

# MURFREESBORO ENQUIRER.

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## A Sleeping Village.

The village sleeps; the moonbeams fall,  
Pale, still and cold, on roof and wall,  
And flood the empty street.  
How still! The dust lies all unstirred,  
No sound of rolling wheels is heard,  
No tread of passing feet.

Where traffic hurried to and fro,  
Only the night winds come and go,  
Whirling the dead leaves by.  
The cold lake laps its pebbled shore  
And round each closely bolted door  
The frost creeps silently.

The village sleeps—oh, blessed rest!  
With hard hands folded on its breast,  
Lies overburdened toil;  
Grief smiles in dreams, its woe forgot;  
Pale want forgets its dreary lot;  
The springs of care uncoil.

The fevers that infest the day  
Yield to the night, and sink away  
To pulses soft and even.  
E'en joy is still; love nestles deep  
In clasping arms, whose touch makes sleep  
A calm as sweet as heaven.

The night grows deeper: colder falls  
The moonlight on the silent walls;  
Still creeps the stealthy frost:  
And deeper grows the calm of rest  
In throbbing brain and troubled breast,  
By day, so passion tossed.

Oh, blessing priceless, night and sleep!  
Did never close the eyes that weep;  
Did struggle never cease;  
Did e'er the baln of rest come down  
Upon the weary, toiling town—  
Then death were sole release.

## FAITHFUL DORA.

The blood red ribbons of the storm threatening sunset were fluttering in the west; the huge oak trees and pines of the forest were murmuring ominously, and the one chimney of the little farmhouse on the edge of the woods sent up its blue column of smoke, like a cheery hand beckoning to the wayward traveler, over the hill. And how bright and cozy the interior of the kitchen looked, as Dora Klein stood on the threshold, cold, hungry and inexpressibly weary. A little girl, blue eyed and blonde haired, scarcely yet sixteen, with shy aspect and a shrinking mien; she had walked all the way from the city, seeking vainly for work at the various habitations that she had passed, and now at nightfall she was nearly discouraged.

"A girl?" said Mrs. Myers, dubiously, as Dora Klein proffered her meek request. "I did talk about hiring a girl, but I don't know anything about you."  
"Please by me," faltered Dora. "I am so tired, and I know no one in all this county, and, indeed, I will do my best to serve you."

Mrs. Myers turned to her husband, who sat by the fire, trotting a chubby two-year-old on his foot: "What shall I do, James?"

"She's a total stranger," said Mr. Myers.

"But she looks so weary and worn out," said the wife.

"Well, let her come in and stay all night—a bowl of bread and milk and one night's lodging won't break us."  
So Dora Klein was admitted into the farmer's little family, and so neat and handy was she about the place, so light and agile in her movements, so quick to learn and steadfast to remember that good natured little Mrs. Myers had engaged her before she had been in the house a week.

"You women are so impulsive," said the honest farmer, shaking his head. "Suppose she should turn out bad?"

"How can she, James?" said Mrs. Myers, indignantly. "She has a face as innocent as baby's."

"My dear, I don't believe in physiognomy."  
"Nor I, altogether, but I do believe in Dora Klein."

And as the days and weeks went by, Mr. Myers was obliged to confess to himself that so far, at least, his wife's judgment, or rather instinct, had been correct. The last November leaves were fluttering down one clear, cold afternoon, when Mrs. Myers stood at the door, ready to join her husband and baby in the wagon, to attend a merry making at the nearest village, some miles beyond, while Dora Klein was to remain at home to "keep house."

"Mind you feed the chickens at five o'clock, Dora, and don't forget the little calf in the pen; and if you have any extra time, you can just chop the heart and the apples for the Saturday mince pies, and—"

"Come, wife, come!" called out her husband, from the wagon.

"And if the house should catch fire, or anything," added this prudent little edition of Martha, "troubled with many cares," "remember, Dora, that the money is in an old stocking under the old board by the south window, and the silver in a japanned box close to it."

"Yes, m'm," said Dora, kissing her

hand to the laughing baby; "I'll remember."

"Some people would say, my dear, that that wasn't a very sharp proceeding of yours," said Mr. Myers, as they drove away.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"To tell that girl just where our valuables are kept."

"James! What an idea! Why, I can trust Dora just as implicitly as I would trust myself."

Mr. Myers whistled and drove on, and his wife was vexed with him for even thinking such a doubt of Dora Klein.

But as they were jogging slowly homeward in the November starlight, a neighbor hailed them, joyously, from the top of a load of barrels.

"I say, it's time you were home," said Nehemiah Hardbroke; "your gal's got company."

