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

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LOVE'S SECRET.

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears
Ah! she did depart.

Soon after she was gone from me
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly;
He took her with a sigh.

By Midnight Express.

Now, promise me, Royal! Please promise—

Grace Arden looked up into her lover's face with wistful eyes, and cheeks stained with faint crimson, while the sunny tendrils of her dark-brown hair were brushed back from blue-veined temples—as fair and winning a little pleader as ever uttered the words of entreaty.

Royal Meriam looked at her with the laugh of conscious superiority.

"What nonsense, Gracie! As if there were any real danger!"

"There is always danger, Royal, in your business, and with—with that habit!"

"Habit, Gracie? Now, you are going a little too far. I don't drink any more than other men. It is not a confirmed habit with me, and never will be."

"There, Royal," she drew closer to him and laid one appealing hand on his arm, "you surely will not refuse to promise me never to touch another glass of liquor?"

"Nonsense, Gracie! You talk as if I was a confirmed drunkard! Let me go now, I've only just time to get to the Shepherd's Arms to meet Lee and Delmar."

The tears sparkled in Grace's eyes. "Then I have no influence, whatever, over you, Royal?"

"Lots of it, little woman! Now don't look so sober. Only you know, it's folly to ask any such unreasonable pledges. Good-by."

"Good-by, Royal."

"You won't kiss me? You are vexed."

"Only sorry, Royal. Because I know that papa never will let me marry a man who drinks."

Royal Meriam turned on his heel, while a dark frown contracted his black brows, and he strode away muttering something about "narrow-minded old fools, who expected every man to be cut after their own pattern."

But he had walked only a little distance when the cloud cleared away from his face, and the old careless, good natured smile once more came back.

"Dear little Gracie," he said to himself. "Perhaps she is right, after all. I believe I am getting to be more fond of a stray glass than I ought to be; but of course there's no danger. A man can always control himself. Still I'll go back to-morrow and make peace with the little blue-eyed kitten, and if she wants me to promise, why, I'll promise."

The Shepherd's Arms was an unpretending little village hostelry, through whose drawn red curtains the evening lights shone cheerfully, and Royal Meriam's bon companions welcomed him uproariously.

"Your coming to the end of your rope old fellow," said one. "The Superintendent is going to strike everybody that drinks a social glass off from the list. Says it ain't business-like—can't afford to run any risks."

"I don't know what the world's coming to, for my part," said another, looking into the bowl of his short black pipe. "A man might as well be a slave and done with it."

"I've heard something of it before," said Meriam, carelessly. "I don't know but what it is a wise enough regulation, on the whole. But there's one thing certain; I'll drink the Superintendent's health to-night, if I never do again."

A general laugh echoed this assertion of Royal Meriam; and in the hour or two that followed poor Grace Arden's piteous request, Grace Arden's tear-brimmed blue eyes were entirely forgotten.

"Drunk—I drunk! Never was more sober in my life. Yes, yes, I know that it's time to start, and here I am fresh as a cricket."

Royal Meriam swung himself to his place on the glittering fire-throated locomotive with the careless ease and lightness of a mountaineer.

"Go ahead," he called out.

The depot-master looked curiously at him.

"You may not be drunk," said he sotto voce, "but you've been drinking, my fine fellow, and you'll get reported at headquarters before the world is twenty-four hours older."

So saying, he drew a little leather memorandum book out of his vest pocket, and wrote down the words, "Meriam engineer Flying Dart," upon it with the slow, mechanical accuracy of one who considers in his own mind.

Meriam fully believed his own asser-

tion that he was not drunk. He had been drinking a great deal, but then he knew his head could stand more than the average of brains. He felt a sort of lightness, a jocular content, as he sat there at his post. The lights along the road sparkled more prominently than usual; the stars seemed to shine with unwonted brightness; and once or twice he caught himself huskily answering some one who had not spoken.

"What's that you're saying, Mr. Meriam?" said the fireman at last.

"Saying?" Royal laughed aloud. "I didn't speak. I was only coughing."

All of a sudden he grew sleepy—his brain seemed to become confused.

"All right," said he—"all right! I'll back the Flying Dart against any engine on the road! Why, she couldn't go wrong if she was to try! Are we—are we far from the drawbridge?"

The fireman suddenly started to his feet, with a hoarse, gasping cry.

"The signal!" he shouted. "The red light! Stop her, for God's sake! Sound down brakes! We are on the bridge, and the draw is open!"

In less than a second the mists and drowsiness and fatal lethargy, seemed to clear away from the engineer's brain and he had fully comprehended the awful terror of the position—the express train rushed at dizzy speed toward the yawning gulf, beneath which lay the black river.

