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

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THE VESPER BELL.

Ring on, ring on, sweet vesper bell,
From out your lofty tower;
Your silvery accents seem to tell
How sacred is the hour.
Ring, for the day is almost done;
And now, while heaven's blessings fall,
So gently, softly, over all,
As if in answer to your call.
Sweet vesper bell, ring on!
How welcome were the tones, sweet bell,
One week ago to-day!
Since then how many a sad farewell
Fond lips have learned to say!
How many a soul to heaven has gone
To win the fadeless diadem!
Sad hearts are left; oh, now for them
In tones of sweetest requiem,
Ring, vesper bell, ring on!
And when again, sweet vesper bell,
The day of rest shall come;
Who knoweth if he still will dwell
Here, in an earthly home?
How many a task will then be done!
Oh, may God keep us in his care;
May He, Himself, our soul prep'ring!
Sweet bell, you warn us to beware,
Ring on! ring on! ring on!

The Silver Lining.

"Every cloud has its silver lining," but it seemed to Helen Livingstone that there could be none to her sorrow-cloud, it was so dark and heavy.
And yet her home was a most luxurious mansion, she had everything money could buy, she was yet young, and very beautiful. But there is one sorrow riches cannot avert—death. Two years ago her husband, proud, noble-hearted Edward Livingston, died. That almost crushed her, but she bore up for the sake of his son—her bright-eyed, golden-haired Eddie.

And now Eddie was gone. And since the day they laid him beside his father, all her energy was gone. All her hopes and interests in life left her, and all day long she lay upon the sofa or sat in a deep lounging chair in her darkened chamber, scarcely eating food enough to sustain life, refusing to see any friends except her own family, and resisting all entreaties to go out for a breath of air.

And here her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, found her, as she came one bright morning, and bringing a breath of Heaven's fresh loveliness into the close, perfumed and heated chamber.
"Come, Helen, do come out for a little ride," she entreated. "I've brought my own carriage and ponies, and I'll drive you myself. It is such a lovely morning! Please, Helen!"

But Helen only turned wearily on her sofa.
"No, no, Sue! How can you ask me?"

"It will do you good, Helen," pleaded Sue.
"I don't want to be done good. I only want to be let alone. I never want to leave this room until I'm carried out as poor little Eddie was," moaned Helen.

"And that won't be long, I'm thinking, if you are allowed to go on in this fashion," muttered Sue, under her breath, while she said aloud, using a last argument, "Please come, Helen. We'll drive out to Laurel Hill and take some flowers to Edward and Eddie."

But still the mourner only sighed, "No, Sue, no!" I send flowers out every day. But I can't go myself; don't tease me, Sue."

Poor Sue stood still, her bright eyes full of tears, looking at her sister for a little while. Then she turned abruptly and left the room without another word. And she drove her pretty ponies straight to the house of a dear old Quaker friend—in two senses—into whose presence she carried her petition.

"Aunt Rachel, do please go and see Helen!" she begged. "I can't do anything with her—none of us can, and if you can't I don't know what will become of her!"

"These knows I will do what I can," softly returned Rachel Dalrymple. "Sit thee down here and tell me all about Helen."

And having heard, Aunt Rachel donned her dove-colored plumage, and went in Sue's carriage to the mourner's home.

"The servants will not want to admit you, but don't be denied," said Sue as Aunt Rachel got out.

The dear old lady nodded, and when the door was opened she walked in at once.

"I have come to see Helen Livingstone," she said.
"Mrs. Livingstone does not see visitors," exclaimed the waiter.

"She will see me. I will not trouble thee to go with me," she said, as she continued straight up to Helen's darkened chamber.

Entering with a soft tap, she crossed the room and took Helen's thin, white hand.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I do see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

She walked at once to the window,

and drew aside the heavy curtains, letting in a flood of golden sunlight.

"Oh, the light," moaned Helen, turning away her head.

"We cannot live without the light, my dear," said Aunt Rachel, returning to a seat close beside Helen. "Now Helen," she said, gently, "I am older than thee, and I've been through the deep waters of tribulation. Tell me all thy troubles, and I will help thee if I can."

The gentle words and tones went to Helen's heart, and she burst into a torrent of such tears as she had not shed before since her bereavement.

Two or three hours Aunt Rachel staid, and continued her tender ministrations, and when she left she had won from Helen a promise that she would no longer nurse her sorrow in selfish loneliness, but go about in the world and endeavor to do the duties still left to her.

"If thee tries to do right, thee'll find there is some happiness left yet," said gentle Aunt Rachel. And though Helen did not quite believe that she could ever be happy, she knew her wealth afforded her large means of doing good, and for that she would try to live.

