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

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TRANSPLANTED.

In a garden watched with care
Grew a rosebud sweet and fair,
Blooming brightly, hour by hour,
Drew this rare and precious flower—
The delight of every eye,
The joy of every passer by.

Lo! our treasure is not here!
Fragrant not the atmosphere;
Pearly tint and beauty bright
Gladden not our longing sight.
Aching void! where, oh, where
Is our rosebud sweet and fair?

Planted in the fields above,
Warmed with goodness, lit with love;
Blooming still, more sweet, more fair;
Watched with loving angel's care:
See it now! By faith we can—
"My Father is the husbandman."

Romance of a Postage-Stamp.

I had breathed more freely after it was over. It was a temptation resisted—but I felt better after having done it. As I was assorting the letters preparatory to putting them in the mail bag for New York, one letter turned up and sent a jealous shock through me that set my heart throbbing and my brain swimming with a sudden dizziness. I might have expected to see it, but none the less did it affect me when I did see it—"Joseph Norris, India Dock, New York"—that was the address, and I knew it was his. I had a dear little note next to my heart, then, a few graceful words thanking me for a book I had sent her—a little note that I had read over countless times, and kissed as often, wondering would it displease her to know how fondly I cherished it. I thrust the hateful letter out of my sight, and leaning my head on the table, lived over again the hopes, the fears, the wretchedness of the last twenty-four hours.

The day before, while distributing the mail matter, I came across a letter addressed to myself, and on opening it I learned that through the generosity of a distant relative whose name I bore, I had been left in California an inheritance of \$20,000. What a change a few strokes of a pen had made—transforming Karl Bergmann, a postmaster of a secluded Connecticut village, into Karl Bergmann, the possessor of a competence, well invested, yielding a certain income! And how before my good fortune I had thought of Annie Merrill as one separated away from me by my poor circumstances, my salary barely supporting my mother and myself, and how could I ask any woman to share my poverty? Now that the burden of poverty was most unexpectedly lifted from me, I felt at liberty to tell her the hopes that I never dared to entertain till now. What would her answer be? That I would learn that very night. In the same mail with my letter was one addressed to her, postmarked New York. Her correspondence all passed through my hands, but I had never seen that writing before. There was no weak, wavering, female style. It was large, clear, decisive, the writing of a self-possessed man. Who could the writer be? Annie's uncle, Dr. Merrill, had male correspondents in New York. But this letter was the first that had come to her since she came orphaned from the great city a year before, and had been received into her uncle's heart and home. But other thoughts put the question of the letter out of my mind. I sent by a messenger a few hurried lines to my mother to prepare her for our good fortune, and then counted the hours that would pass before I could offer the inheritance to Annie, encumbered with its possessor. When I reached home I found her there before me. My mother, who had taken her into her favor from the first, her sweetness and orphaned situation proving a passport to her heart, had sent for Annie to communicate the good news to her. She was strangely quiet, I thought, and there was a troubled look in her eyes I had never seen there before. In fact, after a while, a subdued feeling stole over us all. Annie's disquiet seemed to impart itself to us. I was thinking how I could venture to tell her all my hopes, and my mother, guessing what my thoughts were, left us together most of the evening, but my heart failed me. It was only when I was walking home with Annie to Dr. Merrill's that I found courage to speak. She led me on by saying that I must not think from my silence that she did not rejoice in the happy change in my prospects; but no one could be more sincere in their congratulations than herself. I answered that my good fortune would be valueless to me unless I could share it with the girl I loved.

"The girl you love?" she repeated, questionably. I felt her hand tremble on my arm. "The girl I love," I answered, in tones that she might have interpreted, but failed to do so. "She ought to be a happy woman," she continued. "May I ask if I know her?" "If you know her?" I cried. "If you know her? O, who could it be but you?"

"Me?"
She drew her hand quickly from my arm and stood quite still before me. "Me! O, did you say me?"
And then I saw the moonlight falling on her face, and it was not the face of a girl shining with happy confusion when she hears the story of his love from the man she prefers. It was pale and shocked, and then she hid it from me in her hands and burst into tears.

I needed no other answer. I knew my suit was hopeless.
"Don't cry, dear," I said, "I never thought to wound you."
"I thought you knew," she went on, sobbingly. "I thought my uncle might have told you. I am going to marry Mr. Norris. I got a letter from him to-day. O, can you forgive me?"
She stretched out her little hand imploringly. I took them in mine and kissed them—they were sacred to me; they belonged to another, and I kissed them while my heart was breaking.

"Forgive me, my darling?" I said. "I would forgive you if you killed me, I think. Don't grieve, Annie; I will try to bear it."
We parted at her uncle's without another word, and I went home to the motherly heart that I knew would suffer with me, but whose tender sympathy would uphold me in this bitter hour of trial.

