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

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NIGHT AMONG THE HILLS.

So still! So still!
The night comes down on vale and hill
So strangely still, I cannot close
My eyes in sleep! No watchman goes
About the little town to keep
All safe at night. I cannot sleep!

So dark! So dark!
Save here and there a glittering spark,
The freddy's tiny lamp, that makes
The dark more dense. My spirit quakes
With terrors vague and undefined!
I see the hills loom up behind.

So near! So near!
Those solemn mountains, grandly rear,
Their rocky summits! Do they stand
Like sentinels to guard the land?
Or jailers, fierce and grim and stern,
To shut us in till day return!

I hear a sound,
A chirping faint, low on the ground;
A sparrow's nest is there, I know
The birdlings flew three days ago;
Yet still return each night to rest
And sleep in the forsaken nest.

No fear! No fear!
Sleep, timid heart! Sleep safely here!
A million helpless creatures rest
Securely on Earth's kindly breast;
While Night her solemn silence keeps,
He wakes to watch who never sleeps.

Mountain Mystery.

"All along the mountain. Impossible!"
"Jack, you see those deer skins lying there on the ground?"
"That's what I should call them without further examination."
"Just as distinctly as you see those, I saw footprints all along the mountain side, and up to the very fountain head of a little stream that flows down through yonder valley."

"A woman's footprints, did you say?"
"Yes, a woman's, small and beautifully made."
"Some of those lowland berry girls, in search of blueberries."
"That is good logic, Jack, but I don't see it in that light. In the first place, there are no blueberries within three miles of the mountains; in the second, no girl, unless lost, would venture so far alone in the dense forest."

"Very strange, indeed!"
"To-morrow, if you have no objections, I'll go up, and we will investigate the mountain nymph's footprints. And who knows but we may catch the fairy creature by some of those little cascades, her dainty feet buried in the white foam, combing down her long, dark tresses."
"Now, Harry, to tell the truth, I'd sooner expect to find a meeting house up there than a woman. Were those tracks newly made?"

"Yes; it had rained very hard only yesterday, and the swollen stream had washed the sand over the ground in many places. They were made after the rain."

"Now, Harry, ain't you mistaken? Were they not deer tracks?"
"Perhaps; if she is as beautiful as her footprints she must certainly be somebody's dear."

"Have it your own way, Harry, but give us a light for this Havana, and call it even."
The two speakers in the above conversation were Jack Danforth and Harry Littleton, two college students spending their vacation in the quiet town of Linsdale, long noted for its wild romantic scenery, and rich hunting grounds. The beautiful level surface of the town, from a distance, resembled a pretty green foot stool for the proud old mountain towering above it.

Harry's handsome face of late was marred with a sad expression, a look of inquiry that none could read. Perhaps he was not feeling well; sad news from home, or likely enough he had not revealed all he had seen on the mountain. Jack was all life and jollity, ready to find or to make fun out of everything that came along.

Hunting and fishing holds an endless charm few can understand as well as the young student just from the school room. With the additional excitement, this last excursion was doubly interesting. They took an early start next morning with knapsacks, guns, and three days' rations. Long ere the sun had withdrawn its long, golden fingers that pointed in here and there, through the heavy tree tops, dropping bits of gold and sapphire over the beautiful mossy surface beneath, Jack was fully convinced of the truthfulness of Harry's statement. They even found pieces of fabric clinging to the underbrush in several places. Once, where the earth had been removed in search of groundnuts, they saw distinctly the print of a woman's hand.

Through all the pleasant month of October, Jack and Harry fished the mountain streams, trapped the careless bruiser, shot the gentle deer, but could never solve the mystery of the mountains.

The last day came, and a lover one none need ask for. Indian summer had bound with a spell, and emptied her vials of beauty over earth and sky, blending them together in one great

whole. A day when flowers nod and smile at every passer by, when hasting brooks tell tales and laugh, and all the leaf spirits silently commune one with another, and the heart of man is filled with joy and love and praise to the God of nature for life and all its surroundings.

Jack and Harry were not blind to all this loveliness, and concluded to leave the mountain early in the day and enjoy the open field scenery. They were to separate and leave the mountain in two different directions. Just before starting they built a fire at the foot of a very high ledge, toasted their fish, and ate their hard biscuit, lighted their cigars, and sprawled out, boy fashion, on the ground.

The smoke soon wreathed about their heads, curled, and rolled off up among the trees.

Harry gave an extra puff, raised his eyes to watch it mount the air, when he caught a glimpse of the most beautiful face he had ever seen, gazing down upon them from the perpendicular rock some forty feet directly above them.

"By Jove, Jack, look up!"
"Good Heavens, Harry, who and what, and where did she come from?"
"We must know, we must find her. Nymph or maiden, that was too fair a face for this wild place."

