

MURFREESBORO ENQUIRER.

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

THE ORGAN OF THE ROANOKE AND MEHERBIN SECTIONS.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$2.00 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. II.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1877.

NO. 10.

The Baby's Hand.

What is it the baby's hand can hold?
Only one little flower, do you say?
Why, just what the shoulders of Atlas bear,
In the sweet wide wind-away from the dew,
And all the jewels and all the gold
Of the kingdoms of the world to-day,
The baby's hand can hold.

What is it the baby's hand can hold?
Why, all the honey of all the bees,
And all the valleys where summer stays,
And all the sands of the desert's ways,
And all the snows that were ever cold,
And all the mountains and all the seas,
The baby's hand can hold.

What is it the baby's hand can hold?
The baby's hand so pretty and small?
Why, just what the shoulders of Atlas bear,
Bending him down in the picture there:
[Now all I can tell you is surely told—
"But that is the world!" Well, that is all
The baby's hand can hold.

How is it the baby's hand can hold
The world? Yes, surely I ought to know:
For, oh, were the baby's hand withdrawn,
Down into the dust the world were gone,
Folded therein as you might fold
The sad wife and of a rose—just so—
For the baby's hand to hold.

Gideon Grindem's Christmas.

He was a very lonely man, this Gideon Grindem, in spite of all his wealth. Years ago he had married a woman much younger than himself, but such a woman as one meets but once in a lifetime, and having seen, can never forget. Had she lived, he might have been happier and better, but she had been dead twelve years, and no other living being had filled her place in the merchant's heart. She had left him one child, and, despite his coldness, he had lavished upon this little one a love only less strong than that he had borne her mother. At eighteen this girl had married, against his will, a poor clerk that he had taken into his employ. He had cast her off forever, and now her name was never mentioned in his house. The refreshments by his side remained untouched, and the merchant sat with his hands folded wearily, and his eyes fixed absently on the fire—so still, so tranquil, that one might have thought him asleep. And as he sat there, through the storm, and through the closed and curtained windows of the room came the sweet tones of the midnight chimes. The music of the bells filled all the air, rising and falling with the wind. It was a glad and solemn song they sang, for it was a glad and solemn tale they told; for they sang that the Christ child was born.

"Gideon Grindem!"
The voice was so soft, and yet so distinct and sweet, that it thrilled the merchant to his inmost soul. "Gideon Grindem," the voice said, "are you glad that Christmas has come again?"

The voice came from the fire, and the merchant glanced down at the hearth. There, standing just below him, was a strange but beautiful figure. It seemed like an angel, for its face was radiant with purity and beauty, and its garments were of spotless white.

"Listen to me," said the little figure, softly. "I am conscience, and I have come to speak with you. We have been strangers for a long time, but I have come back to you again. You must hear me to-night, for you cannot drive me away until morning; and oh, if you are wise, Gideon Grindem, do not drive me away then!"

The merchant sat silent and trembling. He knew he was powerless, and could not take his eyes from the little figure on the hearth. But it was little longer, for it grew in size every moment, until it assumed a gigantic form, and a man so stern and terrible that the merchant almost shrieked with terror as he gazed at it. "What do you want with me?" he gasped. "I will show you," said the figure, solemnly. "Come with me."

The merchant felt a strong arm grasp him by the shoulder, and the next moment he was borne through space with a speed so rapid that it deprived him of the ability to cry out. Suddenly there was a pause, and he opened his eyes. He started in astonishment at the scene before him.

It was a little, plainly furnished room. Everything betokened contentment, though at the same time an absence of riches. A woman, neither old nor young, sat by the fire, and at her feet knelt a child, with his little hands folded in prayer. The merchant gazed at the scene in utter bewilderment. Then his eyes grew misty, and a great sob swelled up from his heart. He had recognized the two—he boy was himself, and the woman was his mother. "It is a terrible thing, Gideon Grindem," said the voice of conscience, "for a parent to turn away from a child."

The merchant shuddered. He was thinking of his own child, and how he

had turned from her prayer for mercy. The figure laid its hand upon him and drew him away. He knew they were now in New York again, and that they were hurrying through the city in the midst of the storm. The figure led him up long flights of stairs, until finally they entered a chamber, so wretched and mean, that the merchant shrank back with disgust. A flickering tallow dip shed a feeble light through the room, adding to its misery an hundred fold. On a low bed a man lay, wan and emaciated. A woman sat by the candle, sewing busily, her pale, wan face seeming even more ghastly by the uncertain light; and on a low pallet two children lay asleep—for the while unconscious of the suffering around them. As he gazed, the merchant saw that, in spite of the marks of care and suffering which it bore, the woman's face was wonderfully like that of his dead wife. No wonder, for the woman was his daughter. A cold sweat stood on his brow, and his heart seemed to stop still. It was fearful to stand thus and gaze on such a dreadful scene.

