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IRISH SONG.

Oh! the Spring's delight Is the cowslip bright, As she laughs to the warblin' linnet! And a whistlin' thrush On a white May bush,

Summer she shows

Her rose, her rose! And oh! all the happy night long The nightingale woes her ! At awn the lark sues her

Wid the crystal surprise of her song. King Autumn's crown Is the barley brown,

Red over wid rosy fruit; And the yellow trees, As they sigh in the breeze. Are the strings of his so'emn lute.

Ould Winter's breath Is could as Death, Wirra ! lonesome he's left the earth ;

Yet the thrush he sings And the rose she springs From the flame of his fairy hearth.

At The Top of a High Chimney.

When I was three-and-twenty I went down the country with the builder for whom I worked, to carry out one of his contracts. While there I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had ever seen She seemed so flattered with my attentions that I was full of hope, until an old lover joined our force.

Then I found out my mistake, as Mary at once gave me the cold shoulder. My successful rival, Ben Lloyd, and I were not, of course, the best of friends; still I bore him no ill-will, and being of a cheery temper, soon got the best of it, and in time we became great cronies.

I went to his wedding and after that often dropped into their neat little cottage to see them, and got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister. Ben had no grounds for jealousy, though evil life, I roared out: tongues, I found, were busy.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning-conductor upon one of the highest chimneys over at Lianelly sprang, and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr. - when he cold us of it.

I touched my cap and accepted it offhand, and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master, "you are the steadiest headed fellows I have The price is a good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning."

So it was, that, some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves at the factory, all ready.

The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney, was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the cradle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

As we went up I saw crowds gather to watch us.

"There are plenty of star-gazers, Ben," said I, waving my cap to them. "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Can't you keep quiet?" said Ben in so strange a voice that I turned to look

There he lay in a heap at the bottom of the cradle, his eyes closed.

"You're not afraid," said I. "What's that to you?"

"Nothing; but if you don't get used

to the height you may get dizzy." Then I saw we were going up too

They had not calculated right, and as sure as death the cradle would strike the coping, and if it did, death it would be, for the rope would part.

There was no chance of signaling. told Ben our only hope. We must swarm up the rope to the chimney top and let the cradle go its course.

We did so, and were scarcely landed when the cradle struck.

The rope gave a shrill, piercing sound, like a rifle ball passing through the air, and snapped.

Down went the cradle, and there we were left, nearly three hundred feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead "Hush lad!" I said, "don't lose

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that

if he did not mind he would over-bal-

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage. "Where is it, boy?" he said, hoarsely, and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his

and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind.

So, pushing myself to him, I placed my arm around his waist, and worked around to the rod, which I put in his hand; and then I looked below, to see whether they were trying to help us, but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither, and, as I afterward knew, all in the greatest consternation; the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near, that we were for the time forgotten.

I was straining my eyes in hopes of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of a new danger for, looking round, I saw Ben champiug with his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began edging his way toward me, and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, as I moved away, keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for see me he could not-that was my only consolation.

Once-twice-thrice -he followed me round the mouth of that horrible chimney; then, no doubt thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on his feet.

myself as well as him, for he would in- besiegers, brought his prizes into port. evitably seize me, and we should both | But all danger was not yet averted; go over together. To let him stand up | Gibraltar was again blockaded; scurvy was to witness his equally certain de-

get to care for me. The devil put that now and then, enabled the English to thought in my mind, I suppose, but, thank God, there was a stronger spirit were fearful to endure. The city was than Satan near, and at the risk of my almost destroyed; scarcely a house

Lloyd!" He crouched down and held on with clinched teeth, and shivering and

"Sit still, or you will fall, Ben

shaking. In after-days, he told me that he thought that it was my spirit sent to warn and save him. "Sit still!" I repeated from time to

time, watching with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid. Each minute seemed to be an hour.

