." And Smith groaned. Jenkins' eye twinkled. He well knew the peculiarities of his good hearted but eccentric bachelor partner. "Well, the new clerk don't drink nor gamble. I'm certain of that, and has thus far been very industrious and attentive." "Thus far? O, yes. Wait a month. New brooms sweep clean." "Oh, well, if the new clerk don't suit you, you can send the new clerk adrift, that's all. I only took her—ah! in the new clerk on trial." Mr. Smith stared at his partner. "I suppose the new clerk has a name?" he remarked, dryly. "Oh, yes. Her, that is to say, the new clerk's name is Gardner. But here we are." As was his usual custom, Mr. Smith went through the store, passing the array of clerks on either side of the counter, without glancing to the right or left. But when he reached his private office, at the further end, he looked through the glass door, which was so situated that he could see all that was going on in the store. His eye fell on the occupant of a desk near the door, he started: "What's that!" he said, turning sharply upon his partner, who had followed him. Jenkins gazed very composedly upon the slender form, whose graceful head was bent intently over a ledger that lay open upon the desk. "That! Why that's the new clerk." Smith rubbed his eyes and looked again. "Why, it's a woman!" he exclaimed, with an air of incredulity and horror. "I should say it was," said Jenkins, coolly, "and a confounded pretty one at that." Smith gave his partner a look of virtuous indignation. "Mr. Jenkins, this is no place for a woman." "Think not? Now it strikes me that she suits the place very neatly." "The proper place for a woman is in the sanctuary of home." This was a pet observation of Mr. Smith's which he had read somewhere, and which he considered as a clincher in such an argument. "But suppose she hasn't any?" That was a poser, and, in his efforts to surmount it, Mr. Smith got excited. "Hain't any! Why, sir, she must—she ought to have one." "Very true. In fact so confident am I on that point, that I have some thoughts of offering you mine—or, at least, to share it with her." "Mr. Jenkins, this is not a fit subject for jest." "It's a serious matter, I know; so, on the whole perhaps I'd better think it over awhile longer.— Besides, there's no knowing if she would accept my offer together with the encumbrance that goes with it." "Jenkins," returned Smith, severely, "will you cease trifling and attend to the business in hand? This woman must go." "Very well; you told me you wanted a clerk that would be faithful and industrious; that didn't spend his salary, and all he could steal, on fast horses and faster women; and I got you one. It's an easy matter to send her off." "Of course it is," rejoined Smith, brightening at the suggestion. "Just tell her she don't exactly suit, and that we shan't need her after to-day." "But she does suit—me; and if you are not suited, all you've got to do is to tell her so." "You hired her."

