

The Murfreesboro Enquirer.

E. L. C. WARD, Editor and Proprietor.

The Organ of the Roanoke and Albemarle Sections.

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

VOL. II.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877.

NO. 50.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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THREE DESTINIES.

Three roses nod and talk
Across a garden walk;
One, lifting up her head,
Clad all in damask red,
Cries gayly, in her pride,
"To-night full far and wide,
My beauty shall be seen,
Adorning Beauty's queen."
"And I," the blush-rose cries,
"Shall be the envied prize
A lover shall convey,
Before the end of day,
Unto a maiden fair,
And she will kiss and wear
My blushes in her breast;
There I shall sleep and rest."

"And I," the white rose sighs—
"Before the sunshine dies,
I shall lie hid from sight
Within a grave's dark night;
But not in vain my bloom,
If I have cheered the gloom,
Or helped to soothe and bless
A mourner's loneliness."

Mrs. Harmon's Party.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

Mrs. Harmon did not like to have any of her pet plans marred; in fact, it was something to which she was quite unused. Hence the frown (of disappointment, not of anger) which disturbed the accustomed serenity of her fair brow when both the Ormsby girls said they feared they must decline an invitation to a large party, which she was to give the following week.

"O, but indeed you must come, girls! I positively cannot take any refusal," urged she.

"Thank you, dear Louisa—" began Virgia.

"If you really thank me, you'll say yes," interrupted Mrs. Harmon. "Have you any reason for your no? Surely neither Julius nor I have offended you?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed the sisters, earnestly.

"I hope not!"

"The truth is, neither Virgia nor I have a decent dress to wear," said Clara. "During the warm weather our plain lawns answered very well, but we are positively destitute of party dresses; even our black silks are shabby."

"No, they are not; with a white overdress—"

"We should disgrace your guests! We don't care as far as we are concerned, but—"

"Then you must come! If my guests don't like your gowns they can go home. Really, I have a selfish motive in insisting," said Mrs. Harmon (who had not a selfish bone in her body), in a confidential tone. "If you do not come those gossiping Chatterton girls will say I did not ask you because, having hired musicians, I did not need your nimble fingers to play dancing music for us."

Clara and Virgia laughed, their kind friend's ruse was so transparent, and promised to attend if they could make their dresses at all presentable.

"That is right. O, I forgot to tell you why we are giving a large party so early in the season; our cousin, Frank Learoyd, who has just arrived from Europe, and Mrs. Learoyd, my cousin Frank's wife, will be here next week. We hope they will remain with us all winter, and I know you will like her ever so much," said Mrs. Harmon, moving towards the door.

Although one of the kindest, best women that ever lived, Louisa Harmon had not much tact or penetration; therefore she did not notice that the mention of Frank Learoyd's name Clara Ormsby turned as white as the handkerchief in her hand, and dropped suddenly into a chair, regardless that her guest was standing, and Virginia started as if shot.

"Learoyd, did you say?" asked Virgia, calmly stepping between her sister and Mrs. Harmon.

"Yes; I wonder if you ever knew Frank? He used to live on Fifth avenue, near Forty-sixth street; his father was immensely wealthy, and this Frank was the only son; therefore, and—"

"Yes, I did know the family, I think. You say he is your cousin?" continued Virgia.

"He is my husband's cousin, and—"

To Clara's relief other visitors entered and Mrs. Harmon went away.

Late that evening, while Virgia was wondering what effect the return of Frank Learoyd, Clara's first and only love, would have upon their lives, Clara said:

"Virgia, we must go to Louisa's party. If the Learoyds remain long with her, we cannot help meeting them, and the sooner our first encounter is over the better."

"Just as you say, dear Clara. I think myself, that it is better for us to go; otherwise Mrs. Learoyd might say—"

"That I had not strength to meet Frank's husband. They shall see of what

stuff I am made! And poor as we are to-day, I, a daily governess, you, a telegraph operator, they shall find us neither shabby or awkward!"

"Awkward! No. Five years of toil and absence from all fashionable gatherings could hardly make us that. Shabby! Well—" said Virgia laughing.

"The trunks that I locked on what was to be my wedding day contain finery enough, I think. My pale blue silk can be made over for you—"

"O, Clara, I cannot take it!"

