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

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A WAY-SIDE MEMORY.

Under the silver fringes
Of the willow boughs that swing
A-glitter in the sunshine,
With frozen jewels strung,
With smouldering fire of opals,
Of pearls and chrysopease,
And the twinkling diamond drops that set
The frosty morn ablaze.

Under the awing willows,
Where the tall green rushes sprang,
The way-side spring of my childhood
Bubbled and laughed and sang—
Bubbled and rippled over,
As the blithe winds came and went,
And dimpled all day in the sunshine
With a gurgle of glad content.

Through the chink of the mossy boulder
Its living waters purled,
With inarticulate whispers
Of the wonderful under-world;
The tall ferns nodded wisely
With every front and feather—
The brown reeds bent to listen,
With all their heads together.

Under the wintry starlight,
And under the summer noon,
Its ceaseless silvery babble
Was set to the self-same tune.
The rushes on its margin
Were the greenest that ever grew—
And moss and brake, for its sweet sake,
Were golden through and through.

When the skies were red with tempest,
And the landscape bleak and bare,
It seems like a joyous presence
In the midst of grief and care;
Like a cheery, happy nature
No cloud can overcast.
In joy or pain, in sun or rain,
Contented to the last.

Never Bet on a Woman's Love.

There was a brightness, a freshness and glow about Annie Breton that won everybody over to her before they were aware of it. It was curious to note that everybody agreed to this thing: that she was not a beauty, and could not be termed pretty. Come to analyze her—to measure the width between her eyes, length of her nose, proportions of her mouth, complexion, hair—really there was not a single remarkable feature. What it was that fascinated every one that came in contact with her, few could tell. As for Annie herself, the chief charm was revealed in the facts that she was wholly unconscious of her charms. So when Allen M'Donald—young Allen, the richest man in the country, laid his hands, his elegant establishment and their owner at her feet one afternoon in October, on the russet-colored leaves, no one was more surprised than Miss Breton. Stop; I will do her the justice to say that she was prepared for the evidence of friendship; she had not entertained the idea of making her his wife.

Her surprise was transient, carefully concealed. He saw that the dewy brightness of her face was brightened a trifle, that was all. With the self-possession and grace of a queen, Miss Breton asked time to consider. And Mr. M'Donald was compelled to be content with that answer. To say that the young man was ill at ease, mortified, would scarcely convey the truth. He was angry with himself for risking a refusal. Allen had a confidant. To him he revealed the truth. Unfortunately for him, he selected the last place in the world for a private conversation. The friends met in a photographer's gallery, and in the absence of the artist this occurred:

"Does it occur to you that there might be a rival?" asked the bosom friend.
"I can't conceive who it could be," replied Allen, thoughtfully.
"You can run over her acquaintances and friends in your mind."
"There is no one better acquainted with her than myself, that I am aware of. Stop! Yes, there is a fellow—you don't know him—a carpenter, or something of that sort, named Lane. who, by the way, has achieved distinction as an architect. They say he is bound to make his way; I've heard my uncle say he has brains. I dare say it is the same," and young Hatherton laughed at his friend's lengthening face. Allen reflected. It would be mortifying indeed, to be outstripped by a poor mechanic, he with an income of seven thousand a year.

"I see it disturbs you. Have a care, my boy," added his friend.
"I'll wager you my ponies against a pair of gloves—anything you please," said Allen, hotly, "that I win the day."
"Oh! don't be offended," replied the friend.
"Only don't be too sure."
"Will you bet?"
"Since you persist, yes."
"Done. Shake on that."
"With all my heart, old fellow, and I hope you'll win."
Had he known that he had a listener, and that the listener was the subject of discussion, he would have been less confident. For in the ladies' waiting room beyond, Annie Breton lifted a finger warningly as she glanced at her

friend. It was a trying moment for both. Miss Allston was not a giggler, but a wit. A puff of air; a chance movement on the part of the young men might have revealed the young ladies. Miss Allston put her handkerchief to her lips, and stifled a laugh. Again Annie's finger was held up warningly.

"Be still. It will be very awkward if they see us here," she added.
Luckily the operator entered at that moment, and thus relieved them of their suspense.

"We will say nothing about it," said Annie, gravely. "At the same time, I'll punish him."
"And throw away the best catch in the country."
"That for the best catch, as you call him." Really, Miss Breton looked superb at that moment. As if money could ever weigh against brains, decency or love.

"My dear," said Miss Allston, "you and I know a host who are dying to be honored by such mention."
"There is no accounting for tastes. Give me a man who can keep his own counsel, and who is not a fool."