"And for that very reason I won't discharge her without some good cause." "No matter," returned Smith, with an air of lofty indifference. "I can discharge her. I think I am equal to that much." Jenkins, who had left the room, put his head back a moment later. "Got you a hundred dollars you don't do it." With this parting shot he disappeared. Now Smith had a nervous horror of women, as his partner well knew—especially of young women—and never spoke to one if he could help it. Had it been a man he would know what to say, and experienced no difficulty in saying it, but a woman was quite another thing. But his partner's last words had touched his pride, and summoning all his resolutions, he opened the door and walked out. But his courage failed him as he came opposite the desk where she sat, and he passed by, glancing sideways at the unconscious occupant, who did not lift her head at his approach. After speaking to a clerk at the further end of the room, he walked slowly back to where the young lady sat, and who as he passed by the desk, raised a pair of soft blue eyes shooting a swift bewildering glance in Smith's that he felt to the toes of his boots. "Miss—Miss"—he stammered. "My name is Georgiana," said the young lady, smiling. "Some call me George, for short." "Well, Miss George—Georgiana, I'm afraid that you will find your situation unpleasant." "Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I find it very pleasant and comfortable." "Ahem, but I fear that you will be hardly equal to the discharge of its duties." "I hope not. If you will run your eyes over the balance sheet, you will find everything correct." With desperate hope that there would be something amiss, Smith did so, but was disappointed. "I hope you have no fault to find?" said the clerk, rather anxiously, on perceiving that he hesitated. "You are a woman." There, whether ashamed by the sudden display of dimples in the pink cheeks, that grew still more pink at his rather unnecessary asserion, Smith came to an abrupt pause. At this the smiling face settled into an expression of demure gravity. "I must plead guilty to the charge of being a woman. But though it may be misfortune, it can scarcely be called a fault; at any rate, it is one for which I am not answerable." "You understand me, ma'am. What I meant to say was, that there are certain duties connected with your office, such as opening the store, going to the post office, etc., which you cannot very well perform." "I assure you, sir, that I shall like nothing better than an occasional walk in the open air. And as to opening the store, and sweeping and dusting, I don't know that it should be harder to perform that office for a store than for a house." "I claim no consideration for my sex," resumed the young lady, casting a slightly reproachful glance at the perplexed countenance of her employer, "but I ask in common justice, if I perform my duties satisfactorily, that you will not discharge me simply because I am a woman." Muttering a disclaimer of some kind, he hardly knew what, Smith beat a sudden retreat to his own room, assuming a bold look as he met his partner's inquiring eye, but with an inward consciousness that he had been totally routed by the enemy. "Going?" said Jenkins, with provoking non-chalancer. "Well, no, not to-day. What the d—l are you grinning at?" "O, nothing—nothing at all," responded Jenkins, throwing himself back in his chair, and regarding intently a fly upon the ceiling. "What I was going to remark was," resumed Smith with quite unnecessary assumption of dignity "that I have concluded to let the young lady remain until I can find some situation for her more in accordance with her sex." "Very kind and considerate in you," said Jenkins, dryly, "especially taking into view that she does her work better than any clerk we ever had, and for less pay, too." Smith was by no means the ogre he seemed. Aside from his prejudice, he was a sensible, kind-hearted man. Georgiana was not

called upon to open the store or run errands, though she offered to do both. Curious to relate, as days and weeks passed, Smith's repugnance to her presence not only vanished with them but he began to regard it as a positive pleasure. He used often to look through the glass door, watching the graceful poise of the head and the motions of the deft little fingers as they glided over the paper, until at last curious fancies seemed to creep through his brain, and he began to indulge in glowing dreams of how wonderfully such a little woman as that would brighten upon his lonely and cheerless home. But he determined to proceed cautiously. He had it. His housekeeper was about to leave, he would offer Miss Gardner the situation—and then!

Having formed this resolution, his next step was to request the young lady's presence in his private office, a summons that was promptly obeyed. "Miss Gardner, don't you think the situation of housekeeping in a quiet home, like mine for instance, would be preferable to your situation here?" "Perhaps, in some respects it might," said Georgiana, coloring at this abrupt inquiry, and the look that accompanied it. Was the old gentleman about to make her an offer? But his next word relieved her of this apprehension. "My housekeeper is soon to leave me, and I should be very glad to have you supply her place." Georgiana's cheeks grew red, and her month dimpled with smiles that she strove vainly to suppress. "You are very kind, sir, but the fact is, Mr. Jenkins has spoken to me first." "Mr. Jenkins?" "Yes, sir. He asked me to be his housekeeper, and I told him that I would." "But, my child, Mr. Jenkins is a young man—it would not be proper for you to keep house for him. Now with me it is different."

As Georgiana inwardly agreed with him, in fact, there was all difference in the world to her. "But he asked me to be his wife as well as housekeeper." "O-o-o-h!" Smith's first feeling was that of intense astonishment, his next, of quite as strong chagrin. But it all ended in an emotion of thankfulness that he had not committed himself. But his disappointment could not have rankled very deeply, for he attended the wedding; viewing with smiling tranquility, the ceremony that transformed his new clerk into the happy wife of his fortunate partner, Jenkins.