The signal! And he had not seen it! Pretty Grace Arden, with the words of warning that he had laughed at—the cozy hearthstone of the Shepherd's Arms, where the liquor had sparkled redly against the firelight—all his previous life—seemed to rise up before him in that second, with death beckoning darkly beyond. Mechanically he sounded the whistle, sharp and shrill—two brief, unearthly shrieks—and then sprang out into the darkness, through which the red light streamed like an eye of sullen fire.

He had done what he could to save the fated train, and he grasped blindly at the one chance in five hundred for his own life. It was just possible that he might in the rush and darkness chance to alight on the coarse wooden trestle-work of the bridge, and even if he were precipitated into the water, why, it would only be a second or sooner, that was all.

He sprang, and striking with his shoulder against a beam, lost all consciousness in the instant that the train skimmed by him its long array of lights gleaming and vanishing, and faces here and there looking out of the windows, all unconscious that they were going to death.

A bleak December day, with the snowflakes clicking against the window panes, a wood fire crackling on the hearth, and Grace Arden's light figure coming and going like a little brown-robed Sister of Charity. Royal Meriam's eyes vaguely took in these things, lying among his pillows, before he remembered—

Remembered! Remembered that he was an outcast among men—a murderer!

"Grace," he gasped, "tell me! How came I here? How was I saved?"

"They found you on the bridge, dear. Hush! You must not talk much. You are very weak and feeble. You were quite unconscious, and terribly bruised."

"And—the train! Was it totally wrecked?"

"It wasn't wrecked at all," said Grace, with brightened face. "For the draw was not open."

"Not open?"

"No. It had been, but was just closed again, and the men had not yet taken down the open-signal when the express rushed on without any warning whatever. They stopped it on the other side, and missed you."

"No one was killed, then?" he shuddered, feeling as if a mountain of horror was lifted from his breast.

"No one."

"Grace," he whispered hoarsely, drawing her down to him, "I was—drunk!"

"Royal!"

"Yes, I was; and if that train had been wrecked the blood of all those helpless passengers, men, women and children, would have been on my head. God be thanked that He has not punished me as I deserve!"

Grace put her hand softly on his throbbing forehead.

"Don't think about it, darling," she said, in a low voice. "The past is gone but the future is all our own."

And in that future, Royal Meriam a prematurely old and crippled man, lived to atone for all the faults and follies of his youth. He never re-entered the old profession—he had not nerve enough for that, he was wont to say, even if they would have trusted him again; but he worked hard and honestly for his bread, with Grace his wife standing loyally by his side. And never in all the long years that followed did a drop of ardent spirits ever pass his lips.

"I have had my lesson," he said, "and it is not one of the kind that men readily forget."

An Infant Has Its Arm Bitten Off by an Alligator.

Mr. Philbrick, of Florida, among many other living curiosities, possesses an alligator about half grown and an infant which is old enough to crawl and go about the yard unattended. A strange attachment existed between the alligator and the infant, the former being so docile that the friends frequently spent hours during the day in playing with each other. The alligator would amble clumsily to his tank, take a sportive dive, and, returning, he would embrace the little one, so to speak, and give unmistakable evidence of delight in receiving tender caresses in return. So secure seemed the friendship between them that Mr. Philbrick never thought of harm, and left the playmates to themselves to pass the time as suited their inclination. The friendly relations did not last long, however, for Mr. Philbrick was startled about 10 o'clock on Wednesday last by agonizing screams coming from the back yard, and rushing out, he found to his horror that the alligator had bitten the little fellow's arm almost entirely off, the fraction of limb dangling by a slender bit of cuticle. The poor, suffering little thing moaned and wept bitterly, and the alligator, seeing the distress he had created, crawled up to his victim and shed copious tears of sympathy, his expressionless countenance giving him the appearance of a subdued and sentimental ass. Mr. Philbrick severed the lacerated members, dressed the stub carefully, and the animal is now able to waddle about on three legs. We have often heard of "crocodile tears," but until Mr. Philbrick's statement our faith in their existence could have been easily shaken.

Joe Jefferson's Nap.

While Joe Jefferson was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago last spring, he went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. When the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white-haired "Rip" still immersed in his twenty year's nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and still he did not waken. The audience began to grow impatient and the prompter uneasy. The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the "realistic" sort of thing entirely too far. The fact was that all the time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who has sat eight hours in the sun without getting a single bite. Finally the gallery got to be uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was "going to be nineteen years more of this snooze business." Here Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod "Rip" from behind. The much traveled comedian began to fumble in his pocket for an imaginary ticket, and muttered drowsily: "Going clear through, 'ductor." The audience was transfixed with amazement at this entirely new reading, when suddenly Jefferson sat up with a long shriek. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. The play went on then—with a rush.

