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WEARY.

Somehow the thought to-day
Seems sweet to me,
That should a still voice say
"I'm calling thee."
As ne'er before I'd go
Like one all blest.
Glad to be chosen now
And know the rest.
Glad, for the burdens grow
Heavy to bear;
Over the night of woe
No dawn breaks fair;
For climbing upward ways
Still, still I fall;
And when my voice would praise
Grief lushes all.
Not that the work is done
God gave to me,
Not that through victories won
From sin I'm free,
But on life's thorny road
Peace is unknown;
I've weary grown.
Weary, I want to rest
Close, close by Thee,
And with the happy blest
Thy face to see;
With them to sing aright
Thy dear, dear love;
All sin, and grief, and night,
Far, far above.

A Lesson In Fractions.

It was such a blow to me—such a bitter, overwhelming blow! I had been so comfortable and happy since the school-master boarded with me. The big front chamber had been so grim and ghostly almost shut up and empty. It was our spare room when poor, dear Charley was alive, but now that I was a widow and poor, it was a needless luxury to keep a guest-chamber. None of our old friends cared to visit me now; just when I needed them most, when I was lonely and sad and miserable, and refused to come. But when Mr. Slade took the room, I didn't grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed odd to have money for the guest-chamber, but the way that I was situated reconciled me to the thought very speedily indeed. Then when my boy Charley got into that scrape at school, I should just have died if it had been any body but Mr. Slade.
"Madame," said he, "your boy is mischievous—very mischievous."
"Yes, Sir," I said meekly.
"And to extend a rope in such a manner that the unconscious heels of his teacher shall be tripped up thereby; to fill the hat of his instructor with stones; to put wax upon the bench, so that the tails of his coat may adhere to the sticky substance, and thus come to grief—all these things are very reprehensible, madam, and merit a condign punishment."
"Yes, Sir," I replied, and wiped away my regretful tears. I knew what was coming. Either Charley would be expelled from the school or dreadfully beaten by this injured man. It was better to have him beaten than expelled, but either was horrible.
"Please don't expel him Mr. Slade," I said. "He must be punished, of course; but please don't beat him very hard."
"I shall not beat him at all," he said.
"Don't expel him," I entreated.
"Nor expel him," he replied. "If you'll leave the boy to me, there will be no further trouble. He has a good heart and an open, generous, manly nature. I will appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow me. I think we can get along with Charley if we take the right way."
"Oh, Mr. Slade," I said, "how noble you are! how generous! how magnanimous! I think heaven was good to send me such a—a boarder."
He grew a little red under my praise, and as it was school-time, bowed himself out; but really he looked like an archangel to me as he walked down the street. Of course the simile was absurd. He was tall and lean and ungainly; the tails of his long coat did not flap as gracefully as many another coat close by. Charley said he was knock-kneed; perhaps he was; I don't know what the term means. He might have been knock-kneed, but to me he was all that was desirable in man.
The way he managed Charley after that was miraculous; there is no other word for it. The boy was as wild and untamable as a young colt when Mr. Slade took hold of him, and shortly afterward he was the most tractable and orderly of mortals. I could see, though, the time and trouble it cost to work such wonders with him. In the spring they went fishing together, and Mr. Slade taught Charley how to manage his hook and line, and wheeled the poor little fish to his bait. In midsummer they got up a collection of beetles and bugs and butterflies and all sorts of things. It was terrible to the poor insects, I suppose; but oh, dear Heaven! what a rest and comfort it was to me to have Charley amused and kept out of trouble!
I began to rest on Mr. Slade, to confide in him, to ask his advice, and invariably take it, upon all occasions, and

gratefully take advantage of his knack in repairing things about the house, and putting in order troublesome domestic utensils. He always put up the shades in house-cleaning time, and hung the pictures; and what I should have done without him that time the machine got out of order, Heaven only knows. I had a dress to finish for Mrs. Chappel, and was working away, when all at once the machine began to squeak dreadfully. It was a rasping note, fit to raise the hair on one's head, and mine had ached all the morning. I oiled it and fussed at it, but all to no purpose; it squeaked all the more. And, to crown all, the nice pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's luncheon was burned to a crisp. I smelled it, and rushed to the stove, but too late. It was a nasty black ruin, and I just sat down and cried over it. It seemed to me so sad and terrible, that I wanted to lay down and die, when in walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.