"What do you mean?" demanded Myers.

"Why, the doors and windows were all open as I came by the crossroads, just where ye can see 'cross the meadow to your back door, and there was two or three men in the kitchen. I thought it was some of your folks, till I see your wagon, just now."

Janie Myers looked at his wife.

Mrs. Myers' white, anxious face returned the gaze.

"Dora is there," gasped the wife; "she would see that—that nothing happened."

"Dora is there," assented Mr. Myers, "that's the very reason I'm worried. Hold the baby firm, and I'll see what speed is left in old Dobbin."

How they rattled over the frosty road, Dobbin galloping as if trying the turf, and the old wood rushing past them like the scenic splendors of a panorama, white to the anxious hearts of wife and husband, every moment seemed an age. The house was dark when they reached it. Mr. Myers flung the reins over the dashboard and sprang out.

"Dora! Dora Klein!" he called, but there was no answer save the faint echo of his own voice.

And when the lamp was lighted, it shone on a scene of dismay and confusion; but the first corner at which the farmer glanced revealed to him that the loose boards beneath the south window had been torn away, and the treasure nook which had held the silver spoons and the stocking full of bank notes— their little all—was empty.

"So much for your girl and her friends, Janie!" said Mr. Myers, in the bitterness of his first anger; and Mrs. Myers burst into tears, not so much, after all, at the loss of the money, although that was a serious enough matter, as to think that little Dora Klein, of whom she had unconsciously grown so fond, was unworthy of a kind thought.

That was one side of the little, every day life story at the cottage; and now let us take a peep at the other. Her master and mistress had scarcely been gone an hour, and Dora was chopping away at the heart, singing some roundelay as she worked, when there was a creaking on the floor, and turning her head, she started to behold two tall, gruff looking men in the room.

"Who are you?" demanded Dora, with feigned valor, "and what do you want?"

"Don't worry yourself, my lass," said the taller of the twain, gruffly, "and don't make any noise, if you don't want your neck twisted round like a chicken's."

While the other, busying himself in reconnoitering the cupboards and shelves, turned suddenly round with a volley of oaths.

"Nothing but tin and pewter," he snarled. "Where is the silver, girl?"

"We have no silver," said Dora, falteringly. "What should poor people like us do with silver?"

"The money, then? I know there is money; for I saw him come out of the bank, yesterday morning, with a walletful. Quick, we have any time to lose."

"It's—it's up stairs, sewed into the bottom of the feather bed, in the spare room," hesitated Dora. "But you won't hurt me?"

"What should we hurt you for?" scornfully demanded the ruffian. "Go up stairs, Jack, and see, while I stay here to keep this girl from raising the neighborhood."

"I shall not scream," said Dora, elevating her head a little contemptuously. "Who is there to hear me, if I did? We are two miles from a house."

"And that's true enough," said the man called Jack. "Give us your knife, Casey, and we'll stir up the live goose feathers to some purpose. The gal won't trouble us."

But the heavy footsteps of the men had hardly sounded at the head of the stairs when Dora Klein's languid assumption of indifference vanished. Like a winged sprite she flew across the room, and noiselessly prying up the loose boards with a knife, she caught up the

japanned box and the stocking, and, hiding them in her apron, jumped from the low window to avoid the noise of the rusty door hinge, and struck into the woods at the back of the house.

No hare ever darted more swiftly through the tangled paths of the forest than did Dora Klein, until at last safe in the deepest recesses, where no one who was not nimble as a deer, and slender as herself, could follow. And then, crouching down among the undergrowth, she watched and waited. As the night approached, and a friendly dusk crept over hill and dale, she ventured by degrees to approach the side of the woods, where the north star beamed overhead, reassuring her of her whereabouts. And when at length the hoarse voices of the two men, hurrying down a secluded by-road, struck momentary terror to her heart, the afterthought followed with blessed relief—the certainty that they were gone and she was safe.

Mr. Myers and Janie were sitting sadly by the fire that they had just rekindled, neither of them with any heart to set about the preparation of the frugal evening meal, when the door creaked on its hinges, and something glided in pale and silent.

The next moment the japanned silver box and the stocking lay in Mrs. Myers' lap, and Dora Klein was sobbing on her shoulder.

"Why, Dora," exclaimed the farmer, "what does this mean?"

And Dora told her story incoherently and full of sobbing pauses; and when it was concluded Mrs. Myers threw her arms around the girl's neck and kissed her again and again.

"James, James," she cried, almost hysterically, "you will never mistrust Dora Klein again."

