

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. III.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1878.

NO. 22.

SUBSCRIPTION:

(IN ADVANCE.)

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months.....1.00
Single copies, five cents each.

Any person sending a club of five subscribers, accompanied by the cash, will receive one copy free for one year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

SPACE.	1 W.	2 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
1 Inch.	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$7.00
2 Inches.	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	14.00
3 Inches.	3.00	4.50	6.00	9.00	12.00	21.00
4 Inches.	4.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	28.00
5 Inches.	5.00	7.50	10.00	15.00	20.00	35.00
6 Inches.	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	24.00	42.00
7 Inches.	7.00	10.50	14.00	21.00	28.00	49.00
8 Inches.	8.00	12.00	16.00	24.00	32.00	56.00
9 Inches.	9.00	13.50	18.00	27.00	36.00	63.00
10 Inches.	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	70.00
11 Inches.	11.00	16.50	22.00	33.00	44.00	77.00
12 Inches.	12.00	18.00	24.00	36.00	48.00	84.00

Transient advertisements payable in advance. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in advance.
Professional Cards, six lines or less, \$10 per annum—half yearly in advance (including postage).
For the publication of Court notices \$2 is charged, if paid in advance—otherwise, \$3.
Advertisers may, by counting ten words to a line, and adding the number of display lines they wish, estimate for themselves the length and cost of an advertisement, and remit accordingly. Remittances may be made by check, draft, or registered letter.

Communications containing items of local news are respectfully solicited.
The Editor will not be held responsible for views entertained and expressed by correspondents.
Manuscripts intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper only and accompanied by the name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith.
We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

Important to Advertisers.

THE MURFREESBORO ENQUIRER is the official organ of Hertford and Northampton counties, and has a larger circulation in Bertie, Northampton, Hertford and Gates counties than any paper published. It also circulates in thirty-seven other counties, and as an ADVERTISING MEDIUM is second to no paper in Eastern Carolina.

A cross mark on your paper X indicates that your subscription has expired, or is due. We demand prompt payments, as we need what is due us to enable us to carry on our business more successfully. Promises are worthless unless fulfilled. A subscription is a small amount to a subscriber, but put together, they are considerable to us. So please remit.

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds done in the best styles, and at figures to suit the times.

STATIONERY.

CARDS,

ENVELOPES,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

EC,

furnished at the shortest notice. Address all orders to the

ENQUIRER,

Murfreesboro, N. C.

Professional Cards.

W. C. BOWEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Jackson, N. C.

Practices in Northampton and adjoining counties. Prompt attention to collection in all parts of the State.

E. L. C. WARD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Practices in Hertford and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Prompt attention to collections.

J. J. YEATES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Practices in the Superior, Supreme and Federal courts.

D. A. BARNES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Murfreesboro, N. C.

Practices in Hertford and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Prompt attention to collection.

T. R. JERNIGAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Harrallsville, N. C.

Collections made in any part of the State. 1

JOHN W. MOORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fitch Landing, N. C.

Practices in the Superior, Supreme, and Federal Courts. Prompt attention to Collections.

B. B. WINBORNE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Winton, N. C.

Practices in Hertford and adjoining counties. Collections made in any part of North Carolina.

D. C. F. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST.

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

CONQUERED.

I sing of a night, of a wintry night,
When the wintry winds were sighing,
When the air was cold and the frost was bold,
And the snowflakes wild were flying.

'Twas a dismal night—O a dreadful night!
Not a star in the heavens seemed shining,
For the air was cold and the frost was bold,
And the watchdog sadly whining.

And I thought of the days that had passed away,
Of the nights that were yet before me;
And I turned mine eyes to the far-off skies,
And I knew that my God was o'er me;

And I wept as I ne'er had wept before—
O what a night for weeping!
For he air was cold, and the Storm-King bold
On his fiery steed went sweeping.

And he laughed, and he said, as he onward sped,
"O mine is a voice of thunder,
With a tongue of fire do I strike my lyre,
Do I sing my song of wonder.

I ride on the wave, and I dance on the grave,
With a might all things defying!"
When a voice I hear, now far, now near;
"List, list to the Storm-King dying."

And I turned mine eyes with a glad surprise—
O what a face shone o'er me!
On snowy wings now it sweetly sings
The song of a hope before me.

