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

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#### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

She has left me, priceless treasure, More than all the world beside : Oh! my heart is sad and lonely Since my gentle mother died. How I miss her tender accents-How her love I fon lly crave: When my life work here is ended,

Let me rest beside her grave.

Sweet the message that she gave me, As she clasped me to her breast; God will comfort, guide and keep you-In his arms there's perfect rest; Do not grieve that I must leave you, We shall meet to part no more,"-Then a band of white robed angels Bore her to the golden shore.

She is free from all earth's sorrow. Free from all earth's pain and woe ; Safe in heaven, her ransomed spirit Only joy and peace shall know. Soon I'll hear the angels calling, Soon death's waters I must brave ; When life's journey shall be over. Let me sleep beside her grave.

### The Three Sisters.

Priscilla, Lauisa and myself pledged ourselves after Uncle Daniel died to live on, we three, all our lives-that we'd sink or swim together, that we'd work for and with each other until our fortunes were made-just ourselves.

We clasped hands on it. We were orphans, and had always lived with uncle, and were brought up his coachman instead of him.

as his own daughters. It was a great surprise to every one, when the will was read, to find it was dated many years back, and that everywe had often heard but never seen.

Lawyer Adams shook his gray head as soon as she applied on hearing of the regretfully as he told us he had heard our uncle speak of making a will, but he had put it off till too late.

So we found ourselves possessed only of the little sum our mother had left

The first thing we did was to rent a little cottage (which seemed very queer and small after the "Grange") and then we settled quietly down, as we expected to live for years to come.

Pris, a book-keeper, I, Floss, a nursery governess, and Lou, the housekeeper, stocking-darner, chief cook and bottle-washer.

The Haughtlys and the other girls tried to patronize us after our "descent" (as I overheard one of them call it,) but we soon showed them we could

get along very well without them. My eldest sister's name is Priscilla, but I with my inherited disregard of

the "dignities," nicknamed her Pris. Lou is our beauty, and not a mere

beauty either. My own name of Floss was given me in my childhood days, when, I suppose

my hair was silky. It is an awful misnomer now, for my

hair is my own aggravation.

It won't lie smooth, nor yet wave in distracting rings around my forehead. No! and I often feel like crying when I comb it in very anguish; it lies neither one way nor the other, but just stands up fluffy and miserable.

Pris says it suits my face, and I don't feel she is complimentary.

Two years went by, and nothing occurred to disturb our pledge. We were left pretty much alone.

I grew to love my little charge very much, but it was pretty hard to plod two miles in all kinds of weather twice a day. But all things considered, we did very nicely.

One cold morning I was hurrying along, hardly able to see, for the blinding sleet, when something fell at my feet. My start of surprise may be imagined, as I looked down, and there, sprawling on the ice, was a great man. For a second he sprawled, and then tried to start to his feet, only to sink back with a groan.

"Well," thought I, "what would Pris do in my circumstances?" so I said in most dulcet tones-

"Can I be of any assistance to you,

"Yes. I think you can; my ankle must be sprained, but I hardly believe has asked to call, it would be rude to you could help me up."

I nodded assent to the last words, as I glanced down at the prostrate length-"Well, if you will be so kind, please

take this card to the housekeeper at the 'Grange' He took a card from his pocket, and old. Such a brilliant talker he was,

scribbling something upon it, placed too. it in my hand. I looked despairingly up the street as far as I could see and then down, but no one was in sight, so I turned away, leaving the poor man and sometimes without any excuse at in his misery until some aid should all.

As I went, he called after me-"Do you know where to find the Grange?'

I said yes quite decidedly, and walked away as fast as I could.

I had done all I could when I gave the housekeeper the card (she was a stranger to me), and so I started again the mantel, and looking down upon for my destination, where 1 knew I should be late, and also would receive a would consent, I would propose a dissevere look from my employer.

Before long the "Grange" chaise passed me, and again coming back. The second time, leaning on the cushions, I saw the hero of the accident. He dark face.

What an adventure to tell the girls, boyish wayand in what a graphic way I told it!

Well girls, we don't envy him, do we?" "Envy him? Well, Lou, I can't say. As I stood in the dear old hall a queer kind of feeling came over me. My idea of comfort doesn't cerrespond with the ready." washerwoman's-a swate place, with jist room brough for me and my old

man and the children." By this time a little crimson flag asked, and not I. began to hang itself out in Pris's cheek

as she looked reproachfully at me. "You shouldn't talk so wildly, Floss; I am sure we are very happy as we

"I am happy, but I miss the library," said Lou, looking up.