"It's no use coming in," I said. "I don't know how you can stand boarding here, anyway. I'm such a miserable housekeeper. It would be so much better if Charley and I were dead!"
"What has happened?" said Mr. Slade; and I was ashamed when I saw a look of alarm on his face.
"It is very sad," I said, "to burn the crust of a nice pie all to a crisp."
"Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade. "Now for me it is a most excellent mischance. Of all things in the world I revere the burned crust of a pie. I have hesitated to declare this predilection, because I know it is a remarkable one, and not at all likely to be shared by the majority of people; but fortune has favored me to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie by all means."
And he actually lifted the horrible black thing to the table and ate it—yes he did, he ate it—which was the most perfect and graceful piece of martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And then I got courage to tell him how I burned it; that Mrs. Chappel must have that dress, and the machine had begun to squeak in the most terrible way; that I oiled it and fussed with it, but all to no purpose, and how I was to finish that dress of Mrs. Chappel's, with that dreadful noise distracting my poor brain. I didn't know.
"We'll look at it," he said, in that resting, comforting, soul-cheering way of his; and as I followed him into the sitting-room I knew in my heart that he would exorcise that squeaking demon from the machine. And he did.
"It's the ball," he said; "it becomes smooth from friction, and if you'll bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay! here is a piece of chalk, which is better than all;" and with that little white lump that he took from his waistcoat pocket he made the machine perfect in five—in two minutes.
Now how could I help watching him from the door again, as he walked away to school; and let his coat tails fly as they may, or he be knock-kneed to eternity, how could I help sending after him my heartiest benediction and blessing.
And can it be wondered at that when, only two or three months after, he told me he was going away, I was like one stunned and bewildered? We were sitting in the little front room, and I was finishing off that diagonal overskirt for Mrs. Chappel. Charley had gone nutting to the woods, for it was already autumn, and an early frost had set the leaves aflame. A breeze from the west blew my hair into my eyes, and I put it back with a trembling hand. The soft warm day of golden light suddenly seemed to cloud over, and become one of moody sadness.
"Why, Mr. Slade," said I, "I never got beyond the first four rules of arithmetic in all my school days."
"And upon these depend everything," he replied. "Put by your work, and let us see what we can do."
It was of no use to refuse. He was one of those masterful natures that always conquer. Half an hour after, I was sitting by his side at the table, with Charley's slate under my blurred eyes, and Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers. The rosy evening light streamed in upon us, the soft south wind bringing resinous odors from the woods where Charley yet lingered.
"I have an opportunity for an advancement in my profession," he said, "which it would ill behoove me to put by. In my native town is offered me a position of trust and confidence—no less, I may say to you, dear madam, than a professor's chair."
I hadn't the least idea what he meant. I knew that one chair differed very much from another, and whereas one was comfortable, easy, and enjoyable, another might be for the time being a seat of torture, but wherein a professor's chair excelled I could not at that time imagine. I sat quite still, and the ruffle fell from my hand; my foot rested on the treadle of the machine, and I sat and stared at Mr. Slade like one demented.
"And it has occurred to me," he went on, "that the position I have held here, which is an exceedingly easy

and pleasant one, might profitably and suitably be filled by one of the other sex; the duties are not at all arduous, and could be performed more readily, it appears to me, than those pertaining to the needle. I have spoken to the committee in your behalf, and with a little attention on your part, and with a little mechanical requirements necessary, and a little help upon mine you will be ready to fill the position at once!"
"Who? I, Mr. Slade? Why, you must be crazy!" Then feeling that this was not a very respectful way to speak, I added that his kindness for me led him to overrate my capabilities.