A Courageous Toad.

One would suppose that one dose of such hot food as bees would satisfy a reasonable toad, but the following story though hard to believe, is said to be authentic:

The toad in question squatted down near the bee-hive, and when a bee flew near him, out went his tongue quicker than sight, and with the sucking in of his breath, he drew the bee into his mouth and swallowed him. It seemed as if the bee made its mark on the toad's tongue and in its throat and stomach, for at each "gulp" Mr. Toad would rise on his haunches and blow out his breath, as if he were cooling a coal of fire in his mouth. And at the same time, he would feebly press his fore feet (so like hands) against his throat, and pass them down outside his stomach—making two or three passes each time, as if to quiet the swallowed bee, and ease some inside pain that was burning worse than stomach ache. Having thus cooled his mouth and soothed his pain, he would squat down again and catch another bee, each time repeating the blowing to cool the mouth, and the soothing pressure to quiet his inside troubles.

A new electric battery has been exhibited before the French Academy. The plates are of zinc and plumbago; the liquid, a solution in water of the substance known to druggists as unvitrified salt. It is claimed that the battery is more powerful than Bunsen's of the same dimensions, and that the constancy of the current is remarkable.

Sound moves in the air at the rate of 1,100 feet a second; sound in water moves at the rate of 4,000 feet a second.

Two Beautiful Murderesses.

At an early hour on the morning of the 17th of May, 1817 the inhabitants of St Denis, one of the suburbs of Paris, were startled by the discovery that the corpse of an aged woman had been found in the Rue Vaugirard, the only aristocratic and the most quiet street of the place, under circumstances which left no doubt of the fact that she had been murdered.

She was taken to the Town Hall, and exhibited to public view just as she had been found.

The corpse was almost entirely naked. Only a part of a fine cambric chemise covered the upper part of the body. Her head was terribly bruised, apparently from the blows inflicted by a blunt instrument. From the shrivelled condition of her skin, and from the fact that she had but few teeth left in her mouth, it was evident that at the time of her death she must have been at least sixty years old. Who was she? And who had murdered her?

At that time even Paris had but few clever detectives, the best of them having been dismissed on account of the services they had rendered to the Emperor Napoleon the First. Hence, it was not to be wondered at that for two days no clew to the perpetrators of this crime was found.

The corpse of the murdered woman was buried early on the third day, and it was a truly strange coincidence that at the same hour there was furnished to the authorities of St. Denis information which enabled them in the course of a few hours to ferret out who had committed the atrocious crime.

It was a letter addressed to the Commissary of Police that furnished this important information. No name was signed to the letter, which read as follows:

"If you will go to the young ladies' boarding school at Beverny, you will find out who the murdered woman is, and, if you are sagacious enough, also her assassins. They are at the house."

The Commissary of Police immediately repaired to the place indicated, where he was received by Mme. Chestney, the Principal of the school. He said to Mme. Chestney:

"Is there an aged woman missing from this house?"

"An aged woman?" she exclaimed. "We had only one aged woman here—my housekeeper, Mlle. Sustenne. She is now on a visit to her sister in Normandy."

"When did she leave?"

"Three days ago."

"Can you tell me what kind of a chemise she wore at that time?"

The lady looked at him in surprise. Then she said:

"Mlle. Sustenne was always very particular about her undercloths. She never wore anything but very fine cambric chemises."

"How about her teeth?"

"Monsieur?"

"Excuse me; I have an object in asking this question."

"Mlle. Sustenne had very few and very bad teeth."

"Did she have any enemies here?"

"Enemies? Yes, monsieur. She was rather crabbed and sour, and hence all my young girls hated her."

"Did any of the young girls hate her particularly?"

"Let me see. Yes; Anais Lenor and Sophie Breston had, the other day a bitter quarrel with her. But tell me, Monsieur, why do you put all these questions to me?"

"Because Mlle. Sustenne is undoubtedly the old woman who was found murdered at St Denis three days ago."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" cried the lady, wringing her hands.

"Please send for the two girls whom you named last."

The two girls made their appearance. They were only sixteen, tender, graceful and handsome.

"What do you know about the murder of Mlle. Sustenne?" said the Commissary to them.

The girls turned deadly pale. They made no reply.

"Did you murder her?" thundered the Commissary.