"And I the piano," supplemented I. Pris smiled at us both and quoted that bit of scripture about the "camel

and the needle's eye." It was uncle's nephew, Mr. Ralph Maxwell, and after his foot got better

I often saw him at a distance. I managed to avoid a meeting though, for I hate to be thanked, and what I did I should have done if it had been

I have said Priscilla was a bookkeeper.

She had always had a taste for mathematics, and her position was a responthing was left to a nephew, of whom sible one in a large pin manufactory. The proprietor gave her the position

> We had always thought it very strange, for places like that are gen- close one blissful moment.

erally hard to get. then such fun as we had, chatting and I be the first to break it.

laughing! The mirth was at its height one night wnen there came a knock at the door.

Who could it be? I opened the door, and there stood

Mr. Ashton, Pris's employer. "Good evening, ladies. May I come in? I was passing and heard such joyous laughter, and, knowing Miss Dwight lived here, could not resist the | shall have me." temptation to drop in for a minute."

Lou and I looked blankly at one another; but Pris with her usual dignity, answered for us, and our visitor was soon established in an easy-chair, conversing as if he'd known us all our lap, was Pris.

Our visitor! It was one of our rules that we were

never to invite visitors, but this one had invited himself. It wasn't the last time, either, and after a while Pris brought the most exquisite bouquets home, which she

placed on the supper table. When we questioned her she said she found them on her desk.

But strange things happen. When I came home one evening Lou handed me a note, and in it were these words:

MISS FLORENCE DWIGHT: Pardon me for writing to you, but I have vainly tried to meet you for some time. I wish to thank you for your kindness in taking that long walk for an entire stranger, It was only very lately I discovered we were related - indeed, cousins-and that you were one of the three young ladies who lived with my uncle until he died.'

That was the way he began, and then went on to tell me that he had never known of our existence until now, as in his youth, after his parents' death, he had gone to Australia and had not communicated with home since that time. He further asked if he might call and thank me in person, and form the acquaintance of my sisters, and finally signed himself "Your cousin, Ralph Maxwell."

Such a sensation as that letter created.

Lou looked rather grim as she said: "Another visitor?" and Pris, to whom I went for consent, said : "Of course, as he is our cousin, and

say no." He came. I could not have imagined a nicer cousin. Indeed, he was my ideal of a hero from the very first. To be sure,

he must have been a good deal over

thirty, and thirty to eighteen seems

He didn't come once only; there was hardly a week passed he did not call, either to bring a book or some fruit,

My eyes began to open, and to see how foolish it was for three girls. the oldest only twenty-two, to decide to live all by themselves all their lives.

As I looked at Lou sitting in a low chair, with the fire-glow making fairy gold out of hair, and from her to the graceful figure lazily leaning against her, I thought if Lou wanted, and Pris solution of our pledge.

I knew Pris and I could get along very well together.

My romancing was rudely checked by the lazy figure becoming suddenly saw me, too, for a smile lighted up his alert, as Cousin Ralph (we called him so) came to me and said, in his eager,

"Miss Floss, I forgot-Madam Grisi "So," said Lou, the "heir of the is to sing to-night. Would you like to 'Grange' has entered into possession. hear her?"

> room for very joy. "Oh, how I should like to go!" "Well, Floss, hurry then, and get

I sprang up and danced around the

It was Lou who spoke, and all at once my pleasure vanished.

It was Lou that should have been

I hesitated for a moment, and he noticed it and said: "I tried to get four seats, but could only secure these two, and knowing

your fondness for music I thought would give you this chance." Pris took my arm in her decided way. "Now hurry, child, or you will be

I have heard people say that they enjoy things.

Now I don't, or at least I didn't en joy that singing. I revelled in it; I grew intoxicated with the heavenly sounds; I-but Pris-

eilla would say I was talking wildly, and so I am. And after the concert-it's all past now: but I never in all my emotional life felt so strangely and so little inclined to make fun as when Ralph told me he loved me, and not as I had

thought, Lou. A flood of rapture a great deal stronger than the music rapture swept over me, but left me strong enough to repulse the arm which had drawn me

And then I told him of our pledge, We were all free in the evenings, and | and that under no consideration would

How he laughed! I can hear the ringing tones now; but he didn't caress me again, and we

soon reached home.

ment in amaze.