"Now, my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr. Slade—and the very gentleness of his tone, the tender rendering of my name, made me shiver, for I couldn't get the thought from my head that when he was gone there was no one left to deal tenderly with me or mine—"now pray try to give your thoughts to the subject in hand. It is the simplest thing in the world; and those rudiments once conquered, the rest will follow. Now, a man sold his farm for 8,730 dollars, and fourteen-fifteenths of this is seven-ninths of the cost of his house, and the house cost three times as much as the store; now what was the cost of the house and store?"
His voice was so persuasive, so distinct, it must have been a pleasant voice to listen to at the school even if the poor little blockheads could make neither head nor tail of his meaning.
I looked at Mr. Slade, then out of the window, where the mellow light of the sunset shone, and I thought how, such a little while ago, it was a spring landscape, bathed in tenderest green, and now it was autumn, the grass was sere and brown, leaves falling, the branches like skeletons against the sky.
"Madam—my dear Mrs. Sweet," said the voice of the schoolmaster, "I beg your attention to these few first rules. It is distasteful to me to leave you a prey to the coarse habits of these village women, who flaunt their finery in an obstructive and unbecoming manner, and grudge you the poor reward for your labor."
"She said the seams were crooked, and perhaps they were," I said, for I knew he meant Mrs. Chappel. "I'm not very good at sewing, or—or at anything." Then two big tears rolled out of my eyes upon Charley's slate, and blurred the schoolmaster's pretty figures, which so distressed him that he got up and took a turn about the room. Then he came back to his place at the table again.
"Dear Mrs. Sweet," he said, inapologetically, "if you would only make up your mind to master these first rules! A man sold his farm for 8730 dol—"
"And I'm sure he got a good price for it," I broke in; "and whatever he got for his house, it must have been all it was worth. As for his store I don't want to know anything about it; I can't see that it's any of my business, Mr. Slade, and I can't bother with it just now. If it was a house alone, or a store alone, or a farm—but to cut them all up and put them together again like a patchwork quilt is impossible for me to think of, Mr. Slade. I can't do it, I never could, and it's ridiculous to ask me to do such a thing, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you go away is to go on working for Mrs. Chappel till I drop dead; and only for Charley I wouldn't care how soon."
Then I put my head down on the table crying ready to break my heart. I couldn't help it. I was the most wretched creature in the world, and my heart was full. I couldn't help crying, and I'm glad now that I couldn't.
For suddenly I felt his strong arm tremble on the back of my chair.
"It is so sad and terrible," I said, "to have the seams always crooked, and Mrs. Chappel—"
"Confusion to Mrs. Chappel and to her crooked seams! Tell me madam—Mrs. Sweet—tell me, dear little heart, would it not even be better to give over your future to a grim old pedagogue like me? It shall at least be free from crooked seams and puzzling problems."
I heaved a little sigh of relief as I felt his arm closing shelteringly and tenderly around me.
"If Heaven will vouchsafe to me," he said, getting back to his dear old wordy way, "your sweet companionship for all the days to come, I can even find it in my heart to be grateful to Mrs. Chappel, and wish her well."
I don't know what I said, but everybody knows that I never could see any fault in Mr. Slade, and I don't to this day. He fills his professor's chair, and I have ever so many comfortable ones at home. Charley is a splendid mathematician, and there is a little fellow just creeping into fractions, and he came to me the other day, his dear little brains muddled with puzzling over that same sum.
"And please, mamma," he begged, "a man sold his farm for 8730 dollars, and fourteen-fifteenths of this is—"
"Go to your papa, darling," I said; "he found out the cost of it all long,

ago; but as for me, dear, I'm glad to say I never could make it out—never."
Suggestions to Campers-Out.