And James Myers, wiping a stray dew-drop or so from his eyes, confessed that little Dora Klein had been as true a heroine as Joan of Arc herself.

## Fashion Notes.

The newest evening dresses are generally a combination of two colors and from two to four materials; satin is much used as a trimming to silks, brocades and gauzes that are dull looking and have no luster on their surfaces. Waists made entirely *decollé* (which should only be ventured when there are shapely shoulders to uncover) are laced at the back with laces the color of the trimmings of the dress.

The newest fringes employed in evening toilets are composed of bunches of sewing silk, passed through the hem and tied in a close knot, thus doing away with a set heading. Fly fringes, with fluffy tassels of silk attached, are also popular.

Gauze dresses for gala occasions are usually made up over silk of the same color; the overskirts appear to be merely long wrinkled tabliers drawn back closely and draped rather higher on one side than the other. The bodice is frequently a Louis Quatorze basque, long and square behind, quite short on the hips, and pointed in front; the neck is square, and there is a plastron of silk, tulle or lace; the sleeves are entirely of gauze, and there is a small bouquet of flowers on the left hand corner of the square cut bodice. It is hardly necessary to add that these gauze dresses are only appropriate to young ladies' wear.

Opera jackets of white India cashmere, made to fit the figure and trimmed with bands of India embroidery showing many colors, are effectively worn to brighten up dark evening dresses. The large loose wraps for evening occasions are mostly dolmans or the long circulars, which last are easily thrown off and resumed again without disarranging the rest of the toilet. Dolmans of white basket cloth, finished with white fringe headed by a band of peacock's feathers, and circulars of cream colored matelasse lined with cardinal silk, are quoted among the more tempting of these evening confections.

Fashion sanctions the use of both medium and long dresses for street wear. For holding up the latter are in vogue all sorts of contrivances under the name of skirt supporters, but none of them are sufficiently effective to prevent a regret for the short walking suit so comfortably worn a few years ago.

Muffs are smaller than ever, and boas are in many instances worn fastened behind.

Underclothing is being trimmed with a new linen lace, very durable and appropriate for the purpose, called Torchon, a Smyrne. This lace is said to be stronger than muslin, and so does not readily fail under the trying manipulations of the laundress. Silk Smyrne lace is very costly, and is used on both plush and velvet bonnets.

There are seventy Protestant churches, with 26,000 members, in eastern Turkey; twenty-six with 8,000 in the central provinces, and twenty-four with 5,000 in the western districts.

## What Must be Done.

The Brooklyn fire has led to a very strict inspection of theaters, and the Lake Shore accident ought to occasion a very severe inspection of railway bridges. We wish, says the *New York Tribune*, we could be sure that it will, and that the companies at any cost of money or of convenience will give their whole system of bridges a thorough investigation. With the acknowledged engineering ability of this country there ought to be no difficulty in arriving at a minimum of risk, whether we regard construction or material. If iron is never safe during our severe winters we must go back to wood. If the present method of construction is not to be relied on, we have men of ability who can find out a new and a safer one. Companies can better afford to pass dividends, and even to suspend the running of their trains, than to murder travelers in this hideous and miserable way. There is no fatalism in the matter. There are ways of knowing whether a bridge is safe—better than the clumsy and uncertain one of testing it with unusually heavy trains; these are problems which can be worked out with slate and pencil, and which every builder of bridges should be competent to solve. The majority of mankind knows nothing of such constructions, and of necessity can know nothing. It is obliged to trust the company, the builder, the manufacturer. Everybody who buys a ticket has a reasonable right to a safe conveyance; how can he ask for information about the strength of the bridges which he is to cross? or the competency of the engineers and conductors to whom he intrusts his life? Some risk he must run, at any rate; but how is he to judge whether it is worth his while to run it? From the moment his train starts, until he arrives at his point of destination, he is at the mercy of a corporation or of its servants. He goes and comes for years in safety, but what has happened to so many others may yet happen to him, and their fate may be his.

It is customary when some unusually terrible railway "accident" has shocked the community, to speak of the company in terms of great severity; and we do not wonder at it. Perhaps a different kind of appeal might be more efficient. We might beg presidents and directors to be merciful; we might entreat them to consider the innumerable misery which carelessness or ill-judged economy on their part may occasion; we might acknowledge that we are very much their humble servants, and beg them, if possible, to spare our lives and the lives of those who are dear to us. There are other resources, if this should fail; there are the terrors of actions at law sounding in damages, and of indictments for manslaughter; but none of those have ever proved sufficiently effective; and we fear that they never will. Our resort must be to the great tribunal of public opinion. We must make railway accidents disreputable to all who are responsible for them. The managers and the builders are usually men who care something for the good opinion of society. If this were bestowed or withheld as it should be, engineers, superintendents and directors would be far more careful and cautious than they now are.

