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ONE YEAR APART.

Bright sun above a rippled sea.
A tall sail leaning down the sky,
And low waves singing merrily,
With none to hear but she and I.

A few soft words, "How sweet to float
Along the line of shining shore,
And slowly, in a sailless boat,
Drift on into the evermore."

"And carry there this picture fair,
The sea and sky and smiling land,
With not a thought of toil or care;
Going like children, hand in hand."

That was a year ago to-day,
For her the boat has left the shore,
And now her footsteps slowly stray
The bright paths of the evermore.

And I—the sun and sky and sea,
And low waves singing on the sand,
Seem saying that she waits for me
In that far off, yet nearing land.

What is in a Name.

There is a man in our village whose name is Thomas Brown. This is not a remarkable fact in itself, but this particular Brown met with a little adventure not long ago, that is really too good to let pass. Brown is a widower, on the other shady side of forty, and rather well to do in this world's goods. He is not good looking; in fact he looks rather the other way, but somehow he has managed to secure two better halves, outliving both. Since his last wife's death, he has been living in our village inn (dignified by the name of hotel), and has spent more of his time in—well, looking around for a third Mrs. Brown. Not long ago the landlord handed him a letter directed to 'Thomas Brown, Esq.—Hotel, Stillwater. He opened it and read:

MY DEAR BROWN:—I have just bought a house in the town of B—, and have moved my wife and daughter there for the summer. I will be detained in the city for a week yet; couldn't you, like the good fellow you are, go over to B— and stay there until I come? It's true you never met any of my family but me, but this letter will be a sufficient introduction to them, and I will guarantee you a hearty welcome. Make yourself completely at home, as if I was there, and have an eye over things in general. Do this for your own school fellow.

HIRAM JUDKINS.

Brown stared at this letter for full two minutes after reading, and then broke his spell of enchantment by commencing to vigorously scratch his head. He thought over all the boys he used to go to school with and play marbles with, but did not remember any Hiram Judkins. He never recollected hearing the name before, and the harder he scratched his head the more mystified he became. He looked up the address on the envelope and read "Thomas Brown, Esq., again. He was the only one of that name in Stillwater, consequently the letter must be meant for him; but who and what was Hiram Judkins? So deep did his cogitations become and so engrossed was he in solving the enigma that he twisted his face into every imaginable shape, to the consternation of the landlord, who had been standing by watching his boarder and who asked him if he had a pain, and advised a little gin and water as a relief. Brown replied by turning on his heel and walking off. All that day he spent in endeavoring to freshen his memory of school days, but at night had conjured up no vision of a Hiram Judkins. He used to know a Hiram Sands, and as the recollection flashed upon him he thought he had solved the enigma, as Hiram might have married somebody by the name of Judkins, and reversed the order of things by dropping his own name and taking the lady's. But on second thought he scouted this idea entirely, and by night he was no nearer the solution than in the morning. One thing he decided upon though. He would go to B— and seek up the Judkins family, minus Hiram, and then decide whether the letter was intended for him. That night he dreamed of a man who had a thousand and one names pinned on his back, and all of these names were Hiram Judkins. He tried to catch a glimpse of the man's face, but he persistently turned his back to him. The next morning he made his necessary arrangements and started in the noon train for B—. Arriving there he had a little difficulty in finding the neat little cottage which Mrs. Judkins, and her daughter had just commenced to occupy, and with rather a nervous tread he walked up the pretty path from the gate to the front porch and timidly knocked at the door.

He was ushered into a neat little parlor by a matronly lady, who, when he inquired after Mrs. Hiram Judkins, informed him that she was the person.

"I have just received this letter from your husband," he commenced, as he pulled it out of his pocket and handed it to her.

She took it, and upon looking over its contents exclaimed, "Ah, yes; so this is Mr. Brown? I am glad to see you, sir. My husband's friends are

mine, and you must make yourself at home here—do just as you please. Perhaps you would like to wash after travelling," and not waiting for an answer she rang the bell, and continued to the young girl who answered the summons, "Mary Ann, take this gentleman up to the third story front room and see that he is attended too."

