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Three Fisher Maidens.

Three maidens went sailing out into the world. Out into the world of a ballroom floor; Each thought if her hair was most gracefully

And their mothers stood watching them out from the door;

For men must work, that women may The length of their revels, lest ever they

And their fond mamma be scowling.

Three fathers gat up by their ledgers so blank. And they conned their accounts with their gray heads bent down;

And they added their bills and their checks on the bank,

And read the dread roll of the day's wrecks in town;

But men must work, lest women should

Though lonely his lot and his troubles The pattern pa's not growling.

Three bankrupts were posted in merciless

print In the morning Gazette, as the panic went rest, home.' down; And their daughters went duly from frenzy to

faint. For the tragedy thrilled the elite of the town For men may work, yet women will weep

> sooner to sleep, And defy the mamma and her scowl-

And the sooner they're married, the

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Two men sat in conversation. The cooling wind played gently with the short brown curls of the younger, while his handsome eyes and face were lighted by a bright, animated expression. "I can scarcely credit such good fortune. Are you sure there is no mistake?" he

"Perfectly; here are the documents. Prove your identity; prove to our satisfa tion that you are Ralph Hamilton, son of John Paul Hamilton, and you are a rich man. Can you prove it?"

"I can, immediately. But this is indeed a welcome change; to spring from deep poverty to such wealth in a moment, by the death of an unknown relative, seems almost incredible. I am grateful to you, Metealf, for your pains in so soon seeking me; also for your interest in my welfare. I have one favor only to ask in addition; that you remain silent about it. The fact of my changed circumstances need not be made known as yet. I shall not alter my style of living for awhile, but shall fulfill an engagement to become the private tutor of two small boys residing, strange to relate, in the same place where lies this new estate. In taking the property, you say I am required to assume the name of its former owner. This I will do, after a few months spent in the neighborhood as a poor teacher. I have met sad rebuffs during the days of my poverty, and I have no idea of being made a victim of some fortune hunter, so I will win some good wo nan for love's sake, then settle down and enjoy myself." sic

In a beautiful residence sat two ladies, while a third, a niece of the elder lady, in her hand, as though just returned a deep reverie. from a walk. They were discussing the peared, and, looking from the window, and picturesque beauty." whispered:

me if what I said was not true."

and handsome face approaching; and how you discovered the spot." when the young man smiled pleasantly Zoe whispered:

"If the young heir of the Bellmont have died alone and unmissed." property prove one-half as handsome I "Alone, I grant, but not unmissed will be content."

A splendid estate, with a residence of favorite with his pupils. Living as he did in the family, he soon became well acquainted with all, while he evidently admired the beautiful Zoe, who treated him with cool politeness. Of Blanche he saw little. She was only the poor relation, depending upon her uncle for every imposition and caprice her worldly, selfish aunt and cousin saw fit to inflict. Only little enjoyment was hers; a soliresidence. Thither she went one beautiful | ad, was to take place the evening before | sleeping lion,"

Hastening to the spot where she judged the sufferer to be, she saw a man lying at the foot of the ravine, motionless and now quite still.

In a few moments she was beside him, included." and, on lifting his head from the ground, she found Mr. Hamilton, the tutor, unconscions.

Running to the stream of water, she dipped in her handkerchief, and bathed

At last he opened his eyes, and gazed long and vacantly upon her.

"Ah, yes, I remember. I did fall. I leaned over to pluck a flower, and lost my balance. But I feel better again, thanks to you for your care, and I will see if I cannot rise."

"Lean on me, Mr. Hamilton, I think I can get you up the path, if it is steep, to the road, and from thence, after a

Slowly, yet surely, leaning on the young girl for that support he was so accustomed to give to others, he crept along, often stopping to rest, until at last the level road was gained, and from there his own room, to which a physician was soon summoned, and his limb set and bruises attended to.

Lying thus helpless upon his bed, the door partly open, to allow a circulation of air, the young man lay half dozing, when he accidentally heard the following conversation, not, of course, intended for disappointment was too great to permit

"A pretty piece of work this," said Mrs. Corsair, who was an intensely selfish woman. "Who is to play nurse now, I would like to know?"

