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

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NOBODY BUT ME.

I'm very happy where I am
Far across the sea,
I'm very happy far from home
In North Ameriky.

It's only in the night, when Pat
Is sleeping by my side,
I lie awake and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried.

For a little voice still calls me back
To my far-far countrie,
And nobody can hear it spake,
Oh, nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground
Behind the chapel wall;
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
Without a stone at all.

It rises to my heart just now.
It makes a dawning hill.
It's from below the voice comes out,
I cannot kape it still.

Oh, little voice, ye call me back
To my far, far countrie,
But nobody can hear you spake,
Oh, nobody but me.

The Story of a Mad Lover.

Do people often wonder at their own happiness? Certainly, I was wondering at mine, as I sat alone in my pretty drawing-room, resting back in my chair allowing my Berlin work to fall unheeded on my lap, while my eyes wandered here and there, surveying with fond pride my possessions.

Many of the pictures on the wall, the bronzes on the mantel, the clock, a chair here and there, had been my bridal presents; and as only one short year had passed since I came to my kingdom, I had had no time to get weary.

A year ago, and I had then thought myself a happy girl. I had yet to learn the full happiness which comes to every loved and loving wife; but I had especial cause for gratitude in a fact which might present pain.

Before I met Will, my husband, I had been engaged to a young man, by a very few years my senior, when some one discovered his father and grandfather before him had died inmates of a lunatic asylum. My parents immediately broke off the engagement, and I was too sensible not too bow to their decree. For a time I was very miserable, but soon after I met Will, and learned that into his keeping had passed the one true love of my life, and he held it so tenderly, so sacredly, that soon there was not even a scar to mark the old wound.

But the tears came freely to my eyes, nor did Will reproach me with them when, some six months after my marriage, I learned in the full flush of my happiness, that Victor Struthers' sad fate had overtaken him, and that he, too, had followed in the steps of those gone before; that never again the light of reason would shine within his eyes or the words of love he so well knew how to utter fall from his lips.

These thoughts slowly came back tonight as I sat alone—the first evening I had spent alone since my marriage; but Will had been called away by important business, and would not be back until late, perhaps not until to-morrow.

Once more the tears came within my eyes as I contrasted my lot with Victor's or shuddered at the fate which would have been mine had I followed my first mad impulse to be his at any cost.

Yet, had not the loss of the girl he loved hastened his doom? The physician said not; but their verdict would not satisfy my nervous dread. I sighed a long, tremulous sigh at this latter thought.

And surely—was it it imagination?—somewhere within the room the sigh was re-echoed.

We had in the month of roses two long French windows, draped with blue satin and lace, opened on a verandah, which, as the evening was cool, were closed and fastened; but as I glanced round, with a strange misgiving at my heart, I saw the folds of one tremble. The window must then be open; yet I felt no air.

With this thought I arose from my seat, stepping forward to ascertain the cause, but had barely taken a single step when I stopped, my blood frozen, unable to make another movement, or even part my lips to scream for help.

Or, the blue surface was a man's hand—no ruffian's hand, but white and handsome.

A ring gleamed on one of the fingers and on its luster my eyes rested, fascinated as the dove by the serpent. Where had I seen that ring before? Somewhere surely, where, my tortured mind could not reason.

Then summoning all my strength and courage, with desperate effort I turned to leave the room. Once put a closed door between myself and that white hand, whose invisible owner might at any moment step from his concealment, I might know what best could be done.

Now I was blind with terror, and could scarcely see, though the room was brilliantly lighted, to grope my way to the door.

At last, I approached it, and stretched

out my arm to open the way to freedom, when five white fingers, one bearing the gleaming ring, were laid on mine, and slowly drew me back into the room.

"Look at me?" said a voice. "It is your work—you need not fear."

Then I realized the truth; and, glancing up, saw Victor Struthers standing before me. My first sensation was of relief. His eyes, peering into mine, were lit by the old softness; around his mouth was the old smile; and, though his words were bitter, his handsome face was only kind.

Could he be mad?
Or had recovery come to him, spite of the physician's hopeless decree?

I laughed a nervous laugh as I answered, "How could you so startle me, Victor? What a strange way to pay me a visit? Surely you could not doubt your welcome?"

"I have not yet received it," he replied, "though I have walked one hundred miles that he might give it to me. I take no welcome but the old one, Elsie."

And he stooped as if to kiss me, but I drew back shuddering.

"What? no greeting?" he exclaimed; and slowly there crept into his eyes a look I had never seen there before—a look of cunning and of mortal dread.