"Yes, you can, dear, and you must. I shall wear my white silk."

"Your wedding dress?"

"Yes; I shall never need it in that capacity. He is nothing to me, why should I treasure that dress any longer? Come, let's go now and examine the dresses."

What emotions filled Clara's heart as she lifted out the dresses that had lain away so long, or how much courage it required to gaze upon the unused veil, wreath, gloves, slippers, etc., Virgia could only guess. Her sister's face was calm and impassive.

Six years had elapsed since those garments had seen the light of day. Clara Ormsby, the youngest daughter of doting parents, able and willing to make their children's life one long festal day, was sitting in her father's library writing one or two notes, one sweet June morning when a servant ushered in a stranger. Clara looked up, as much annoyed as any one of her sweet temper could be, and was about to reprove the man for bringing a guest in there, when the latter said:

"Don't blame the man, Miss Ormsby. I was determined to see you, and I followed him. You expect to be married to Frank Learoyd, to-morrow, I hear?"

"Yes," Clara replied briefly.

"I regret to be a spoil-sport, but I must interfere."

"You? What right?"

"The best right in the world. I am his wife."

"O, you are mistaken—"

"Am I! I think not. You are engaged to Frank Learoyd, son of Gustave Learoyd, of Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street. That is the young man whom I claim as husband. See, here is his photograph—here is my marriage certificate—here are letters where he calls me 'wife.' Are you convinced?"

"I must show these to my father—"

"No, they do not leave my hands. I hate the fellow now as I once loved him; he wooed and won me, a poor farmer's daughter, and then cast me off because he was ashamed of my humble origin and of my ignorance. Ask him if he remembers Letitia Rundell."

"But no one will believe it unless they see your letters and the certificate. I must have them."

"What care I who believes it! You believe it; he knows it. Marry him, and in less than twenty-four hours he will be arrested for bigamy. It rests with you to keep this matter quiet, for I am too much disgusted with him to proclaim myself his deserted wife unless necessity compels. I see you hardly credit my tale. Here, copy the address of the officiating minister and the witnesses; now see them and decide for yourself whether you will aid him in committing bigamy."

Clara took no one but Virgia into her confidence; her father was a proud, hot-tempered man, and she feared for Frank's life if he heard even a whisper of the strange tale. The two girls went to Brooklyn, where the minister and witnesses referred to resided, and were convinced that the woman had spoken the truth. Then Clara wrote to Frank:

"I have just learned the shameful secret of your life. Can you wonder that I feel too bitter towards you to wish to see you? Of course our marriage can never take place. A thousand divorces would never excuse the fact that Letitia Rundell could to-day call herself Mrs. Learoyd. We—you, Virgia and I—can keep our own counsel. I shall simply tell my parents that I have decided not to marry you. You need never write to or call upon me; from henceforth we are strangers."

Mr. Ormsby flew into a terrible rage when Clara refused to tell him her reasons for so suddenly, at the eleventh hour, breaking off her marriage with Frank Learoyd, of whom she had been so fond. In the midst of his wrath he was stricken with apoplexy, superinduced, (the physician said) by the warm weather and his ungovernable temper, and the wedding morn saw Clara bereft of both father and lover.

Mr. Ormsby had lived close up to his large income, and his sudden death left his wife and daughters penniless. The two girls struggled for a living in New York until their mother died, three years later, then they moved to the town of Sandy Hill where our tale now finds them.

In all these years the name of Learoyd had not fallen on their ears until Mrs. Harmon uttered it.

Mrs. Harmon was very anxious that her guests should know and appreciate the Ormsby girls; so, at her request, the latter were almost the first to enter her parlors the night of the party. Mrs.

Learoyd was very cordial and chatty; Frank was distant and silent, but their cousin was smilingly unconscious of the barrier of ice between him and the two sisters. So utterly unconscious, indeed, that in Clara's presence she requested Frank to dance the first set with her who had come so near being his wife! But then Louisa Harmon could never see anything that was not forced upon her. Having never heard of his engagement to Clara, how was she to know what an awkward position she had put them in, all out of goodwill?

"Louisa," said Virgia Ormsby, when the two were alone together for a moment, "did you not call your cousin Sophie?"

"Yes. Why?" said Mrs. Harmon.

