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

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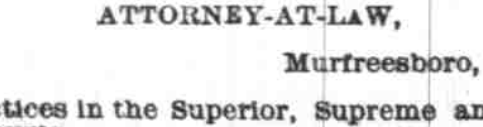
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"THE DEARER DEAD."

You mourn for the dead; you go, Glad in your robes of woe, To the spot where they sleep— And you weep, Smoother tears, and there You strew flowers, fresh and fair; You place a white stone at the head, Where, graven with sculptor's art, We read your sorrow of heart, And the dear name of your dead.

But there are dearer dead, you know Not the bitterest woe Till you close the eager eyes Of sweet young Hope, and mournful-wise Cross the pallid hands of Love, And sorrowing bend above The ashes and dust.

Of honor, love and trust, For these are the dearer dead. Ah! those other dead; who dare Robes of mourning for dead hopes wear? Who hide a stone arise To tell where dead love lies? When did ever a mourner say Help me bury these dead away?

The funeral trains men do not see; They move silently Down to the heart where the grave is made, Where the dead is laid. No flowers are strewn there, No moan is heard there, No ritual is said. Hidden away from sight The grave lies low, But the solemn silent night That doth know, And it seeth ever the white Face of our woe.

You are happy who mourn for your dead, By the side of graves kept green By the tears you shed, Who can lean Lovingly where they sleep— Pray for those who in secret weep— The dearer dead.

MY REVENGE.

"You acknowledge, then, Mansfield, that you are guilty of this forgery?" "I do not deny it, Mr. Holland," I replied, quietly. "I have put sufficient proof into your hands to convict myself of it; now act your pleasure with me."

"From my soul I am sorry for you," he said, with some appearance of emotion. "And yet I thank heaven that you, and not my nephew, Haworth, are the criminal."

"For your daughter's sake?" I asked, turning my face away. "For my daughter's sake," he answered. "After a moment of silence he went to his desk, and writing a few words upon a slip of paper, called a servant and sent him away with it."

"It was a request for a constable," he exclaimed, regarding me with a look of pity. "It is hard, but it must be done, Mansfield."

"Yes," I muttered, "it must be done. Well, I am prepared." And this was my revenge! That night, as I paced the stone floor of the cell allotted to me in the jail, the events of the past six months arose before my mental vision as the scenes of one's life are said to haunt the deathbed. I have made a faithful record of them.

Haworth was a nephew of Mr. Holland, and the superintendent of Warwick Mill, where I was employed as a bookkeeper. I hated the man from the very day he entered the mill, and not without reason. He was young, handsome, wealthy—in a word, all that I was not. He was the master, insidiously conscious of his power; I, the poor drudge. He despised me and took no pains to hide it, well knowing that I dare not resent his contempt. But the real cause of my hatred lay deeper. He had blasted a hope that had taken firm root in my foolish heart. He had come between me and my love. Therefore I hated him. It was the old story, I, the poor, underpaid bookkeeper, loved the daughter of the wealthy mill owner. It seemed that I might have had a better chance of success with an angel in heaven than with Virginia Holland. Yet, in spite of my better sense, I loved her, humbly and silently, as became my position.

Of late, something in her manner had taught me that she had discovered my secret, and the wild hope thrilled me that it might, perhaps, have inspired her with a little tenderness for me. With the advent of Haworth, however, that hope died within my breast. When the rumor came, as it shortly did, that Virginia and her cousin were engaged, I was prepared for it as a man is prepared for his death blow.

Out of the depths of my despair grew a great hatred for the man who had gained the woman whose love I would have died for, and a consuming desire for revenge.

Then my whole life narrowed down into the one wicked ambition of inflicting upon him some portion of the agony he had caused me; nor was the opportunity long in coming.

One morning he called me into his office, and handing me a check, re-

quested me to cash it for him at the bank.

As I entered the room, I observed that he appeared to be excessively agitated, and I noticed, too, that he rose and hastily threw several small scraps of paper into a drawer of his desk; not, however, before I had seen that the signature of Mr. Holland was traced, more or less perfectly, upon all of them.

I thought nothing of the matter at that moment; but when, a week later, news was received that Mr. Holland had been robbed of many thousand dollars by means of a cleverly counterfeited check, I saw what it all meant. Haworth was the forger! There could be no doubt of it.

The scraps of paper which he had flung into the drawer contained his first attempts at imitating the signature of my uncle.

My good fortune—so in my fancy I deemed it—seemed almost incredible at first. The man who had supplanted me was a common thief, punishable by law!