"And to a miserable tutor," interrupted the equally selfish Zoe.

"I should be very glad to take charge of the poor young man, alone among strangers and sick," said Blanche; "and, if aunt is willing, I will devote my time to him."

"And neglect the sewing? There is my wrapper not finished yet."

"Do not fear, aunt," returned the same sweet voice; "I will finish that also. I can take my sewing to his room and attend to both; if not able to sew when he is awake, I will do it at night when he sleeps.

"Very well, do as you please; but, remember, that wrapper must be finished."

"Come, mother, don't bother about him any longer. The carriage waits to take us to the concert. Come on."

So saying, the unfeeling Zoe swept down stairs, followed by her mother, while a soft voice murmured by the invalid's side : "You are not sleeping, I see. What

shall I do for your relief?"

"I feel quite comfortable, thank you, except a headache, caused by the sudden

"Let me bathe it, then."

How soft her fingers were; how gentle her touch, and what a depth of womanly pity beamed from those large brown

About two weeks after the accident, Mrs. Corsair and her daughter Zoe, Blanche wandered once more to her favorite resort, and seating herself at the Blanche Gilmore, stood with a light hat foot of the descent, she was soon lost in

"This is a charming spot, Miss appearance of a new tutor who had Blanche," said a well known voice behind undertaken for a time, on trial, the edu- her, "and I see is a favorite of yours. cation of the two sons of the family. Now that I know how to avoid its dangers, Charley, one of these boys, had just ap- I also am charmed with its deep repose

"I am glad you like it," was the reply "Now, girls, there he comes. Tell of the young lady, as she blushed slightly when he seated himself by her side. "Yes, indeed!" exclaimed both young "But yours is the only face I have ever ladies, as they surveyed the fine figure seen when here, and I cannot but wonder

"One of my little pupils told me of upon Charley, Blanche thought she had it, and that day when I fell was my first never seen so handsome a man, while visit. Thankful am I that you were in the habit of coming here, else I might

for your pupils love you." "I would like to tell you, dear Miss almost royal magnificence, lay within Blanche, how strongly attached I have sight of their pretty home, and had just, become to my tender nurse, and how through the death of old Mr. Bellmont, much I long for her to return my devoted a childless widower, passed into the affection. Dearest, can you love a perhands of a young relative, expected soon son occupying so humble a position as to visit the premises. Zoe Corsair and tutor to your uncle's children? If you her prudent mother had decided to ap- can, and if you will allow me to present propriate both owner and estate as soon my deep love, and consent to become my as possible after his arrival. The new wife, it will be the delight of my life to tutor, Mr. Hamilton, soon became a great strive to make you happy." Then he drew her toward him, and their lips met.

> No opposition was offered when Mr. Hamilton asked the hand of Blanche Gilmore from her uncle, all thinking that their poor relative did well, even in marrying a tutor.

In the meantime the news came that support, therefore compelled to bear the Bellmont owner was soon to take possession of his property. One of his oddities was that on the evening of his return a large party of friends and the tary spot, a deep ravine wildly romantic select neighbors were to assemble to bid and secluded, not far from her uncle's him welcome. This party, as it happen- care, sir, take care, or you'll rouse the

afternoon, tripping along down the small | the marriage of Blanche. Cards of inwinding path that led to the depths be- vitation had been left at Mr. Corsair's, low. But suddenly she paused, a groan and, much to the surprise and chagrin and faint call for help arresting her steps. of Miss Zoe, Blanche was also remem-

> our poor relations," she said, scornfully. "I wonder that the tutor also was not

> The evening came. The rooms were thronged, but singular to remark, the young owner had not as yet made his appearance. The guests were received by his most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, and the latter, as soon as Blanche had been introduced, managed to draw her on one side, and in another moment Zoe wondered, as she saw them leave the rooms together.

> About half an hour later, after all the guests had assembled, Mr. Metcalf said: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bellmont has just arrived, and in a few min-

> utes will be pleased to meet you and introduce to all assembled the beautiful young lady who to-morrow morning will become his bride."

> Scarcely had he done speaking when the young man entered the room with Blanche hanging upon his arm, her face radiant with happiness. "Our late tutor!" cried Mrs. Corsair.