My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clove to my mouth, and the perspiration running down nearly blinded me. At last! at last hope came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces were turned upward; then some one who had got a speaking trumpet shouted:

"Keep heart, boys, we'll save you!" A few minutes more and a kite began to rise. Up it came, nearer and nearer, guided by the skillful flyer. The slack rope crossed chimney, and we were saved.

Ben, obeying my order, got into the cradle. I followed; but no sooner did I touch him than he began to try to get out. I got hold of him, and taking it in his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was, grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting, shricking, and praying all the way down, while the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

As we came near the ground I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer; then suddenly all was silent, for they had heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground scarcely a man dare look in. The first who did saw a horrible sight, for, exhausted by the struggle and excitement, so soon as the cradle stopped, I had fainted, and Ben, feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth in my neck. No wonder the men fell back with blanched faces; they saw that Ben was crazed, but they thought that he had killed me, for, as they said, he was actually worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us, and pulled Ben off me. I soon came round, but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow; and when he did come out of the asylum, he was never fit for his old trade again, so he and Mary went out to Australia, and the last I heard of them was that Ben had got a couple of thousand sheep, and was doing capitally.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after, finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face a height. So, that morning's work changed two men's

As long as love prevails in a house, pace of the breadth of a sword is satisfactory; as soon as it disappears, sixty hand-breadths are not sufficient. Men are often capable of greater

things than they perform. They are

sent into the world with bills of credit,

and seldom draw to their full extent. The vicious, notwithstanding the sweetness of their words, and the honey of their tongues, have a whole storehouse of poison within their eyes were drawn together, squinting | hearts.

The Last Siege of Gibraltar.

The most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected, was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famons General Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar, but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady in the garrison fired the first shot. Never did a siege of war wage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliett tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privateers that ran in, amidst terrible dangers with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken, had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who, To touch him was certain death to chantmen, and clearing the strait of me to go none the wiser. broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. I thought of poor Mary, and I re- The enemy crept closer and closer to membered that if he died, she might the fortress, but relief coming every still hold out. The bombardments habitable, and those left standing pierced by shot and shell. At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town: Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.

A Driver's Thrilling Story.

"Isn't it a rather ticklish place to go at such a gait?" I said to the driver, by whose side I sat, as he rounded, at a smart trot, a sharp curve of the narrow mountain road, on one side of which rose a wall of rock, and on the other yawned a deep precipice, leaving scarce a foot of margin between the edge and the outer wheel-tracks.

"Not a bit of danger, sir," the driver answered. "I've druv the mail on this route nigh onto seven year, and never had an accident-that is, never but once. Get up, there, Pete!" -to the right leader, with a crack of the the whip by way of emphasis-"git up there and don't go pokin' along like that, settin' a bad example to the rest."

Pete acknowledged the rebuke by pricking up his ears and setting off at a pace, joined in by his fellows, several degrees brisker than before.

"So you did meet with an accident once?" I said, resuming the dialogue which Pete's delinquency had interupted.

"Well, it ain't hardly fair to call it an accident, neither," returned the driver, flicking a fly from the off-wheeler's rump without disturbing a hair; "but I'll tell you the story if you'd like to hear it."

Nothing, I assured him, would give me more pleasure.

"It was when I was new on the road, you see," he began. "At that time there wasn't a house within miles of here; and sometimes I wouldn't have a passenger in a week; but I had to come through every day all the same, and lonesome it was sometimes."

"I'd got as fur as Sim Surley's tavern one day without taking up a soul. It was drawin' toward sundown, and I was makin' up my mind to a long night's ride, all by myself, when a couple of strangers stepped up and booked themselves as passengers.

"After takin' a smack and changing hosses, I started on, the two passengers takin' inside seats.

"Pretty soon one of 'em called out and asked if he mightn't come out and ride with me.