"I thought she was a tall, coarse-featured brunette, with a deep voice and tragical manner, and I am sure that her name was Letitia."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Harmon, cautiously, "you are thinking of my cousin Frank's first wife, a dreadful creature! I can't imagine how you ever heard of her. He married her when he was a mere boy and in a fit of intoxication; she was a low, vile woman and married him for money. His relatives came to his rescue, and not only brought her off, but so thoroughly opened his eyes to her character that he never saw her after his unlucky wedding-day. Why do you know she was so wicked, so desperate that she not only vowed vengeance on the uncle and cousin who were foremost in Frank's defense, but actually tried to kill them?"

"Did he get a divorce?"

"No; that would have made the scandal too public. Fortunately for him, the creature died (of delirium tremens) about five years ago."

"And then he married again."

"Yes; but not immediately. He and Sophie have been man and wife scarcely two years."

"And in those three years of freedom Frank never once thought of poor, dear Clara! Inconstant creature!" said Virgia to herself after her hostess moved away.

Virgia found a moment in which to relate Frank's history to Clara before the dancing commenced, and she thought that he might have claimed her and did not, nerved Clara to such a degree that she moved through the lancers without one particle of the self-consciousness, the embarrassment she had expected to feel.

After a little such desultory chat as might have taken place between the veriest strangers, Clara said:

"I think your wife has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw. Surely, she is German—she is such a perfect blonde."

"My—O, you mean Sophie! Yes, her father was a German. But you have made a slight error; she is not my wife, but my cousin's," said Frank.

"Her husband, who is in the navy, is now in the Mediterranean."

"Certainly understood Mrs. Harmon to speak of her as Mrs. Frank Learoyd," answered Clara, in surprise.

"So she is. You surely have heard of Frank—you forget," persisted he, seeing that she looked puzzled, "it was his cursed folly in marrying that Letitia Rundell that—"

"Was it he? But she showed me your picture!"

"So, so! She took her vengeance that way, did she? She told that I was her husband? When?"

"The day before—" and Clara hesitated.

"Before the one that was to have made me the happiest man in America, but which did make me the most miserable, our wedding-day," said Frank, utterly ignoring the last figure of the lancers, and leading his partner to the moonlit verandah, where, according to have taken a severe cold, but she did not.

"How could you have believed such a tale, Clara?"

Clara explained all the circumstances which caused her to credit it, adding:

"Why did you not explain matters then? You might as easily have done so—if you wished to."

"If I wished to! Clara, unless you loved me as I loved you, you can never know how I suffered! Remember, too, that your note was vague; you did not say that you supposed me to have married her; I thought you felt the family disgraced by Frank's action, as we did, and scorned to ally yourself with it."

"O, Frank, how could you think so?"

"Frank! Clara! are you here?" and Louisa Harmon, with her usual unintentional maladroitness, interrupted their conversation.

"How delightfully cool you look! I declare, Clara, you and Virgia are frauds of the first magnitude. You said you had nothing to wear to my party, and here you are in the loveliest cream-white silk I ever saw."

"Dear Louisa, this dress was made six years ago for my wedding-dress, but was locked up ever since."

"O, I beg pardon! I didn't know—"

I had no intention. How brilliant the moon is! stammered Louisa.

Clara and Frank both laughed; the latter said:

"No harm done, Louisa. No ghost of a romance disinterred. Clara and I were on the eve of matrimony once, and—well, we are on the eve of it again, I hope."

Then ensued an explanation in which Louisa was almost as much interested as the parties most concerned.

"O, what a pity to waste such a lovely dress! You couldn't utilize dear Bishop Episcopus, who has just come in to look at our merriment, and be married now, could you?" suggested she, half in jest.

"Of course not—how absurd!" laughed Clara.

"The very thing! Louisa, you're a trump!" exclaimed Frank. "I haven't parted with what was to be the wedding-ring; here it is on my watch-chain, ready for use."

"I'll warrant Clara's saved her veil," said Louisa.

Frank pleaded so ably, and Virgia and Louisa, not to say Clara's own heart aided him so nobly, that about two hours later Mrs. Harmon's guests had a surprise. Just before supper a whisper ran around that something, no one could say what, was going to happen.

