

The Murfreesboro Enquirer.

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

The Organ of the Roanoke and Albemarle Sections.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL II.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1877.

NO. 25.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

Who waits and watches at the door,
Pouting, "He said he'd come at four,
And now it is half-past, or more?"
—Your loving little maiden.

Who runs to meet you when you come,
Kisses your wise excuses dumb—
Queen, crowned with red geranium?
—Your happy little maiden.

Who, keeping with such jealous art
Her lips from all but yours apart,
Kisses you, ah me! from her heart?
—Your faithful little maiden.

Who holds you, above all the rest
Of men proved true from East to West,
The strongest, noblest, bravest, best?
—Your trusting little maiden.

Who asks for nothing, old or new,
Who cares for no one, false or true,
But only, only, only you?
—My darling little maiden.

Myra Wilbur's Mistake.

Gilbert Gorham, at the age of ten, was left orphaned and destitute, and was taken into the tender care of his loving grandfather, and his Aunt Jane, a venerable spinster, whose severity was a most wholesome restraint upon his grandfather's extreme indulgence. Old Mr. Gorham being a man of enormous wealth, his grandson and heir was the most favored of boys and youths, every whim of boyish and youthful fancy being granted as soon as expressed.

And so, when Gilbert had attained the age of twenty-one, and blushingly announced his undying love for Miss Myra Wilbur, the belle of many watering-places and seasons, and some five years his senior, his grandfather only nodded and said:

"Suit yourself, my boy, suit yourself."

So a magnificent diamond was slipped on Myra's finger, and Gilbert entered into a fool's paradise blind to the fact that he was the dupe of an accomplished coquette, whose whole hard nature was incapable of the tithe of the love laid at her feet.

For, being sensitive, poetical and over indulged, the boy made unto himself an idol, and calling it Myra, worshipped it.

And the actual Myra, being eminently practical, worldly and mercenary, erected a gold idol of unlimited indulgence and riches, and calling that Gilbert, worshipped it.

Mr. Gorham, although he was old and feeble, took a carriage and drove from Fern Nook, the family country seat, in Poolsville, the town honored by Miss Wilbur's presence, and made a formal call.

After he was gone, Miss Wilbur turning to her mother, made a strange speech for a maiden just betrothed, for she said:

"After all, mamma, a rich widow is better than a rich wife, for she can spend the money then, uncontrolled."

"Well, my dear?"

"I was only thinking that Gilbert told me once he was entirely dependent upon his grandfather, having nothing while the old man lived."

"It would be well then to keep in the old gentleman's favor."

Evidently Myra was of that opinion. She worked a pair of soft quilted slippers for the aged feet, she sent flowers and dainty dishes to Fern Nook for dear Mr. Gorham; she made herself a hundred fold dearer to her infatuated lover by her delicate attentions to his relative.

Business connected with the settlement of a claim of his grandfather's against the Government called Gilbert to Washington, early in the winter following his betrothal. There was the usual pathetic parting, and with assurance of Myra's undying love, the young man left Fern Nook.

After two months' absence, when he was preparing to return home, a telegram reached him:

"Wait in New York to see me. Will put up at the Grand Central."

JANE GORHAM.

Of all strange experiences this was the strangest. His Aunt Jane leaving her home to visit the metropolis! Gilbert vainly tried to remember if ever she had been absent from home before, and thoroughly bewildered, hurried to meet her.

His first surprise was to find her gentle and kind, all the grim severity of her manner gone. Her kiss upon his lips was tender as Myra's own.

"My boy," she said, "I have news for you that will distress you, but before I tell that, I want you to listen attentively to some business details that were never of any special interest to you before. You have always supposed Fern Nook and the wealth that sustains it to be your grandfather's."

"And are they not?"

"No, my dear, they are mine. Your grandfather holds a life lease only of the house and half the income. The property was all his wife's and left to me, with the lease, as I said, to my father during life. While we were all one family and you the heir, it was

quite unnecessary to make any talk or fuss about the matter; but now, it is as well to understand my rights and yours."

"Now?"