A few months later the winter snow had covered Eddie and his father with a robe of spotless white, and it was near the happy Christmas-tide.

More than one humble home in the great city had been brightened by Helen's generous Christmas gifts, and she began to take some pleasure in these pleasant duties.

The day before Christmas she had word of an aged and bedridden relative across the river, on the Jersey side, and she at once went over to see her.

As she stepped upon the ferry boat to return, she found it very crowded and with difficulty got a seat next to a plain, neat countrywoman who had with her a little fellow of five or six years, and Helen's heart thrilled as she looked at the little face with its bright blue eyes and golden hair, for it bore quite a resemblance to the dear face of her lost Eddie.

She could not help speaking to the child, and trying to win it to her, and presently she had him upon her knee.
"What is your little boy's name?" she said, addressing the woman.

"Eddie Hamilton," said the stranger, with a sigh, and Helen's heart thrilled again at the familiar name.

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," continued the woman.
"Ah!" commented Helen, interested at once.

"No ma'am, he's not mine. His mother was a widow, and came to Brookville, where I live, a year ago next March. She was very poor, and she had a little house right next to us, and tried to make her living with her needle. But she made her death, ma'am, that's what she made—and we couldn't bear to see the little chap suffer, and him not a friend in the world, as we knowed of, so we took him, me and my John, and we've kept him ever since."

"Do you still intend to keep him?" asked Helen.

"We can't ma'am. We're poor, hard-working folks, and we've got five children of our own. John had a bad fall last week—he can get about the house, but the doctors say he won't be able to work a lick this winter. It don't stand to reason that we could keep an extra one, and be just to the rest, does it, ma'am?"

"No, indeed," returned Helen, politely.

"That's what's taking me to the city to-day," returned the woman. "We hated to do it, me and John did, awful bad, but we didn't see no other way to do, so I'm a taking him to the Orphan Asylum. Do you think they'll be good to him, ma'am?"

A thought which had struggled in Helen's heart for the last few minutes, found expression now.

"I don't know," she said, eagerly, "but I do know some one who would! You say you are poor—I am rich, and I am widowed and childless. I have lately lost my husband and my little Eddie, and I am alone and lonely. Give me your little Eddie, and I will love him and be good to him, and bring him up as my own child!"

"Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the countrywoman.

"Indeed I am! He looks like my lost Eddie—that is what first made me notice him—and it seems to me as if Heaven had sent him to me. He is my Christmas present. Oh, do let me have him!"

"I can't say no, ma'am. I am sure he will have a happy home with you," replied the woman.

"Go with me and see!" cried Helen.

"Your John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me your name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Mine is Livingstone. Now, Mrs. Reynolds you shall go home with me. It is not near the distance it is out to the Orphan Asylum, and you shall see what I will do for little Eddie. Oh, I

am so happy to have him!" And as Helen hugged the child to her silken bosom, she did, indeed, feel that he was, in some measure, her lost Eddie restored.

So when Mrs. Livingstone's elegant carriage met her on the city side of the ferry, she took Mrs. Reynolds and little Eddie to her handsome home. And over a dainty dinner, which Helen ordered, they made all arrangements and plans for little Eddie's transfer to his new home.

For Helen proposed to adopt and educate him as her own son, with her own name, taking pride in the thought that, after all, an Edward Livingstone might bear the name, and wear the wealth and honors of the family.

When Mrs. Reynolds returned home, Helen sent her to the ferry in her carriage again to save her the long walk.
"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she said, as they parted, for Helen had no false pride about her—she was too true a lady for that—"and I will bring him to see you. I don't want him to forget his kind benefactors. And here, slipping a tiny roll into Mrs. Reynolds's hands, "is a little Christmas present for John and the children."

And when Mrs. Reynolds looked at the "little Christmas present," she found it was a crisp, new hundred-dollar bill.

And so that Christmas eve a golden curly head rested on the empty crib pillow, in Helen Livingstone's room. And the next morning two little stuffed stockings hung over the table loaded with Christmas toys.

While Helen herself was so bright and happy that, when sister Sue and Aunt Rachel came in to see the little stranger, of whose arrival Helen had sent them word, they stood astonished at the transformation.

"Thee sees, Helen," said Aunt Rachel, "that I was not wrong when I told thee if thee tried to do right thee would be sure to be happy."

A Turkish Barber.

Foremost among the customers is an old gentleman who is sadly tormented with rheumatism; he is very particular that not one item in the etiquette of Turkish shaving operations be omitted, the barber is aware of this, and prizes him as a regular customer that may be counted upon for at least ten paras (about half a cent) a day.