And I turned mine eyes with a glad surprise—
'Twas an angel's voice had spoken;
And the Storm-King bowed his mighty head,
For his mighty heart was broken.

In a Fog.

Two and twenty, and yet Maude Heywood never had loved before. "Before," I say—she scarcely yet knew the reason which caused her pulses to quicken at Wirt Douglas's step or the glad light to sparkle in her eyes at his approach.

She had only known him six months. Until she had met him, she had sometimes wondered why her heart failed to respond to the many hands which sought to touch the master chords.

They had lain dull and cold and lifeless, until a pair of eyes, darkly gray, looked into hers, a voice with a subtle magnetism spoke her name, and suddenly the mystery no longer was a mystery, and she only wondered how she could have lived her life heretofore with no sense of its emptiness. It was pleasure sufficient, drifting down the current.

She almost dreaded the moment she felt inevitable when he should ask her to become his wife. He had not yet uttered the words which should seal the bond between them, but she felt assured the love he had caused to spring up into such power scarcely equaled that which spoke in his every glance, and showed in every act, but the present, with its fullness of content, allowed her little time to think of the future. Her dream was so sweet she cared not to make it reality.

Very lovely she looked the night of Mrs. Raymond's ball. It was as though her happiness had lent her an added brilliance. Every glance turned on her as she entered the rooms, but of them all she noted only one.

"You are looking regally lovely this evening, Miss Maude," he said, drawing her arm through his with already an air of possession. "Yet, your mirror, doubtless, has told you the story, and you do not need that my lips endorse it. Have you remembered your promise for my waltz?"

An answer trembled on her lips, the color still flushed her cheek, caused by his words, when a gay voice called his name.

"Surely, Mr. Douglas, you have not deserted our standard! You promised to arrange the stage for the tableaux we are to have later in the evening, and indeed we cannot get along without your valuable assistance."

The speaker was a Miss Florence, who, as she spoke, allured him with a glance and smile.

A shade of annoyance passed over his face, as, turning to his companion, he begged for a few moments to be excused. "Then, Miss Maude, I will return for our dance."

This last, as Miss Florence, with triumphant assurance, had clasped her hand within his arm and carried him off as a bird its prey.

It was no new trick for her, since, in her very limited society experience, she had learned to angle with considerable skill, although, unfortunately for herself, the bait had become recognized, and did not attract many to her line; at least they always discovered the hook, and nibbled at a very safe distance.

Maud, restored to her mother's protection, watched them with an amused smile, for she well knew how unwillingly this last victim had been entrapped.

"What luck, Miss Maude?" broke in a voice upon her reverie, and glancing up, she saw Mr. Rochester standing before her—a very handsome, distinguished-looking man, spite of his gray hairs and his fifty summers. "How happens it that the fairest flower in our basket is wasting its sweetness? Suppose you allow me the triumph of the evening—the envy of the card-room

—by acting as my partner in a single rubber of whist? It is very selfish, I know, but they will appreciate you all the more on your return."

"Indeed, Mr. Rochester, I doubt if I am missed, and, as I did not propose dancing until after supper, it will give me only too much pleasure."

A half hour later, seated at the card-table, her attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of voices.

One she recognized as that of Will Somers, whom she cordially liked, as one of Mr. Douglas's best friends.

"Confess, Wirt," it said, "that you are really smitten. No girl is going to look like that, or show herself so completely entranced without the assurance that it is welcome. I must acknowledge that I am somewhat surprised at so open a display, or so speedy a transfer of affection."

The tone was half laughing, half serious, and as in a dream the girl sat waiting the reply. It came too quickly.

"Are you bereft of your senses, Will, or am I? I should imagine both. You know perfectly well that smiles from that quarter are too prolific to be choice. Pour *quater le temps*, and a very short time at that, one perhaps can bear their dazzling light. Their brilliancy, however, never will destroy my reason, nor cause my common-sense to desert me."

"A wrong play, Miss Maude. You trumped my trick," interrupted Mr. Rochester, shaking his head across the table.

And Maude realizes that the speakers, still unconscious of her presence, have passed out of the room, away from the quiet window seat where they had thought themselves unobserved, and she is sitting with a handful of painted pictures, which she is supposed to dispose of with unerring skill.

