68 Adams street Brooklyn. Luise was,

Murfreesboro Enquirer.

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

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NO. 35.

SUBSCRIPTION:

ANCHORED.

Oh, weary days and nights so still, so still-

The useless sails hang flapping stiff and slow

We pine and chafe, and set our helpless will

Is not for us. We hear the strong winds blow:

Great ships and small go sailing fast and free,

Oh fearful days and nights, so dark, so cold-

The swift waves mock and leap on every side

No rudder steers; no mast, no spar can hold

We think God would not miss us, if we died :

Oh peaceful days, and peaceful nights, whose

Cannot be uttered! Oh green shores of life

Our anchorages and our driftings planned?

How She Cured Johnny.

That was all Mrs. Pray said. She

ust stood at the back door, held up her

hands, and said "My!" If her Johnny

wasn't a pretty sight! He was dripping

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Pray; "if

this isn't discouraging! Why, Johnny,

what do you go into the water for?

See! I should think you had been

soaking in a mud-puddle a fortnight.

Young Johnny sat down, looking

sheepish as any culprit in the land. He

knew he could say nothing for himself,

"Just feel your stockings! Sopping

wet, I declare! Now I must get the

clean ones out of the drawer that I have

been saving for Sunday. Johnny, now

look at me! Look right into my eyes!"

Johnny lifted his big brown eyes to

"Now, tell me, do you think it's right

to plague me so? This is the third time

in two weeks that you have come home

Johnny's bright brown eyes dropped

like stars below the horizon. "No," he

"Well, what did you do it for? Now.

Johnny, look here! This way, right in

my face!" Johnny did wish his mother

wouldn't keep inviting him to look into

her face. He had much rather look

over toward the wall, and see if he

couldn't spy some chink through which

he could squeeze and so make off. But

no, his mother wanted him to look at

her. "Look up into my face, Johnny!"

And up above the horizon came the

"Johnny, do you know how much

trouble this makes me? I wanted to go

to the afternoon service at the church

but I can't now. I wanted afterwards

to do some shopping, but I can't do

that, for I must wash out your clothes.

I wanted to make some blane mange

for old Mrs. Moffitt-and-and-John-

ny, it is too bad! When will you stop?

Here, this way, and look into my face!'

"Let me look at your feet!" she said,

suddenly, and she pounced on those of-

fending members. "I want to see if

"I ain't a duck," sobbed Johnny,

"Well," said Mrs. Pray, getting up

from her knees. "I think you were in-

tended for a duck, for why do you like

pond that collected in the meadow when

the spring rains came on, how it drew

must have been concealed there like the

power hidden in the bit of iron that

lays hold of the toy-ships and the toy-

fishes and whirls them around so un-

ceremoniously. Certain it was that

the fascination of that pond. It would

There was a drain running through

the meadow about a foot deep, and as

he was wading, he suddenly stepped

down into the drain. He lost his bal-

ance, and over he went. Instead of a

wade, it was a dive that day. The water

was not so very deep, but there was

enough of it to hurry him home in the

sorry plight we have described. He

was finally sent up stairs to meditate

during the afternoon. He spent his

time variously, now reading stories out

of the Sunday School Times, now shout-

ing out of the window at any boys pas-

sing along, or trying to see if he could

spit upon the cat creeping under the

had drawn him in all over!

in this plight. Is it right?"

murmured "I know 'tain't."

all over from head to foot.

your things off."

and so he kept still.

nis mother's face.

bright stars again.

We think no one could hear us if we cried;

We feel forgotten, helpless, cast away ;

We shut our eyes and do not even pray.

Beyond the body! Shall we ever cease

rife?

in vain revolt at what to change, to know,

And fret as in the east, the west we see

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laugh.

to wade so?"

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MURFREESBORO, N. C.

window. For some time his mother was busy soaking, scrubbing and thinkingthinking steadily. Couldn't she cure Johnny? She loved him dearly; but

this way, thoughtlessly making so much

trouble. "I've got it!" said Mrs. Pray, at the tub; and at the same time she brought her piece of soap energetically down on the disgraced pants she was rubbing. 'I'll fix that boy to-morrow."