It sometimes happens—it often happens—that a woman's chances for matrimonial advancements are flung together, verifying the old saying, "It never rains but it pours." It was so in Annie Breton's experience. The very next morning Arthur Lane called in person, and proposed in a manner that proved to her that to him the decision was a question of momentous importance. He was a man of deep feeling, undemonstrative, but his embarrassment, his very silence pleaded for him as he departed with the question still unsettled.

And now Miss Breton began to chide herself, and to marvel how she could have entertained Mr. M'Donald's proposition. This man's manner was so different. In short, although the morning's mail would announce his fate, she sat down then and there and addressed the lover a note bearing the single word, "Yes," and rose from her writing with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks.

In due time Allen M'Donald appeared and applied for his answer. He was vain enough to think that a little time was needed. No woman, he argued, could reflect upon his proposal without surrendering. No woman would throw away seven thousand a year, especially with such an accomplished, handsome, well-bred appendage as himself. A man struggling to recognition on the threshold of a profession that required influence, as well as decided talent, had no chance with him.

When he was announced, Miss Breton determined to prevent him from subjecting himself to unnecessary humiliation. She was so charitable as to credit him with more feeling than he possessed.

"I have called, Miss Breton, for my answer." He bowed, flecked an atom of dust from his sleeve and sat down.

That action froze Miss Breton's sympathy.

"I almost regret that I did not give it at once, Mr. M'Donald."
"Mister! so, she had not sufficient time. What a fool he was not to give her plenty of time. Of course, no girl liked the idea of selling herself cheap.

"My dear Miss Breton, allow me to say—or permit me to call you Annie—the quiet look she gave him checked the speech. He hesitated a moment. "You surely do not mean—perhaps I did not give you sufficient time. Take time Miss Breton.

"I have considered."
"And you mean to tell me Miss Breton—"

"That I have put my heart in the scales against a pair of ponies valued at two thousand dollars," said Annie with a curved lip. "And I find my heart heavier than the ponies."

And the world now says Mrs. Lane made a wise choice. Few men are more respected and honored than her husband. The lesson did M'Donald good. It did much toward curing him of his vanity, besides teaching him never to bet on woman's love.

Best Time to Sleep.

Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek. The difference in the appearance of a person who habitually retires at ten o'clock and that one who sits up until twelve is quite remarkable. The tone of the system, so evident in the complexion, the clearness and sparkle of the eye, and the softness of the lines of the features, is, in a person of health, kept at "concert pitch" by taking regular rest two hours before twelve o'clock, and thereby obtaining the "hearty sleep" of night. There is a heaviness of the eye, a sallowness of the skin, and an absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression and round in appearance, that readily distinguishes the person who keeps late hours.

Fate of a Lost Colony.

The lost Norwegian colony on the east coast of Greenland is brought to mind by the numerous expeditions now fitting out for Arctic explorations. Over 1,000 years ago Greenland was discovered by adventurous Norsemen, and the settlement of the country dates back as far as the year 987. Two flourishing colonies—one from Denmark, and the other from Norway—occupied the east and west coasts for a period of 500 years, and, though separated by 80 miles of desert, they had no trouble in sustaining themselves independently of each other by means of fishing and cattle raising, the pasturage of the hills and valleys being in those days luxuriant. The western colony had at one time four parish churches and 110 farm villages, while that on the east coast, still larger, had two towns, 190 farm villages, eleven parish churches, and two monasteries, and was the seat of a bishopric. About 1350 the Danish colony, having been weakened by pestilence, was exterminated by Esquimaux, and early in the next century its Norwegian neighbor disappeared suddenly and mysteriously from human knowledge. Numerous attempts to learn definitely of its fate were made, but the only information ever obtained was contained in a letter from Pope Nicholas V. to the Bishop of Ireland, dated 1448, which stated that the Colony had been attacked by a hostile fleet thirty years before, and laid waste with fire and sword. This story, however, was not generally credited. In 1822 Capt. Scoresby discovered houses containing hunting apparatus and household utensils, but no inhabitants and there is reason to believe that the dwellings were relics of the long-lost colony. Some people are still of the opinion that beyond the icefields a remnant of these hardy Norsemen may yet be found, and an ex-officer of the United States Navy goes so far as to say that "the grandest undertaking of the present age would be to reach that isolated island."

The Ministerial Parrot.