"Your grandfather, my dear, being, I charitably believe, in his dotage, has married—Myra Wilbur!"

It was a crushing blow. Gilbert swayed to and fro in his chair, and then fell insensible.

His ideal poetic life was more real to him than the actual world about him, and he suffered acutely. But his aunt was the best of comforters, for, while she was full of tender sympathy, she was eminently practical, and with clear, forcible words she made him realize fully how unworthy was the idol he had worshipped.

With her own personal property she had also brought Gilbert's from their old home, and she took a house in New York, where they both soon felt, at home, returning no more to Fern Nook. Then, with true practical kindness she persuaded Gilbert to allow her to buy him a partnership in a light business, and roused him from his dreamy, sensitive moods, to active, natural life.

He might have become soured and hard, but for the love of this old maid, who had never before let him read the tenderness of her heart. But, while he suffered keenly, his manhood developed, and he was a stronger, better man for his disappointment.

When Myra's name ceased to be a torture, Aunt Jane made herself known to old friends of her girlhood, and gathered about her a pleasant social circle, where Gilbert was soon a favorite. There was no hint of the spinster's hope when she said very quietly:

"Any attention you can pay to Ella Rayburn, will be very pleasing to me, Gilbert. Her mother has been my warmest friend in past years, and we have renewed the old times most pleasantly. If Ella is like her mother she is a pure, sweet, unselfish woman."

"And Ella was like her mother, and was soon taken into Aunt Jane's closest intimacy."

Still smarting under the past pain, Gilbert was merely attentive to his aunt's young friend, and not yet realizing that a reality filling his old idea was near him.

And while these old residents of Fern Nook were quietly gathering up broken threads of life, to weave a more perfect web of content, Myra Gorham was eating out her heart in bitterness. Instead of an old, indulgent husband, ready to humor every whim, to give her idolatrous devotion, she found herself tied to a querulous invalid, who had been accustomed to the unquestioning obedience and devotion of his daughter and grandson, and who exacted a similar care from his reluctant wife. In place of balls, concerts and operas, the gay life of the metropolis, Mrs. Gorham found herself shut up in a country house, certainly sufficiently handsome and well appointed to meet the most fastidious taste, but lonely beyond endurance to the woman miles away from her own friends, and coldly ignored by the friends of the Gorhams, fully aware of her mercenary treachery.

Yet she endured it as patiently as possible, till the old man, pining for Jane and Gilbert, sickened and failed visibly.

It was when all hope was gone, that the young wife cautiously but very plainly urged the necessity of making a will. It seemed to her as if all the misery of life concentrated in the peevish reply:

"I have nothing to will. All the property belongs to Jane! I only hold a life lease on my late wife's estates."

"Jane?" gasped Myra, remembering the insulting terms in which she had intimated to that spinster that she preferred to reign alone at Fern Nook.

"Certainly! If Gilbert's father had lived he would have shared in the property, but it all reverts to Gilbert if Jane dies unmarried."

All Gilbert's and might have been all hers.

Myra felt too stunned and miserable even to cry! To think that all her base scheming, her feigned devotion had led her only to this, the beggared widow of an old man.

But after the funeral was over Mrs. Gorham made a few discoveries. First, all the deep black of her dress, with the fine white line of her widow's cap, the sombre crape and soft snowy tulle were most becoming to her brilliant blonde beauty. She studied her dress to its minutest detail, and when it was perfect, formed her new plans. In her late husband's desk she found five thousand dollars which she appropriated, leaving Miss Jane and Gilbert, who came to the funeral, to defray all the expenses. She accepted Miss Gorham's offer of the use of the house for a year, and when she was left in possession unscrupulously sold many small but valuable articles there.

When the year was over, and Miss Jane Gorham once more opened her house to her friends, she was mute with consternation one day when a carriage

heavily laden with baggage, drove up to her door, from which alighted her father's widow, who threw herself into her arms, sobbing:

"Do not send me away. I am dying in the gloomy seclusion of my dear husband's home. Let me stay with you!"