The morrow came. It was just after dinner. Johnny wanted to find his mother. He had a good deal of business on hand. He wanted to go to the village with his mother to buy a Noah's ark. He wanted her to mend his cap. He wanted her to bake him some ginger-bread, and he wanted - oh, a lot of things. But where was mother? "James, have you seen mother?" James was cutting wood back of the barn. He was the hired man. He let his axe rest on the block and looked up.

To smile that through such hot and silly strife "Yes, I have seen her. She went We came? That doubt and fear could grow so down in the meadow a little while ago and she said you would find her there That we could fail to see how God's great hand wading!"

"Down in the meadow wading?" asked Johnny.

"That's what she said, and that's all I know about it." James took up his axe and began splitting again.

Johnny hurried down to the meadow and it was even so; mother was wading! Wading, too, as if she had been used to it all her life; as if her feet had been webbed like a duck's.

"Why, mother, what are you wading "What for, Johnny? Oh, I wanted

to have a good time." "But a woman wading, mother!"

"Well, I don't see why women can't Sit down near the door, and let me take have a good time wading as well as coarse brown muslin, and tack the

> see his mother wading, and a good deal pillows stuffed with shavings, and mortified when he saw Charlie Burt trimmed with cord and tassels are laid coming across the next field to meet him. "O, mother, don't! There's

Charlie Burt coming." mother looked coolly up. won't hurt him to see women wading any more than boys."

To add to Johnny's distress, just then his mother fell. Whether she stumbled into that unlucky ditch I can't say; but I doubt if there was any gash in the meadow at that point, and it looked like a skilful or unskilful manœuvre on Mrs. Tracy's part. Over she went, wetting her clothes very thoroughly. "O mother, mother, 1'm-m-" Johnny

was in distress. But Mrs. Pray leisurely picked herself and came ashore. "Now I guess we'll go home." And she walked toward the house.

Johnny-was dumbfounded. What lid mother mean?

Arriving at the house she said, feel rather tired. You might pick up bonnet, "and give them to Nancy." She was going out of the room, but suddenly stopped. "O, Johnny, I want you to stay and keep house this afternoon. If I am wanted tell people your mother wanted to have a good time wading, and fell into the water, and -and-" The rest Johnny couldn't hear, for she was now slowly climbing

"Wish mother wouldn't," thought "Well," said Johnny, to himself, 'this is rather a bad job for me. I wanted to go with mother to buy a Noah's ark, and I wanted her to make some gingerbread, and-the fact is, I your toes are not webbed, for you do didn't know to go in wading would like the water about as well as any duck make so much trouble." It was the longest afternoon for him. Nancy, the hird girl, put supper on the table byand vet at the same time inclined to and-bye, and told Johnny that his mother wanted him to bring her up a cup of ginger tea.

Ginger tea! What for? He took it up stairs and found his mother in bed.

"Mother, are you sick?" Johnny aid like to wade. The big "No, but when you have been wading you know there is danger of taking cold, and I worry about you, and I him! It almost seemed as if a magnet | thought I would be on the safe side and

prevent sickness. Mother sick! How Johnny worried that night. He was as miserable as any mother-loving boy could be, and was relieved to hear her stirring at dawn, Johnny had not yet been able to escape and singing, "Up in the morning early." She did not say anything to draw him in, and this particular day it him on the subject of ponds, but it was the last time Johnny went wading, and he won't be so likely also to cut up some other kind of thoughtless mischief that makes lots of fun for him, but a deal of trouble for his mother.

Flight of Storks.

In their preparations for migration storks are very interesting. They are never heard to utter any sound until the time of their departure has arrived They then begin to make a very singular kind of clatter, communicating with every member of their flock. They never start until each individual is collected together. Night is the time chosen. Strict silence is then preserved, and they rise immediately high up in the air, forming themselves into a triangle, and one bird takes the apex. The duties of this position are too aborious to be long sustained, and therefore, when fatigue is felt, the leading bird retires and another takes its place. We could not manage better Johnny couldn't be allowed to go on in ourselves.