They clambered up the ragged rocks with all possible speed until they had reached the summit. No one there, no trace—yes, here across a bed of fine, damp moss, are the same footprints. That and no more. All the afternoon, until nightfall, they traversed the mountain near and far, all their efforts proving fruitless. The next day Jack and Harry willed their hunting apparel to the farmer's two growing sons, and returned to school four weeks older, if not wiser.

Fourteen years previous to the commencement of this narrative, in a quiet Quaker village in the town of M—, might be seen a pretty white cottage, with plain white curtains, an open-work porch over the front door, covered with woodbine and scarlet runners. On a rustic seat, beneath the old elm in the yard, might often be seen two young parents conversing together and looking very happy, while their little four-year-old, blue-eyed and golden-haired, chased the butterflies over the green, or gathered bouquets of blue bells and honeysuckles, all stemless and tightly pressed in dimpled baby hands, for papa and mamma. Baby Lottie, as she was called, was a child of great promise, and the pet of the village. Every Sunday found Baby Lottie seated with her parents at the church, dressed in her little plain drab gown and tiny Quaker bonnet. In the seat just back sat another family, with a black-eyed, roguish little fellow, two years older than Lottie, who often grieved his parents and jarred the equilibrium of those silent meetings by reaching his foot through under the front seat and kicking the little slipper-shod foot just peeping in sight, causing the little Quaker bonnet to bob around, and reproachful glances from beneath bonnets of a larger size.

Nevertheless, the Sundays came and went, and with them Willie Landseer and Lottie Danvers, to the old brown church and home again. The months gathered and numbered many. The years were filled and counted off, while the little Quaker maid slowly and sweetly blossomed into womanhood. William was a handsome, promising young man, with the exception of one great phrenological failing, a lack of firmness, which often put all his good resolutions to rout, and left him to drift down the stream helpless and alone. He often wished to break from the restraint that held him within the lines of the calm and peaceful Quaker discipline. From his childhood he had loved the fair Charlotte, and now that they were betrothed, she was dearer than ever. He would leave his home for her, the home of his childhood, and seek his fortune. He would go to Vermont, purchase a large tract of uncleared land, fell the heavy timber, build a log cabin, then return to his native state, and claim his beautiful bride.

With these resolutions he repaired to the home of Charlotte, where he found her singing and spinning, seated at the little flax wheel under the old elm. It was high the close of day. The rays of the setting sun tinged with gold the soft brown tresses that fell in heavy ringlets over her shoulders of lily whiteness; one small slippered foot worked the busy wheel, while the silken flax yielded to the magic touch of fairy fingers, and filled the flyers with shining thread.

"Lottie, I've been thinking of thee all day."
"Well, William, what were thy thoughts; surely good ones if from thy heart?"
"I will leave that for thee to say, Lottie. I have been thinking that one year will soon pass away, when our wedding day will find us without a home—a little home of our own, I mean. Brother John, up in Vermont, writes me to come and purchase land

beside him, and settle on it. What dost thou say to that, dearest?"
"William, I believe thee will do what is right and for the best. If thou dost, it will be well with us."

They bade each other farewell. William came to Vermont, bought his farm and prepared his home for the little quaker maid.

I would have the remainder of this life picture forever veiled. But no, it must be held up as an awful warning—a proof that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Within six months Charlotte received a letter informing her of her false lover's marriage.

No word of mine can express the anguish of that poor broken heart. No word of complaint, no bitter words escaped her lips. She only said:

"I hope William will be prospered, but I know he never will."

After the lapse of a few weeks, Charlotte one day came to her mother and said:

"Mother, my heart aches to-day; I wish thee could spare me from home a week or two; I would like to go over the mountain and visit Uncle John's."
"Yes, child, thee can go. Thy cousins will welcome thee gladly. But hadn't thee better allow thy father to take old Bann and carry thee over? Thou art not feeling exceedingly well, child, and ten miles' walk over such a mountain may weary thee overmuch."

"Take no thought of me, dear mother. I will return to thee in two weeks, our Father willing."

Two weeks passed, three and four, and still Charlotte came not.

"Father, thou must saddle old Bann, and go for our daughter. I have a strange foreboding that all is not well."
The father went, only to learn the startling news that she never had reached there. Search was immediately made, but no trace of her could be found. The pleasant autumn passed by, and the chilling snows of winter came and found the grief-stricken parents still childless.

The long, cold winter wore slowly away, leaving the earth bare and cheerless for younger, fresher hands to array again in robes of beauty.

One beautiful day in May there came to this saddened home a young man faint and weary, begging a morsel of bread and a night's lodging, which was most willingly granted. The morrow found him wild and unable to rise from his bed. A physician was immediately called who pronounced it brain fever. His name and residence was unknown, but those kind-hearted, hospitable people said "This young man must have care. If the good Lord has directed his footsteps to our door, he must remain. We will be father and mother to him in this hour of need."