"Impossible!" cried Zoe, sinking into a chair. "It is quite true, madam," said the young man; "and now let me hope to

see you all at our wedding to-morrow." All were present except Zoe, whose her to form one of the wedding party.

A Picture of Colorado Life.

The Denver (Col.) News tells the fol lowing story: A bad story comes from Deadwood about an old Denverite—D. Tom Smith. The writer says Tom has been behaving beastly for some time past, threatening to kill his wife and several other people in town. Recently, on a certain evening, he went into a saloon where the mayor, city marshal and two others were engaged in a game of "freeze out." He milled off his coat, took a corner from which he could cover the players and the barkeeper and then "pulled his gun," cocked it and held it at a present upon whoever made a motion to rise or change his position. He told them that he came in there for murder and meant murder, but they might go on with the game. The game did go on with a great deal of solemnity. The writer says: "It was probably the most solemn game of freeze out ever played in the Hills." No one of the five present wanted to be a martyr. But the city marshal kept working his chair around, and at last suddenly ducked his head and made a spring for D. Tom. At that instant the latter "turned loose" his battery. The shot passed through the crown of the marshal's hat, out through the side, through the rim, twice through the back of his coat, crossed the table and struck the marshal's late partner square in the forehead, between the eyes, where it split in two, and one-half traversed the skull in each direction, finally stopping near the temples on either side. But the marshal got Tom before he had time to pull again, and now he has gone to Yankton for confinement and trial. The man he shot is getting well. If he had been killed they say Tom would have died rather suddenly.

Teaching the Baby.

You must take your baby just where he is now, not much more than a little animal, and educate his physical nature, so rapidly developing. For instance, he has just reached the climbing age; every chair and stool is a worry to you, and a pair of stairs is a perpetual terror. Now show him how to get up and down the stairs, how to place his feet in climbing up into chairs. Let him tumble a little : it will only make him more careful. It tril, where it had been stowed away for stop to speak to a boy like me," "But is but a foretaste of the hard schooling the last five months. The ring had he'll do all that if you ax him." "How which experience gives us all our lives. Better a little fall with you close by to stop it at the right place, than a great one when you are "off guard" some day. (Remember that, too, when he is in his teens.) But, I beg of you, if you want to see him grow up active, strong limbed. and agile, do not keep his white dresses Mass. A gentleman saw one of these too clean, nor tie his sashes after the present uncomfortable fashion, so that he isn't conscious of any legs above the knees. Then, let him feed himself. He'll make a miserable mess of it at first, but protect him well with bib and tin tray. and he'll soon teach his spoon the way to his mouth. Let him burn his fingers some day when the stove is not very hot; he won't touch it when it would be dangerous. - Scribner.

"Sir." said one man to another, "beware! To-day you have kicked me. Yesterday you struck me. Day before yesterday you pulled my nose. Take

Offenbach on Fisk.

Figaro, in its review of Offenbach's book, gives this very Frenchy story The opera house was closed during Offenbach's sojourn in America, neverthe-"Just as if we wanted to introduce less the maestro has an anecdote to tell about the director of this theater, the famous Fisk.

This Fisk was one of the most remarkable and original of New York characters. Of very low origin, he sold in his youth haberdasher's notion's and bear's greate He became not only director of the biggest theater in New York, but also vice president of a railroad, commodore of a line of steamers and colonel of a regiment. Every one who wished to secure employment on his railroad had first to enlist in his regiment; in this manner he got together one of the finest regiments in the city. At times he would take it into his head to muster his soldiers and make them defile gallantly beneath the balcony of some lady fair. On such occasions the railroad stopped running and the stations all along the line were closed!

The sumptuous colonel had magnificent horses and carriages, and never rode out except in a large and handsome open vehicle drawn by eight horses!

A love story explains his tragic death, The great impresario was the victim of a private feud, and a double vengeance decided his fate. Here are the facts:

Fisk fell hopelessly in love with a beautiful American, to whom he paid mad court. Prodigious plays were produced in her honor; the famous regiment defiled; his railroad stopped running time and again; he used every effort to succeed, and naturally he succeeded. Naturally, also, the first thing that Fisk did was to present his mistress to his friend, Stokes. Stokes had a sufficient fortune; he found the lady to his taste, and Fisk became the happiest of the three, till the day when an accident exposed to him the treason of his friend.