Economical Adornments.

Curtains are a great help toward pretty room, and cheap ones can be made from unbleached muslin, chintz, plain or dotted Swiss muslin, trimmed with a fluted ruffle along the edge, are dainty enough to please and one. Unbleached muslin is used now to a great extent, and looks well. Colored canton flannel, in blue, brown and crimson, makes a very effective trimming; put one or two deep bands of this across the bottom of the curtain stitched on in feather stich with yellow silk or zephyr. A piece of muslin, two yards long and eighteen or twenty inches wide, bordered with a couple of colored bands, and edged with fringe, is laid in deep plaits, and fastened to the cornice. Lambrequins are such an addition to a room that everyone should make them. Chintz edged with a ruffle and pinked on either side are easily made, and even the common red-and-white stripped cotton goods, trimmed with fringe look well. Old curtains which are too short for the windows can be pieced under the lambrequins. If your window is the wall above. A divan for your room can be easily made by asking John to make a box two feet wide, two feet high top of the bex, but do not allow it to come too near the edge. The straw should be covered with refuse cotton; laid on evenly, or with an old blanket; chintz over this; the sides should also Johnny was somewhat mortified to have a cover of cotton. Large square against the back of the sofa. There should be a binding of braid for the cushion, to match the chiniz. Barrels "Charlie Burt!" and Johnny's make easy chairs by sawing one third "Well, it in two, about eighteen inches from the bottom, and sawing the staves in a curved shape for the back. The head is nailed in for a seat, and the back and seat are padded with straw or hay covered first with an old quilt, and then with the chintz. Ottomans to match are made of cheese or soap boxes. A book-case can be made of two packingboxes, set upon each other; shelves nailed in, and a cheap moulding fastened to the edge of shelves and sides. If the boards are not perfectly smooth, sand-paper, then stain with walnut stain and varnish.

Bandits At Castle Garden.

Pasquale Francolino, chief of a famous band of Italian bandits, who is ac-'There, Johnny, I shall have to go up- cused of the murder of between thirty stairs and stay there this afternoon. I and forty persons, is en route for New York. This desperado held the whole these things," dropping her shawl and Italian county of Potenza, in the province of Basilicoti, for several years in a state of terror, and levied blackmail on the land-owners to such an extent that they were obliged to leave their estates and live in Naples. The Italian Government has offered a reward of ten thousand francs for his apprehension. Francolino commanded a picked band of eighteen cutthroats, to whom his slightest word was law. About three years ago they are said to have carried their depredations as far north as Rome, and succeeded in capturing Prince Borghese, a leading Italian nobleman, and a very prominent member of the Catholie church. An enormous ransom was demanded and paid, as the Prince no doubt thought it was easier to replenish his exchequer than replace his ears and nose, which Pasquale threatened to cut off and send to the captive's family, unless the the ransom was paid. This affair created such a sensation that vigorous measures were taken by Victor Emanuel's Government to clear out the banditti, and a large force of Bersaglieri were dispatched to the Province where the bandit chief made his headquarters in a remote mountain fastness. Every pass and avenue was guarded by the troops, and formed a cordon around the desperate band who, fighting amid localities with which they were familiar, gave the soldiers many a bad lay-out. The lines, however, were being drawn closer and closer around them, and the peasantry and retainers on the estates, who were to a certain extent in league with the bandit, gradually deserted Pasquale, who eventually found himself in desperate straits after two years of hard continuous fighting. Forced to the conclusion that he must soon be overpowered, he secretly dispatched his Lieutenant, Guiseppe Luise, to this country. Luise arrived in this country about a year ago, and when asked by Interpreter McPherson, at Castle Garden, if he had money, replied, "I have all I want." When warned that he must be careful and not get robbed, he answered with a laugh, "I know all about such tricks and such people; I have lived among them." The detectives afterwards discovered that this man was the medim of correspondence with Pasquale, and they kept him under surveillance. He resided in the Italian tenement-house No.