Gideon Grindem groaned, and turning to the figure, cried imploringly: "Let us go away! I cannot bear this!"

The figure silently led him from the room, and down the long stairs, out into the street again. It was no longer night there, for the sun was shining brightly, and the thoroughfares were thronged with busy crowds hurrying to their accustomed avocations. The air was keen and frosty, and the extra wrappings and comforters which the people wore, assured the merchant that it was very cold.

The figure led him into a large store on one of the business streets, and only stopped when they reached the counting-room, where several merchants were collected around the stove. Gideon Grindem and his companion paused beside them, but the gentlemen did not seem conscious of their presence.

"What was that you said about Gideon Grindem?" asked one.

"I said he is a heartless brute!" replied another.

"What new thing has he done?"

"He has killed his daughter, and her husband and children. They froze to death yesterday, in a miserable hovel near East river. Think of it—on Christmas day, too—and old Grindem rolling in wealth in his sumptuous home!"

Gideon Grindem's heart stood still. "It is true," said the figure, solemnly. "In the sight of God you have murdered your children." Again the merchant felt himself borne swiftly along, and when he opened his eyes again, he found himself in his own home.

He stood in his chamber, and involuntarily he marked the contrast between its luxurious comforts and the miserable garret in which his daughter had frozen to death. He saw, to his surprise, his desk, where he kept his private papers and a considerable sum of money, open, and one of his servants searching among the contents. He tried to spring forward to stop the man, but he could not move, and when he endeavored to speak his voice failed him. The figure pointed silently to the bed, and Gideon Grindem looked helplessly in that direction.

A man lay on the bed, silent and motionless. His hands were clasped nuttely on his breast, and his eyes were wide open and staring blankly at the ceiling. Gideon Grindem bent over and gazed at the countenance, but he shrank back in horror and dismay. Never had he seen such a look of despair as that dead man's face wore. So still, so terrible was it, that it seemed to be something supernatural. The merchant shrank back with a groan; for the face upon which he looked was his own.

"Is this to be the end?" he moaned.

"This will be the end," said the figure, solemnly. "To die alone, neglected and unloved, and without hope hereafter. God help you, unhappy man!"

The figure slowly faded away, and Gideon Grindem looked up with a start. He was sitting in his library, with the untasted refreshments on the stand by his side, and the embers cold and lifeless in the grate before him. The gas was burning in the chandelier with a sickly glare, and through the curtained windows streamed the broad, full light of the Christmas sun. The merchant rubbed his eyes and stared around vacantly. Then his gaze rested on the portrait of his dead wife, over the mantel-piece. The golden sunshine fell lovingly upon her face, and the eyes of the woman who had been so dear to him, seemed full of sweetness and tenderness as they shone down upon him, carrying light straight into his heart that had been so dark.

"Oh, God be thanked! it was but a dream."

Another look into the dear eyes of the woman who had loved him, and he sunk down on his knees and bowed his head

lowly and reverently. Gideon Grindem was praying.

It was still early morning when the handsome carriage of the merchant drove by the park on its way to East river.

Down through the vile streets, reeking with filth, and crime, and misery, that mark the worst quarter of the great city, the splendid equipage passed. It paused before a miserable dwelling, and the merchant sprung out with a flushed, excited face, and hurried up the rickety stairs, fearing that one part of his dream might be true, after all. He pushed open a door and entered a miserable room. A glance satisfied him that the blessed day had brought no joy to the inmates of this sad abode. A woman, pale and careworn, sat by an empty grate, with a look of hopelessness on her sweet, young face, while a man, wan and sickly, lay on the bed with closed eyes, and two children rested on a rude pallet, still happy in their innocent slumbers.

Startled by the noise, the woman looked up. Gideon Grindem's eyes clouded, and he held out his arms and faltered:

"My daughter, forgive me!"
With a glad cry she sprung into his arms, and the penitent father felt that he was forgiven. The princely mansion had never seemed so gay before as on this blessed Christmas when it rung with the merry shouts of the children, and echoed the soft laughter of the elder ones; and as Gideon Grindem listened he lifted up his heart and blessed God for the dream he had sent him to bring back so much happiness.