Our camp equipage was very simple, as we had to take into consideration the "carries" between the lakes, where our entire kit would have to be shouldered by the guides and the men of our party: it consisted chiefly of a close tent for the women and children, and a shelter tent for the men, two blankets and a mackintosh sheet for each of the party, a canvass bed for the children which came apart and could be rolled up in small package, a few compressible India rubber comforts, such as air pillows, bath tubs, etc.; besides these, each person had his or her "pack," which contained the necessary toilet appurtenances, and such extra garments as were indispensable. We have since agreed that on another occasion we should have very light mackintosh bags, made to hold the blankets, as it is of the greatest importance that they should be kept dry. We found to our cost the discomfort arising from our want of forethought in that respect on more occasions than one. At the same time, as the blankets are indispensable in their use as seats and backs when in the canoes, these bags should be large enough to admit of their being comfortably spread. On an expedition of any extent one can hardly fail to meet with showers if not with steady rains, and a half hour's wetting may often necessitate a three hours' drying. For myself too, I should carry a portable canvass bed, for I do not find the primitive fir boughs all my fancy painted them, although H. declared them to be superior to Marcotte's best mattresses.
Experience also taught us somewhat in regard to our kitchen paraphernalia; instead of the heavy iron pot which we carried, it would be better to substitute a set of tin pails, one fitting inside the other, and substantially made with copper bottoms; their combined weight would be less than that of the kettle, the cook at the same time would not be confined to a single pot; add to these a frying pan, a coffee pot, and one of those compact arrangements of plates, cups, forks, knives and spoons, and the outfit is complete, so far as necessity is concerned. If the journey is an easy one, luxuries can be proportionately added, as in that case light weight would not be such an object. The staples on such an expedition are pork, flour and potatoes, tea and coffee; any amount of tinned delicacies may be added, but it should be borne in mind that every additional pound is so much more burden. The men, of course, carried their guns and ammunition, and H., who undertook the direction of everything, declared that my maid and myself must wear bloomers. I demurred greatly to this, but a little reasoning soon convinced me that the ordinary walking dress, however simply made, would be an impossibility in a primeval forest, and while traveling in that most unsteady of crafts, a canoe; so I had dark-blue flannel costumes made, somewhat stronger minded than I liked, while the children were equipped in flannel waists and loose knickerbockers gathered into an elastic band so they could be drawn down to the ankle or pushed above the knee, as the weather should be cold or warm. I give all the details, in case this should meet the eye of any of my sex meditating a similar expedition; in which contingency, another's experience might be useful. The men wore ordinary shooting clothes; and here H. bids me say again, for the benefit of those who are thinking of roughing it, that the ordinary English knickerbockers, with stout shoes and leather gaiters that reach to the knee, and can be taken off before wading, and an extra pair of stockings are much more comfortable on such a trip than the "high-top boots" so commonly worn in this country, which soon get water-logged and uncomfortable.—*Scrubner.*
Girls' Attitude to Young Men.
There is a thing of which I want to speak, and that is of the behavior of girls toward young men who are not lovers but simply friends. Let me tell you plainly that our sex were not meant to be wooers. The custom prevalent among a certain class of young ladies of asking, directly, or indirectly, the attentions of young gentlemen is not an admirable custom. "My son," said a lady to me, not long since, "is much prejudiced against a young girl, whom I admire, because she is constantly sending him notes, inviting him to be her escort here and there, and planning to have him with her." A modest and dignified reserve, which is neither prudery nor affectation, should distinguish your manner to gentlemen. Too great familiarity and too evident pleasure in the society of young men are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall.
—In the Naples Conservatory of Music are 3,000 autographs of musical compositors.

The Homes of Mice.
The field-mice make snug beds in old stumps, under logs, inside stacks of corn and bundles of straw; dig out galleries below the grass roots; occupy the abandoned nests of birds and the holes made by other animals; and even weave nests of their own in weeds and bushes. They live well in captivity, and you can easily see them at work if you supply materials.