however, too shrewd, and having his suspicions aroused, decamped on hearing that one of the detectives had called at the house under pretense of getting men to work on the Atlantic avenue railroad, and had taken down the names of the residents. He is supposed to have gone in the direction of Missouri, but the detectives could obtain no clue, as the Italians in the house were extremely non-communicative and regarded every stranger with suspicion. Pasquale Francolino, accompanied by his wife, Austalia Dagrosa, escaped through the Italian military lines in the disguise of an olive peddler, but was hotly pursued by the detectives through several countries in Europe. All trace of him was lost in France, as Luise had made every arrangement for his chief's departure and secretion so admirably that the pursuers were foiled at every step. Last March it is supposed that he made his way to Liverpool, where detectives are now at work watching every steamer that leaves the port. He is described as low, you can greatly add to its apparent broad shouldered, of medium height, height by placing the lambrequin on dark eyes, low but wide brow, long aquiline nose, wide mouth, with harsh expression, prominent chin, high cheek bones, square jaw, short, coarse black and six feet long. Spread straw on the hair, and rings in his ears. He has a long diagonal scar across his right hand which he received in some affray. His wife, Austalia Dagrosa, is a young woman of about 20 years, a tall, well-debe sure and cover the sharp edges with veloped blonde, of marked but rather the cotton. Cover the cotton with fine features. She is reported as a woman of a sanguinary, determined character, who has assisted her husband in many of his desperate enterprises, and is devotedly attached to him. The Italian authorities say that she is the more merciless of the two, and through her influence many of the bandit's prisoners were put to the torture, as she is inordinately fond of jewelry and finery. At her suggestion Pasquale would arbitrarily increase the ransom even after having arranged for the captive's release. She is said to have fought with as desperate valor as her husband, and is accused of committing several wanton murders.

The House of Commons. The room of the Lower House is exceedingly plain, much inferior to our House of Representatives. It is only 62 feet long by 45 feet wide, and hence cannot accommodate more than twothirds of its 650 members with seats. There are galleries on all sides. These are occupied by members, strangers, reporters, and ladies, the latter having a section to themselves, the front of which is enclosed by an iron screen. How would some of our American ladies like this arrangement? The members of the two Houses of Parliament are not provided with desks, as at Washington. They occupy long cushioned seats, which rise one above another from the centre to the walls. The members have one custom that seems hardly in keeping with the dignity of a body of men making laws for 200,000,000 of the human race, and that is, the wearing of hats during the sessions. The two houses generally assemble late in the afternoon and adjourn late in the night, reminding one of the famous "receipt" by which Benjamin Franklin said the people of Paris might save millions annually viz: "Use daylight instead of gaslight." American citizen wishing to obtain admission to either house while in session can secure a card from our Ambassador. which will be honored by the Speaker and doorkeeper.

Fireproof Dress. Mr. Oestburg, a Swede, has been conducting some sensational experiments with his fireproof suit. This is made in two layers, the inner one of India Rubber, and the outer of English leather: the head being protected by a helmet resembling that worn by divers. At the girdle is fixed a piece of hose, which serves for both air and water. The air-pipe, fed from two blowers, is placed inside the water-pipe, and bring the air, after being cooled by the surrounding water, into the inner part of the dress. The air inflates the costume, passing away through the two small openings made for eye pieces. The current of air not only keeps the enclosed body cool, but drives smoke and flame away from the eyes. At the back the water-pipe divides, one branch serving as an extinguisher, the other passinto the outer coating of the dress, the stream being distributed over the whole outer surface. With the apparatus on, the experimenter stood in the middle of a pile of burning shavings and logs without taking the least harm. If a continued use of this apparatus shows similar results, it is likely to be a use ful invention.

A great many people wonder why it was that Christ did not come at once to Martha and Mary, whom he loved, when he heard of their affliction. It was to try them; and it is the same with His dealings toward us. If He seems not to come to us in our affliction, it is only to test us.

The Wyoming Massacre.