"They burst into tears, and confessed that, having had a violent altercation with Mlle. Sustenne, they had beaten her on the head until she was dead. Then they had stripped her of her clothes and carried her in the dead of night to St. Denis."

The two beautiful murderesses were sentenced in a few days afterward to be branded on both shoulders with a red hot iron, then to stand in the pillory for three hours, and to be confined in the House of Correction for life.

Ohio's Enoch Arden.

The history of William Raines' life is fraught with fully as much pathos as the hero of Tennyson's beautiful creation, "Enoch Arden." Raines worked at his trade, that of carpenter, until September 1869, in St. Clairsville, Ohio. Fortune had dealt kindly with him, and blessed him with a loving wife and one child. His uncle who was the owner

and captain of the bark *Mary Ellen*, prevailed on him at the time above named to make a voyage to Cape Town, Africa, with him. The cargo was to consist of farming implements and live stock. He drew two months' wages and gave the money to his wife, and the *Mary Ellen* started with her crew of thirty men about the middle of September. They progressed finely until they reached the west coast of Africa, where they met with contrary winds and bad weather, and one morning about daybreak, in the midst of a terrible storm, the ship struck a reef and went to pieces about two hundred yards from the shore. Six of the crew reached the shore in safety. The remaining twenty-four perished. The names of the six who escaped are: Wm. Raines, the narrator; Burrell and Thompson, given names unknown, but both Americans; Hook, an Englishman; Feider, a German, formerly of Ohio, and J. W. Lang, captain of the bark. The ship having attracted the attention of a war party of negroes, who had come from the interior to fight one of the coast tribes, they watched all night through the storm, and when she broke up and the men reached shore, the negroes took possession of them and distributed them among the tribes as curiosities. They had never seen white men before, and regarded them as something more than human. The negroes separated. Raines was carried about 500 miles into the interior, where the tribe that the war party belonged to lived. The king of the tribe took a great fancy to him, and made a royal pet of him. He was allowed to go around of his own free will, without guard or check of any kind whatever. The tribe had no knowledge of the cultivation of the soil; their principal food was the fruit, which everywhere grew abundant—roots, herbs and monkey flesh. The country they occupied was high and sandy in some places, but the water was excellent, cool and clear. The rivers were muddy and scarce of fish. The natives had no knowledge of water craft of any kind. The language was a series of sounds, accompanied by gestures. One sound with appropriate gestures could have a dozen different meanings. There was no sickness or malaria of any kind, there being but seven deaths by natural causes during his whole captivity. This he attributes to their manner of living. Their principal weapon was a spear or javelin, which they could throw with marvelous dexterity and for a great distance. The only covering which they wore was a breech-clout for the males, and a short skirt reaching to the knees for the women. The dress was made of the fibre next the bark on a tree, the name of which he never heard. He also speaks of a medicinal plant, which the natives use as a purgative, and which they call cutch caw. After being with them some years, and having gained their confidence, they allowed him to wander away from the camp and stay away for a day at a time. After a while these hunting trips were lengthened to two days, then three, and one fine morning found him on a camel narrying to Cape Town. At the end of the second day, the camel having been driven day and night, dropped dead from exhaustion, and he had to finish the distance on foot. He arrived finally at Cape Town, where, with difficulty, he could make himself understood, and passage to San Francisco was furnished him. Here, through a lodge of which he is a member, he found that his name had been on the death list for six years. But the saddest part of this story comes now, after reaching St. Clairsville. Upon his arrival there, he found that his wife, despairing of his return, and believing that he was dead, after he had been gone three years, had re-married to a worthy citizen of that place. His meeting with his wife, after his return, can be better imagined than depicted. With a noble self-denial, which his long captivity may have made easy, he refused to assert his claim to his wife and child whom he still loves dearly, but he has left to his wife the privilege of choosing between her two husbands.

Progress of Botany.

In the Bible about 100 plants are alluded to; Hippocrates mentioned 224; Theophrastus, 500; and Pliny, 800. From this time there was little addition to our knowledge until the Renaissance. In the beginning of the fifteenth century Gesner could only enumerate 800, but at its close Bauhin described 6,000 Tournefort, in 1694, recognized 10,146 species; but Linnæus, in the next century, working more cautiously, defined only 7,294. In the beginning of this century, in 1805, Persoon described 25,000 species, comprising, however, numerous minute fungi. In 1819, DeCandolle estimated the known species at 30,000. London, in 1839, gave 31,731 species, and in 1846, Prof. Lindley enumerated 66,435 dicotyledons, and 13,952 monocotyledons—in all 80,387; but in 1853 these had increased to 82,926, and in 1863 Bentley estimated the known species at 125,000.