"I told him he might, and welcome. The fact is I was beginnin' to long for a good sociable chat with somebody, Hosses is is good enough company as a gen'ral thing; but they don't keep up their end o' conversation, and that makes their society a little dull some-

"I stopped and let the stranger up beside me. It was a bright meonlight night, and the stranger made some fine understand, and which sounded as if largely composed of rock salt.

they'd come out of a book. Howsever, I agreed that it was a better style o' night to be out in than some I'd seen, when you couldn't see your hand afore you, and had to trust your neck to the judgment of the leaders.

"The gentleman made himself so agreeable that I was quite put out when he told me that him and his friend was goin' to leave the coach at a p'int where another road struck off some miles ahead.

"I got so busy talkin' that I noticed nothin' else, till I heard a queer sort o' scrapin' noise down back o' the seat. "I wonder what's that?" says I.

"What?" says the stranger. "That noise," says I, "it sounds like somethin' gnawin' into the front boot. The mail's in there and I must see what's wrong."

"I was on the p'int o' stoppin' and jumpin' down, when the stranger ketche' holt o' my arm, and p'inted a pistol at my head.

"Drive on and make no disturbance," he said, "or I'll kill you."

"There was a holster, with a pistol in it, at the side o' the seat, but the man was between me and it. It was plain that I was at the mercy of a couple of mail robbers, and could do nothin' but submit.

"It had been there plan, no doubt, for the man inside, while his comrade kep' me in chat, to cut through to the mail bag, rip it open, take out the letsailing off the strait, captured a small ters, and then the two was to quit the What could I now do to save his life? fleet of Spanish war ships, and mer- coach at the p'int mentioned, leavin'

"I seen through it all, but druy on and said nothin.

"While turnin' the bend where you got a little naryous just now, a thought come to me sudden.

"Quick as lightnin' I whirled the leaders with their heads to the brink, and with a cut of the whip sent them "I jumped from the seat barely in

ses, coach and thieves all went crashing down the steep together. "I went afoot to the nearest settle-

time to keep from going along, and hos-

ment, and got some men to go back

with me with lights. "By a roundabout way we got down into the gulch, where we found the two robbers crushed and disabled, but alive, and the wreck of the coach with the dead hosses. Poor critters !- I was sorry for their fate, but I had no time to think o' that when I druv them over.

"We found where the thief had made his way into the boot by borin' out a piece with a centre-bit. That was the noise I'd heard. The mail bag had a next Christmas.

"The two robbers were tried as soon as they got well enough, and they're now sarvin' out their time."

Speak Gently.

A loud boisterous tone shows a want of good breeding. The first principle of politeness is to make those about you feel pleasant, and a rude, coarse manner of speaking is annoying to most persons. A good anecdote is related of a man, who went by the name of "Whispering John," which was given him in ridicule. People said he talked as though he were brought up in a mill. One cold morning he walked into a public house, and called out in his thundering voice:

"Good morning, landlord, how are

"Very well, how are you?" "Oh, I'm well, but I'm so cold, I can hardly talk." Just then a nervous traveler who was

present ran up to the landlord, exclaim-"Please have my horse brought as soon as possible."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the landlord. "Nothing," replied the traveler, "only I want to get away before that

man thaws." Salt River, Arlzona.

It was long supposed that the brackishness of Salt River, Arizona, was caused by the stream running over a bed of salt somewhere along its course. Its waters are pure and fresh from where it heads in the White Mountains to within fifty miles of where it empties into the Gila. Fifty miles from its junction with the Gila there comes into it a stream of water that is intensely salt. This stream pours out of the side of a large mountain, and is from twenty to thirty feet deep. It is very rapid, and pours into the Salt River a great volume of water. Here could be easily manufactured sufficient salt to supply the markets of the world. All that would be necessary would be to dig ditches and lead the brine to basins in the nearest deserts. The heat of the sun would make the salt. Were there a railroad near the stream its waters would doubtless soon be turned and led to immense evaporating ponds. It is supposed that the interior of the mounremarks about it, which I didn't quite | tain, out of which the stream flows, is

The Story of May-Day.

