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"UPWARD AND ONWARD."

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Our Next Centennial.

Will be all the same in a hundred years!
Then what is the use of our hopes and fears?
Our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and fears,
Our thoughts and our wishes, our sweet, young
love
That flutter the heart like a frightened dove;
Our sober words, and our sage advice,
And the dreams that are as good as fools' notions,
And the shadows and the shadow of laughter and
tears,
Will be melted away in a hundred years!
Will be all the same in a hundred years!
Then what is the use of our hopes and fears?
The king will be down in his royal pride,
And the peasant will crumble to dust by his
side,
The withered old crone will yield to the blast,
And the blooming maid sink as it hurries past;
And all that now lives on this fairest of spheres
Will be dust in the course of a hundred years!
Will be all the same in a hundred years!
Then what is the use of our hopes and fears?
The rene will bloom in the summer's fair day,
But the autumn's fierce blast will sweep
stronger than they,
And the winter's snow wreaths the fair earth
in its white,
And Heaven's hosts move in their majesty
of light;
Then why should we fret us with hopes or
with fears
When 'twill be all the same in a hundred years?

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

The "Green Dragon" at Orpington, summed to be an inn, is in reality little more than a wayside public house. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a little surprised and startled when, upon a raw October afternoon, a young man having a greatcoat over his arm, a light bag in one hand and a stick in the other, presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon" and asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man, with red face and gray hair; "yes, I think we can manage to give you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?" continued the stranger.

"A sitting-room," echoed the landlord, in the tone of one who is considering some great undertaking; "one minute, if you please, sir," and Mr. Hunter disappeared into a little room immediately adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second person, the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter and a few hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, tin whistles and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself, sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb you," rejoined the traveler.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord, in a tone which was at once genial and confidential. "We would not turn a customer away from our doors. You see, we do not have much particular company."

"And this is the only room you have engaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at present—Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveler having as he thought shown a due amount of consideration for the comfort of Mrs. Hunter, and the young hunters, was glad enough to enter the apartment before alluded to, and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated armchair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and literary by choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular, handsome features, wore habitually a look of such intense mental weariness as would have saddened the most hopeful man had he looked on it for long.

For some time he leaned indolently back, his hands clasped behind his head; at length he rose and took from his bag a locked-up diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pens and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:

"October 17, 1874.—Got up late. Called on the Branstons; George was out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie; went, like a fool, to Richmond—and, like a fool, haunted the Well House. It looked just the same as in the old days, but I heard children playing in the garden. The house is let, I believe, to a city people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Out back to chambers late. Wrote a column 'Review.' A weary, weary day. Shall I never know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He drew then from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate feminine hand, and addressed: "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12 Gray's Inn." This let-

ter he regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:

"My DEAR ARTHUR: If you will be so suspicious, so jealous and exacting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, and love without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and dark looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable, petty jealousy is quite unworthy of you. Do try and put it from you; and remember that love, once wounded, is sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant. Yours affectionately,

"ALICE CLAREFIELD,
Well House, Richmond, October, 1871."

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe and began smoking. The early part of this day had been blue and mild, but towards the afternoon the sky grew all at once leaden and the wind shifted to the northeast. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating, impetuous, determined rain. The country, which but a brief while since had looked so fair in a bland, October sunlight, now seemed a thing to shudder at. The dun colored woods, wet and forlorn, seemed to have no hope of any returning summer, and to know the utter desolation of the end. It was impossible, indeed, to imagine that in the green, soaking fields, where now a few cows were huddling together and loving disconsolately, glad children could ever have tossed each other in the warm, sweet smelling hay; the rain drove drearily against the window, and the wind shrieked round the house and occasionally thundered in the chimney, and, at the bar, where, in spite of the wet weather, Mr. Hunter seemed to be doing a brisk business, and the great wagons lumbered by, or drew up ponderously in front of the door; and, while the drivers availed themselves of the "Green Dragon's" hospitality, the large, broad-backed horses beat the miry roads with heavy hoofs. There was not much to occupy a man's thoughts in the dreary little parlor. A great variety of whips hung against the wall, and over the mantelpiece was a photograph of a fine chestnut mare. Under it was written: "Being Mr. Hunter's favorite mare, who died in her fourteenth year." A short way on was a photograph of Mrs. Hunter, in full holiday costume. A large Bible and photograph album lay upon the table.