Brown saw that it would not do to seek an explanation in the presence of the servant, so he quietly submitted to being led up-stairs, and dismissing the girl he shut the door and began to ruminate on what should be the next move. It was evident that he was getting himself into a scrape, and he concluded to explain matters at the earliest opportunity. The supper bell interrupted his meditations, and it was with rather a nervous air that he answered the summons. He found Mrs. Judkins already at the head of the table, while opposite her sat a young girl, that he found to be her daughter, and whom he afterwards described to be the handsomest piece of feminine coquetry that he ever beheld.

He took his seat at the place designated him, after being introduced to the daughter, and the meal began. Brown felt he could not explain matters in the presence of all this loveliness, and so concluded to wait until some more auspicious moment. Mrs. Judkins kept up an animated conversation, and finally touched on her absent husband.

"Where did you and he become acquainted, Mr. Brown?"

Brown remembered Judkins' note, and said, flatteringly, "I think it was at school, ma'am!"

"At school!" exclaimed the little woman, repeating his words, "and you have continued such good friends ever since? I have often tried to persuade my husband to ask you to come and spend some time with us. He talked of you so much that I almost felt I knew you, too. He promised that as soon as you came from abroad he would send for you, and like a dear old fellow that he is, he has kept his word. How long were you abroad?"

Brown began to feel uncomfortable. He had never been abroad in his life. He coughed once or twice and then replied:

"Really, madam, your husband must have been misinformed. I have not been out of my village of Stillwater for a year."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the lady, "and Mr. Judkins did not know of your return until recently? Well that is too bad."

Brown thought it was, but did not make any reply; and to avoid any recurrence to the subject, until he had explained matters, he addressed himself to the daughter, and so the meal ended. The trio then withdrew to the porch and occupied the rustic seats to enjoy the pleasant night. Brown began to reflect whether he did right in allowing matters to go as far as they had. He was convinced that he never had met Mr. Judkins, but what would his wife and his beautiful daughter now say should he commit himself, and then on the other hand, what excuse other than the real state of the case, could he make? And what would Judkins do if he should return unexpectedly while he was there? His cogitations were put an end to by Mrs. Judkins, who excused herself, saying she "must go in and help the servant"—thus leaving our unhappy hero alone with the daughter. Now, Miss Judkins was pretty as we before stated, and she also seemed to be aware of this fact herself (a common failing with pretty young women). She also exhibited strong coquettish tendencies, and as this class of people are supposed to gather homely as well as comely masculines in their toils—even so Brown was not exempted. As soon as the mother had disappeared, the daughter laid her schemes, and so securely was the net woven that Brown had to confess himself thoroughly entrapped before the close of the evening. Indeed, so completely infatuated was he that had it not been for the restraining influence of the mother, who now returned, he would undoubtedly have committed himself. As it was, he contented himself by squeezing her hand till the owner of the injured member almost cried out with pain, and he bade her good night.

In his room he became more perplexed than ever. Conscience dictated he should not delay any longer, but seek Mrs. Judkins and explain, throwing himself on her mercy; but a vision of loveliness in the person of Miranda Judkins rose up before him, and appeared to be giggling at his ridiculous position, and in this state of mind he fell into a troubled sleep. He awoke next morning, not feeling much refreshed by sleep, and dressed himself and went down stairs. Mrs. Judkins inquired at the breakfast table if he had a headache, and on answering in the affirmative, Miranda was all attention. With her own hands she tied a wet bandage over his head, and then made him lie down on a couch in the parlor,

while she took a seat by his side and fanned him.