Mechanically she places them upon the table, unheeding her partner's glances of surprise, which she interprets finally in the discovery that, through her play, they have lost the two odd tricks.

Two? Fatal blunder! They little know she has just learned that the odd trick which was to bring her her life's happiness has been lost.

She rises from the table, stunned and bewildered. The words she has heard have struck her like so many blows, each one sharp and incisive.

Has she, then, so worn her heart upon her sleeve that not he alone but others have seen it? Cruel! dishonorable! Had he not taught her to believe that her smile was the sunshine of his life, her frown a shadow to dim the sunniest day?

"Don't look so sad, Miss Maude," interrupted Mr. Rochester. "What can we expect from the belle of the ball-room, when we carry her away from its glitter and glare to the quiet retreat of a sober card-room, with her grandfather for a partner? Come, I am too old to accept a challenge, and I must restore you to the place from which I stole you, or certainly I shall receive one."

A laughing reply is on her lips, the color flames in her cheek like a crimson rose, her eyes grow almost black with a luminous light, and it is as her companion had predicted.

The threshold of the ball room is hardly crossed ere a dozen eager aspirants rush forward, to whom she smilingly hands her card, which is returned without one vacant space opposite the list of dances.

Then she sees him, flushed and smiling, crossing the room toward her, and reads in his face the triumphant assurance that those moths may flutter as they will around the candle, he knows its light must shine for one alone, and that one—oh, happy thought!—is him.

"Truant," he says bending down to speak into her ears, "I have looked for you everywhere. Is not the next waltz ours?"

"I really do not know whether your name is down upon the list. You may look for yourself," handing him the card with an easy grace, a matchless indifference.

The color flushes his brow as he returns it.

His lips, and sent back the warm torrent to its fountain-head. There he held it firmly, giving thereafter no outward sign, though he sometimes marveled if its inward force would not destroy him.

It was accident, not design, which threw Wirt Douglas in Miss Heywood's path the ensuing summer. He had not known she was at the hotel where he had gone until he had been met and welcomed by scores of friends, when it was too late to immediately retract his steps, although he determined his stay should be a short one.

He had learned the fact, not of his strength, but of his weakness, and knew he dared not trust himself, for the wound seemed to grow only more painful with age, and he wondered, with passive consciousness of suffering, if it would ever heal.

The fishermen shook their heads somewhat gravely the next day when a gay party set sail in a yacht for a few hours' pleasuring, but the sun shone so brightly in a cloudless sky that their prognostications were set down as dismal prophecies, and were forgotten with the unfurling of the sails, only to be afterward sadly, sorely remembered—remembered when, suddenly having risen, no one knew how nor whence, a dense fog settled around them, the sun and light had vanished, and with the approaching shadows of evening the mist around thickened and deepened.

There were still, however, some hours' left of day, although the sun had completely hidden himself, and there could be seen naught of sea or sky—naught but the pale faces of the women as they sat shivering, and wishing themselves once more upon dry land.

No one apprehended danger until, in the distance, was heard more and more distinctly the noise of breakers, when, like a whisper, ran from mouth to mouth, "The bar!" should they mistake their course, and be driven upon that, ruin would be inevitable.

Maude sat upon the deck. She would not go into the cabin, and she wanted to be alone, when the voice which once had been music to her ear sounded close beside her.

"Maude, for God's sake, while we are on the open sea, with danger around us, but God above us, tell me what pitiful, pitiless thing has come between us? Throw off the mask of coquetry you have assumed, and let me believe once more a true woman's heart beats beneath it! Do not let me feel I have loved so well only the pretense of something good and pure and noble!"

"You forget, Mr. Douglas, that 'proud smiles are rarely choice, and that your common sense has not yet deserted you.' I sincerely trust it never may, although I would advise some better place for such discussion than a crowded card-room."

While she spoke, the man's brain, with lightning rapidity had reviewed the past, and, at his repeated words, the night, the scene arose again before him, and, like a flash, he saw it all—the mistake which might have been so fatal to them both.

"Maude—little Maude," he said, low and tenderly, "did you think, my little darling, 'twas of you I spoke. It is true I did wrong in such a place, to discuss the subject, but my care in not mentioning aloud, Bell Florence's name, as she of whom I thought, has caused me all this misery. Ah, if you but knew how I had missed your smile, you would realize that never could it shed its light too much upon my path! With its sunshine, darling, I could know no shadow. Maude, my own, look at me, and let me see if this horrible mistake is ended!"