A Sensible Resolve.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a working-man to my father, one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance. "No," said my father; "how was it?" "Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the land lord's wife came to call her husband to his dinner. "What's for dinner?" said the man. "Roasted goose," replied his wife. "Is there apple sauce?" he asked. "No," she answered. "Well, go and make some; I won't eat roast goose without apple sauce." "When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed that, for the first time in his life, he began to think what a fool he had been. "Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinner, and often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense." "So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public house, never to enter it again."

In Wyoming the bride furnishes the ring and the license, and the blushing bridegroom falls into hysterics.

United States District Court.
WEDNESDAY, August 9, 1871.
The Court was opened at 10 o'clock, A. M., Hon. George S. Bryan, presiding.
The Jurors answered to their names as on yesterday. The Grand Jury returned into Court the following Bills and findings as follows:
United States vs Henry Carter—Voting under age. True Bill.
U. S. vs Thos. Jenkins—Voting more than once. True Bill.
U. S. vs Gabriel Posey—Voting under age. True Bill.
U. S. vs Zion Holly—Wholesale Liquor Dealer, without paying Tax. True Bill.
U. S. vs Francis M. Loftis—Distiller, without paying Tax. True Bill.
U. S. vs Perrin Odell—Distiller, without paying Tax. True Bill.
U. S. vs Perrin Odell—Retail Liquor Dealer, without paying Tax. True Bill.
U. S. vs Anthony McKinney—Distillers, without paying Tax. True Bill.
U. S. vs Wiley Bishop—Forging Draft. True Bill.
U. S. vs Allen Gunter—Distiller, without paying Tax. True Bill.
U. S. vs Jno. Rix—Failing to remove Revenue Stamps from empty barrels. True Bill.
The Grand Jury were then discharged until to-morrow.
U. S. vs Thos. Harper—Illegal removal of distilled spirits. J. P. Reed for Defendant, and W. E. Earle for Government. Jury No. 2, charged with this case rendered the following verdict—Guilty; Wm. Goldsmith, Foreman.
U. S. vs Rederick Casey—Retail Liquor Dealer, without paying Tax. F. S. Arthur for Defendant. Jury No. 1, charged with this case rendered the following verdict—Guilty. O. B. Irvine, Foreman. Court adjourned until to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

An \$800,000 Diamond—It Involves a Law-suit—History of the Diamond.

A dispatch last night from our correspondent "Morgan," in Jacksonville, announces that a suit, involving probably nearly a million of dollars, was commenced yesterday in the Morgan county Circuit court, by Rebecca W. Vail, William H. Carson, Nancy Roe, Mary Baker and eight others, against Kit Flynn, Thomas M. Carson, Thomas Roe and fourteen others. The bill alleges that on a day too remote to be mentioned with certainty, but about one hundred years ago, one William Roe, of the State of Virginia, became possessed by discovery of a certain gem or precious stone, remarkable for its hardness and brilliancy, and so far as has been tested, its characteristics are those of a diamond of the first water; that this precious stone is oval in shape, and about one and a half inches in diameter the other way, and that it is of great value, viz, \$800,000; that said stone is now in the hands of Thomas M. Carson, of Jacksonville. The plaintiffs in this great suit pray that the defendants be compelled to bring into court the precious stone, and that a receiver be appointed by the court to sell said diamond and distribute the proceeds among the heirs. Mr. Thomas M. Carson, of this city, a plasterer and bricklayer, is heir to one-sixth part of this diamond of alleged almost fabulous value. The character and immense value of this precious stone, as we are informed, was but recently known, although it has been in possession of William Roe and heirs for over a hundred years.—If a decree of the court be obtained according to the prayer of the plaintiffs in the case, that a receiver be appointed to take charge of the stone and sell it, doubtless its actual value will then be ascertained. If it really be a diamond of the first water, as all tests heretofore applied indicate, it will probably find a purchaser among the crowned heads of Europe.—Isaac J. Ketchum, Esq., of the Jacksonville bar, appears for the plaintiffs.