He has since confessed that he don't think he ever had a more delicious headache in his life, and would have liked it to last a week under the circumstances. He thought there would be no more fitting time to continue his interrupted advance than the present, and so, reaching forth his hand he took hers, and said, in as pathetic a voice as he could command:

"I—I—don't mean that, Miranda," he continued, still retaining her hand and raising himself on his elbow; "I—I—don't you think it would be nice for me to take of you and you of me? I love you Miranda. I—it is short"—he had jumped to his feet, and was in the act of sinking on his knees, when a hurried step was heard, and Mrs. Jenkins entered with an open letter in her hand. She walked straight up to Brown and thrust the letter into his hand. He then read:

MY DEAR WIFE: I am sorry to disappoint you and Mira, but my friend Brown has not come home from abroad yet. I had heard that he had arrived as was at Stillwater, and I wrote—

Brown read no more. The letter dropped to the floor and he sank back on the lounge completely overcome.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" demanded the lady in a stern tone.

"Are you not Mr. Thomas Brown?"

"Yes, yes, ma'am, but—but—I ain't your Thomas Brown, I am afraid."

Miranda uttered a scream and fainted. But Brown instantly became himself and stepped forward to her assistance, but Mrs. J. waved him back and administered restoratives herself. When the daughter had come to, the mother continued:

"And why, let me ask sir, had you the audacity to come here and pass for my husband's friend?"

"The letter he wrote was handed me, and as I was the only Thomas Brown I knew of I concluded that I must have known Hiram Judkins when I went to school. It is so long since then!" he groaned.

The little lady turned contemptuously away, and calling the servant instructed her to get Mr. Thomas Brown's valise from the room which Mr. Thomas Brown had occupied and show him the front door.

"I intended to have explained matters to you this morning madam," he fluttered as the servant left the room.

"You can explain them to my husband, sir, if you have the impudence to come when he is here," and the little lady, with a firm step, walked to the door, took the valise from the hands of the servant who was just entering, and handed it to him, and politely bowing wished him a good day.

Brown with an appealing look at Miranda, whom he discovered for the first time was laughing at him, resolutely picked up his hat and walked out of the house without another word. He took the next train for Stillwater and says he will never again be tempted to go on a wild goose chase. He is still single, and has avowed his determination to remain so, as he entertains fears that should he enter wedlock Miranda Judkins might sue him for breach of promise.

Catching Sharks.

Do you know how sharks are caught out in California? At Anaheim Landing, in that State, they make a business of shark-catching, for about four months every year, beginning in May. Sometimes one person will catch from one to fifteen in a day. This is the way they do it. Large stakes are driven into the sand at intervals along the beach. To these stakes one end of a large rope is tied; on the other end is a strong iron hook, baited with fish. This is thrown into the water, and when, tempted by the bait, the shark is caught on the hook, he is drawn upon the shore and killed. There is sometimes a very exciting struggle during the latter operation. The sharks are generally from six to seven feet in length, and weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. Of course a fish of this kind is possessed of considerable strength, and it is not often that one man can manage the caught monster, and it occasionally requires the united strength of four men to place the victim on terra firma. Three kinds of shark are caught at the landing. The leopard shark (so named because of its spotted appearance) and the flat shark are worthless, except for their fins, which are sold to Chinamen. The Mongolian make delicious soup from shark-fins, and it is also said that they make excellent combs from the same material. Each oil-yielding shark yields about two gallons of oil, which is sold at retail at fifty cents per gallon.

H. H. Honore, Fred Grant's father-in-law, has gone into bankruptcy owing two millions and a half, of which almost a million is unsecured.

Miss Von Hillern has succeeded in her attempt to walk fifty miles in twelve hours at Portland, Me., with seven minutes and twenty-three seconds to spare.

Mr. Shaw's Nozzle.