Here, then, was my revenge ready to my hand. I would ferret out the proof. I would accuse and convict him by my own unaided efforts. I would degrade the man who had scorned me, and drag him in the mud before the eyes of his intended wife. How I exulted in the prospect!

But the proof? I knew that if I could secure the scraps of paper upon which he had imitated the name of Mr. Holland, I need go no further.

Had he cunningly destroyed them, or had he, like most criminals, heedlessly left open the pit that was destined to engulf him?

Since the date of the forgery he had remained away from the mill—all at home, they said. Had he visited the place at night and made away with the testimony of his guilt?

I would soon decide that point. I crept stealthily into his room, and with one of my keys unlocked the drawer of his desk.

The father of lies had deserted his disciple to aid me. There lay the scraps just as he had tossed them together—the mute but incontestable evidence of his guilt.

I gathered them up with trembling fingers, secreted them about me, and stole back to my room filled with sinful joy. His fate was in my hands.

My first impulse was to carry my proof before a magistrate and cause his immediate arrest. Then I hesitated. How much keener the stroke if I forebore until his present fear had passed, and he deemed himself safe again! I resolved to wait.

For many days the officers of the law were utterly baffled in their search for the criminal. One night, however, it was whispered in the mill that suspicion had begun to point towards Haworth. He had involved himself, it was said, in secret speculations far beyond the remotest chance of recovery. Hence it was hinted that he might have forged his relative's name to clear himself. But as yet the suspicion remained unconfirmed.

The rumor alarmed me. I feared that the truth might be told and my vengeance forestalled. I could withhold no blow no longer, or other and gentler hands would deal it for me.

But ere I accused him at the bar of public justice I would blast his image in the heart of Virginia Holland. I would stab her to the soul, and look on exulting in her agony. I would say to her:

"For this low wretch, this common thief, you have slighted my love!" That very hour, with the scraps of paper buttoned safely in my pocket, I made my way to her dwelling.

With all my guilty anger I was a coward. I dared not face the woman whose death-blow I was about to deal. I turned and sat down in a garden chair in the deep shadow waiting to conquer my weakness. As I sat there I heard a low, deep sigh proceeding from the shrubbery near at hand.

Peeping cautiously through the bushes, I saw Virginia Holland kneeling upon the sod, with her hand clasped before her face. From her attitude I believed she was weeping.

"She has heard of his danger," I muttered, bitterly, "and weeps for him."

Well, I saw her agony. Did I exult in it as I had promised myself to do? No, mad with despair and jealousy as I was, my better nature conquered. An instantaneous revulsion of feeling came over me—a feeling of shame for my premeditated revenge and pity for her sorrow. I felt that she was suffering as I had suffered.

to prepare me for the burden I was about to take upon myself.

Arising from my seat, I stole noiselessly to her side, and bending above her, pressed my lips upon her upraised brow—had I not the right, to then?—and whispering: "Do not weep, Virginia, I will save him," I turned hastily away.

The next instant the scraps of paper I had so carefully treasured, torn into a thousand pieces, were scattered far and wide.

I had resolved for her sake to save Haworth, cost what it might. I feared that if his affairs were to be submitted to any closer scrutiny, his guilt would become apparent. Therefore the suspicion resting on him must be averted.

Another criminal must be found—ready to confess his guilt and meet his fate without resistance. Who so fit for the sacrifice as myself? For her sake I would have suffered a hundredfold as much.

I did not pause to reflect, but making my way to Mr. Holland, boldly accused myself of forgery, and invoked justice upon myself. The rest has been told.

I had paced the cell for several hours, recalling these events to my mind with a species of bitter satisfaction, when suddenly the dead silence of the night was broken by a tremendous tumult outside. A heavy tramping of feet and an uproar of voices as of a vast crowd, penetrated the thick walls of my prison.

Peering out of the barred window, I beheld the two hundred operatives of the mill clustering around the door. The light of the torches they carried fell upon my face, and I heard my name shouted with thunders of applause.

What did it mean? I feared that it had been discovered that I was innocent, and my sacrifice had been for nothing.

Presently the key grated in the lock, the door was flung open, and there entered—not the jailor, as I expected, but Virginia Holland, with hair disheveled and eyes aflame, followed at a little distance by her father.

"Come," she said, impetuously, seizing my hand. "Come away from this dreadful place."

"What is this?" I asked, drawing back in amazement. "Why are you here, Virginia? Know you not that I am a felon, self-accused, and willing to prove my guilt?"

"I know," she exclaimed, raising her tear-wet eyes to mine, "that you are no felon, but the noblest man that ever lived. I know all, Mansfield—more than any one but you can tell me. Come with us, then."