I know not if his first movement was to put his hand to his revolver, but I do know that on reflection he abandoned this solution as unsatisfactory. He had found a better one!

his friend Stokes the hatred he entertained for him, he seemed more than ever attached to him. He induced him to embark all his fortune in certain affairs he managed, then watered the stock, hindered the market, provoked a formidable fall and completely ruined his good

friend Stokes. Fisk, satisfied with his little combination, then had an interview with Stokes, in which he explained to him the how and why of his ruin. Stokes, who probably did not understand the joke, swore in his turn to be avenged. As he had less wit than his enemy, he had recourse to a vulgar but sure course. He waited one day till Fisk came out of the Central Hotel, where lodged the fair American, and tranquilly blew out his brains!

A Queer Jewel Box.

The four-year old son of Julian Walker, a citizen of Mount Adams, Ohio, was presented, about a year ago, with a plain gold ring, which the little fellow thought a great deal of.

About five months ago the boy was lying in his cradle playing with the ornament, which he had taken from his finger. After a while the ring was missing, and the most diligent search in every whereabouts.

plained of its nose hurting him, saying: "Ma, ma, seed in my nose." Mrs. Walker did what she could to alleviate his Jesus?" "No, I never heerd of him, suffering, but still the pain would re- "Bobby, I went to mission school once,

Mrs. Walker was called to the bedside more pain, if you axed him." "I couldn't of the little sufferer and found the miss- ask such a great big gentleman as he is ing ring just passing from the boy's nos- to do anything for me. He wouldn't turned perfectly black from its long confinement in this rather odd receptacle.

Ferocity of the Butcher Bird.

An incident illustrating the ferocity of butcher birds and their tenacity of life recently occured in Springfield, cruel creatures take a sparrow, impale him on the sharp twig of a tree and then peck at him, seemingly with almost fiendish delight. Seizing a gun the man fired at the butcher bird, and clipped off one of its legs. Undismayed by the report of the gun, and apparently thinking that the sparrow had wounded him, the butcher bird attacked the little fellow with redoubled fury, when the gentleman fired again and both birds fell, lifeless as he supposed, on the snow. But before he could put up his gun the butcher bird had come to life, picked up the poor little dead sparrow and fluttered away.

An ungrammatical sheriff says: !'I knows a good thing when I seize it,"

How to Detect Spurious Coin.

Mr. W. E. Du Bois, the assayer of the United States mint at Philadelphia, in a letter to the Ledger of that city, speaking of spurious coins and how they may be detected, says :

Counterfeiters generally content themselves with the cheap and quiet process of casting from molds, though sometimes they strike the pieces from des. The mold is made from the genuine coin and yields a fac simile. They use a type metal, somewhat hard and sonerous by the addition of copper, and the whole being slightly silvered over in a battery, and the gate neatly rubbed out on the edge. Such pieces may pass while fresh and new. They are, however, rather too white and too thick, or if of the right thickness, too light. There is something about the genuine coin that ordinarily puts it above suspicion, particularly after the new white surface has given place to the inimitable and permanent nine-tenths tint. It may be abused by heating or staining, or by contact with gum elastic bands. It has been disfigured with tinfoil for the small | there. purpose of provoking a bet. In rare cases it may have a flaw at the edge, or shut in, which destroys the ring. But generally it speaks well for itself as to color and sound.

The genuineness of a half dollar is something worth looking after, to any of us, and especially to storekeepers, taking them often through the day. It is, therefore, worth the trouble to have on the counter one or two witnesses easy to be had.