Without presuming to depreciate other people's nozzles, it is safe to say that Mr. Shaw's nozzle is one of remarkable value. That it satisfactorily fulfils its chief purpose is among the least of its merits, and it is only when we perceive the varied and numerous uses to which it can be put that its true worth can be appreciated. Among the glaring faults of steam may be mentioned its refusal to escape in a quiet and orderly way. When a locomotive or a steamboat boiler begins to liberate or "blow off" its steam, the noise thereby produced is deafening. Moreover, it is in the highest degree adapted to produce a thirst for blood, accompanied by floods of profanity, among those who are tormented by its shriek and roar. Many a Connecticut deacon of previously unsullied character has been known, while disembarking from a Sound steamboat, and trying to ask a policeman the way to the Bible House, to fiercely "goldern" the escaping steam, which rendered his questions inaudible. Many a reared matron, who, while occupying a rear room at the Delavan House, has been awakened at 4 A. M. by the roar of a brace of locomotives in the act of "blowing off," has burst into maddened tears, and boxed the children's ears as one who wished that mankind had but a single ear, that she might box it with a coal-shovel. Every professed thinker has noticed that the decline of morality in this country has kept pace with the increase of steam boilers. That the strain upon the mind and body caused by the noise of escaping steam has weakened both the nerves and the morals of the public, no reasonable man can doubt.

Mr. Shaw has invented what he calls a nozzle, which when attached to an escape-pipe, will enable steam to escape without any noise whatever. Of the precise nature of the nozzle we are not informed. Mr. Shaw says that it contains a helix—which, perhaps, it does—and also a quantity of wires, and leaves to infer that the escaping steam is so much disheartened by becoming entangled with the wires and the helix that it has not strength enough left to roar with. The details of the invention are, however, of no consequence to the public. So long as Mr. Shaw's nozzle will put a stop to the nuisance of noisy escape-pipes, we can accept it gladly, without further investigation.

It may not have occurred to Mr. Shaw, but it will promptly occur to every person who is in the habit of traveling in sleeping-cars, that if Mr. Shaw's nozzle can be applied to escape-pipes, it can also be applied to the human nose. It was undoubtedly the intention of the inventor of sleeping-cars to construct a car in which a traveler could lie awake all night with comparative comfort. This invention has, however, been hitherto made a failure by the infamous conduct of shameless snorers, who deliberately go to sleep in sleeping-cars and snore as if there was no future world. It is difficult to disbelieve that these snorers constitute an organized gang of miscreants. Upon what other hypothesis than that of concerted action can we explain the fact that they always travel in bands of three or more, including a tenor, a baritone and a bass snorer? Their snoring also bears the marks of careful rehearsal. They do not snore in the rude, artless way of the simple African boot-black, but they execute concerted chamber music evidently written by musicians of the Wagnerian school. A gang of these unspeakable villains has been known to snore, without the slightest intermission, from New York to Buffalo; and all through the unhappy listeners have hoped and prayed that the snorers would perish of strangulation. They have wickedly lived on while honest travelers have died of rage and exhaustion.

Were Mr. Shaw's nozzle to be firmly attached to the nose of every man who is suspected of snoring; the sleeping-car would become what its inventor designs it to be. If steam, at a pressure of 150 pounds can have its roar baffled and silenced by Mr. Shaw's nozzle, no snore would ever find its way past the wires and the helix of the same instrument when applied to the nose. No matter how earnestly the snorer might strive to sound his demagogical nose, he could produce nothing more sonorous than a gentle sigh. For the pretence that the forcible application of the nozzle to the suspected nose would be an invasion of the snorer's rights, it scarcely deserves consideration. The man who snores in public has no rights which honest men are bound to respect. We muzzle dogs and place yokes about the necks of too enterprising pigs. Is the snorer of more value than the dog or is he better than the pig? If not, it is a hollow mockery to pretend that we can not, in our own defense, neutralize his nefarious nose with Mr. Shaw's nozzle.