He glanced round the room.
"I have waited so long—waited to find you alone. We are going on a journey to-night, you and I, Elsie. But you will not fear if you are with me, even if death be the boatman to row us across. Listen, Elsie, I am tired of life. But one thing only has made me cling to it so long, and that is, the gates of Heaven would not open to receive me unless you were by my side, so I have come for you."

In that moment I knew the truth—knew that this man, my side, quiet as he was, was indeed mad, ready at any moment to throw off even this mask of sanity, and seize me in his powerful grasp.

Once more I glanced around my pretty room. My husband's eyes looked into mine from his portrait on the wall, as if to spy. "For my sake, darling, keep calm. All rests with you. Do not let me return to find a desolate home, with your blood staining the threshold."

"Victor," I said suddenly, "before we go on this journey, tell me of yourself—of all you have been doing."

"Of myself? What is there to tell?" he questioned, with rising passion in his voice. "Of what I have been doing I shall indeed tell you!" Working for this hour, slaved for it, enduring for it, with but one ambition in the wretched struggle they call life—to meet you face to face, to look into your eyes as they rested on your work, to tell you of the burning brain which could find no relief in tears, the weight of iron breaking the heart on which your hand has placed it. Ah! it is a little hand, white and fair"—clapping it within his own—"even to lift so monstrous a weight; yet you placed it well, not missing a single nerve—slender, pretty fingers, but oh, so cruel! Elsie, have you no remorse?"

"Victor, you are the cruel one; you do me injustice unworthy of yourself!"
"Ay, injustice! What do you know of the world? You, who sit here in your beautiful home and let the world go by unheeded and uncared for. What memory had you for the man you had doomed, whose struggles, whose agonies you could watch as the cat plays with the mouse? I saw him kiss you last night, the man you call your husband, forgetting my right to the title—forgetting, in the sight of heaven that you are my wife; you rested on his arms, you laid your head upon his shoulder, looking with adoring eyes into his face. You whispered words of love in his ear, but for the last time! I would have killed him, but that I wanted you alone in that other world to which we are going. Elsie, darling, you do not fear me?" his voice suddenly sinking from frenzied anger to its old tenderness.

At any moment he might draw the concealed weapon from his pocket—at any moment plunge the dagger into my heart.

A scream, a struggle, would but make sure my fate.

What was to be done?
"Victor," I said, with cunning matching his own, "let us not die, but live in death all is uncertainty; in life we have each other and love—"

He glanced with keen suspicion into my face.

"And you love me?" he questioned.
"How dare you, then, give your kisses to that other—the kisses which belonged to me? Listen! We have no time to spare. Already they are on my track. To-night I saw them, but their eyes failed to find me. They call me mad, yet I outwit them. Nor do I find it such a difficult task. Yet, if once they seize me they will bear me back to the place from which I have fled; but not alive—eh, not alive! See, Elsie!" throwing back his coat, and disclosing the long, narrow, gleaming blade he had

concealed there. "First your heart—then mine! You grow pale; you tremble. It will soon be over. A moment's pang; eternal happiness—"

His arm is thrown tight around me. I am powerless even to struggle in his iron clasp. His words fall hissing, one by one, on the still air. Darkness is gathering around me—the darkness of despair.

The little clock on the mantel chimes eleven, and I remember, with a thrill of horror, it is the last time I shall ever hear it strike, when outside sounds a cheery whistle, and a step I recognize as my husband's upon the pavement.

Its firm, manly tread is unmistakable. I can fancy his glancing up at the lighted windows shining forth their welcome for him. Another moment his latch key will be in the door.

"Victor," I exclaimed, "I hear them coming. He, the spy, is on your track. Conceal yourself where you were before. I will mislead him and return to you. For my sake, be quick."

At these last words his hold relaxes. The old cunning leaps to his eyes.

"For your sake," he whispers. With a sudden spring he is again hidden behind the folds of the curtain, and in that moment my husband entered the room, and I rushed to the shelter of his arms.

"My darling, what is it?" Will you explain. "What has happened? I found these men watching the house, and they insist a madman intrusted to their care has entered here. I, of course, have given them permission to search—"

I try to speak, but cannot. The words die in my throat as I point, tremblingly, to the curtain where I can discern, peering through, Victor's gleaming eyes.

"Traitor!" I hear him exclaim; and as the men sprang forward, there follows a dull fall.

Poor fellow! He had taken his sad journey alone.

In his frenzy he has plunged the steel through his own heart.

For weeks I, too, hovered on the grave's brink, but my husband's tender love and care won me back to life; and together we often visit one solitary mound in the churchyard, where we ever place fresh flowers, with the prayer that he who sleeps at last found the journey, even as he thought, "but one step to eternal happiness."