The next day I sent my resignation to Washington, for my mother and I agreed to leave the village where we had spent so many quiet years. It was in the afternoon of the same day that the letter of which I had spoken, that I now knew was for my rival, attracted my attention. I took it up reluctantly—I felt that I would as readily have touched a poisonous snake—and was just about to put the postmark on it when I saw that the stamp upon it, instead of being a postal one, was a revenue stamp, and that that letter, instead of speeding off on wings of love to New York, must be consigned to the Dead Letter Office, in Washington. With a thrill of savage delight I flung it into the box appropriated to the reception of such castaways, and went on with my evening's work. With that I went on mechanically, but my thoughts were not agreeably employed. That then was the answer to the missive she had received. But it should be long before he would get it—get it too late, perhaps, for an explanation; for misunderstandings between lovers had often arisen from slighter causes than the non-arrival of an expectant letter. I pictured him waiting and longing for the letter that would not come; and she, poor girl, how her tender heart would be tortured at his imagined neglect when no answer would be forthcoming! She, I knew, would suffer in silence, and I fondly hoped he would do the same. So I locked the mail bag and waited for the messenger to take it to the station. The express would pass in an hour and a half. And then a struggle began in my heart: The mis-stamped letter seemed to look reproachfully at me from the box where I had thrown it, and seemed to whisper to me that one little act of mine could send it unimpeded on its mission.

No one, I believe, unless he was in my situation, actuated by the same despairing, selfishly hopeful feelings that were overmastering me, could understand what a base impulse I conquered when at last, after an hour's temptation I took that letter from its resting place, substituted a postage stamp for the revenue one, opened the mail bag and let it go. Then after it was done some hot tears gushed to my eyes. It was my last hope, and I could not help indulging in some weakness over its grave.

The next mail from New York arrived three days later. I had the poor satisfaction of seeing the result of my good action in a letter in the handwriting of my rival, addressed to Annie, make it unwished-for appearance, as I knew it would, and shortly after Dr. Merrill took it away with him as he called for his mail. Loungers came in and out of the office, and went away, finding me little disposed for conversation. Nothing yet was known in the village of my acquisition, so I was spared the pain of listening to congratulations which I was in no mood to hear. When I went home that evening I was surprised to find my mother absent, and still more surprised when, on opening a note she had left for me I learned that she was with Annie at Dr. Merrill's, and that I was to follow her there. Hopeless as I felt, the prospect of seeing Annie again promised me only a painful pleasure, but still the thought of being near her had a sweet and sad fascination that I could not resist. When I reached the Doctor's I found himself and my mother seated in his office, so intent on the moves of a knight's gambit, that a mere nod on my entrance showed their consciousness of my arrival. Annie was not there; I found her in the parlor standing on the hearth-rug, the glow of the firelight shining upon her golden hair, and a glow of eager, happy expectation that was new to her sweet face.

"I am glad to see you," she said, giving me her hand. "I have been impatient for your coming—and I will tell you why. There is a question I want you to answer. It perplexes me, and somehow I think I can look to you for its solution. You remember a letter I received in the early part of the week?"
She hesitated and cast down her eyes. "I have too good a reason ever to forget it," I answered, bitterly. "I saw her face flush. She went on: 'I answered that letter the next day. It was of vital importance to me that it should go then, as there would be no other mail for several days. I was troubled when I wrote it and stamped it at my uncle's desk while the messenger was waiting to take it to the office. I found, too late, that I had mis-stamped it. I have been utterly wretched for the past few days on account of that mistake. I knew too well what the fate of that letter would be. Judge then how relieved I felt when my uncle brought me this'—taking from the mantle-piece the letter that had come that morning. 'If it escaped your keen observation, how did my letter pass the eyes of the New York officials undetected? This is my question.'"

Her eyes searched my face. I took her hands within my own. "Annie," said I. "I believe I could make no one understand what it cost my jealousy to rectify that mistake, but I did it. I knew it must be in answer to that letter which you spoke of a few nights ago. It ought to prove to you how unselfishly I love you, my darling, when I re-stamped it and sent it on its way to him. I never thought you would find it out. I did it to spare you a moment's uneasiness. If the man you love cares for you as much as I do, he will make your life a happy one."
"How can I repay your generosity?" she said, in a voice tremulous with feeling. "You could not have acted better if you had had a peep at the contents of that letter. But your reward may be obtained when you read this."

She handed me the letter and glided out of the room. I took it over to the shaded lamp and read the following:
"DEAR ANNIE:—When beside your father's lying bed we entered into an engagement of marriage, I felt as he did, that the interest of the firm of which he and I were partners would be best sustained by our union."