While I stood gazing at her in stupid wonder, Mr. Holland stepped forward and explained all that had passed.

Alarmed by the turn which the investigations were taking, Haworth had fled from town that night, leaving as a claim upon his uncle's clemency an abject confession of his guilt.

Though he could not understand my design in criminating myself, Mr. Holland had taken immediate steps to procure my release.

"Now, what does it mean?" he asked. "Why did you accuse yourself, Mansfield?"

"Do not ask him now!" interrupted Virginia, blushing. "I know why."

"Then," I cried passionately, "you know that I love you—that I have loved you these many weary months, not daring to confess it. You know that I would sacrifice my life for you as well as I have tried to sacrifice my honor, that one you loved might escape."

"I did not love him," she answered, tremulously. "My father desired me to marry him, but I could not, for I loved—"

"Whom?" I cried, breathlessly, approaching her.

"You!" she replied, hiding her face upon my shoulder. "You—only you—my darling, I saw it all, my poor love. I saw your pride, your honor, your humility. I loved you because you were poor and proud and silent. But how could I tell you of it?"

"Thank heaven for this forgery," I murmured, pressing her to my heart, for it has proved my salvation."

"Humph!" grumbled Mr. Holland, good naturedly; "thank heaven that I have lost my ten thousand dollars? Ungrateful young dog!"

The financial wrecks of our times, the miseries endured by so-called "successful men," the ups and downs of commercial life and the general unhappiness of the very rich, ought to teach the philosophy of contentment to those who enjoy a respectable and modest income, without cares or harassments.

Many of us have to lament, not so much a want of opportunities in life, as our uneasiness for them when they come. "It might have been," is the language of our hearts oftener than words of complaint and murmuring. God sends us flax, but our spindle and distaff are out of repair or mislaid, so that we are not ready to use them.

Important Use of Natural Gas.

The petroleum product of Pennsylvania now reaches the fabulous sum of eighty millions of dollars per year, while the exportation runs to about sixty millions. Until recently, or at least within a few years, but little use has been made of the natural gas which has been discharged into either the open air or been burned in huge torch lights through the oil regions. In Beaver Falls, a manufacturing town of considerable note, located about thirty miles west of Pittsburgh on the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, one well was put down about sixteen years ago for oil, and struck gas at about 1,100 feet in depth, whence it poured continuously until about two years ago, when it was leased, cased up, and brought into use.

This induced the Harmony Society to put down more wells in different localities, all of which give out liberal supplies, some as high as one hundred thousand feet every twenty-four hours, which is now being used in nearly every manufacturing establishment in the town. About one-half of the gas used for lighting the town comes from these wells; it is also used under the gas retorts for heating (five in number). The large cutlery works use it in 49 heating furnaces; the hinge works, in three large heating furnaces; the pottery works, in two large kilns and two very large furnaces for drying ware; the shovel works, in one large heating furnace; the file works, in seven large annealing furnaces; the saw works, in one very large heating furnace, 14 feet long by 11½ feet wide, which is run to a very high heat. It is also used in one forging furnace. Two drying kilns for seasoning lumber use it. And it is also introduced into dwelling houses, heating furnaces, and stoves and cooking stoves, and is exclusively used direct from the wells for lighting one large dwelling. Other wells are now going down, and everything indicates the exclusive use of the gas for all heating, illuminating, and manufacturing purposes. Its value is really incalculable in working steel. It is said to be fully equal to charcoal, if not superior, there being no base substance like sulphur or other matters so damaging to its quality. A remarkable feature about it is, that men work right along in a room filled with it, take it freely into their lungs in short, breathe it as they do air; and it appears rather healthful than otherwise, while manufactured gas is actually dangerous to inhale. The flame is clear white and gives an intense heat with very little smoke. There seems no diminution in the supply, but the gas is in all probability being constantly produced down deep in the earth.

The True Cinderella.

In true Cinderella history there are no fairy god-mothers, no mice and no pumpkins. A wise old eagle takes all the management of the slipper, and we can in fancy see him carrying it over the silver sands and dark pyramids of Egypt, without greatly taxing our belief.

Rodolphe—a pretty name, to begin with—was the fairest lady in all Egypt. She had a dainty foot, and wore jeweled slippers, and all the people gazed upon her with delight when she walked as though she were a goddess or a fairy.

She went out to bathe one day among the white lilies of the Nile. While she and her maids were sporting in the water, a great shadow passed over them, and they saw an eagle alight on the bank where their clothes had been left. Presently it arose with something in its talons, and wheeling through the golden hazes, became a speck in the clear sky.