Poll was found on a wharf in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1789. Mr. Dods, going from his home on Westminster street near Turk's Head, to get a breath of fresh air from the water, heard the pitiful cry of "Polly's hungry! Polly's hungry!" Pursuing the sound he soon succeeded, on removing some lumber, in releasing a beautiful dove-colored male parrot, with a brilliant tinge of bright scarlet plumage. The day had already been an eventful one to Mr. Dods, who had experienced a great joy in the new relation of father. Polly's introduction to the family was therefore kept with that of the birth of the infant daughter, and his subsequent life of 31 years, was intimately connected with the increase and change incident to the family.

Poll was supposed to be a fugitive, (to use the words of the record.) "From a Guinea vessel which had set sail that day from bold water;" his language confirmed that supposition, calling "all hands," making free use of sea phrases, and singing snatches of sailor songs. The profanity of the bird so astonished and alarmed the young mother that great pains were taken to correct his bad habits, before the little daughter could understand such rough expressions.

In 1805 there was a powerful religious awakening in Providence. Mr. Dods, his wife, and eldest daughter were at that time brought under the influence of divine truth, and received into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church. Conversion in those days meant a great deal and was followed by marked results. The atmosphere of the home became so wholly religious that even the house dog Tiger went regularly to church with his master, and when at one time the good man was very seriously ill and the family were kept at home by care and anxiety, Tiger could be seen, at the first sound of the old Baptist bell, making his way to church and to the family pew, where he quietly remained until the service was over. This was so well known in the town that when a Frenchman, on some business errand, inquired in his broken way for the man who had "one very religious dog," he was immediately directed to Mr. Dods.

It was not strange that so intelligent a bird as Poll should be impressed by these strong religious influences, and after a few years become so accustomed to the evening services and fraternal greetings as to really give evidence of being a good Christian parrot, speaking in the conference and prayer-meetings whenever an opportunity offered. He was often banished to some room remote from the meeting, but when forgotten, or for previous good conduct allowed to remain, would startle all present by his testimony. On one occasion, a very animated sermon was scarcely brought to a close when Poll was pleased to say very graciously, "That's a pretty good discourse!"
A striking incident in Poll's experi-

ence about this time brought out the fact that early influences often determine the character of those which will continue to act with more or less force. Poor Poll was overcome by a sudden temptation, and it occurred in a moment of great hilarity. The older members of the household having gone abroad to spend the day, the two youngest daughters were housekeepers. The day was lovely, and the girls, contrary to orders, ventured to take Poll from his accustomed place in the sunny corner of the sitting-room, (or keeping-room, as it was then called,) placing him in his out-door nook, in the sweet-briar brush under the windows. It being Poll's first Spring airing, he was wild with delight, jumping about in great glee, until the nail, probably weakened by the Winter storms, gave way, and the cage fell to the ground with great force. The children, loving the bird very dearly, and conscious of their disobedience, quickly ran to the rescue, calling to Poll to tell them if he was killed. On raising the cage the frightened bird shook himself vehemently, and jumping upon the perch exclaimed in his gruffest tones, "Poll thought he was going to the devil." Years had gone by since Poll had used a word of the kind, and the children, whose tears were turned to merry laughter, always affirmed that they had evidence of his penitence in the fact that he was never known to repeat the offense.

But Poll, as he advanced in years, grew more thoughtful. After the removal of the family to the home on Transit street he was more than ever before associated with its religious life. All Father Dods' daughters were singers—what a blessing to the household! The eldest daughter frequently led the singing at these social meetings. A Methodist sister sometimes shared this honor with her. An English minister, who was often a guest at the house, took the first opportunity, at the close of one of the meetings, to say to this daughter, "Sally, Sally, don't let that Methodist body beat you." Poll was an unobserved listener. At the next weekly meeting, as soon as the hymn was read, and the good sister was about to commence to sing in her spirited way, Poll electrified the large worshiping company by repeating in his loudest, clearest tones the admonition he had so recently heard, "Sally, Sally, don't let that Methodist body beat you!" We omit the scene at the close of the meeting. Poor Poll was in disgrace. Poll was opposed to long meetings, and more than once called on different brethren to close the meeting. On a particular occasion he seemed to soon tire of the regular exercises, and called out, "Brother Bushee, close the meeting by prayer." The brother thus abruptly called upon was sitting with closed eyes waiting for an opportunity to exhort. Sadly embarrassed, and wondering at the sudden termination of the meeting, he arose and offered an appropriate closing prayer.

Poll was removed from the room by a member of the family much to the chagrin of the young people, who believed he should be allowed full liberty to exercise his gifts. Poll must have had some idea of this principle, for at another time he gave life and spirit to a dull meeting by saying in quick energetic tones, "Brethren there is liberty!"