Seton mechanically opened the album. Here was a tinted photograph of a young girl with profuse gold ringlets, a large, round face and meaningless blue eyes. Under it was written: "Presented to Miss Hunter by her affectionate friend, Isabella Grant."

For want of something better to do, Seton began to write a letter; but he made slow way with it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly in his hand, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling which is not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly, what must have been a very light vehicle, dashed swiftly down the road, and drew up with great precision at the door of the "Green Dragon," while the voice of a new comer became audible. Seton, however, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as: "Caught in the rain—delicate shelter—Chiselhurst—a closed carriage."

Then the door opened, the landlord presented himself upon the threshold, and said, in a very pointed manner: "If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light, open trap, has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chiselhurst for a closed carriage."

"And this is the only one you have?" rejoined Seton. "Oh! ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke," he added, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't you mention it, sir, and thank you very much," replied the landlord, retiring.

In another moment the door opened again and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady, tall and very graceful, having a pale, Madonna like face, and gold hair shining like an aureole round a small classical head.

Seton's face had grown white to the lips and his voice quivered perceptibly as, extending his hand, he said:

"This is a very unexpected meeting."

"Very unexpected," echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle and sitting down on her worn leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual.

"Let me recommend this chair," cried Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he has just risen.

"No, thank you, I prefer sitting away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but you see I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and put up in an envelope a sheet of blank paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed, writing his name, with great care, upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the continent about six weeks," she observed, after a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I was caught in the rain and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you." Then, after a pause, in a full, sweet, low contralto voice, which had a ring of infinite pathos: "Are you stopping here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gaiety in his tone; "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise; so they bound me over, on my word of honor, to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesce in everything now, so, of course, I acquiesce in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprisonment."

"But you used"—began the lady, then she colored a little and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence; "you used to be so fond of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied, wearily.

It seemed impossible to imagine these two persons, more formal to each other in manner than the most distant acquaintances, could ever have been passionate and devoted lovers. What thoughts had they, I wonder, as they sat together, and yet so far apart, of the old days wherein love led them, and all was well? It would weary you, dear reader, and to no purpose, were I to set down here the dreary commonplace with which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour. At length, worn out with the arduous effort of trying to entertain each other while their thoughts were so far away, they took refuge in silence, and the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, and the duck came on prematurely, and Seton, looking out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then that other person in the room rose very quietly and stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No, you shouldn't, really," said Seton, not turning round, however, though with a look of great pain upon his face. "It is wonderful what suffering some small, commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of impossible joys, again, may they not open up to us!"

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice, presently, and speaking with effort, "and our new coachman drives so fast, too."

"Yes, and your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arms upon the mantelpiece, and examining with critical interest the photograph of Mr. Hunter's defunct mare.

"How the time passes," said Alice, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through the dusk and the firelight his eyes flashed on her, as he said, in a low, harsh voice: "From your lips this question is an insult."

"Of which you need not fear the repetition," she rejoined, promptly, with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know ever since you have been here I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past. This meeting was one of your seeking, and it seems to me unmanly and dastardly to take advantage of this opportunity."

"We are sometimes so mistaken," she said, hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued:

"Alice! you have treated me very ill. On that day, now three years ago, when I gave you my love, and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been, and how full of faults I was. You reclaimed me—you transformed my days—you made my life, all at once, pure and fair; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you, you threw it all away and left me to perish miserably." She would

have interrupted him, but he silenced her by a gesture and went on. "And now when we meet after three years you ask me if I am happy. If I loved you once I shall love you forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both sides," she said, quietly.

"Yes, perhaps there were," he replied; "but I was reading your last letter over only to-day. Oh! how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter?" she said, almost passionately, her voice quivering and her breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for word," he returned, quickly; "I know it was written on the impulse of the moment."

"But I have it by heart," then, very slowly: "you said, if your love in its heat and strength was a little exacting, mine was cold and tideless; in fact, no love, only a slow, sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on; "but a woman with less pride than I have could not have acted differently. Only one course was left to me—to be silent."

"Well, it is all over now," he rejoined; "we shall never, never meet again."

"You won't take my friendship, then?"

"No, thank you; you are very generous, but I do not want this gift."

He threw himself wearily into a chair, and for some time there was a complete silence. Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that we are often only aware of its existence when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton looked upon himself as a man quite without hope. It seemed to him that his life could hardly be more grave and desolate than it was, yet who shall say what feeling, of which he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him through the last three years. Now everything seemed gone—there was nothing but death left.