I wrote to you notifying you of my readiness to fulfil my part of the agreement, and requesting you to be ready to return with me as my wife. There is but one explanation to this refusal, and that is that you have some one who pleases you better than your humble servant. It is but natural, child; I cannot blame you. The young should mate with the young, and I am too much your senior to expect to awake in your youthful heart feelings that have long been lifeless in my own. I release you from a promise that I am now aware was made by you under the pressure of the sad circumstances. But this fact can never affect the fatherly regard I have ever entertained for the only child of my dear old friend."

I read no further. Here was my reward. And how nearly I had lost it by the desire of gratifying an ungenerous impulse! Annie has since assured me that had Joseph Norris arrived on the day designated, so great was her awe of her father's old partner, that she never would have had the courage to contend against her destiny. Indeed, the circumstance of having made the error she did, in mis-stamping the letter seemed to her troubled mind significant of a deep meaning, and that even beyond the grave her father sought to control her actions.

Annie did not return to the parlor. I found her seated in the Doctor's office, apparently interested in the game which just at the moment of my entrance he brought to a victorious conclusion.

"Check—"
"Mate!" I cried, finishing the word for him, and catching Annie in my arms, heedless of the astonishment of the elderly pair, I demanded my reward.

Well, Joseph Norris, gray-haired, commonplace and undemonstrative, came to Greenwell to other nuptials than his own. He gave way my dear one with the best of grace, and after the marriage congratulated me on my admission into the firm. My ignorance of his meaning was so apparent that with a grim smile he enlightened me. With my bride I acquired an interest in an East India firm in New York and Calcutta. If Annie had chosen to appear as an orphan, dependent on the bounty of her uncle, she had the after satisfaction of knowing that the love she had won was offered to herself alone, and not the golden store that attracts so many suitors.

"My dearest," I sometimes say to her, "who would think that in a great measure we owe our happiness to a little postage-stamp?"
If a whale 70 feet long were struck by a harpoon in the tail, a second would elapse before the disturbance would reach the brain.

Simple Water Tests.

The complete analysis of potable water requires much mechanical skill, but the more common impurities may be detected by comparatively simple tests. Certain deleterious salts may thus be recognized. Among these are the nitrates, whose presence is chiefly significant as showing that organic matter has been acted upon and may be present. The danger is not in the salts themselves but in their source which should, if possible, be ascertained. To examine water for nitrates, put a small quantity of it in a test tube; add an equal quantity of sulphuric acid, using care so that the fluids shall not mix; to this add carefully a few drops of a saturated solution of sulphate of iron. The stratum where the two fluids meet will, if nitric acid be present show a purple, afterwards a brown color. If the nitric acid be in minute quantities, a reddish color will result. The presence of ammonia, if in excess, can be determined by treating the water with a small quantity of potassic hydrate. Ammonia, if present, will be liberated, and may be recognized by its odor, or by the white fumes of chloride of ammonium when a glass rod wet with muriatic acid is passed over the mouth of the test tube. If chlorine is present in any form in water used for drinking, it is evident that sewage contamination in some form exists. The presence and amount of chlorine may be ascertained by the following simple method: Take 9 grains of nitrate of silver, chemically pure, and dissolve in 200 units (say cubic centimetres) of distilled water. One unit of the solution will represent 1.100th of a grain of chlorine. Take a small measured quantity of the water to be examined and put it in a glass vessel more than large enough to hold it. Add to the water a small quantity of the solution; if chlorine be present a white precipitate will result. Repeat the addition, after short intervals, until no precipitate results. The units of the solution used will determine the hundredths of a grain of the chlorine present. If more than a grain of chlorine in a gallon be present, reject the water, unless it can be clearly determined that the excess does not come from sewage. The water should be slightly acidulated with nitric acid before the test is applied. Several years ago the *Journal of Chemistry* described and commended Heich's sugar test for the presence of dangerous organic matter, but it is worth repeating in this connection, being at once simple and trustworthy. Place a quantity of water in a clean, glass-stoppered bottle; add a few grains of pure sugar and expose it to the light in a window of a warm room. If the water becomes turbid even after exposure for a week, reject it; if it remains clear it is safe.

Birds and Farmers.