With the first breath of the Winter of 1820 Poll passed away quietly and peacefully. It was a stormy Winter day when the children of the neighborhood gathered around the little box that contained all that was left of his bird life and bore it lovingly to the foot of the garden, giving it decent burial.

Trajan's Wall.

"Trajan's Wall," which runs across the neck of country between the Black Sea at Kustenji on one side, and the Danube on the other, and is mentioned so frequently in war advices, consists of a double, and in some places a triple line of ramparts of earth, from eight and a half to eleven feet in height on the average, though occasionally it attains an altitude of nineteen and a half feet, bounded along its north side by valleys, which, being generally marshy, and abounding in small lakes and pools, serves admirably the purpose of a fosse.

The valley was long erroneously supposed to have been at one time the channel by which the Danube emptied itself, and a scheme for utilizing it by the construction of a canal to provide a more commodious water communication with the Black sea, in lieu of the long and troublesome navigation by the Sulina Mouth has been frequently mooted, and is undoubtedly quite practicable; but the cost of the undertaking has heretofore been a bar to its execution. During the war of 1854, Trajan's Wall became an important line of defence on the invasion of the Dobrukscha by the Russians, and the invaders were twice defeated in their endeavors to pass it, at Kostelli, April 10th, and Tchernavona, on the 20th and 22d of April.
—There are about 100 toy manufactories in New England.

Poker Principles.

"Are you a good poker player?" was one of the questions which an inquisitorial tradesman put to a young man who was an applicant for a position as salesman.

"No, sir; I am not much on poker, but I can play a fair game at railroad euchre," was the reply.
"You won't do, young man, for this establishment," said the tradesman, in a very decisive tone and manner.

"Pardon me, sir," said the young man, apparently not prepared for so sudden a rebuff; "may I ask the reason or reasons?"

"Certainly you may, and I will tell you frankly that in these pokerish times we have to do business on poker principles."

"Beg pardon, sir, did you mean to say proper or poker principles?"

"Poker—poker principles! The young man who can't play a shrewd, bluff game at poker is no match for our customers—they would bluff him every time."
"How so! I don't quite comprehend your meaning," said the applicant, with a look of undoubted innocence.

"I will tell you. For example: the art of making your opponent believe, or at least surmise, that you hold a pictorial full hand, when in fact you hold only a miserable pair. To acquire this art you must understand human nature—you must take in a man's strong points and his weak points at a glance. When you have become an adept in this glorious art you will do for a salesman in this house."

"I am quite sure—at least I think I could learn, sir," said the young man suggestively.

"Then s'pose we play a hand or two, just by the way of seeing whether you will make an adept or not—say ten cents ante, just to make the game interesting, eh?"

"I don't mind—anything to get a place. Of course you'll win every time, but that will assist me to get 'the hang' of the game of—of—"

"Poker! poker!" added the tradesman.

A pack of cards was forthwith produced, and the adept and the tyro were soon manipulating them over the former's desk. The luck ran evenly at first—then the adept began to get the advantage, for he soon discovered that the tyro entirely ignored the "bluff" game, and depended solely upon a strong hand; while the novice was not long in learning that his adversary would "chip in" and "raise the pot," when he believed that the strength of his hand didn't warrant it, so he quietly changed his tactics, and when the "pot" became quite large the tradesman said he would venture "twenty better."

"I'll see you twenty and call," boldly said the tyro, chipping in the required sum.

The tradesman threw down his hand and displayed a pair of sixes; the tyro did likewise and showed a pair of nines, and raked in the "pot," amounting to about twenty-five dollars.

"You'll do!" said the tradesman, surprised at being beaten at his own game. "I'll give you twenty dollars, as assistant salesman, to begin with, and you may begin work to-morrow."

The Human Body.

The number of bones in the framework of the human body is 246; sixty-three of which are in the head and face, twenty-four in the ribs, sixteen in the wrists, fourteen in the ankles, 108 in the feet and hands, there being in each twenty-seven. The heart is six inches long and four in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 times per year, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, seven and three fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length for the entire surface of the body of 301,168 feet, or a little ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long. The weight of the blood in the body is from thirty to forty pounds. The blood performs a complete circuit of the system in 110 seconds. In twenty-four hours 11,000 pints of blood are sent to the lungs. The hair grows in two years to twelve or sixteen inches. A man grows twenty years, and lives to 100 years or more. Eight hours sleep is the maximum required by man. Napoleon slept four. Wellington six. The food of man is regulated by his own experience of what agrees or disagrees with him. The average time of the stomach for digesting a mixed diet is three hours and a half. Exercise, cleanliness, and a cheerful and contented spirit are Nature's best medicine for sound health and long life.