Presently carriage wheels came down the road; carriage lamps flashed through the dusk, and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in, and announced, in a tone of triumph, that the carriage had come for the young lady, and done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door shut, and they were alone together again.

Very softly and distinctly Seton heard her say his name, "Arthur," but he did not move. It seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clutch fast his heart till she were gone, and then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't you come! Are not you going to forgive me?"

Now he rose and groped his way toward her like a blind man. She stretched out her hands and drew him to her. Then he bent down. She raised her face, and the hearts and the lips, so long disunited, came together in a prolonged, passionate kiss. He knelt down by her, folded his arms around her, his head sunk upon his shoulder, and for several minutes they remained thus, lost in love's profound peace and mystery. As Arthur folded Alice's mantle around her, she said, half shyly: "You are coming back with me to see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered, great joy evident in face and voice.

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter had been preparing all the afternoon, and of which she was not a little proud, remained unoccupied. But the payment was lavish and the day's labor was not regretted.

I leave you to imagine the arrival home. Arthur had always been a favorite with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels she used always to take his part. When dinner had at last been disposed of, Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household duties, and went to her bedroom. There she sat down before the bright fire and wept profusely, dear soul, over the happiness of her children. And down stairs these two were very quiet. To them love was a solemn thing, and they were solemn lovers. And the wonderful, priceless moments went silently and swiftly by.

Presently, however, Alice said, looking up in Arthur's face, and pressing his hand very tightly: "You won't continue your walk to Hastings this week?"

"And he answered, with a bright smile: "But I have pledged my word of honor to do so."

"And I command you to break it!" Yes, and he did break it; but none of his friends brought it as an accusation against him that for once in his life he had broken his word of honor!

The vote on allowing single women of property to vote stood this year in the English Parliament 239 to 152—last year 187 to 152. Evidently no new converts to, and some decidedly against.

Back from the Black Hills.

Robert and Isaac Little, of Allegheny, Pa., who, with a party, started for the Black Hills about the middle of March, have returned from that country, and the accounts they give are not likely to encourage immigration to the alleged gold region. Isaac made the following statement to the Pittsburgh Commercial, in all of which he is corroborated by his brother Robert: "After reaching Yankton, Frank Faulkner met with an accident; he went out in the woods with his gun and returned with his eye injured severely, but not seriously. The rest of the party journeyed to the Hills, and he remained to doctor his eye. On our way we met a train of wagons returning, and were informed that the Indians had been following them for two days. Upon reaching Rapid City, at the foot of Black Hills, we pitched our tent, and with our provisions, lived without any expense. All around us were idle men going from one to another begging for enough to eat. During our stay those who could were returning home by the hundreds, and still new arrivals were coming in. The weather was very disagreeable, and when we left there were two feet of snow on the ground. We endured many hardships, but suffered no violence at the hands of the Indians. Bands of red men would invade our city at night and steal large herds of horses, grazing on the outskirts of the small town. No one has worked the hills since last fall. As to the finding of gold, I never heard of any being discovered, and during all our stay never saw a cent's worth. We expended \$350 each in taking the trip, and had we remained at home we would have been that much richer. We were the only two of the Allegheny party who returned, as the others decided to face it out a little while longer. We didn't file our right to a claim, nor did others, for the simple reason that it was of no use, as to work them would be doing labor for nothing. We honestly believe that the excitement over that region was created by agents sent out by traders and railroads to invite immigration. We would advise others to remain where they are."

Varieties in Fashion.

White Spanish lace scarfs are considered more elegant than those of cream color. The handkerchief scarfs with a point behind are preferred to straight scarfs.

Marie Antoinette fashions of the dress material are being made with woolen and with grenadine costumes, also with summer silk dresses that are meant for street use and for the Centennial.

Striped Alsace cottons or ginghams are imported by the yard, and sold for thirty-five or forty cents. They are to be made up in polonaise costumes, and trimmed with the linen lace known as Sanyra, or else with white embroidered muslin frills. The open English worked frills are not being liked for these dresses; instead are thickly clustered dots or stars done by machine, while a elaborately scalloped edge is done by the needle, and is therefore strong enough to endure much washing.