Gen. Radetzky

Edward King thus describes Gen. Radetzky the hero of the Balkans: At six o'clock on a breezy summer morning we found the veteran Radetzky seated on a rock at the summit of the tumuli, or observatory mounds, to be found everywhere in Bulgaria. The long lines of infantry were slowly defiling below, and from the throats of the men of each battalion as it passed the point of observation came a loud cry "Morning" in answer to the friendly "Morning, brothers" of the general. Radetzky is a tranquil easy-going commander of the old school; he takes every event in the most matter-of-fact way; seems utterly devoid of energy until the very last moment, when he summons it, does just the right thing, and acts with marvelous celerity, as he did at the time of Suleiman Pasha's furious attack on the positions in the Shipka pass. In appearance he is more like a good bourgeois shopkeeper than like a general; stretches himself with the utmost unconcern on a carpet in camp; tosses off a dozen huge bumpers of hot scalding tea; smiles at the name of Turk; crosses himself as devoutly as do any of the Cossacks, and inspires every one who comes into contact with him with genuine affection. His chief of staff, Dimitriowski, a veteran of Central Asiatic campaigns, bestrode a Kirghese horse which had borne him in more than 15,000 miles of campaigning. To see these two amiable gentlemen riding across the fields together one would never fancy them to be soldiers; yet both were valiant in the highest degree at Shipka. The chief of staff was dangerously wounded there, while Radetzky rushed furiously into the fight as impulsively as a boy of twenty, and repelled forces largely outnumbering his own.

Advice to Those Who Owe.

Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you collect pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best securities you can. Go to business diligently and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would that they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power cheerfully, but if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances come to me and I will pay your debts.

Smith to Brown.

"I understand you are going to move out of our neighborhood, I'm very sorry to hear that I shall miss such a good neighbor as you have been."

Brown—"Yes! I have concluded to move. The fact is, I'm tired of being tortured every day by those girls next door banging on the piano, and at night by the cat dress-parade which takes place back of my house, on the fence. Why, I haven't got a piece of moveable furniture in my room except the bureau and the bed. Everything else has been used in my attempts to maim a cat. I believe I would be happy for the rest of my life if I could knock one of those cats off the fence before I leave; and if a kind Fate would only guide a chair-leg into that big black cat's eye, I'd live a life of bliss. I've got a particular grudge against that cat. The other night I heard the gang assembling out there about ten o'clock, and I collected all the shoes, hair-brushes, soap-holders and things I could find, and just waited for them. That big cat commenced the racket and I let him have it. I threw all the things I had at him, and was just looking around for more, when I saw a man sneaking up the alley with the shoes and things under his arm. He had been laying low behind the fence, and every boot and shoe that went over he grabbed! That's why I hate that black cat."

Toeless but Well Heeled.

A double-chinned man, rigged up in last winter's clothes and a cane, hobbled into the waiting room at the mayor's office, and flopped down into a chair near the railing. He took off his cap and went over a bald spot on his head with a blue calico handkerchief, which job being completed, he put in the next five minutes in getting his wind and the use of his tongue. Mack was entertaining the reporters with a dissertation on grasshoppers, their prevention and cure, when the double-chinned man entered, but he went on with the lecture until he made the point he had in his mind's eye. This occupied him just long enough to give the man his wind and tongue, the five minutes being-up by the electric clock as he inquired:

"Well, what can we do for you?"
"Lots," replied the man.

"I'll bet you four dollars and six bits he wants a pass to some place," said Mack, looking over his shoulder at the group of pencil wasters. "Well, out with it. What's wanted?"

"I was down here in Wayne county a workin' awhile on a farm. Lemme see. I went there in December, 1877, and hired in a store with a man of the name of Ruggles. I built fires and hauled wood, and acted as a general clerk for three weeks. Christmas time was a comin' on, and I says to myself one day, says I, John, you old son of a gun, you want to have some money for the holidays, says I, just that way, and says I, you'd better be strikin' Dave (that was his name—Dave Ruggles) for an installment. I goes up to the house—Dave's house; I goes up there and knocks at the door (it hadn't nary lock on it, and I needn't a knocked, but I thought I would just for good manners sake, you know, to show him I'd had some kind of raisin'), and the old woman, his wife, Mrs. Ruggles, (really, her first name has slipped my recollection, she came to the door. Is Dave home? says I. He is, says she. Can I see him a minute? says I. You can, says she. All right, says I. Very well, says she. Walkin'. Well, I went—"

"Cut it," put in Mack.
"Cut what?" queried the man.
"Make it one act," said Mack.

"What?"
"Boil it down."
"Eh?"
"What did you come here for?"
"Lemme show you."