In tearing down old buildings the carpenters often find between the walls a lot of pieces of paper, bits of cloth, sticks, fur, and such stuff, forming a great bale, and know it was once the home of a house-mouse. You have heard anecdotes of how a shop-keeper missed small pieces of money from his till, and suspected his clerk of taking it; how the clerk was a poor boy who was supporting a widowed mother, or a sister at school, and the kind-hearted shop-keeper shut his eyes to his suspicions, and waited for more and more proof before being convinced that his young clerk was the thief; but, as the money kept disappearing, how at last he accused the clerk of taking it. Then the story tells how, in spite of the boy's vehement and tearful denial, a policeman was called in to arrest him, and when everything had been searched to no purpose, and he was about being taken to the police-station, how, away back in a corner was discovered a mouse's nest made of stolen pieces of ragged currency—ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces. Then everybody was happy, and the story ended with a capital moral.
More than one such stolen house the mice have really built, and sometimes their work has destroyed half a hundred dollars, and caused no end of heartaches. Their little teeth are not to be despised, I assure you. I believe one of the most disastrous of those great floods which in past years have swept over the fertile plains of Holland was caused by mice digging through the thick banks of earth, called dykes, which had been piled up to keep the sea back. In this case, of course, the mice lost their lives by their misdeeds, as well as the people, sharing in the general catastrophe. They hardly intended this; but
"The best-laid plans of mice and men
Gang at agley."
It was by the gnawing of a ridiculous little mouse, you remember, that the lion in the fable got free from the net in which the king of beasts found himself caught.
Sometimes the house-mouse goes out-of-doors to live, and forgets his civilization; while, on the other hand, the woodland species occasionally come indoors and grow tame. At the fur-trading posts about Hudson Bay, wild mice live in the traders' houses.
All mice are full of curiosity. They poke their noses into all sorts of places, where there is a prospect of something to eat, and often meet the fate which ought to be the end of all poking of noses into other people's affairs—they get caught. I remember one such case which Mr. Frank Buckland has related. When oysters are left out of water for any length of time, especially in hot weather, they always open their shells a little way, probably seeking a drink of water. A mouse hunting about for food found such an oyster in the larder, and put his head in to nibble at the oyster's beard; instantly the bivalve shut his shells, and held them together so tightly by his strong muscles, that the poor mouse could not pull his head out, and so died of suffocation. Other similar cases have been known.—*St. Nicholas.*
A Mouse's Stratagem.
A strange sight was witnessed one afternoon recently by a writer in the *Corinne Record* office. Our attention was attracted by several lusty squeaks from the inside of a pail, almost full of water, into which a half grown mouse had fallen. The alarm had hardly died away before four or five more mice appeared on the scene, and began clambering to the top edge of the pail. For several moments after gaining the top of the pail and catching sight of the mouse in the water a squeaking confab was held.
First one mouse and then another would cling to the rim of the bucket with his hind legs, and while almost touching the water with his nose, squeak out either consolation or advice to the immersed; but while all this was going on the swimming powers of the unfortunate mouse in the pail were rapidly giving out. At last a happy thought seemed to strike the biggest mouse in the crowd, and almost without a squeak he firmly fastened his fore feet to the edge of the pail and let his body and tail hang down. The drowning mouse saw it, and making a last desperate effort for life, swam to the spot, seized the tail of his brother mouse, and amid squeaks of delight from all the mice present, was hauled high and dry out of the water and over the edge of the bucket.
—Panola county, Miss., has \$38,000 in her treasury, and don't owe a dollar.

NEWS IN BRIEF.
—Schuyler Colfax has cleared over \$100,000 from his lectures.
—Milwaukee has a population of nearly 123,000. So much for making good lager.
—There was not a single marriage in Moore county, North Carolina during the year 1876.
—The Sahara or Burning Desert of North Africa is 3,000 miles long and 1,000 in width.
—The city of Richmond, Va., has over 340 factories, that give employment to 11,000 persons.
—A New Hampshire couple weigh 449 pounds, but the wife alone weighs only 20 pounds.
—In Garrettsville, Texas, they are making war on cats. In one month 148 tabbies were killed.