Ladies begin to tire of the conspicuous colored stripes on hosiery, and select instead plain unbleached Balbriggans, or else those with hair stripes of color, either around the leg, or else in perpendicular rows.

Low cut shoes of black kid have "ties" on the instep that prevent them from being slippers. They are ornamented with plain steel buckles, on which the word "Centennial" appears, or else they have small bows of gros grain ribbon or of velvet. The Marie Antoinette bows that cover the instep are warm, and have gone out of fashion.

The Houses of 1776.

Of architecture, let it be remembered, there was little or none. The house was built simply and substantially, for use and not for display. The timbers were so large and so sound that even the wear and tear of a hundred years have often left them unimpaired. Bricks were often imported from England. Windows were small and panes diminutive. The house was generally square, the walls of exceeding thickness; the chimney rose massive and capacious in the center; the interior walls were paneled, and the great oaken beams crossed the ceiling in plain sight. The center of the house, and of the family life which it sheltered, was the open wood fire, which blazed cheerfully in the huge fireplace of the living room. Stoves were unknown, and no furnace sent its currents of overheated air to hall or chamber. Cooking was done in tin kitchens, or turnspits placed before the fire, or in pots hung by links and hooks from the swinging crane, or in the great brick oven which the chimney included on one side.

Items of Interest.

No money is better spent than that which is laid out for domestic satisfaction.

Inhabitants of large cities pay on an average about \$2 per year each for postage.

On a farm in Lancaster county, Pa., is a fence of chestnut rails made in 1760, or 116 years ago.

Legislating is a game in which one faction tries to kill all the bills proposed by the other side. The people pay for the game and have no fun in the playing.

Chicago boys say that if they are not able to play base ball they can hire men who will play, and they intend to beat the world. There is nothing like taking exercise by proxy.

You smile when you see a child trying to grasp its own shadow; but you have been grasping shadows all your life, and will continue to reach out and grasp as long as breath and eyesight last.

A slip of ivy transplanted from Norwich to Honolulu, Sandwich islands, some years ago, has reached a growth of thirty feet, and is the admiration of the people, being the only one on the island.

The largest swamp in the United States is the Okefenokee, lying in the southeastern part of Georgia, but partly in northern Florida. It is thirty miles long, seventeen wide and 142 in circumference.

An exchange says: We are in receipt of two poems, one on the "Thirbbing Brain," and the other on a "Bleeding Heart." We will wait until we receive one on the "Stomach Ache," and publish all three together.

The project of removing Cleopatra's Needle to England has been revived recently in that country. The monument was presented to George IV. by the pacha of Egypt more than fifty years ago, but every attempt to transport it has been abandoned.

An imposing spectacle, even for this year, is the Danbury woman who has married six times. The sixth marriage occurred lately. The evening before the auspicious day he was with her, and as he departed she said: "Be around prompt to-morrow. Its a habit of mine to have these things done on time."

A railroad accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, which detained a train several hours. A lady inquiring of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed, he gravely replied: "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

The swindlers are abroad in the land, working up a new scheme. The plan is to induce a farmer to sign his name in a book, which the swindler represents to be a reference only, but which proves to be an order for 2,000 feet of wire clothes-line, at five cents per foot. In a few days swindler number two comes along and presents a bill for \$100, signed by the farmer. The latter protests, but finally is induced to compromise rather than go to court.

The Richest of the States.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: What a wonderful State Pennsylvania is. To a Western man the evidences of realized and funded wealth on every hand are simply amazing—the solid improvements, the elegant farmhouses and immense barns, the turnpikes and well ballasted double-track railroads, the bridges of stone and iron, and the public works that look as if they were made for eternity. The people have had time to fix up and get the country into shape. Along the road the natural scenery is fine enough, but is rarely seen in a state of nature. Nevertheless the scenery of the far West is more sublime, and I doubt if they have added anything to their wilder beauties here by improving them so much. But in the cultivated regions is the real wonder of this section; the land seems overflowing with wealth.

Passing It By.

It seems to be a question whether colons—and they are displayed in great variety—have any interest for either a general or special public. Without stopping to inquire into the matter, I will only say, says a correspondent, that many a timid and nervous lady, turning suddenly out of the gay and many colored avenue, and coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon the elaborately arranged "undertaking department," has been obliged, with a pale face and startled eyes, to sit down for a moment, "not that she was frightened, you know, but just to rest." The tombstone display is a very large one, and fittingly thanks the colons.