She stayed, of course. Miss Jane's old-fashioned notions of hospitality were too strong to permit her to turn a guest away, even if uninvited and unwelcome. But she smiled grimly to see how Gilbert's face fell at the announcement of the visitor.

"She is my father's widow," the spinster said gravely, "So we must endure her for a time."

She was a most fascinating widow when she appeared at the late dinner, in a thin black dress, all jet and trimming, with some knots of black ribbon in the profusion of her golden curls. Her color was softly tinted as ever, her blue eyes as babyish and winsome; yet, when the first evening was over she knew she had gained nothing in her effort to recapture the heart she had thrown aside.

But she did not despair. She sang the old songs that Gilbert had once heard with rapture. She varied her dress with laces, ribbons and jewelry, till its pretense of mourning was a mere mockery. She put herself in Gilbert's way with every dainty device of feminine needlework. She entreated permission to prepare his favorite dishes with her own white hands. And as if to try his constancy, Miss Jane aided and abetted this scheme for her nephew's fortune, and spoke but little of Ella, never inviting her now to the house, so that Gilbert was forced to seek her more and more in her own home, and found her ever more lovely and winsome from the contrast with the idol he had proved to be clay. It was six months after the arrival of Mrs. Gorham in her stepdaughter's house, when Gilbert, returning from a drive with Ella, met his aunt in the hall, and clasping her in a close embrace, whispered very softly:

"Ella is mine! Wish me joy!"

"From my heart," she whispered back.

Radiant with joy and hope Gilbert, after changing his driving-dress, hurried to the sitting room, to tell Aunt Jane "all about it." He had absolutely forgotten about their guest, and it gave him an unpleasant shock when he found her, seated in a low chair, busied about some wool work, that showed to great advantage her tiny white hands, glittering with jeweled rings.

She rose to greet him, and then, to his embarrassed surprise, she clasped her jeweled hands, and bursting into tears, sobbed:

"Oh, Gilbert, do not look at me so coldly. I cannot bear it. I know I deserve nothing from you but contempt, but if you knew how sorely my mother urged me, how importunate your grandfather was, you would forgive me. I was insane with their persecutions, and I thought in my misery that I could still see you, and perhaps—some day—when I was free again—I—"

And here even her effrontery gave out, and she only sobbed convulsively. Taken by surprise, every gentlemanly instinct urged Gilbert to comfort this woman who was so recklessly offering him what it was once his fondest hope to possess. But his whole soul shrank from her; his manly, true heart was only outraged by her unwomanly advances.

Gravely he stood looking down upon her as she shrank in the chair, sobbing and covering her face, and yet furtively watching him.

"Gilbert, speak one tender word to me," she implored; "say you do not utterly despise me."

But he did. He sought for words to convey his meaning kindly, and they would not come. Blushing like a boy in his confusion and pain, he said, gently:

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Gorham—"

"It used to be Myra," she sobbed, reproachfully.

"True, but those were days that can never be recalled."

"You are cruel."

"I do not wish to be so, but I must be frank with you. The past is dead! Never can we revive that love that was once so precious to me, so very trifling to you."

"No, no, you wrong me. Alas for me, it is my misfortune that I cannot conquer my love."

"But mine died when it was insulted and slighted."

Here Gilbert drew a deep sigh of relief at the appearance of Aunt Jane, entering the room behind Myra's chair. Mrs. Gorham did not hear her light step, and sobbed:

"Your love cannot be dead, Gilbert. It will live again. Pity and forgive me."

"I both pity and forgive you," said Gilbert, very gently.

"But?"

"But," said Aunt Jane, in her hard-

est tone, and with her face set in rigid lines, "you forget, Mrs. Gorham, the law does not permit a man to marry his grandmother."

With a cry of rage, Mrs. Gorham sprang to her feet, but something in the cold, grave faces, checked the torrent of wrath upon her lips, and she left the room.

The next day she terminated her visit, and loftily declined an invitation, sent three months later, to be present at the wedding of Gilbert Gorham, and his gentle bride—Ella.

Kite-Flying in Japan.