[St. Louis Democrat.]

NEURALGIA.—Sufferers from neuralgia may be pleased to learn that a medical correspondent of the London Lancet writes: "A few years ago, when in China, I ascertained that the natives, when attacked with facial neuralgia, use oil of peppermint which they lightly applied to the seat of pain with a camel's hair pencil. Since then, in my own practice, I have frequently employed this oil as a local anesthetic, not only in neuralgia, but also in gout, with remarkably good results."

A Beautiful Demon.

In going through the parish prison a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than fifteen years of age. She had fair nut brown hair, and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent, and her whole appearance indicated the free, joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable looking creature, this fair, delicate Minerva, of slender form and ingenious face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner, only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed she says she is a cousin of Pete Monday's, and goes under the sobriquet of Lily. She is almost as fair and delicate as one.

Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. About a year ago she lived in San Antonio, Texas, and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living.

Burning with resentment, and conscious of her inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night, when he was asleep, and then locking the doors of the room and closing every avenue of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext or another she sent all the inmates of the house away, and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre around the bed of the sleeping man. This done, she set fire to it, and locking the door behind her fled from the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames, and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was burned almost to a cinder. He has never recovered from his injuries, and is to-day a hopeless invalid, suffering excruciating torture and continual anguish. His generosity—perhaps, a sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape to New Orleans. Arriving here, she took apartments on Toulouse street, between Rampart and Burgundy, where she still resides. She is yet very young, certainly not more than seventeen at furthest, and her vindictive and savage fury when excited is a terror to all her acquaintances.

It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the elements of such lawless violence.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Names of Paper.

Printers are sometimes asked why various kinds of paper obtained the peculiar names they bear. Here is the reason: In ancient times, when comparatively few people could read, pictures of every kind were much in use where writing would now be employed. Every shop, for instance, had its sign, as well as every public house; and those signs, were not then, as they often are now, only painted upon a board, but were invariably actual models of the thing which the sign expressed—as we still occasionally see some such sign as a beehive, a tea canister, or a doll, and the like. For the same reason, printers employ some device, which they put upon the title page and at the end of their books.—And papermakers also introduced marks by way of distinguishing the paper of their manufacture from that of others; which marks becoming common, naturally gave their names to different sorts of paper. A favorite paper mark between 1540 and 1550 was a jug or pot, and would appear to have originated the term "pot paper." The foolscap was a later device, and does not appear to have been nearly of such long continuance as the former. It has given place to the figure of Britannia, or that of a lion rampant supporting the cap of liberty on a pole. The name, however, has continued, and we still denominate paper of a particular size by the title of "foolscap." "Post" paper seems to have derived its name from the post horn, which at one time was its distinguishing mark. It does not appear to have been used prior to the establishment of the General Post-office (1670) when it became a custom to blow a horn; to which circumstance, no doubt, we may attribute its introduction. Bath post is so named after that fashionable city.—*The Enquirer.*

YOUNG MAN, do you believe in the future state?"

"In course I do; and what's more, I mean to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her duds ready."

The Late Alice Cary—A Broken Engagement.

When the Cary sisters made their first pilgrimage to the Eastern literary Mecca, Rufus Wilmot Griswold was among their earliest acquaintances. This gentleman was a prominent *litterateur* when the men of letters were less numerous in New York than at present. He was born in Benson, Vermont, 1815, and was consequently but about five years the senior of the eldest sister. Having been educated as a printer, he became successively a Baptist preacher, a journalist, and an author. In the wider field of letters he should be spoken of rather as a compiler than as an author. He published various collections of the prose and poetry of England and America, and, in connection with other authors, several works of popular biography. No one was better acquainted with the state of the literary market, or with the publishers of the metropolis, than Mr. Griswold.