But, in answer, with two great tears in her bright eyes, she pointed to the skies above them, where, through mist and fog, the sun's rays at last had penetrated, and the clear azure of the heavens shone once more, mingled with crimson and yellow, as the day-god sunk to rest, and both knew that even so had all the mist of misunderstanding vanished from out their lives.

A Forgetful Bridegroom

An absent-minded gentleman in St. Paul, Minn., recently applied to the county clerk for a marriage license.

"What's the bride's name?" asked the official. The bridegroom paused, coughed, stuttered, sneezed, blew his nose, scratched his head, and finally stammered: "I can't recall it, but I'll go and ask her." Having obtained the desired information, he returned and paid the fees for the license. A few days afterward he took his bride to a minister's house, and proclaimed his anxiety to be married on the spot. The minister said that he would marry them if they had procured a license. The bridegroom rumaged in his pockets and found it not. He had forgotten to bring it with him.

"I must have the warrant," said the minister solemnly. The bride handed her prospective lord the keys of his trunk, and he set out for his house to fetch the document. The marriage ceremony was finally performed, but the lady was ill at ease. "What comfort can I have," she mused "if he can't remember anything?" She forsook him that very afternoon, and hastened home to her mother.

How he Won His Pass.

The following correspondence took place between the superintendent of an asylum for the feeble-minded in Illinois and a well known railroad superintendent, Wm. B. Strong:

Dear Sir—You sent me a few days since a half fare permit, which please fully permit me to thank you for. Half-fare permits are usually sent to preachers, and perhaps you have mistaken my calling. At all events as you have classified me with the preachers (though I am not one), I will take the liberty of quoting Scripture to you, and of drawing such conclusions from said Scriptures as seem applicable to our relations to each other.

If my authorities are inapplicable and my conclusions unsound, please remember that the principal of an asylum for feeble-minded children is trying to preach, because an individual labeled Strong, very early in life, by his paternal or maternal ancestor, has insinuated that he is a preacher.

I respectfully call your attention to the following passages of Scripture.

Exodus vi., 10—"With a strong hand shall I let them go."

Judges xvi., 14—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

II. Chronicles xvi., 9—"Strong in behalf of them."

(Half in this case means, not the half I now have, but the other half of a permit, so that I shall have a full free pass for the year.)

Psalms xxxi., 21—"He hath showed me his kindness in a strong—"

I. Kings ii., 2—"Be strong and show thyself a man."

I. Corinthians iv., 10—"We are weak, but ye are strong."

Jeremiah xv., 14—"I will make thee to pass."

Ezekiel xx., 37—"I will cause thee to pass."

Ezekiel xxxvii., 1—"And cause me to pass."

Joshua xx., 19—"They pass over." Special comment is unnecessary.

If the above passages do not find or reach some respective chord in your bosom, other language will of course, utterly fail to impress you.

A few practical applications and I am done.

First—What I want, and think you might send me, is an annual pass over the Michigan Central railroad and Great Western (if in your power), because Samuel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joshua, and Judges, plainly instruct you to do so (as I construe them).

Secondly—The aforesaid roads will not lose anything by it, but probably gain, for if I have this pass it is more than likely I shall go east once or twice this year, and take parties with me who will otherwise go by the Toledo, Wabash and Western, and the Lake Shore, if they are deviated from that course to accompany me.

Thirdly and lastly, (in order that I may, as Mr. Moody recommended to the preachers of Philadelphia, not to exceed 30 minutes in my discourse, and lose something of its power by excessive length), I would suggest that I desire to operate upon Michigan, to see if I cannot stimulate them to build an asylum for idiots. I have succeeded in getting the legislature of Illinois to give \$165,000 for a new building for its asylum; and as this is in process of construction, I would like to visit the charitable institutions in Michigan, Canada, and the East, to see what should be done to make ours what it ought to be. I cannot go unless I get passes.

You probably can, if you will, get me the aforesaid; but if you do not, in the hereafter, when you are seeking a free pass to the better world, look out that somebody don't send you a half-way permit, and land you considerably short of your desire. (Pardon me.)