Of all the sports at which the boys in Japan amuse themselves, kite-flying seems to afford the most fun and enjoyment. Japanese kites are not plain coffin-shaped bits of tissue paper, such as American boys fly. They are made of tough paper stretched on light frames of bamboo, and of all shapes—square, oblong, or oval. They are also made to imitate animals. I have often in my walks in Japan, seen a whole paper menagerie in the air. There were crying babies, boys with arms spread out, horses, fishes, bats, hawks, crows, monkeys, snakes, dragons, besides ships, carts, and houses. Across and behind the top of the kite, a thin strip of whalebone is stretched, which hums, buzzes, or sings high in the air like a hurdy-gurdy or a swarm of beetles. When the boys of a whole city are out in kite time, there is more music in the air than is delightful. The real hawks and crows, and other birds, give these buzzing counterfeits of themselves a wide berth. In my walks, I often was deceived when looking up, unable to tell at first whether the moving black spot in the air were paper, or a real, living creature, with beak, claws, and feathers.

The Japanese boys understand well how to send "messengers" to the top of the kite, and how to entangle each other's kites. When they wish to, they can cut their rival's string and send the proud prize fluttering to the ground. To do this they take about ten feet of the string near the end, dip it in glue and then into bits of powdered glass, making a multitude of tiny blades as sharp as a razor, and looking when magnified, like the top of a wall in which broken bottles have been set to keep off climbers. When two parties of boys agree to have a paper war near the clouds, they raise their kites and then attempt to cross the strings. The most skilful boys saw off, with his glass saw, the cord of his antagonist.

The usual size of a kite in Japan is two feet square, but often four feet; and I have seen many that were six feet high. Of course, such a kite needs very heavy cord, which is carried in a basket or on a big stick. They require a man, or a very strong boy, to raise them; and was betide the small urchin who attempts to hold one in a stiff breeze! The humming monster in the air will drag him off his feet, pull him over the street, or into the ditch, before he knows it. Tie such a kite to a dog's tail, and no Japanese could ever turn around to bite the string. If the Government allowed it, boys and young men would make kites as large as an elephant. —St. Nicholas for March.

Value of a Trade.

Many a young man has been ruined for life because he never learned how to do anything. "My father," once said an intelligent young friend, who found it extremely difficult to earn a scanty livelihood by his pen, "did not think it worth while for me to learn any trade or business." He had been unexpectedly thrown on his own resources, and although a man in stature and years, he was a mere infant in his capacity to earn a living. They are too many men of his class floating around the world—men who have talents, but do not know how to apply them. Such cases lead us to look upon the culpability as very great, of any parents, who bring up a son without having been practically and thoroughly instructed in some way of earning an honest living. Every man should have some profession or trade; should know how to do something. Then, whether he steadfastly pursues it or not, he at least has an occupation to which, in an emergency he may resort for the support of himself and others who may be dependent on him. Of all men the practical know-nothing is most to be pitied.

The famous horse chestnut tree in the Tuilleries Garden which has received the name of "Marronnier du 20 Mars," as it was always observed to put forth leaves before any other in the park at about that date, is this year forty days in advance. For some weeks it had been covered with buds, and on February 9, a ray of warm sun tempted forth its first leaf.

A couple in Franklin county, Tennessee, are the parents of 22 children, 19 of whom went at the same time to the same school. Their dinner was carried to them by a negro boy in a large basket on a mule. One of the 19 was represented Franklin county twice in the legislature, and another one has represented Jackson county, Ala., once in the legislature.

Timely Rescue—Exciting Incident.

"Man overboard!" said an old seafaring man to a reporter. "Do you want to hear the story? They are only two words, yet I doubt if there is any cry that sends such a thrill through every one on board of a ship as does this. The cry of fire or breakers ahead is no doubt sufficiently alarming, but neither can be weighed for a moment with this cry, which tells of one of the ship's company left behind to struggle for his life in the wide waste of waters."