As he left me at the gate the saucy fellow said, lifting my chin up and looking into my eyes-"Never fear, little one, but things

can be arranged. If you love me you

Have him, indeed! When I went inside, I stood a mo-

In the low chair sat Lou, and on her knees before her, with her head in Lou's

"Priscilla Dwight, what's the mat

Pris lifted up her face, and such face for our calm sister. A tear in one eye and a smile in the

other would about describe it. Lou explained-"While you were gone, Floss, Mr Ashton called and asked our Pris to be his wife. I left the room for something and he took the opportunity. And Floss, Pris refused him, and he went away, saying he would not give up hope. And I came down stairs and found her this way. Now sisters, we are wrong. I came to this conclusion some time ago. Let's dissolve our pledge; it was a foolish one, but, of

course, we didn't foresee this. What say you, Floss. For answer I rushed to Lou's side and with one arm around her and the other around Pris (who had again hidden her face) I breathlessly told my

Lou was the only composed one of us (how silly I was to think that!) and how long we stayed there, encircled in each other's arms, we never knew.

It was the last time we were "just

# Going up Stairs.

ourselves."

Young people and elder ones of superabundant vitality enjoy running up stairs one, two, three and four steps at a time. But there are not a few to whom a long flight of stairs is a terror, which, when overcome, leaves them breathless and for the time exhausted. Such will find that if they go up stairs slowly, straightening each limb before the other is raised upon a higher step, very much of the panting at the top stair will be spared. It is as foolish for a weak person to run up stairs as it would be to run up a hill of the same steepness as the stairs. One reason why women suffer more than men from this exercise is because they are weighted down with clothes suspended from the hips. When the muscles of a woman are free, unconstrained, and in tone, a flight of stairs is no serious matter, yet if her work lies on two or three floors, she must not calculate to get through with it as quickly or as easily as can she who lives on a ground floor, and not, so to speak, on a side-hill. The system of "flats" has very much to recommend it to housekeepers in this regard, that all the apartments are upon one level.

A man may play the fool in everything else but poetry.

### Bob white.

A correspondent of the Forest and Stream says a good word for Bob White, whose cheery calls upon his namesake are sometimes interpreted into assurance of "More Wet," and when it is particularly rainy he gives his whistle another note, which is a promise of "No More Wet." Bob is sometimes called a quail, but the writer says that he is no such bird as Brothers Hapgood & Evarts have recently imported from the shores of the Mediterranean. He adds:

"There is physically a wide difference between the two birds, and that greatly to the advantage of our native Bob White. The quail proper is not as large by half as our own bird, nor is his plumage half so beautiful; his flesh is dark; and, having no tail to speak of, he compares with our Virginian partridge as would a dung-hill fowl with one of Van Winkles or Perry Baldwin's game-cocks. The quail proper is an immoral little cuss, after the manner of the Mormons or Mohammedans, taking as many wives as he can get; and, worse than the human polygamist, he disdains the cares and responsibilities of paternity. What a noble moral contrast does our bird present! He has but one wife, and all the affections of his faithful little heart are bestowed upon the gentle mate won at the risk of his life in many a hard-fought battle. And what a model husband Bob White makes when alive, and what a succulent pie when dead! What grand sport he affords to the sportsman and what gustatory delight to the epicure. But there are other differences between the birds. The quail proper is as strictly migratory as the swallow. He changes his climate twice a year on wings which bear him across the broad Mediterranean Sea, on both shores of which he is found in great multitudes, whereas our Perdrix virginianus is a home-staying domestic bird, associating for the greater part of the year with his own family only, the wife of his bosom, and the pledges of his mutual love. Perdrin does travel from one district to another in search of food or better cover, but his powers of flight are not equal to migration across seas and continents, for he cannot cross over large rivers. The above are some of the reasons for

# A Model Fourth of July Oration.

Bob White into a quail."

my reluctance to depart from the South-

ern nomenclature and degrade gallant

Bob Burdette, of the Burlington Hawk Eye burst out of his sanctum on the Fourth and desolated a suburban town with an oration, from which we

quote: What means this vast concourse of people, these waving banners, these strains gence? As I face this immense multitude, I am impressed with one thought, that rushes upon my very soul and struggles in vain for utterance. It is is worth far more than brilliancy. And | dent in these days. I will tell the truth every time I get an opportunity It isn't often that I get a chance. What with trying to reconcile Tice's weather predictions and the President's policy, a man has to be vigilant and lie awake nights and watch his chances in order to get an opportunity to tell a little truth once a week, and yet this has nothing to do with the

Turkish war. Why, then, I repeat, are we assembled here to day? To rejoice that we are a free people, endowed with the inalien. able rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness at a long range. To rejoice that the precious boon and heritage of freedom is ours, bequeathed us by the fathers who fought, bled, and died, that I and mine and you and yours might breath the air of freedom. And we rejoice to-day, and we are proud and happy and glad, glad that our fathers died for us instead of compelling us to die for them. They were great, grand men. In fact, they were, many of them, great-grandfathers.