When Rodolphe came up the bank, she found that one of her jeweled slippers had been carried away, and she said to her maids, "The eagle has taken it."

And the maids said, "Then it will bring you luck. The eagle is a bird of good omen."

So Rodolphe hobbled home with a light heart, one of her slipperless feet crushing the lotus blossoms. Her maids laughed at her, but she said, "It is good luck, for an eagle has taken it."

Far away up the Nile lay Memphis, with her bright-winged temples and palaces; a city seventeen miles in circuit, the seat of the Pharaohs for nearly a thousand years, at this time the capital of Egypt. Here were the splendid temples of Isis, Serapis, and of the Sun, and the throne was then filled with a Pharaoh who had overthrown eleven other Egyptian kings.

His name was Psammetichus. His son, the Pharaoh Necho, slew Josiah, king of Judah, B. C. 610.

He was sitting in a cool portico of his palace toward evening. The crimson sun was blazing low on the hot sands of the desert, but cool winds tripped with light feet along the dimpling waves of the Nile, and fanned the king as they passed. He arose, walked into an open court, when a great shadow passed above him.

He looked up, and beheld with delight and awe an eagle descending, and wheeling above his head, with something sparkling in his talons. He looked upon the bird as a messenger from the sun.

He lifted his arms for joy. Just then

the eagle began to ascend, dropping the glittering treasure from his talons into his bosom.

It was Rodolphe's jeweled slipper. The next day Psammetichus issued a proclamation which caused all Memphis to wonder. Whoever would find the mate to the jeweled slipper, which the eagle had brought to the palace, should be loaded with riches, and taken into the service of the king.

Rodolphe heard the great news. She believed that the eagle was indeed a messenger of the gods to point out her destiny. So she came to magnificent Memphis to answer the proclamation of the king. With one slipperless foot she ascended the grand porticoes of the Pharaohs, and stood before the king with downcast eyes, lifting her dress just above her dainty feet—a perfect vision of beauty. Of course Psammetichus immediately fell in love with her, and married her, and made her queen of all Egypt.

There was great joy in all the dazzling temples of Memphis when the marriage was consummated—there was dancing and music, and strewing of flowers. All Egypt was happy.

Prison Life in France.

There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cell system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day, but in the central prisons as many as 100 sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in ateliers, fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrellas, ferules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured, and such light work as glossing paper, sewing copy books and making hair ornaments is done. The work is let to contractors by a tariff fixed by the local Chamber of Commerce, to prevent any undue competition with free labor. Half of the profits of the prisoner's work goes to the State; he is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from \$100 to \$300 cash capital. A large proportion of the prisoners use this in setting themselves up in trade or in procuring passage to other lands. These rewards of industrial labor, together with the industrial training itself, constitute together the main and to be expected counterbalance to the otherwise grave evils of association. The element of hope is always prominent in French prisons, and it is the sheet-anchor of their administration. A visitor to La Sante, at Paris, observed in the first cell he inspected a table on which lay a pipe of tobacco, a half bottle of wine and a loaf.

Accidental Jokes.

It has often been said that the best jokes are those which are made by accident, and this is certainly the case with proper names. Few intentional "bulls" have ever been more complete than the grave official entry in a list of Scottish landed proprietors: "John Elder, the younger, in right of Mrs. Margaret Husband, his wife." The worthy country gentleman who, eighty years ago, taunted the leader of the English opposition with looking like "a fox that had fallen into a pit," was as much astounded as any one at the roar of laughter which greeted this unconscious pun upon the names of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. The three last governors of the Don Cossacks have changed to bear the names respectively signify Fire, Flood and Fiend. In the list of the English Navy for the last century the reader's eye is still startled by the sight of the frigate "Vengeance," commanded by Captain Death, with a first officer called William Devil, and a surgeon bearing the pleasantly suggestive name of John Ghost. But of all the authentic cases of this kind, the most singular is one which occurred at a wayside inn in the West of England not many years ago. Three roistering commercial travelers met there one winter evening and had a hearty carousal together, as a matter of course. Supper over, the three found some difficulty in allotting their respective shares of the bill; but one of them at length cut short the dispute by proposing that whoever had the "oldest name" among them should go scot free, the expenses being halved by the other two. This amendment being promptly accepted No. 1 produced a card inscribed "Richard Eve," which No. 2 trumped with "Adam Brown." The No. 3, a portly veteran with a humorous gray eye, laid down his card with the quiet confidence of a great general making a decisive movement and remarked with a thick chuckle, "I don't much think you'll beat this 'un, gents." And he was right; for the name was "Mr. B. Guining."