After a long string of compliments have been exchanged, and the fineness of the weather adverted to, the old man seats himself ceremoniously in the barber's state chair. Then he is enveloped from his neck to his heels in a huge apron that ties behind, pinioning his arms to his side. In this defenseless condition he immediately becomes the victim of half a dozen flies, which tickle his nose and flap against his eyes till he is reduced to the necessity of calling the barber to his assistance.

On hearing the summons, that worthy, who has been preparing a huge basin of hot suds and sharpening his uncouth razors, rushes to the rescue, and in about half a minute afterward we have lost sight of the old victim, whose whole face and head, and every visible portion of the neck, presents one extensive field of soap-bubbles, froth and hot vapors. Now the barber may be seen scrubbing away, with a huge hair bag on either hand; then he darts to one side and fetches a huge basinful of very hot water; and the next instant the victim's head, soap-suds and all, are forcibly immersed in this. In a few seconds it emerges red and inflamed, with the eyes starting nearly out of their sockets, the victim meanwhile gasping for breath.

Barely has he had time to implore a few moments' respite before another basin is produced, and the head again disappears beneath its depths. This time the water is almost to freezing, and the whole frame quivers again, as though quite electrified by the sudden shock.

On being withdrawn, a death-like pallor has taken the place of the ruddy complexion so lately exposed to view. Soon, however, the friction of a dry towel restores the circulation, succeeded by the application of lukewarm soap and water; after which the razor almost imperceptibly, certainly unfeeling by the customer, passes from the crown of the head and rounds the promontory of the chin with marvellous speed, leaving only a small tuft on the crown and the much prized Oriental mustache.

Turks who wear beards, seldom, we may observe, resort to a barber's-shop, as only their heads require to be manipulated, and to dress these is a department in the barber's art which is generally left to young practitioners.

The ordeal just described having been passed through, the napkin is removed, and the customer is at liberty to rinse his hands and face.

Several miles of street railways have just been opened in Naples, and others are to be constructed immediately.

Texas Camels.

There is a camel ranch in Bastrop county, Texas, which has been in existence some twenty years, and furnished many menageries with these ungainly beasts for exhibition. The Hempstead Messenger reports another shipment of a car load of ten camels from Elgin, a railroad station near to Janesville, Wisconsin, where they are to be added to the attractions of a traveling menagerie. The Messenger briefly repeats the history of camel breeding in Texas.

These camels are the progeny of the herd brought into Texas about twenty years ago, with the expectation that they would be used for transportation on the staked plains and other desert regions, about the time of the Mormon rebellion. They were landed at Galveston, but the chances of employing them profitably for army purposes failed, and they were sold. They proved somewhat like the elephant won in the raffle to the first purchaser, but finally fell into the hands of M. D. Mather, of Elgin, who now owns the whole herd, about forty in number. Every year sales are made of the increase, which is usually about ten, to the various showmen of the country. The price they bring is from \$250 to \$500 each at from two to five years of age. Mr. Lanfear says:

They are no more trouble to raise than horses or cattle. The colts for the first three or four days are rather tender and require close attention, but after that they take their chances with the herd. They feed on cactus and brush, eschewing all grasses that cattle and horses eat, if the favorite cactus can be had. The females, with proper care, give a colt every year, and the price at which they are sold, the ease with which they are raised, their extreme docility, and the adaptability of our climate to their nature would seem to indicate that camel raising is a profitable business in Texas. Mr. Lanfear says there is one camel in the herd that has traveled 150 miles between sun and sun, and that most any well broke camel is good for more than one hundred miles in a day.

Washington's Letters.

Chirographically speaking, General Washington wrote an admirable hand. Such peculiarities as exist in the shaping of Washington's letters are but few. Perhaps the most marked is in the formation of the letter *n*, which, as written in later life, resembles somewhat an *r*. The *o*'s and *e*'s show some slight interchange of forms. Thus "Harriet" looks like "Haralot," and "conjecture" like "cenjecture." Though the letters are apparently spread, and words seem to occupy a certain space, when an attempt is made to transcribe any of his manuscript the copyist is surprised to find how uniform the characters are, and how many words are found to the page. Abbreviations are few, and are only used at the end of a line, when room is wanting. Words are not often divided into syllables in order to carry them over to the next line. The old style of forming a long *f* in the middle of a word is retained, the modern *s* being used at the conclusion. Leading substantives occasionally begin with capitals. Washington used false lines in his letter-writing, as the spaces are always mathematically accurate, and the register on both sides of the sheet perfect.