It is sweet to die for one's country. It seems to me that I, too, would gladly, oh, how gladly, add my name to the great and good, and die for my country -of old age. I would die sooner if it was thought necessary, but I haven't got time. I am too busy. But if any sacrifices are needed next centennial, they may call on me, and I will either come or send a hand. Our fathers died for us. They died

willingly and gladly. But if they could come back to-day and see what kind of a crowd they died for, quarreling over the President's policy, wrangling over the currency, and some of them trying to pay a dollar's worth of debt with ninety cents' worth of money, talking politics twenty-three hours a day, and praying so that their knees get rusty, drowned out by rain, devoured by

grasshoppers, they would, if they had it to do over again, live nine thousand years, and only die then when they had to.

And yet ours is a glorious country. A wonderful, magnificent country. It s marvelous. As a high-school girl would say, it is "nice." Look abroad over our land, turn the pages of history. and see what the mighty genius of progress has wrought. But one short century ago, the corner-stone of this mighty fabric was laid, amid the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry. canopled by the smoke of battle and cemented with blood. A little band of struggling, needy patriots, half clad. poorly fed, with only a few dollars in the national treasury. To-day the sun of one hundred and one years breaks upon the land-wherever it isn't stormingand where do we stand? A billion dol-

lars in debt. Our fathers died, but they had no railroads. If they had they might have died with less expense and trouble before they got to the war. Our fathera never knew the ecstatic pleasure of leaning out of a car window and getting a red-hot cinder as big as a pea in the eye before they could look at a tree. They had no telegraph, and never knew what a convenience it was to pay forty cents to send a message fifty miles, and then have the dispatch come lagging a day or two after the man died of old age. They had no kerosene lamps, and they never knew what it was to light a kitchen fire and make a balloon ascension out of the same. They had no United States signal service, and never had forty-two rainy days in a month. with a tornado every wash-day. Their wants were few and simple. They didn't need a great deal of weather, and what they had was regulated by the ground hog, and that reliable weather bureau never made a mistake.

These men have passed away. In their simple habits, their sterling honesty, their grand patriotism, their unselfish devotion to principle, they passed from life to eternal fame. The men of 76 are gone. I do not know where, but they have gone somewhere; I do not see any of them here. If there are any present they will please rise, for I am willing to be corrected when I am

The Fourth of July was invented by a man whose name is dear to all American hearts-George Washington. By an ingenious arrangement the Fourth of July was so contrived by the inventor that it would always fall on a rainy day. It has missed it only once in the past twelve hundred years, and on that once it hailed all day. The Fourth of July was not the only invention of this great and good man. He invented a Why have we assembled here to-day? name that will fit two-thirds of the boys of every generation in America. A grateful people never forget the fact, of soul-stirring music, this glittering and Washington when at the zenith of array of beauty, patriotism and intelli- his power was nominated by acclamation for the capital of the United States. Washington was once discovered praying at Valley Forge and from the great stress laid upon the incident by all histhe thought that I am not going to be torians, it is judged that it was the able to make one-half of these people only time that anybody caught him hear a word I say. It is not a grand praying. He was a brave, good man, thought. It is not even a brilliant but he dressed too much like a member thought. But it is true, and the truth of a base-ball club to be elected Presi-

# Frezen Kindness.

This world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on the hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family; love is just what makes parents and children, and brothers and sisters happy, but if they take care to never say a word about it-if they keep it a profound secret; as if it were a crime—they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in the summer, and if you live there you envy the poor dog when anybody calls him "poor-fellow."

# Water in Food.

Water is not only an important constituent of food but is the carrier of food into and through the system of human beings and animals. It forms more than two-thirds of the whole animal body, and is contained in all kinds of solid foods as well as in the beverages. The following items of the vegetable food contain for every one hundred pounds of substances, water in weights as follows: Fresh oat meal, five pounds; Indian meal, fourteen pounds; wheaten flour, fourteen; barley meal, fourteen; peas, fourteen; rice, fifteen; bread, forty; potatoes, seventy-five; grapes, eighty; parsnips, eighty-one; beet root, eighty-two; apples, eighty-three; carrots, eighty-nine; cabbages, eightynine; and lettuce, ninety-six.

Ballooning is an elevating pastime.