The two rural devotees of literature from the Far West were strangers, and needed a *chaperone*. He came to the rescue. He gave them space in his books, flattered them, encouraged their hopes, and assisted in finding a market for their wares. Toward Alice he more especially inclined. Their first acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and intimacy into love. It was said at last that the parties were solemnly affianced. This was nearly twenty years ago, and Alice then had passed thirty. He was still older, and would seem to have passed the bounds of juvenile folly, if those bounds are ever passed by man.—But he was a *blase* citizen of the world, and she was quiet, retired, sensitive, domestic and unassuming. Trouble came between the two in the shape of a woman of society, externally more attractive than Alice Cary.—The engagement was broken, and Alice, concealing her sorrows, kept herself more closely at home, and turned her attention more assiduously to her special labors. The story needs not to be fully detailed here. It has been told over and over again ever since the world had a literature.

Several years passed, and in 1857 Rufus Wilmot Griswold lay dying of a lingering disease in the metropolis, in poverty and alone. His literary venture had brought inadequate remuneration, and he had lived a life which it was not altogether pleasant to look back upon. But the sisters had made many friends, and reasonably blest by fortune. The injured woman forgot her wrongs, and forgave the past with a readiness characteristic of her sex. She came again to the bedside of the man who had so grievously deceived her, and watched with him day after day, and week after week, as life slowly ebbed away. The sick room was made cheerful with books, flowers, and all necessary comforts, and to defray necessary expenses the money earned by days and nights of labor with the pen was freely lavished. At last death freed the sufferings of the false lover, and the grave closed over the secret of a woman's sorrow, now for the first time made public.

FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of the right and wrong and judge people accordingly.—It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider every thing impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

A SARCASTIC young lady says she never was so much in love with a man that two rainy days together in a country house would not effectually cure her.

A LITTLE boy, after watching the burning of the schoolhouse until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down street, saying: "Golly! I's glad the old thing's burned; didn't hve my jogg-fry lesson nobow!"

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, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will cure the headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in 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. Or perhaps long continued watchfulness produces the same effect; or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea whiskey-drink and tobacco using.

1. A good 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 clear stomach.
6. A clear conscience.
7. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

HORRIBLE DEED—THREE COLORED BOYS HOLD A WHITE BOY'S FOOT AND TRY TO CUT IT OFF.—Yesterday morning W. W. Mitchell, a white boy thirteen years of age, whose parents live at the corner of Market and Meeting streets, was sitting on Market wharf, when three colored boys came along. One of the three—Ashley, said to him, as he took hold of his foot, "I've a good mind to cut off." William Grant, another of the number, stepped up and said "I will cut it," at the same moment taking a knife which was handed to him by the third boy, and with it giving the white boy a slash on the ankle just above the instep which severed the sinews and flesh to the bone, making a cut several inches long.

The black fiends then ran away laughing. The little white fellow cried for help as his foot dripped blood, and was assisted to Dr. Yates' office, where the wound—a severe one which may cause permanent lameness—was sewed up and bandaged.

A warrant was taken out in Trail Justice Schroder's office, and two of the villains, Ashley and Grant, arrested and committed for trial. The other scoundrel is still at large; and it is hoped that he will be overtaken and be made to suffer for the part he bore in the cruel deed.

[Charleston Courier.]

IMPORTANCE OF EXERCISE.—Without regular exercise of the body health cannot be maintained; the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy.—Regular bodily exercise on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the power of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of complexion, and cheerfulness of spirit; it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to advanced age. During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for its comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are early in the morning and towards the close of the day. Walking is the most beneficial and most natural exercise, because in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of it, in the act of walking, free circulation is promoted. Next to walking riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred. Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health as working in the garden or in the fields running, leaping, dancing and swimming.

If you are afraid you should scream when your tooth is being pulled, you should hold your jaw.