First—A balance, which need be no so long, but he talks more. more than a thin strip of wood eight or ten inches long neatly poised. Place a good piece on one end and the suspected one on the other, and have a weight of three grains at hand. If the difference is more than that, decline taking the

Second-A liquid test, composed as follows: Twenty-four grains of nitrate of silver in crystals; one gramme (say fifteen grains) of nitric acid and one ounce of water. Any druggist can put this up, in a small bottle with a pointed glass stopper made for inting grops, taking care to use pure ingredients. Renove a little of the surface of the coin by a knife, and then touch the place with a drop from the stopper. If good, there will be no action; if bad, it black-

It should be observed that this is not the compound we use for examining gold counterfeits and jewelry And, further, some persons use nitric acid alone, which will discolor a good coin as well as a bad

As for the pieces struck from dies they are generally such poor imitations that the taker almost deserves to lose by them. Such a piece, dated 1876, is now before me; good color, feeble and faulty devices, right weight, but quite too thick. It would be caught by the gauge already mentioned. It is a wnitish brass, with silver plating, more sub stantial than the electro silvering.

Perfect Faith.

A story is told of a street boy in London

who had had both legs broken by a dray

passing over them. He was laid away in

one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same part of the house failed to lead to its class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was al-A few weeks after this the child com- lowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bobby, did you never hear about and they told us that Jesus would take A few days later, while suffering from you to heaven when you died, and you'd a rather more serious attack than usual, never have hunger any more, and no can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I will die." "Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by." They got the hand up. It drooped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said: "I give it up." "Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my piller; I can do without it," So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission school but once.

Woman's Love.

As all the trees fill out with bloom With leaf so green and blossoms sweet, As they destroy dark winter's gloom,

With beauty for our spirits meet, So dawns the time when spring shall rise To man, in selfish winter cast,

When woman's love, with glad surprise, Shall grow like these before his eyes, And all repining then be past, And summer crown our lives at last.

Items of Interest.

Better be upright with poverty than unprincipled with plenty.

The weather no sooner begins to suit people than a change comes.

Drawing classes. The ancient hewers, of wood and drawers of water.

Men are so desirous of being deceived that they deceive themselves. An improved idol in a Chinese temple

with pump attachment, is able to shed More people are out of employment in

Nevada than has ever before been known We should say the happiest man is he

who can link the end of his life with its commencement. A clergyman who was promised more

than he can collect, has asked for a reduction of salary. The bread of life is love; the salt of

life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry the water of life, faith. A parrot is said to live to be two hun-

dred years old. A barber does not live Men who can drive a team of horses

with one hand cannot hold a No. 6 kid, with a hand in it, without trembling. We can generally tell what a man's

going to do next, when he puts the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth by The editor of an Ohio paper publishes

the names of his subscribers who pay up promptly under the head of "Legion of Honor."

on the bridge till he froze his feet, waiting for a team to come along so he could ride up the hill.

"I have no time to study grammar," says Mr. Moody. "Men are drowning and I must tell them how to be saved in whatever language I can.'

In a large iron manufactory in western Pennsylvania all the heat for smelting is made by gas, which is brought in pipes from a natural well nineteen miles away.

There is an old German proverb to the effect, that a great war leaves the country with three armies-an army of cripples, an army of mourners and an army of

The asylum for worn out railroad employees will be erected by William H. Vanderbilt, on the late commodore's farm at Low Point, about twelve miles below Poughkeepsie.

It won't be long before some long haired poet will break into impassioned song about gentle spring. The public is hereby cautioned against any act of violence; treat him gently, but firmly.

When the Breton mariner puts to sca his prayer is: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide," Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of

A traveler in a steamboat not particularly celebrated for its celerity inquired of a gentleman who stood next him what the boat was called, upon which the latter replied: "I think, sir, it is called the regulator, for I observe all the other boats go by it."

"The trouble is, young man," said the wise old gentleman, who had been called upon for advice, "you live too high." "Yes, I presume so," replied the youth; I live in a fifth story garret." The old gentleman saw that he had struck it wrong that time.

A Poor Law Puzzle.

Says the Toronto Globe: Some time ago a child which was being taken by its parents from Belleville eastward was found dead on arrival at Shannonville. An inquest was held, and the child was subsequently buried in the viltage. A bill for the expenses connected with the holding of the inquest and barial was presented to the council of the township of Tyendinaga, which refused to entertain it. The bill was presented to the county council of Hastings and a request made for its payment, but not acceded to. From statements made in the council it appears that the child was born in Ezlver, died in Thurham, and was buried in Tyendinaga. Who should pay the expenses caused by the death of the child is now the question, and the county solicitor has been called on to give his opinion in the premises.