The invasion of the valley was accomplished on the 3d of July, 1778, when a number of British soldiers, commanded by Col. John Butler, and accompanied by 700 Indians, led by the cruel halfbreed, Brant, or Gi-en-gwah-toh, decended upon the defenseless settlement. They were met by a few companies of old men and boys, whose extreme age and youth had exempted them from service in the distant randks of the Republic, and for several hours a fierce battle raged on the banks of the Susquehanna. But the contest was unequal. The Indians, from their ambush, kept up a deadly flank fire, which soon thinned the ranks of the yeoman, and, utterly shattered, they were forced to fall back, despite the appeals of their courageous leader. Col. Zebulou Butler, who cried, "Don't leave me, my children, and the day is ours." The Indians, seeing their foes retreat, fell upon them and slaughtered without mercy, men, women and children.

When the Six Nations espoused the English cause against the Colonies it was part of the compact that the latter should lead them against Wyoming, to afford them an opportunity of being avenged upon the settlers, whom they regarded as the usurpers of the red man's paradise, a name sometimes given to the valley; and so, the first skirmish being over, the Indians gave full scope to the spirit of destruction which possessed them, and, breaking away from their leaders, they reaped a terrible reenge upon the gentle people or Arcadiaan bode. About 300 were put to death with torch, tomahawk, and spear, regardless of age or sex, and the most cruel tortures that a fiendish spirit could devise were employed to make the last ingering moments of their victims full of agony. An awful night followed that day of carnage. The huts, and homes, the crops and orchards, were set on fire, and the devastation of the entire settlement was made complete. Several were drowned in the efforts to escape down the river under the cover of night, but a party of a hundred women and children succeeded in making their way to the mountains, under the leadership of one old man, who was their sole protector. But though they fled the terrors of the massacre, it was to encounter hardships equally severe. Their path lay through the Great Swamp, now known as the "Shades of Death," by reason of the numbers who had perished there, and the sufferings they endured from fear and famine and sickness are unmatched by anything on record. One poor woman, whose babe died at her breast in a vain effort to obtain nourishment, carried her dead darling 20 miles rather than leave the precious burden behind to fall a prey to the wolves, and many other incidents of love and devotion are related. Only a few survived the fatigue of the march and the plague which overtook them in the swamp. The bodies of those who were massacred in the Wyoming Valley lay unburied on the plain for months, until a detachment of soldiers gathered them together one night and consigned them to a large hole in the ground, fearful lest a more respectful interment might excite the enmity of the Indians, who were still prowling about the neighborhood. The result was that the exact location of the exact location of the remains was unknown to the friends of the dead for many years, and their discovery at last was a mere accident. An assuming obelisk commemorative of the virtues of the fallen heroes has been raised over their resting place by the patriotic women of Wyoming and is visited every Summer by hundreds of persons attracted to the scene by a spirit of reverence or curiosity.

Holtum, the Strong Man. Holtum stretches himself along a lad-

der on his face, his feet against one of the rungs, and his hands clasping another. Round his wrists are bands fastened in the ladder to assist his grip. Over his shoulders and around his waist is a well-padded harness, fitting closely, with a tail, to which is attached a hook in which the chains of the traces is placed. Two good sized van horses are fastened on, and strive their utmost to move him, but in vain; the tackle may give way, but he doesn't. The strain seems to be distributed over his whole frame' and the tension, particularly in the muscles of the neck and arms, is most marked. Holtum has another feat. It consists in holding with arms outstretched two horses pulling opposite ways. Holtum's measuremend is as follows; Chest, 41 inches; neck, 161/2 inches: waist, 321/2 inche; forearm, 13 inche; upper arm, 151/2 inches; thigh, 241/2 inches; calf, 151/2 inches; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 199 pounds; age, 321/2 years. Holtum is a Dane, and took to this business in 1872. The idea of catching a cannon ball, another of his wonderful feats, which he exhibits daily at the Westminster Aquarium, was first suggested to him in a dream. He draws a salary of about £40 per week. He has shown that the body supine can stand a direct tension of five tons.