The Gold Fever.

Accounts from the Black Hills indicate that there will be extreme destitution among the gold hunters this winter, and, very likely, some cases of actual starvation. A few men have made lucky hits, and brought away gold of considerable value; but these have been exceptional cases, for the majority of those who went into that region expecting to find nuggets at every turn have failed utterly in their expectations, and are now unable either to buy food or to get away. How these are to live through the winter is a mystery, for the season for mining is over and not one in fifty of them can get employment, even when they are willing to work for only their board. The middle of last month provisions were selling at extravagant prices, flour being worth \$16 per hundred, bacon thirty-five cents per pound, and other things in proportion. The country is overrun with men who are absolutely penniless, and whose only hope for relief lies in getting money from their friends at home.

The report of new discoveries of gold in the Wolf mountains, which are situated at the head of the Yellowstone tributaries, has caused a stampede of miners from the Black Hills. A private letter from a miner dated November 14, says that over two thousand men had left the vicinity of Deadwood for the Wolf mountains during the preceding week, and predicts great suffering among these adventurers, some of whom, probably, have already perished from the extreme cold that set in immediately after their departure, as many were poorly provided with clothing, and started out on their dangerous expedition supplied with nothing but a rifle and ammunition, a box of matches and a bag of salt, depending entirely upon the game they might shoot for provisions. The distance from the Black Hills to the new mines is variously estimated at from one to two hundred miles. A scarcity of water at the Wolf diggings is reported at the best of times, and in consequence of the inclemency of the weather in that region, it is not probable that any placer mining can be done before spring, while the miners will be liable to attacks from hostile Indians at all times.

Glad to See Him.

Among the multitudes of saddening anecdotes connected with the Brooklyn Theater fire, it is cheering once in a while to come upon one that has its humorous aspect. On that fatal night two youths, one a resident of Newark and the other of Brooklyn, attended the performance at the Brooklyn Theater. They left the building previous to the last act, as the Newark boy had persuaded his Brooklyn chum to go home and sleep with him, and it was necessary to leave early to catch the train. No hint of the terrible disaster reached Newark until the next afternoon. The day after this the Brooklyn boy returned to his home. He found a hearse at his father's door and all the other appliances of a funeral. Ringing the door bell he was met by a servant girl who nearly fainted at sight of him.

"Whose funeral is this?" said the boy.
"It's your own, darlin'," said the girl; "we got your body yesterday at the morgue, and you're just after bein' buried."

The denoument may be imagined.

Incidents of a Disaster.

Miss Grandy, writing to the *Graphic*, says: My maternal grandfather, then a boy, escaped, he never knew how, from the burning theater at Richmond, and from that time, although he lived to the age of sixty-two, never again entered a theater or suffered any of his large family of children to go while under his control, and always endeavored to dissuade all whom he knew from frequenting such places. None of his children have ever been much addicted to theater-going, and more than one could easily count the number of times he or she has been inside of a theater. One of them who has lived in New York sixteen years has not, I know, been to the theater during her residence there, or for two years before.

An incident of the disaster at Richmond, which I do not think has ever before been published, may interest readers now. A young girl went to the Richmond Theater on the fatal night with her betrothed, and when they knew that escape was impossible she untied her long, thick hair, which reached nearly to her feet, and bound it about her lover to make sure that the terrified struggles around them would not separate them and they might meet their fate together. They were found after the flames had subsided, still bound together, having probably died from suffocation or the pressure of the crowd, not from burning, as they were easily recognized by their friends.

The feeling of horror inspired by the Richmond disaster seems to have been even more widespread than that of Brooklyn occasions, for although communication between that city and Washington was very tedious then, making the cities appear hundreds of miles further apart than New York and Washington now, the consternation was so great there when the news of the calamity came that all invitations for entertainments were promptly recalled, no one having the heart to indulge in pleasuring. An old lady, then a belle of Washington, told me of this, and said that the French minister, Serrurier, who was living at Kalorama, had issued invitations for a grand ball which was to be the fete of the season, and the ban monde of the national capitol were in a flutter of excitement in anticipation thereof. All the ladies ordered miraculously beautiful dresses for the occasion. One young belle, a Miss Gibbon, who had had one made which was considered a marvel of the dressmaker's art, was destined instead of wearing it to mourn, before the appointed time arrived, the death of a dearly beloved brother. The very day set for the ball the news of the disaster came. Miss Gibbon's brother, a lieutenant in the navy, had gone to Richmond to visit his fiancée, and was the guest of Lieutenant Archibald Hamilton. Both gentlemen were in the theater, and young Gibbon perished in attempting to save Miss Sallie Conyers, his betrothed. They died in each other's arms. Lieutenant Hamilton escaped with a few injuries.