## A Race for Life.

The Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye* says: A couple of tramps waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisa county, and springing out upon him demanded his money or life. He showed them a clean pair of heels, and they went at it. They chased him half a mile down through the roughest lane they ever stumbled over, then the whole crowd dashed through a briar hedge and went panting and sweating across an old corn field; then the chase struck for the woods and went wheezing up a steep hill, while the tramps pressed hard after him with bloodshot eyes and shortened breath; then the retreating farmer dashed across a frozen creek, and the tramps, following, broke through, but got out and chased the fugitive through a blackberry patch, across a forty acre stubble field, over another hill, down a ravine, across a stump field, and finally they overhauled him in the road, searched him, and found that he didn't have a nickel—not a solitary red cent. And if they weren't the maddest tramps!

## Why She Mourned.

A woman named Marie Celvet has just been sentenced to twenty years at hard labor for the murder of her sister Julie in Paris. While the trial was going on she constantly wore a long crape veil. "Why do you wear this veil?" asked one of the officials. To which the sweet girl gently replied: "I am in mourning for my poor sister!" This fairly matches the French paricide who on being asked what he had to say after his condemnation for killing his father and mother, entreated the court to "have mercy on a poor orphan!"

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Domestic Hints.

**CURRENT SAUCE.**—Put in a small saucepan a pint of Espagnole sauce, a pinch of cinnamon on two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly; mix well, boil five minutes, press through a napkin into another saucepan, add four ounces of dried currants, boil two minutes longer and serve in a sauce bowl.

**STEWED BEEF.**—Boil, peel and cut in slices a sufficient quantity of red beets; try a chopped onion in two ounces of butter, add an ounce of flour and dilute with a pint of good broth; mingle well; set on the fire till it boils; then add the beets and season with salt and pepper; boil slowly ten minutes longer, and finishing with two pats of butter and a tablespoonful of vinegar, serve.

**TO MAKE ORANGE FLAVORED CUSTARD FRITTERS.**—Put in a plain buttered mold and steam in the usual way a custard preparation made as follows: Put in a kitchen basin twelve yolks of eggs and three whole eggs, two ounces of corn starch and twelve ounces of sugar; mingle well, dilute with a quart of hot milk and a tablespoonful of orange flower water; put on the fire, stir continually till it begins to thicken (otherwise the starch would set in the bottom of the mold); pass through a fine sieve; put in the mold and cook; when done, let cool; divide into square flat pieces of two inches each; dip them separately into a light flour batter, and fry of a nice color in plenty of clear, hot lard; drain on a cloth, sprinkle powdered sugar over and serve hot on a folded napkin.

**VEAL SOUP A L'INDIENNE.**—Cut in squares two pounds of well pared loin of veal; put in a stewpan, with four ounces of butter and four ounces of lean ham cut in squares; fry till the veal is lightly browned; sprinkle over and mix in two ounces of sifted flour; remove to the side; add two tablespoonfuls of Indian curry paste; mingle with three quarts of veal broth, add a bunch of parsley, two leeks and four stalks of celery tied together, and the rind of a lemon; stir till it boils; skim, cover and cook gently for an hour; then remove the fat, the bunch of vegetables and the lemon peel, with fork and skimmer transfer the veal and ham to another saucepan, pass the soup through a fine sieve over the meat, boil a few minutes longer, season to taste and serve with a dish of plain boiled rice, to be handed round with the soup.

### Salting Beef.

Select a barrel that is strongly hooped, and fit a board of sufficient thickness, so that the bottom of the barrel may rest on that, instead of the chime. Place it in the cellar, directly under a solid floor beam. Cover the bottom of the barrel with salt, then put in a layer of beef, the pieces being cut small enough to pack close, and pound them down with a club; then sprinkle them over with sugar and salt. Continue putting in layers of beef, pounding them down, and sprinkling on salt and sugar, until all is packed. Use six quarts of salt, and three or four pounds of sugar to each one hundred pounds of beef. Place a strong follower in the barrel upon the beef, and set a piece of joist upon the follower, so that the end of the joist will come under the beam; drive a wedge between this and the beam above, pressing the beef quite hard; every twenty-four hours drive up the wedge, and the beef will soon be covered with brine. After a few days the pressure may be removed.