"If 'tis in the night, that a man falls overboard, the chances of his recovery are very remote, and in the daytime, if the breeze be fresh and the sea rough, the odds are fearfully against him. Much then depends on the coolness of the officer of the deck, for if he loses his head the man is gone."

"I was a passenger once on a packet ship bound from New York to Liverpool, when one afternoon at about three o'clock that cry was heard. The wind was about north, a fresh breeze, and there was considerable sea on. The ship was heading east by south, carrying all three royals and top-mast and top-gallant studding sails, going about ten miles an hour."

I was sitting on deck reading when the cry was heard. The mate had charge of the deck, an old officer, whose equanimity no emergency could disturb. I can see him before me now distinctly, and hear his rapid orders. "Down with the helm!" said he to the man at the wheel, and as he himself sprang to the taffrail and cut away the life buoys, his orders came continuous, "Jump up in the rigging there, one of you, and keep your eye on him; let go the royal halliards, fore and aft; let go the topmast and top-gallant studding sail tacks; hard lee, there; forward! rise tacks and sheets; main bowings; get aft here now to your braces quick, mainsail haul!" and as the ship's head had come round to the westward, the after yards swung around and the mate's voice was again heard: "Let the head yards stand; leave your head-sheets flowing; clear away the lea-quarter boat, and Mr. Jones jump into her there with four good men. Now, then, stand by to lower. Steady, and mind what you've got hold of. Now, then, lower away!" and as the boat touched the water, "Hold on to your forward tackle; let go aft; unhook; let go forward. Now, then, give way right out on the lee bow; that's were you'll find him!" and the boat was off, not over ten minutes having elapsed since the first alarm was given.

"Only those who have passed through a similar experience can properly appreciate the anxiety with which we watched that boat. Now we would lose sight of her entirely, as she sank in the trough of the sea, and again as she rose on its crest, the men were lying their whole weight upon the oars in their effort to reach their drowning shipmate. Every minute or so the mate would hail the lookout at the masthead: "Can you still see him?" and the answer would come back: "Can see his cap, sir, once in a while, as it rises on the sea, but can't tell whether the head is in it or not."

"Soon the masthead hailed again: "The boat has stopped, sir; they're pickin' up something," and the next minute we saw her heading toward the ship."

"Now, then, said the mate, 'get a whip on that davit and stand by to run him up quick when they get alongside. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and soon rounded to under the quarter of the ship. In the stern-sheets lay a limp mass, but whether alive or dead we, on board the ship, could not tell. "Bend onto him careful," said the Captain, "and two or three of you jump over the side and steady him up." In a trice the second mate had passed a couple of turns of the whip around the man's body, and as the word was given the men on the deck walked away and ran him up to the davit, the men over the side steadying him carefully, to prevent him swinging in against the ship on his passage up. As he came on deck he feebly opened his eyes, and the steward, who was standing near with a glass of grog, put a little of it between his lips. Rousing up he took down all that there was in the tumbler, a good "three-finger nip." "He'll do," said the Captain; "I'll risk him now; hook on that boat and hoist her up." As she came out of the water he shouted: "Put up your helm; fill away the head yards; stand by your after braces!" and away the ship went round on her heel, and, fifteen minutes later was going on her course again at the rate of ten knots, with studding sails aloft and aloft.

"Artificial Ivory.—We find in our French contemporaries two new processes for the manufacture of this material. The first consists in dissolving two parts of pure india rubber in thirty-six parts of chloroform, and saturating the solution with pure ammoniacal gas. The chloroform is then distilled at a temperature of 165 deg. Fah.; and the residue, mixed with phosphate of lime or carbonate of zinc is passed into moulds and dried. When phosphate of lime is used, the product is said to possess in a remarkable degree the peculiar composition of natural ivory.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Gymnasts are being provided at all the large barracks in Great Britain. That of Tipperary cost \$14,250.

Germany twelve years ago had no Sunday schools. Now it has over 1,200 containing more than 30,000 scholars.

John High, of Lancaster county, Pa., is eighteen years old, six feet three and one-half inches high and weighs 203 pounds. Pretty good for high.