Not their own Money.

A pool-room manager in New York gave a reporter the following as one of the reasons why so many betting men were anxious to have the Presidential bets declared off. He said: "Now, let me crack the nut and show you the kernel. Numbers of men who stand high in society live beyond their means. They make wagers, hoping and believing that they may win. I know of instances in the pool-rooms in this election where men staked their own money, getting big odds, then, with their employers' or friends' money, held by them in trust, took odds on the other side, so fixing it that they were certain to win, whichever way the election went. They thought, at the time, that a decision would be rendered within one week after the election. With a possibility of several months before a decision, you can readily see the awkward position in which they would be placed when their employers or the friends, for whom they hold money in trust, call for an account. This is the milk in that cocoanut."

The Danger of Eating Raw Meat.

The danger of eating raw pork or sausages, or any kind of raw meat, ought to be particularly guarded against, if we are to judge by some interesting evidence given at the Aberdare (Scotland) police court, in a case where a collier named Williams was charged with having caused the death of his wife. It was stated that the man had given the woman either a blow or a push, and that she fell and soon afterward died. A medical man, however, said that the liver of the deceased woman was full of hydatids, or the young of the tapeworm, which grow in the form of a sack to the size of a man's fist, and are filled with liquid. A fall or blow will kill these dangerous creatures, and cause the death of the patient.

The Volunteers of England.

A London paper says: "According to all accounts the numbers of our volunteers have not decreased during the present year. The annual returns made to the war office by commanding officers are sent in at the beginning of November, and so far there is every reason to expect an augmentation rather than a decrease in our citizen army. Last year there was a total of 168,750 men of all ranks who had acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the war office, and had earned the capitation grant, a larger number than had qualified for four years past. Of these, 128,669 were infantry, and 31,823 artillery, the remainder being volunteer engineers or mounted riflemen. In 1871, however, there were, it seems, as many as 170,600 efficient volunteers in this country, but since that time the war office has been more exacting, and requires a greater amount of work from the men before an efficiency certificate is granted. Nowadays a volunteer has not merely to prove himself an adept at drill and to attend annually a fixed number of parades, but he must be a skillful shot, or at any rate do his utmost to become one. If he has shown himself to be a marksman, the war office does not then require him to toil at the butts day after day; but if he happens to be only a poor hand at a rifle, then it is necessary for him to fire away no less than sixty rounds at target practice in order to prove that at any rate it is no fault of his if he cannot hit the bull's-eye occasionally. It is only in these circumstances that he is awarded a certificate which entitles the corps he belongs to to draw the sum of thirty shillings on his account. Sergeants and officers who make themselves specially proficient earn a further sum of fifty shillings annually for their regiments, and of these, according to the last return, there were no less than 15,000, of whom 5,000 were officers and the remainder sergeants. These we may consider, one and all, perfectly competent to discharge military duties and to take command of the men under them, for the extra certificates are only granted after a searching examination of the individual's capacities. A volunteer officer to qualify and earn for himself the distinction of having a P. or P. S. put after his name in the 'Army List,' must be approved by a board of army officers, while sergeants have to undergo an ordeal of a similar character before the adjutant and commanding officer. Not only have we the assurance, therefore, that the 168,750 men of our volunteer army are efficient, but that they are commanded by sergeants and officers who know their duty."

A Horse with Hydrophobia.

A New York coal dealer had a fine roan horse and a black, curly haired dog, that were the best of friends, living together in a small stable and sleeping on the same straw. The horse was pleased with the friendly caress of the dog as he rubbed against his legs, and the dog had no fear whatever of his powerful friend's iron shod heels. A few weeks ago, as the dog was contentedly gnawing a bone that accidentally got between the horse's feet, the horse accidentally kicked the dog, and the dog bit the horse, drawing blood. A day or two later the dog ran away, although he had not shown an inclination to do so before. The wound in the horse's nose healed up, but at the end of three weeks he sickened, refused to eat and snapped his teeth at whoever approached him. He grew worse, and four days after he began to foam at the mouth. He uttered loud cries and beat against the sides of the stable, and when his owner went in to get a shovel he tried to bite him. In his ravings the horse broke one of the chains with which he was fastened, snapping off some of his teeth and cutting his lip in doing so. He also bit the manger furiously, and tried to tear the flesh from his own legs. Later in the day one of Mr. Bergh's officers shot him, as he was suffering all the pangs of hydrophobia.