The man untied one shoe, took it off and removed the stocking. Phew! Then he went through the same performance with the other shoe and stocking, winding up by throwing both feet up in the air. "Do you see them feet? There ain't so much as an ounce of toe on either of 'em."

"That's toe bad," said Mack, "but still there's any quantity of foot there yet. What did you want?"
"I thought I'd ask you if you would not give me a pass to New Albany?" said the man.

"Why?"
"Cause I can't walk far."
"Got any money about you?"
"Yes, a little."
"How much have you?"
"I've got just \$23."

"That's precisely \$22.90 more than I've got," said Mack, "and I've been studying whether to buy a cigar and go into bankruptcy or not. Here you are, a man with money in his pocket to travel like a gentleman, begging the city for a pass. Now, let me tell you something. In the first place, you do not deserve a pass; in the second place I'm not going to give you one; then,

again, the city would blame me for passing you; fourthly, the city has no passes to give to anybody; and finally, the city never intends to go into the business of chalking men's hats to any place, in any State, or in any country. Does that strike you as being plain and to the point?"

"I believe it does."
"Now put on your shoes and stockings, take your cane in your hand and go down to the Union Depot, where you will find gentlemanly agents ready and willing to scoot you through to New Albany."

The man hid his toeless feet and went out without saying a word. He paused on the sidewalk long enough to go down into his pocket, bring up a well-worn wallet and extract a quarter. His eye caught the oleaners in front of Andy Parli's saloon, and he went over to recline under their shade.

"A little sirup?" asked Aleck M'Kee, giving the historic curl a touch to make it show up to advantage.

"A little sirup," replied the double-chinned man. He swallowed the contents of the glass, sipped the ice-water, and took his way to the depot.

A Mysterious Pit.

Nearly fourteen miles on almost a direct line southeast from Bowling Green Kentucky, there is a singular and mysterious pit in the ground. It is situated on a high bluff, in a wild, flinty locality, tangled with vine, bramble, briars, bushes, trees, and shrubbery, on the waters of Drake's creek, below the mouth of Tammel. The aperture is a dark, gaping hole cleft through the stony crags as though the bluff had at some time cracked and split. The opening is some ten feet long and four feet wide at the widest part, its rocky yawning lips being spread something in the shape of a horse-collar, the apex, so to speak, pointing westward. By some of the people in that region it is known as "Hell Hole," while others call it "Indian Pit." One remarkable feature of the abyss is that there issues from its deep depths, ceaseless as the rounds of the seasons, a volume of misty vapor, which, especially on crisp, frosty mornings, can be seen ascending above the tree tops, and floating off on the air-whitened with rays of the rising sun.

Flint, boulder-shaped stones, and others worn by the friction of time to perfect roundness are scattered profusely all about the place, as though thrown high by some unknown upheaval and showered back like rattling hailstones of all dimensions. In the fall and winter this fog volume is warmer than the cutting blasts that sweep along the deep gorge. In summer the mist is cooler and not so dense. The pit widens from the top in its downward course, and woe to any living thing once swallowed through its dark mouth. Throw a boulder or stone into it, and not a faintest echo ever reaches the ear as to whether it went. Some seasons since a party of persons assembled at the pit, determined to fathom its hidden bottom. They were provided with a strong cord over six hundred feet long, to which was attached a stillard weight. They dropped the weight into the hole and paid out the line. Down, down, and down went the weight till not a foot of cord was left, while not a sound came to tell the tale of its subterranean passage. (No bottom was reached and the weight was withdrawn damp and unrolled as though it touched nothing but mist and darkness in its soundings.

A Hasty Retreat.

A certain man of means came into an office, in Sunbury, Pa., recently, accompanied by a stranger, and inquired of the lawyer the amount of a claim which he had against a party in a neighboring county. The lawyer immediately went to work, and the man of means entered into a social chat with his friend, and several others who were in the office at the time, showing great courtesy and feeling elated over the expectation of receiving money. The lawyer soon balanced the account and announced the result. The stranger walked up to the desk to examine it, and the man of means was making ready to receive his cash.

"Well," says the stranger, "I guess it's all right. My neighbor gave me the money to pay it, as he has the small pox and he could not pay it himself," and laid down the money. By this time the seats were suddenly vacated in that office. It occurred suddenly to the man of means that important business required his attention outside, and he directed the lawyer to receive the money and give him a check. The lawyer promptly declined, as he did not care to carry the money in his pocket over night, and said something about the bank being closed. But to his astonishment the office was deserted by all except the man who paid the money. There was no hand shaking when the stranger left, but it is suspected that the lawyer has the money small pox or no small pox.