After long weeks of severe illness and kind attendance, the wandering mind was restored to reason. He gave his name as Harry Littleton, and said the last he remembered he left his study room, with a severe pain in his head, and directed his footsteps towards his boarding house, some twenty miles from this place—quite a long walk to take before breakfast. His host and hostess bade him remain with them until he was fully recovered and able to return to his studies, which kindness he accepted with many tears and a very thankful heart. As soon as he became strong enough to converse freely the kind matron inquired if he remembered any of his strange conversations while ill. He had no remembrance, and requested her to repeat some of it. She told him he talked incessantly of the mountain's mysterious footprints, beautiful face, and so on. He then related to her the strange story of the previous autumn, and said it was no idle fancy; that he could bring his chum Jack Danforth, who would affirm his assertions. When he had finished the staid Quaker turned to his wife and said:

"Wife, thy thoughts are my thoughts. I will go."

As soon as Harry was strong enough to travel he guided the sorrowing father to the ledge where he saw the beautiful face, and there within a few yards of the rock, beside the roots of an upturned tree, lay bleaching a little heap of bones, a few shreds of checked linen, pieces of the very dress she wore away on the fatal day. That was all that was left on earth of poor Charlotte. Whether she was killed by the wolves, or lost her way and died of starvation, will forever remain a mystery.

Jack and Harry saw the footprints, and thought they saw a face, which proved to be a guide to the remains of the once beautiful Charlotte. What of the faithless William? He labored early and late on his farm beside his brother, and true as the words of the sweet Quaker maid, he could not be prospered. While his brother became wealthy and happy, he grew poor and miserable. At last his farm was mortgaged and sold, his family scattered, and after a long and miserable hermit life, he died alone in a little log hut, in a distant State.

A man may say too much even upon the best of subjects.

A Startling Calculation.

It requires ten-directed blows with an ordinary boot-jack to kill the average cat; and at the distance of a foot, the chances are ten to one that you will miss the cat. If you don't believe it, try it. Secure the cat by a string one foot long, so as to give the cat plenty of play, and after a week's practice you will consider that a scant estimate for the cat. Therefore, at a distance of one foot, it will require one hundred boot-jacks. But your chances of killing the cat decrease as the square of the distance increases. This is an axiom in natural philosophy, and a fundamental truth of felinology. Therefore, at a distance of ten feet, it will require ten thousand. Again, the force of the projectile decreases as the square of the distance increases. Ten squares equal 100, 10,000x100, 1,000,000, equals number of boot-jacks on this count. But then the darkness of night decreases the chances of a fair hit two to one. Hence at night, it will require 10,000,000 boot-jacks. Fourthly, the Tomcat being black, decreases the chances twenty to one, according to the well-known rule of optics. Fourth count 200,000,000.

At this stage of our solution we will leave the domain of science and draw a couple of logical inferences. First, after a man has hurled 200,000,000 boot-jacks he will be old, as we shall hereafter show, and very feeble. We have no means of knowing how much his projecting forces decrease of his aim. But, at a very fair allowance the chance from these two causes would decrease in the ratio of 100 to 1. Count fifth, 20,000,000,000. It is true that 20,000,000,000 boot-jacks thrown round promiscuously might afford the cat almost invincible shelter, but to save paper, we will suppose this to diminish the chances only as ten to one. Count six and answer, 200,000,000,000. It is true the man might improve in his aim, but the cat would improve equally in his dodging. Now, suppose Adam to have thrown, on an average, 500 per day. This is a liberal estimate when we make no allowance for Sundays, "bums", mending his breeches, blowing off Eve, etc. He would have a job of 1,056,220 years. At present the cat would be 185th dead. Or, suppose the weapons to contain one square foot of inch pine, and six eight-penny nails. The lumber, third clear, would cost \$26 per 1000 feet, or \$5,200,000. And the nails, 15,400,000,000 pounds at three cents per pound would cost \$462,000,000. These figures are startling. If ever a Tom cat is killed, it is by a special intervention of Divine Providence.

Cultivation of the Olive.

Whatever may be said with respect to the possibility of making the cultivation of the tea plant profitable in the United States, and it is doubtful whether we could grow tea as cheaply as we can import it, there is every reason to believe that the olive could be successfully added to the list of our industries. It has been grown in California and South Carolina, and might be introduced without any fear of failure in any of the lower tier of the southern states. The cultivation of the olive extends all over Asia Minor, Syria, grows wild on the flanks of the Himalayas, and one species of it is hardy enough to withstand the severest winters of the Crimea. Our imported olives and the oil expressed from them come from the Mediterranean shores of France and different parts of Italy, which has a million and a quarter acres of olive orchards and exports annually of olive oil alone from thirty to forty millions of gallons. The Mediterranean olives, unlike those of the Crimea, are half hardy, the trees suffering greatly if the temperature in winter falls below 19 degrees. The olive would, therefore, be unsuited to the climate of Maryland, but could be easily grown in Southern Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana and Florida. The immense demand for the fruit and the oil of the olive should give a stimulus to its cultivation in the states adapted to it. An acre of land planted in olives will yield when the trees are in full bearing 1,500 pounds of olive oil, or, roughly speaking, 756 quarts. As a quart flask of oil will easily sell for a dollar by retail in this country, the margin of profit would obviously be very great.