Dom Pedro was represented by his daughter at the late opening of the Brazilian Parliament. His speech was brief and to the point.

Bishop Hare estimates that 75,000 of the 297,000 Indians in the United States have adopted the Christian faith and become civilized.

A French station-master has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of \$60, for negligently permitting a railway accident.

The Hon. George H. Farrier, of New Jersey, has over 5,000 coins, medals and colonial bills, being perhaps the largest collection in the country.

The boating men of Troy, Albany, and the neighborhood are talking of organizing a large association to be known as "The Upper Hudson Navy."

Mrs. Stewart has given to her brother, Mr. Clinch, a house on Thirty-fourth street, New York city, worth \$50,000, and an annuity of \$10,000.

The exportation of fans from Japan was about 3,000,000 during 1876, valued at \$90,000, nearly all of which large number were sent to the United States.

A Pittsfield manufacturer is sending carriage rugs and blankets to South America, Norway and Sweden, and is enlarging his mill as a result of the Exhibition.

The average annual production of kid gloves in France, is 2,500,000 dozen pairs, three-fourths of which are exported; 90,000 operatives are employed in the manufacture.

The two hottest days ever known in Australia were the 15th and 16th of January, when the thermometer registered 105 degrees in the shade at Melbourne.

Emperor William's favorite charger Sadowa, aged twenty-eight years, which bore His Majesty at the battle of Koenigsgratz and in the rest of that campaign, is dead.

The oldest harp in Europe, if not in the world, is to be seen at Trinity College, Dublin. It is said to have belonged to King Brian Borrohm, in the tenth century.

A Kansas doctor recently killed four Sioux Indians in single combat, and Gen. Miles has ordered sixteen rounds of physic to be used instead of cartridges at his next battle.

Nineteen young Liberians are in college in this country, preparing for usefulness in their native land. It is said that 500,000 freedmen are willing to emigrate to Africa.

The Maharajah of Cashmere has imported from France 250,000 vines, for the purpose of growing grapes in his territories and inciting the manufacture of wine as an industry.

New York State has had six Vice Presidents of the United States—Aaron Burr, George Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, and William A. Wheeler.

Texas is larger than France by more than 40,000 square miles, while if all the inhabitants of the United States were congregated there the population would not be so dense as it is in Massachusetts.

A bill has passed the Connecticut house forbidding savings banks to lend money at a higher rate than six per centum. This would reduce the rate of interest to depositors to five per centum.

Dr. Henry Mott, Jr., in a paper on the adulteration of milk, said that the chief things used in adulteration were water, chalk and calomel, and that 40,000,000 quarts of water were drunk in milk in New York every year.

There are seventeen school slate manufacturing plants along the Delaware, between Easton, Pa., and the Delaware Water Gap, and five along the Lehigh, in the vicinity of Slatington, manufacturing 60,000 cases of school slates per annum.

An application has been made to the Supreme Court to compel J. A. Stewart, appointed receiver of the Old Bowery State bank in New York, eighteen years ago, to file his accounts, it being alleged that \$300,000 is still due the stockholders.

A Lynn taxidermist has mounted seventy-five Arctic owls since November, many of which were shot in Marblehead, and it is estimated that over five hundred of these birds have been killed this winter on the coast between Portland and Cape Cod.

One of the most interesting features of the celebration of the battle of Bennington next August will be a sham fight, in which all the militia of Vermont will take part. It is proposed to have as near a reproduction of the old battle as possible, and already preparations are being made for the event.

Seattle, a thriving settlement of Puget Sound, was founded some four years ago by a priest from Quebec. It now has 5,000 inhabitants, a daily paper, four churches and seven schools, and on January the 1st there were six ships and three ocean steamers lying at the wharves, beside twelve other craft.

The naval necrology for the past year shows 27 deaths, as follows: Eight rear admirals, 2 commodores, 3 captains, 4 commanders, 1 lieutenant, 1 midshipman, 3 cadet midshipmen, 3 medical directors, 3 pay directors, 1 assistant paymaster, 1 post assistant engineer, 3 boatswains and 2 captains in the marine corps.