Some time ago, while at work near a wheatfield, my attention was called to the fact that some of the wheat had been picked from the heads, in certain parts of the field. As my neighbor seemed to think that the mischief had been done by yellow-birds, I procured a gun and killed one of the supposed offenders. Although interrupted while taking his breakfast, we found in his stomach only three grains of wheat, and by actual count three hundred and fifty weevils. Some years ago, a person brought me a turtle dove to preserve. "Why did you kill them?" I asked. "Because it along with others, was found eating some fresh sown peas," was the answer. I opened its crop to see if such was the case, but instead of peas I found in it over one thousand seeds of weeds, principally dock. I took them to a large retailer of seeds here, but could find none in his shop to which they corresponded. One day last season, as the barley in my fields was ripening, the blackbirds began to gather about it, and my father began to anathematize them as thieves and robbers, feeding upon what they did not sow. "Why they come," said he "in clouds from Nanshon, and all about us. Notwithstanding, I told him that I was satisfied that they did more good than harm, and that they were welcome to their share. The harvest began, and as the mowers reached the middle of the field they found the stalks of the grain very much stripped and cut up by the army worm. When the barley was down they commenced to march out of the field in a compact stream through the barway into the next one, and here we saw clearly what the blackbirds were after. They pounced upon them and devoured them by thousands, very materially lessening their numbers. The worms were so numerous that they could not destroy them all, but they materially lessened them and their powers of mischief. All honor, then, to the blackbirds, which are usually counted mischievous, and are destroyed by farmers like vermin. A friend of mine, an animal preserver, lived at Southwell, when a gardener used to bring him in daily a number of thrushes. At last he said to him, "why do you keep bringing me in so many thrush-

es?" "Why," said the gardener, "they are eating all my strawberries." "I don't believe it said my friend, 'I will come in and see.'" So he went accordingly, and found the gardener, gun in hand, ready to shoot a thrush that had dropped in among the strawberries. "There," said the gardener, "you see don't you, what he is doing;" and suiting the action to the word, raised his gun to shoot. "Stop!" said my friend, "let us see if it is as you say;" when presently the bird rose up with something in its mouth and flew over the wall into the adjoining grounds. "Now," said my friend, "let us go and see what he has got." They went, and found the bird breaking a snail's shell. "There," said my friend, "you see that it is the snails that eat your strawberries, and not the birds;" as a more careful examination subsequently proved. Need I say he killed no more thrushes on that account. The fact was, the summer being dry, the snails harbored there, the thrushes found them, and were taking them as food for their young ones.

A Game of Cricket.

None but English-speaking people tolerate cricket, and not even all these, for our own countrymen steadily refuse to let it supplant base-ball as the national game. But it is played in Canada, in India, in the far off islands of the Pacific, and at the Cape of Good Hope, where British officers skirmish with Caffres or plant wickets as occasion offers. It is also played in the Island of Cyprus, and not long ago some officers in her Majesty's Navy entertained some Russian Army officers at a game near Constantinople. If we may believe Mr. Jingle, it is also played in the West Indies, he himself having indulged in it "more than a thousand times."

"It must be rather a warm pursuit in such a climate," observed Mr. Pickwick.
"Warm! red hot, scorching, glowing. Played a match once—single wicket—friend, the Colonel—Sir Thomas Blazo—who should get the greater number of runs—won the toss—first innings—7 o'clock A. M.—six natives to look out—went in—kept in—heat intense—natives all fainted—taken away—fresh half dozen ordered—fainted also. Blazo bowling—couldn't bowl me out—fainted too cleared away the Colonel—wouldn't give in—faithful attendant—Quambo Samba—last man left—sun so hot bat in blisters—ball scorched brown—570 runs—rather exhausted—Quambo mustered last remaining strength—bowed me out. Had a bath and went out to dinner."

"And what became of what's-his-name, Sir?" inquired an old gentleman.
"Blazo?"
"No, the other gentleman."
"Quambo Samba?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Poor Quambo—never recovered it—bowed on my account—bowed off on his own—died, Sir."

Burning Diamonds.

In the year 1694, it was discovered, by actual experiment, at Florence, that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III, had one fixed in the focus of a burning glass, and after some exposure to the rays of the sun, it cracked, corrugated and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yielding any scientific results. It was only a sovereign prince who could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burned in France. A jeweler named Le Blanc denied the possibility of burning diamonds, and suspected some unfair play on the part of Macquer, the chemist who conducted the operation. He had often, he asserted, exposed diamonds to great heat, with the sole result of increasing their brilliancy. Mr. Streeter has done the same, with success. But Le Blanc only knew half of what Mr. Streeter knew, and when the chemist demanded that he should enclose some diamonds in coal in a crucible, he rashly assented, and in three hours they had all disappeared. Then another jeweler, Millard by name, who seems to have had a suspicion of the truth, put three diamonds into an earthen-bowl pipe, packed in powdered charcoal, and exposed them, without injury, to intense heat. Lavoisier, who was present, proved, in 1776, that by shutting out the air the diamond was preserved in the furnace, but that the admission of oxygen, with which the carbon combines, allowed the diamond to burn like a piece of coal.

Heroism is the divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men.
It was a maxim of Euripides, either to keep silence or to speak something better than silence.