THE ANSWER.

Dear Sir—My absence from the city last week prevented a prompt answer to yours of the 4th inst. It is an old experience that the Scripture can be made to sustain any doctrine or dogma if it is ingeniously applied, but I confess that I was astonished at such an array of texts upon which to base a claim for travel over our road, and the more so, because in sending you the half-fare permit, I thought I was complying strictly with the most liberal offers of transportation to be found in the Bible.

any one traveling on two half-fare permits.

But to convince you that I looked to Holy Writ as an authority for declining free passes, permit me to quote a few precepts on the subject of passenger transportation, which I find in its pages beginning with such as seem especially addressed to the passenger:

1 Kings xx., 39—"Thou shalt pay."
2 Kings iv., 7, 8; 1 Samuel v. 7—"Go and pay."

Ecclesiastes v., 4—"Defer not to pay."
Exodus xxi., 18—"He shall pay."
Exodus xxi., 36—"He shall surely pay."

Numbers xx., 18—"Thou shalt not pass."

With the following from the third verse of the first chapter of Jonah, showing that passes were no easier to procure than now: "But he paid the fare, and went," setting an example still worthy of imitation.

In addition to these precepts to the passenger, I find the following injunctions to the railroad manager:

Judges viii., 28—"Suffer not a man to pass."
Nahum i., 15—"The wicked no more pass."

Isaiah xxxiv., 10—"None shall ever pass."
Matthew, xxiv., 34; Mark xiii., 30; Luke xxi., 32—"This generation shall not pass."

And the following from the prophet Jeremiah, vii. 42—"Though they roar, yet shall they not pass." Perhaps after this array of Scripture authority I shall not be justified in sending the annual pass desired, yet I find my sympathies stronger than my theology, and so, having overwhelmed you with my citations and convinced you that a concordance is an article as well known in Chicago as in Jacksonville, I take pleasure in sending you the pass requested.

Domestic Furs.

"Where do you get most of the domestic fur?"

"From Chicago and St. Louis. We buy principally from wholesale dealers, though trappers sometimes bring in their own stock. Texas Jack previous to marrying Morlacchi, used to sell large quantities of fur to down-town houses. Great care is required in preparing and packing, the least moisture inducing putrefaction, which entirely unfit them for our use. A strange rule in fur is, that native fur is seldom much valued in any country, and high prices are paid for articles sometimes positively inferior from other countries."

"Is the fur of domestic animals used?"

"Cat fur is the backbone of the trade. Large quantities of black cats are raised in Holland purposely for the fur. Esquimaux, Newfoundland and other shaggy dogs furnish skins for robes and rugs."

"What furs come from South America?"

"From Brazil comes the Nutria, which is called the South America beaver; from Buenos Ayres large quantities of the skins of wild animals, which we make into robes and also deer and elk skins. From Peru we get the finest chinchilla."

"What are the principal domestic furs?"

Raccoon, fox, otter, beaver, mink, muskrat, wolverine, buffalo, wolf, and many others. The Grebe duck feather fur, from which muffs and boas are made, comes from San Francisco, as well as from Switzerland. Skunk fur is mostly sent abroad, and obtains a good price. The black and silver, and silver, and red fox is in great demand abroad, being bought up by Polish Jews and divided, when the backs are sold to the Russians and Greeks, the fronts to Turkey, and the feet and heads to China. The finest raccoon furs are also produced by North America, and are largely used in Russia and throughout Germany as a lining for gentlemen's cloaks.

Gallantry Not a Tradition of the Past.

Gallantry is not a tradition of the past. Sir Walter Raleigh has two disciples in Wilmington, Del.; one is an Irishman, and the other a small boy. One day during the month of February a young lady halted at a street crossing where the mud and slush were very deep, and seemed to be at a loss whether to turn back or wade through. An Irish laborer, not having a cloak to throw down, did what he could to facilitate the passage. He plunged his foot into the slough, and extending his hand, cried out: "Step on my foot, miss, and I'll help you over." It was a large foot encased in an enormous mass of leather, and it was a firm foundation on which the lady fair could pass over with dry stockings. The small boy's method was simpler, but his purpose was equally chivalrous. He saw a little girl of his own size shrinking back from a big pool, and dumping his long sled in the gutter, enabled her to bridge the stream.