Alas, children! the world is growing old. Not that dear old Mother Earth begins to show her six thousand (more or less) years, by stiff joints and clumsy movements, by clinging to her winter's rest and her warm coverlet of snow, forgetting to push up the blue-eyed violets in the spring, or neglecting to unpack her fresh green robes of the trees. No, indeed! The blessed mother spins around the sun as she did in her first year. She rises from her winter sleep fresh and young as ever. Every new violet is as exquisitely tinted, as sweetly scented, as its predecessors of a thousand years ago. Each new maple leaf opens as delicate and lovely as

the first one that ever came out of the

tightly packed bud in the Spring,

Mother Nature never grows old. But the human race changes in the same way that each one of us does. The race had its childhood when men and women played the games that are now left to you youngsters. We can even see the change in our own day. Some of us-who are not grandmothers, either,-can remember when youths of fourteen and fifteen played games which, nowadays, an unfortunate damsel of six years-ruffled, embroidered, and white-gowned, with delicate shoes, and hips in the vice-like grasp of a modern sash-feels are altogether too young for her. Well, well! What do you suppose our great grandchildren

will do? When the Romans came to Britain to live, many hundred years ago, they brought of course, their own customs and festivals, among which was one in memory of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers. The heathens—our ancestors, you know-adopted them with delight, being in the childhood of their race. They became very popular; and when, some years later, a good priest, Gregory, came (from Rome also) to convert the natives, he wisely took advantage of their fondness for festivals, and not trying to suppress them, he simply altered them from heathen feasts to Christian games, by substituting the names of saints and martyrs for heathen gods and goddesses. Thus the Floralia became May-day celebration, and lost none of its popularity by the change. On the contrary, it was carried on 'all over England for ages, till its origin would have been lost but for a few pains-taking old writers, who "made

notes" of everything. The Floralia we care nothing for, but the May-day games have lasted nearly to our day, and some relics of it slit in it, but the letters were all safe. still survive in our young country. I learnt afterwards that one of 'em had | When you crown a May queen, or go a heap o' money in it and the man it with a May party, you are simply folbelonged to made me a nice present the lowing a custom that the Romans began and that our remote ancestors in England carried to such lengths, that not only ordinary people, but lords and ladies, and even king and queen laid aside their estate and went "a-Maying" early in the morning, to wash their faces in May dew, and bring home fresh boughs and flowers to deck the May-pole, which reared its flowery crown in every village.

Honey-Dew.

Honey-dew is produced by the exudation of saccharine matter from the leaves of trees and plants. It is the same substance that is found in the flower. When the tree is in a very growing state, more saccharine matter is produced than is necessary for the health of the plant, or tree, and it is thrown off through the pores of the leaves. Exposed to atmospheric action the moisture is evaporated, leaving glistening upon the surface of the leaves the substance we call honey-dew.

This strange substance is most gen-

erally found on the leaves of the hickory

tree, it is found on the leaves of some other trees; not on the leaves of all kinds of trees, however. It is usually found, in the lower South at two seasons of the year; in the spring, when the leaves are full grown, and during our spring rains—and in the fall, after the commencement of our fall rains, and the trees take a second growth. During the summer of '62, from March to August no rain fell in Texas. All vegetation took a second growth, and honey-dew was so abundant that it dripped from the hickory trees. Those of us who have noticed these things can generally tell when honey-dew will appear, and in what quantities. If the season is very favorable for vegetation, and the growth very rapid, honey-dew will certainly appear in profusion. It never appears in the season when vegetation is in a suspended state. In the winter of 1872, honey-dew was abundant on the pine trees, most of the winter. It was open winter, and season of growth for the pine-trees. Bees gathered honey all winter, of a light, thick character, and which candied very rapidly. They gather honey very rapidly, when honey-dew is on the leaves. Honey-dew from different trees is of different color and consistency. That from the oak is dark and thick, while that from the hickory is lighter and

thinner, the galle daw it were