Suddenly the band struck up the familiar wedding-march; the bishop, in full canonicals, entered the parlors, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, Mrs. Learoyd and Virgia Ormsby, and Frank with Clara in bridal attire, leaning on his arm.

The few solemn words were uttered, the ring that had been in readiness six long years, was slipped on Clara's finger, and when the twain was made one, Frank pushed aside the flimsy veil, creased and yellow with six year's waiting, and pressed a husband's kiss upon her lips.

This pleasant episode did not spoil Mrs. Harmon's party, you may be sure. Everybody exclaimed:

"Dear Mrs. Harmon, you are always so successful with your entertainments. Mrs. Harmon's party is with us a synonym for all that is delightful."

So Frank and Clara Learoyd think.

Secretary Evert's Farming.

It is not strange that Mr. Evert's doesn't make money off of his farm. Horace Greeley and H. W. Beecher failed because they were not content to let their workmen run the farm, but must needs put their own absurd ideas into practice. Mr. Evert's fails because his manager is unable to understand him, and gets confused as soon as Mr. Evert's makes his appearance and begins to talk. Last year, for instance, Mr. Evert's said to his manager, the very first morning of the summer vacation—

"Patsy, it becomes necessary, in view of the superabundance of foreign and deleterious elements among those green and waving uprights, to place the charger in front of the utensil with the branching and numerous supporters, and have the latter agitate the surface of the naturally productive soil."

Patsy said "Sur?"

"The astounding density of various species of the human head," continued Mr. Evert's, succeeded by a period of profound thought, "is a something, I am free to confess, much beyond my comprehension. I have combated Luey Stone singly and alone for two successive hours; I have even combated the stolid and peculiarly happy idiocy of Gideon Welles; but I never saw the like of this. It is worse than the jury in the Beecher trial. By the ghost of William Tell, the man's a horse!"

"Is it a horse you want, sur?" said Patsy, a happy light dawning upon him.

"The exact purpose of the creation of such beings," pursued Mr. Evert's, heedless of the interruption, is a "something which will, perhaps, be revealed at some time in the far-distant future. I should like to trace the theory of Darwin in this creature. I should like to compare him with the lower species, if, happily, there are any lower. I wish I had an orang-outang here."

"We haven't one on the farm, sur," said Patsy, with some haste. "They—they were sold by mistake, sur, last winter, along with de potatoes."

"Cease, barbarian!" said Mr. Evert's, with towering scorn, evidently provoked beyond endurance. "Upon my soul, you have as little knowledge of farm work as Hon. Benjamin Butler has of politics."

Mr. Evert's rushed wildly into the house.

"I think," said Patsy, after wasting another precious half-hour in profound thought, "I think Musther Everts wants me to harness the oxen to the carriage and put the colts to the hay-wagon."

And all in the world that Mr. Evert's wanted was that Patsy should cultivate the corn.

A DOUBLY guilty city—Cin-cin-nati.

Dent's for Husbands:

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have won also a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you simply is changed not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her you marry. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage the probabilities are you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs give cheerfully as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better and so will you.

Don't meddle in affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employes.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, &c., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, whiskey, &c.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at nights to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts till midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think the woman you promised to "love, cherish and protect" becomes your servant as her part of the contract.

Don't think that board and clothes is a sufficient return for all a wife does for you.

Don't expect your wife to love and honor you if you prove a brute unworthy of love and honor.

Don't caress your wife in public and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both a hypocrite and a dog.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

Don't if your wife has faults, be constantly reminding her of them while you have never a word of commendation for her virtues. If she did that with you you'd be as mad as a hornet.

Don't expect your wife to have no failings. Not to have is not to be human; and you thought you were marrying a woman when you married her. She thought she married a man, and don't deceive her.

What is an Old Maid?

Never be afraid of becoming an 'old maid,' fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and 'single blessedness' is greatly superior in point of happiness to wedded life without wedded love. 'Fall not in love dear girls, beware,' says the song. But we do not agree with the said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle even to the angels in heaven, than a sight so pure—so approaching in its devotion to the celestial?

No; fall in love as soon as you please ladies, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love and then marry; but never marry unless you do love—

That's the great point. Never marry merely for 'a home,' or a husband.—Never degrade yourself, by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love or not at all. Be an 'old maid,' if fortune throw not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer, and the jester may laugh you will still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.