—The Chinese laborers employed at the cutlery works at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, have all left.
—The receipt of indirect taxes in France the first six months of 1877 exceeded the estimate by \$5,000,000.
—The Flemish language is dying out, to the regret of Flemings, both in Belgium and France, and of philologists generally.
—Tom Thumb's house at Bridgeport, Conn., was recently entered and robbed of nearly all the lead pipe and gas fixtures it contained.
—Truman Ives, of Lansingburg, N. Y., reports that two thousand tomato plants set out by him were eaten up by the potato bugs in one night.
—The London conference of British librarians will be held October 25. Mr. Winter Jones, Librarian of the British Museum delivering the inaugural address.
—It is conceded by experts in railway management that one cent per ton per mile is the minimum rate at which railways can profitably transport freight.
—The official trial of the English ironclad *Téméraire* is stated to have been a perfect success. Six runs were made, the average speed being between 14½ and 15 knots.
—The financial depression seems to have little effect upon American tourists abroad. More than \$45,000,000 have been issued by New York banks in letters of credit this season.
—It is estimated by authority that in Europe 1 person in every 1,537 is deaf and dumb; in Ireland, 1 in 1,714; in the United States 1 in 2,500 while in Switzerland the average is 1 in 503.
—George Francis Train has received thirty-six cents for an article on peanuts, his favorite theme. Upon this he remarks: "This is the first and only money ever paid me for literary labor."
—Buffalo, N. Y., is enjoying a public investigation, instituted to ascertain whether or not the president of her Common Council packed the School Committee in the interest of a change of text books.
—Near Forestville, N. C., is a curiosity in the shape of a balanced rock. It is about twelve feet in diameter, and is so nicely poised that a child can move it readily, but a giant could not overthrow it.
—A curious phenomenon noted in the vicinity of Petersburg, Va., after a recent warm rain-storm, was the sudden appearance of myriads of the tiniest of frogs that hopped out a brief existence and then died.
—J. R. Young, of Norfolk, Va. claims to be the champion strawberry grower, having gathered 375,000 quarts from 125 acres during the past season. One day he had seventeen hundred pickers at work.
—A half-sister of Charlotte Cushman has just died at Lynnfield, Mass. She was a Mrs. Isabella Weld, widow of James Weld, and previously the widow of Samuel A. Eaton, a well known Boston watchmaker.
—The *Eureka Sentinel* says: Messrs. Flood & O'Brien own 360,000 shares of bonanza stocks, which at the current rates are worth about \$11,000,000. The monthly dividends from this stock give them an income of \$730,000.
—The total expense of the schools in New York last year was \$3,371,694; in Boston, \$2,081,643; in Philadelphia, \$1,634,653; in St. Louis, 1,171,093; in Chicago, 859,303; in San Francisco, \$709,147; in Baltimore, \$677,986.
—Under a strange Canadian law a man going on board a vessel in harbor without leave is liable to get two years in the penitentiary. The last victim was a Norwegian boy of seventeen, "at Quebec, who was after a drink of water."
—In Durango, Mexico, there is a thieving district more than twenty miles in extent, which has 600 vessels and 300 drifts of steam tin. The supply is so great that "metallic tin can be produced at a cost of two cents a pound."
—Mr. George Dawson, of the Albany Journal, can edit a newspaper, write a charming book on angling, and preach an instructive sermon. He now and then fills the pulpit of some Baptist church around Albany on a Sunday evening.
—Sheep raising pays. Mr. Ross, of London, Ohio, bought 235 selected grade ewes for \$900, from which he raised 235 lambs. Lambs and wool sold for \$1,246 realizing a handsome profit over the cost of keeping, with the sheep on hand and the manure extra.
—The late period of life at which youths have recently gone into the English universities is exciting unfavorable comment. The average age of public schoolboys beginning residence at Oxford is now about 19½ to 19¾, and the degree is often not taken until 23 or 24. A hundred years ago under graduates went up to college at 16 to 18.