### The Demon of Drunkenness.

The Manchester *Guardian* says: Edinburgh has been put "under the microscope" by a committee of the Established Church Presbytery, with a view to ascertain the extent of drunkenness in the city, and what measures the Church ought to adopt as a remedy for the evil. They have ascertained that in 1875, out of a population of 200,000, 2,152 persons were arrested for being drunk and incapable, and 4,672 persons charged with crime were drunk when apprehended. The total for the year was 6,824, of which number 4,076 were men and 2,748 women. They further state that during the past five years drunkenness among women had increased in Modern Athens thirty-six per cent., and among men thirty-three per cent., while the number charged with crime and found drunk when apprehended was greater last year than at any former period in the history of the city. But their report is not all shadow, and to relieve the gloom of these figures they assert that they had found no proof of an assertion sometimes made that a system of tipping during the day, both among men and women, was on the increase; and they state, also, as a favorable circumstance, that drunkenness among skilled workmen was much less prevalent than it was fifteen or twenty years ago.

## The Old King.

An old, gray king lived long ago;  
Slow beat his heart, bent was his form;  
He chose a maiden for his bride  
Fresh as a rose at morn.

A page moved in their palace halls,  
With golden hair, of blithesome mien;  
He bore her trailing sliken robes;  
He worshipped the fair queen.

And dost thou know this little song?  
So sweet, so sad it is to hear.  
Both queen and page to death were doomed  
When life had grown—too dear!—Heine.

## Items of Interest.

You cannot build a fire in the morning by lying in bed and quarreling about it.  
Many a servant who beats his master's coat loves to fancy that the master is inside of it.

Any young man is made better by a sister's love. The love of another fellow's sister will do.

Dr. Eldridge, who died at Elmira, N. Y., left a fortune amounting to \$3,000,000. He leaves Eldridge park to the city, which cost \$500,000, together with \$100,000, the interest of which is to be expended to keep it in good order.

There are now in operation in the United States no less than 800 paper mills, which are valued at \$40,000,000 of capital invested, with a total production of \$70,000,000. These mills usually employ 20,000 people, whose earnings are footed up at \$10,000,000 annually.

A certain community resort to what they call "care by criticism" when any of their band is sick. They get around his bed and faithfully tell him all his faults, as far as known, and this, they say, "throws him into a profuse perspiration, usually resulting in a speedy recovery."

A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech before Lord Ellenborough, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client—my lord, my unfortunate client—my lord—" "Go on, sir, go on, said Lord Ellenborough; "as far as you have proceeded, the court is entirely with you."

The late General Bartlett, after having been several times wounded, wrote to the lady of his choice releasing her from her engagement, and it was she who wrote the memorable words: "I'll marry you if there's enough left of your body to hold your soul." He lived happily and left five children.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* says: They are awfully glad over in Alexander county, Ill., that the election is over. Their candidate for Congress was J. St. Clair Jaffrelinghtzenhaus, and his overwhelming defeat is due solely to the fact that nobody was able to hurrah for him without being stopped in the middle of the cheer by a presentiment of lockjaw.

## The Twinkling of the Stars.

The scintillation of stars, and its close connection with changes of weather, has, as is known, much interested Humboldt, Arago, Kaemtz, Secchi, and many others; and recently it has also been the subject of valuable spectroscopic researches by M. Respighi, M. Montigny, who some time ago investigated scintillation in relation to the special characteristics of the light of different stars, publishes in the *Bulletin* of the Belgian academy an elaborate report upon his researches into the connection existing between scintillations and various meteorological elements. The chief results, arrived at after a discussion of 1,820 observations made on 230 days on seventy different stars, are as follows: The intensity of scintillation (measured by a special apparatus, the *scintillometre*) increases invariably with the occurrence or approach of rainy weather, and with the increase of tension of vapor in the air on one side, and the increase of pressure and decrease of temperature on the other; the influence of the two former factors being far more sensible than the combined influence of the two latter. The scintillation, which is on an average stronger during winter than during summer, increases with the arrival of moist weather at all seasons. It increases also not only on rainy days, but one or two days before, decreasing immediately after the rain has ceased. Moreover, the intensity of scintillation increases during winds, and with the approach of barometric depressions, or *bourrasques*, the increase being most pronounced when the depression passes near to the observer. It then largely exceeds the average increase corresponding to rainy days; and the influence of great movements in the atmosphere totally counteracts the contrary influence of a lowering of pressure. M. Montigny is thus correct in saying that a continued investigation of scintillation would be of great service, not only for the prevision of weather, but also for the general study of meteorology, affording a very useful means for the exploration of the higher regions of the atmosphere.