In such rough drafts of Washington's letters as are before us, the illustrious writer seems to have taken the greatest pains to find the exact word wanted. As has been frequently stated, he was not what is called "a ready writer." Your ready writer, like your voluble speaker, has mostly a slipshod style, slights his work, and is satisfied with but a half meaning. A very clear, straightforward style belongs to Washington. What he writes is to the point, and hits squarely and truly, and without unnecessary verbiage. When he wants to, he sends the arrow-head home, without useless feathering to the shaft. If he labored at times to get the exact word to suit him, his vocabulary was rarely at fault. It seems quite evident that he never wrote an important letter without having first made a rough copy. Even letters on minor topics show this same patient care. Sometimes three or four drafts were made, diligently worked up, full of interlineations and changes, before the perfect copy was achieved. If the Secretaries of distinguished statesmen of to-day were to disclose the secrets of official cabinets, it might be discovered that this elaboration of documents is considered quite a necessity. *Polissex toujours*, which literary dictum the greatest of Divines inculcated, was very much in vogue a hundred years ago. The letters of statesmen of former times, although not thrown broadcast as they are to-day by the press, were certainly scrutinized by a certain class, whose critical acumen was quite on a par with the highest culture of to-day. Those wonderful papers due to English prime ministers of the last century had educated

an appreciative set of readers in both the New and the Old World. Though the schoolmaster was not as ubiquitous in colonial times as he is to-day, political enemies were ever keen to find a solecism or an anachronism, in order to magnify them and glibly the perpetrator. Something has been written before this in regard to General Washington's grammar. If it is not always absolutely correct, if even occasionally an error in spelling occurs, such mistakes are very uncommon, and are evidently of a purely accidental character. For a public man, Washington's correspondence was immense. Occasionally the most untiring of men, who never neglected a duty, was overtaken. The very best of us slip up at times. Men who search for motes in the sunbeam, taking nothing from its light, have rarely anything left for their pains.

Hygienic Uses of Trees.

Trees have been found to be preservatives against cholera in India. Dr. Bryden, President of the Statistical Office in Calcutta, says: "The road to Sambalpoor runs for sixty miles through the forest, which around Petorah and Jenckfluss is very dense. It is a remarkable fact, but it is a fact nevertheless, that on this route, traversed daily by hundreds of travelers, vehicles and baggage trains, the cholera rarely appears in this extent of sixty miles, and when it does it is in a mild form. But on the road from Arang westward to Chicholee Bungalow, which runs for about ninety miles through a barren, treeless plain, the cholera is found every year in its most severe form, the dead and dying lying by the wayside, and trains of vehicles half of whose conductors are dead. During the widespread epidemic of cholera, also, in Allahabad in 1859, those parts of the garrison whose barracks had the advantage of having trees near them enjoyed an indisputable exemption, and precisely in proportion to the thickness and nearness of the shelter.

Trees in great cities cool the air. A great deal of heat is neutralized by evaporation from the leaves, another portion by the decomposition of carbonic acid. The temperature of trees in a forest, and even in the tops of them, is always lower than the air in the forest. Besides this, shade in the open air always causes a certain draught which acts as a kind of fan. Any one walking in oppressive heat, when the air seems still as death, must have noticed that a refreshing breeze arises as soon as a cloud casts a shade. The same thing may have been observed in summer in walking through a street with close rows of houses, when the air is still, and one side is sunny and the other is in the shade. On the sunny side there is not a breath of air, while on the other there may be a light breeze. So far as the shade extends the air is cooler than in the sun; layers of air of unequal warmth are of different gravity, and this difference of temperature is the cause of the motion in the air. The shade of a single tree, therefore, cools not only by intercepting the sun's rays, but also by the effect of gentle fanning. Houses exposed to the full glare of the sun's rays for a part of the day are much hotter internally than those shaded by trees, and less agreeable for summer residence.

Colorado Undertakers.

An Albany man, while sojourning in Colorado for his health, had his obituary written up by mistake in the home papers. Whereupon he wrote back correcting the error and plaintively describing his experience in that lively country. He said: "There are three undertakers in town, and as soon as they saw the notice they all waited upon me and were extremely indignant to find me alive. One of them was very boisterous in his indignation, and insisted that I was trifling with the finer and more sacred feelings of his profession, and had particularly outraged his feelings, he being the father of a large family, and he absolutely declined to leave the house without an order for his kind offices, to be used on a future occasion. His terms are half cash. One of my friends, of a particularly sensitive, I might say jealous, nature, sent a copy of the notice to a paper published in my native town, asking for an obituary and pitching into the editor for not having published one before and accusing him of a want of enterprise. I was saying nothing of a disgraceful fight between the superintendents of the two rival cemeteries on my account, and of the flowers I had to pay for because they would not keep.

Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, Pa., has recently received a bequest of \$20,000 from the estate of Miss Adaline Seger.

One hundred and sixty-nine more drinking fountains are to be put up in different parts of Paris.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson is doing a large insurance business in the South, with headquarters at Atlanta.

A son of Postmaster-General Key is a cadet at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md.