The nozzle may also be used to render certain domestic animals endurable. With its aid the ill-judged attempts of the hen to rival the nightingale in singing can be baffled, and the obnoxious remarks of the mule can be silenced. At present, when the small boy undertakes to play base ball, he fills the neighborhood for miles in every direction with yells and blasphemy. If all small boys found playing base ball without nozzles were to be instantly arrested and committed to the pound, life during the base ball season would become bright and beautiful. It would perhaps be impracticable to apply the nozzle to Mr. Talmage, and perhaps it would be scarcely worth while, since he preaches more with his arms and legs than with his voice. Still, if Talmage's vocal rant could be filtered through Mr. Shaw's wires, we would more easily bear his gymnastic antics. At any rate, the experiment might be tried, and the Brooklyn Common Council ought to pass an ordinance requiring Talmage to be nozzleed, at least during the "hot weather."—New York Times.

Russian Soldiers.

The correspondent of the London Times at Gurgeva writes:—

"The health of the army is remarkably good—better the doctors say than during peace manoeuvres in their own country. So many stories are told in England of want of care for the soldier's health and food, that it may be well to say once for all that the men of all arms look well and strong, with plenty of flesh on their bones, though little fat. They are in excellent working condition, and carry weights which would break down any but strong constitutions, including biscuits for three days, which form part of their kit, packed in the knapsack, and bread, which they manage to carry in a bag on their shoulders.

The Russian privates in a marching regiment carry no less than seventy-two pounds English; in his own country he received daily three pounds of bread and 7½ copecks for all else; but in Roumania, his copecks would not buy him the meat he wanted, so the Government gives him half a pound of meat and 2½ copecks instead of the full money he received before. He has also served out to him a small ration of spirits to counteract the deadly damps of the river. His great coat is long and heavy; he carries it in the shape of a horse collar round his left shoulder.

Round the coat is wrapped one man's share of the tent, a square piece of canvass furnished with eyelet holes and a string. Four of such pieces are bound together and form a sort of rough gipsy tent, the ends of which are carried by two other men; the seventh carries the sticks which form upright and ridge poles. Thus seven men carry the tent under which they can sleep; but it is small, hot, and stuffy by day, while a heavy shower of rain penetrates easily through the eyelet holes, the ill-closed apertures, and even through the canvas itself.

Probably the protection is not worth the extra weight to be carried. The Germans carry nothing; the English soldiers have their tents carried for them, and if tents are to be carried at all, the English plan appears the best. Were it not that one sees the Russian soldiers carrying his enormous load every day with seeming ease, arriving in good condition at the end of a long march, and frequently singing to beguile the way and refresh the jaded nerves, we might at once condemn the practice of so loading the infantry, which ought to arrive as fresh as possible in the presence of the enemy.

Old Times.

In the days of Sir Matthew Hale, men who could read might, by law, become priests. On one occasion a man who could not read desired to be ordained, and he took his place before his examiner, with a copy of the Lord's prayer in his hand, and a friend who could read at his back. Prompter commenced whispering to him—"Our Father who art in Heaven—" "Our Father who art in Heaven," he repeated, in a loud, confident voice; the prompter continued—"Hallowed be thy name—" "Hallowed be thy name." His thumb was now over the next sentence, and the prompter gently requested him to take it away, when "Take away your thumb!" rang through the room, and this was clearly illustrative of the learning of that time.

A Lasting Inscription.

A missionary of the American Sunday School Union quoted, in pleading for his work, this sentiment: "If you write for the present generation, use paper; if for the next, use marble; if for future generations, engrave on pillars of brass; if for the last generation which will inhabit earth, inscribe on the Egyptian pyramids; but if you wish to write for eternity, impress your truths upon the hearts of children." Who shall say he is not justified in magnifying his office, and that of "the society that takes care of children," which he serves.—Church Union.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A man eighty-one years old has started a writing school at Newport, R. I.

—The late Dr. Hall, of Burlington, Vt., originated the school use of blackboards.

—Boulder county, Colorado, is said to have mines of every mineral found in America.

—The town of West Newbury, Massachusetts, with a population of 2,300 has only four paupers.

—The cost of the Paris Exposition of 1878 is estimated at 35,313,000 francs, or about \$7,062,000.