A Family Affair.

During the late rain storm in Northwestern Pennsylvania, Mr. George Randall, whose house was upon the bank of the creek at North Springfield, Erie county, suffered the loss of all his earthly possession, which, though not large, yet like the "widows mite," constituted all his living, and narrowly and almost miraculously escaped with his life. Mr. Randall's family consists of a wife and child about two years of age. At about 3 o'clock Mr. Randall was awakened by the rushing of the waters, and on arising and drawing on a pair of overalls lying near, he commenced picking up things from the floor, and placing them on the table, to

protect them from the water which had commenced to enter his house. Supposing the worst was past he made no attempt to escape. In an instant the tidal wave caused by the breaking of the dams above, struck his dwelling, and it floated away and was dashed with such violence against the railroad embankment that it was crushed like a paper house and the inmates hurled into the seething flood. The current caused by the waters rushing through the aqueduct, which was now nearly or quite full, drew in the shattered fragments of the house. The struggling family were swept through the aqueduct, a distance of some fifteen rods, and on emerging at the lower side the husband deserted the wife holding the child clasped in her arms floating near him. Fortunately at that instant a log came sweeping by, and seizing it with one hand and his wife with the other, they drifted down with the current until they struck a cluster of willow trees and affected a landing where they remained till rescued the next morning. The wreck occurred about half-past three, and the rescue about half-past five in the morning. At early dawn it was discovered that the house was gone and search was immediately instituted for the inmates. They were soon discovered and no time was lost in providing means for the rescue. The telegraph operator, fastening a rope about his body, one end of which was held by the spectators on the shore, plunged into the flood and reached in safety the trees where Mr. Randall and family were. The rope was then fastened at both ends, and Mr. Randall, tying his child upon his back, started for the shore, which he reached with his precious freight in safety. Returning in a similar manner, he brought his wife to the shore, and thus the whole family were rescued, but nearly in as destitute circumstances as when they made their advent upon this mundane sphere.

Lace Making.

Brussels, Belgium, is chiefly known in America from being the source of product of that article which the ladies are fond of describing as "real lace." Lace, in these modern days, makes its presence known in Brussels by appearing in myriads of shop windows, and tempting the eye and threatening the pocketbook on every side. It is a great sight to visit a lace factory and see the patient workers fashioning this lace, which looks so fine but involves such terrible labor. The girls begin work at six years of age, and gradually acquire proficiency in handling the bobbins or plying the needle until death or worn-out eyesight ends their toil and its tediousness. I was shown one piece of lace that an old woman was working at, which covered a breadth of but three inches, yet in this space there were over four hundred threads, each attached to its bobbin, all of which she was skillfully twisting, turning and fastening among the thousand or more pins stuck into a cushion which formed the plan of the work. This looked difficult enough, yet I was told that only the coarser laces were made in this way, and that the finer ones had all to be made with the needle and by hand, and there were other patient toilers using their needles with thread as fine as a hair to work out the gossamer fabric that had such an electric influence over the female mind. Talk of the "Song of the Shirt;" that "stitch, stitch, stitch," though hard enough, is nothing to this. There they worked, twenty-five women, of all ages, in a room, some of them bent almost double, others with magnifying glasses, some with strange, nervous twitches, that convulsed their entire bodies every time they took a stitch; yet all patient and plodding, and hoping that someday the slow weaving of the tedious web would end. Near them hung the medals of all the international exhibitions to attest their proficiency, including the medal and diploma from Philadelphia in 1876. These were the workers in the house, but there were besides nearly 3,000 others outside who did the work at their homes. In the warehouses the sight of carrying about these almost priceless laces by the armloads, and tossing them over counters regardless of their great value, was calculated to create the same impression on the mind as the sight of men shoveling gold about in the Bank of England. It was certainly unique. The thread of which this lace is made is spun from the finest flax, and the best grows just outside of Brussels, near Halle.

What a Man Had Rather be.

I'd rather be poor with an easy conscience, than rich and forever troubled with the reflection that what I possessed was dishonestly obtained.
I'd rather be a full grown, black, bob-tailed dog and bay the moon, than a worthless loafer, getting my living by sponging on other folks.
I'd rather be a pet monkey and take the nickles for an organ-grinder, than a fawning sycophant, trotting after, praising and aping big men.
I'd rather be a boot-black than a boot lick.