A Savory Snell.

The English peasant when he goes to London to see the sights, takes his supper to the theater and enjoys victims and tragedy together. A short time ago a hungry spectator in the gallery of the Drury Lane theater was overcome with hunger during the fourth act of "Richard III." He removed from a paper parcel the savory nourishment which he had brought with him, but was so clumsy as to drop a small pork pie over the gallery railing. It lodged in the center of a chandelier in the dress circle. Presently the pork began to frizzle in the gas jets, and a most appetizing odor filled the house; and when a few fragments of pie crust dropped from the chandelier into the pit there was a scramble for them. The fumes of the pie put a keen edge on every one's appetite, and nobody could listen to the play.

Items of Interest.

The gold yield of California this year will be about \$20,000,000.

An eel is not so slippery as a politician, but it can live on water longer.

The infanticide epidemic is raging in Liverpool, the number of cases occurring daily being totally unprecedented.

The average age of sheep is ten years; cows, fifteen; hogs, fifteen, and horses, not used as beasts of burden, twenty.

In the French exhibition of 1878 there will be an Arctic department in which all the relics of Arctic exploration will be collected, as well as all public documents relating to the subject.

So far this year not less than 36,000 head of beef cattle have been driven from eastern Oregon and eastern Washington down toward the Pacific railroad, the greater part destined for San Francisco.

"Sally, what have you done with the cream? These children cannot eat skim milk for breakfast." "Sure, ma'am, it isn't meself that would be after giving the cream to yez. I tuk that and gave it to the cats."

The inhabitants of the Fijian island of Futuna having committed a violent and unprovoked assault upon an American sea captain, the American consul at that point has imposed a fine upon the island of \$15,000 dollars.

Many a farmer's boy goes into some city, and struggles along until middle life, with nothing to show for his labor, except that he has thoroughly learned that a half starved lawyer is less to be envied than a well fed farmer.

A resident fisherman fishing for trout on another man's land, the other day, completely silenced the owner who remonstrated, with the majestic answer: "Who wants to catch your trout? I am only trying to drown this worm."

A Springfield woman who had a son in Brooklyn dreamed, on the night of the disaster, that he was burned in a theater. On reading the news of the fire she was convinced that the dream was prophetic, and she telegraphed for information, learning in reply that the son had not been to the theater.

Two young Western bloods, after a two days' pursuit, overtook two horse thieves that had stolen two mules and had to give them two dollars, two overcoats and two pair of boots in consideration of being allowed to return home. The local paper says: "The young men deserve the thanks of the community for their vigilance."

The remnants of a balloon were lately discovered on the coast of Iceland. Sections of a human skeleton were in the basket, and also a pocketbook, with papers blurred by the action of water and incomprehensible. It is thought that the skeleton is that of Prince, one of the three balloonists who left Paris during the siege, of whom no report has ever been received.

It is amusing to watch a young lady in church arrange the feather in her hat, pull the veil every now and then over her face, the next moment brush it away and fix a curl on her forehead. One young lady, who was timed at this operation in church one Sunday, took one hour and twenty-two minutes to arrange everything satisfactorily, and after five minutes rest she was at work again.

A good actress, but extremely stout, was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Pierre of "The Two Orphans," who had at one portion to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the fat heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe, in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture a boy in the gallery called out: "Take what you can and come back for the rest."

A Horse Trade.

A peculiar horse transaction took place at Remscheid, in Germany, the other day. It was agreed that if the horse should weigh 1,000 pounds or less the purchaser should pay nothing for him, but that if he weighed over 1,000 pounds he should be paid for each pound over the 1,000. The horse on being driven on the scales was found to weigh 1,148 pounds, which, under the agreement, made his price 44,000 marks, equal to about \$11,000.

THE PAY.—The messengers who take the electoral votes of the various States to Washington are paid by the general government at the rate of twenty-five cents a mile for the distance traveled from the place where the votes are cast to the national capital and back. The messengers from the Pacific States will receive about \$700 or \$800, while the compensation of those from Virginia and Maryland will be less than \$20 each.