—At Toronto, Canada, the newsboys have a temperance lodge. The first one organized, with eighteen active members.

—The Erie Canal is 363 miles long, with 84 locks, 650 feet fall and 48 rise. Its construction cost one and a half millions sterling.

—It is reported that many of the wheat fields in the vicinity of London, Ont., will yield as high as thirty bushels to the acre.

—The Musical Exhibition which it was proposed to hold in 1878 at Bologna, is postponed until 1879, in order not to clash with the Paris International Exhibition.

—Somebody estimates that there are 12,000 dentists in active service in this country, who use annually half a ton of pure gold, besides cheaper filling material.

—The Governor of California, receives in salary and perquisites, \$9,000. The assessor of San Francisco makes \$25,000, and the county surveyor \$15,000 annually.

—Thirty thousand acres of land have been purchased in Henderson county, North Carolina, for a Catholic colony of sixty-five families, most of them from the North.

—The London, Edinburgh, and Quarterly reviews do not restrict themselves to notices of new books only. The first article in the last Edinburgh is a notice of two works published eight years ago.

—At the present time, 4,000,000 Hindoos and 100,000 Mohammedan children are attending schools in India, and 50,000 to 60,000 of them are receiving instruction up to the English University standard.

—Prof. Fritzsche, Director of the Russian observatory at Pekin, has compared his experience of the climate with the five year observations of the Jesuits there in 1757-'62, and finds no evidence of any change.

—The destruction of sheep in California by the recent drought is estimated at 2,500,000 head, or two-thirds of the sheep in the State. Many of the great sheep herders abandoned 7,000 to 10,000 in the mountains.

—Last year, in France, out of 306,000 young men drafted for the army, there were from 500 to 600 who did not respond. In Germany, during the same year, out of 406,000 drafted 40,000 neglected to respond.

—The commissioners of the District of Columbia have appointed Commodore Van Rensselaer Morgan, late of the Confederate Navy, as inspector of works and repairs on roads and streets in the District of Columbia.

—There are 1,900 schools in the Argentine Republic, with 120,000 pupils. The National College at Buenos Ayres was opened on March 10, 1877, with more than 1,000 students enrolled and entered for the course of instruction.

—Isaac B. and Jacob A. Chesley, twins, of Rochester, New Hampshire, will be eighty-nine years old next October. They were born in that town, have always lived together, and enjoy such good health that they bid fair to become centenarians.

—More than five million cans of corn are now packed in Maine annually, and sold in every part of the world, yielding a business to the State of about \$1,500,000, and giving a profitable employment to from eight to ten thousand people during the packing season.

—A blue ash tree seven feet in circumference and eighteen feet in height, its top having previously been cut off, was recently dislodged by a swollen stream in Ohio, floated 340 yards, and again took root, six feet above the present level of the creek, and is now doing well.

—The number of letters stolen from the English Post-office is enormous. Sixty thousand missing letters were applied for last year, of which 20,000 were recovered, leaving 40,000 unaccounted for, and the officials are convinced that not one-half of the letters lost are ever applied for.

—Burlington, Iowa, is trying to get rid of the tramp harvester nuisance by prosecuting the steamboat officers who land them. It is said that a fine of \$300 was imposed on a steamboat company for putting them ashore at that point, charging the company with illegally landing paupers.

—Red tape is illustrated by the fact that a charge of \$1,129 against General Scott for contingent expenses at his headquarters in New York, has been regularly brought down on the books of the Auditor since 1816 until the present day. The Auditor now advises Secretary McCrary to relieve the General from his liability.

—In the last twenty-one years the Sydney Mint, in Australia, has coined and issued more than 37,000,000 sovereigns, and the Melbourne Mint has coined and issued nearly 7,000,000 sovereigns since it was opened to the public in 1871. These two branch mints together coined and issued in 1876 as many as 3,787,080 sovereigns, which is a larger number than the sovereigns coined in the same year at the mint in London.