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HUSH.

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured.
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely in the far, far distance
I can hear a sound at last."
It is only the reapers singing
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."
"Listen! there are voices talking!"
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."
Fainter grew their voices, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass."
Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer crouched in the forest,
And the children were at rest.
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed;
But rest to a weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead!

Romance of a Spitz Dog.

N. F. S.

My story opens the brightest of June mornings upon the little city of Arline, tranquilly glittering in green and white on the shores of Lake Michigan. From the steamers that glided quietly by, eight or ten miles off shore, Arline was a haven of summer rest, an oasis made for happy idlers, of which tired city passengers could treasure up only fitting glimpses for future sighs and dreams. A nearer approach but confirmed this rather ideal impression. The busiest part of Arline was one broad street, up which swept the unbroken lake breezes, and where the passers-by could be counted on one's fingers at any hour of the day. The rest of the place was so embowered in trees that it more nearly resembled a grove than a town. Even the quiet little river—whose arbitrary twisting drew a very satisfactory line between aristocratic and plebeian Arline—bore its country lilies to the last bridge that spanned its shallow current before it lost its sleepy identity in the lake.

Despite the forbidding shades of the irrepressible sunbeams sallied into the most guarded nooks. Perhaps their rashest adventure was a surreptitious entrance into the chamber of Miss Helen Marlette through a breach in the maple boughs and a blind carelessly left ajar. With characteristic presumption they flung a golden ladder upon the wall above that sleeping lady's head, then slowly slipped downward. The warm bars fell at length upon her uncoiled hair—so black that it did not give forth even a tawny lustre—and a golden line slid athwart the handsome nose in Arline. Upon this the lady suddenly unclosed her eyes and stared wildly at the ceiling. Then the bedroom door breezily opened, and a young lady with wide, blue eyes and a much be-frizzled blonde head burst into the room.

"Cousin Helen! Not up yet? Why, I was dressed two hours ago, waiting to see what Mr. Simmons said about the party in the morning paper. I made myself as charming as possible to him last night, though I was dying all the time to be with somebody else. But I've reaped my reward. Oh, he gave such a puff!"

By this time the blonde was critically examining the back of her dress in the mirror.

"Helen," she continued, "I knew my dress was a success, because the moment Jennie Barrett saw me she collapsed and looked like the melancholy days the rest of the evening. What a jealous disposition that girl has! I actually pity her. Oh! I forgot to say that you were extolled as usual; but you have been to so many parties I suppose you do not care so much about it as I do," trying the effect of a white rose in her hair.

"How late is it, Saxie," Helen asked, following the girl's quick movements with an amused look, "and why so much elegance so early in the morning?"

"That's what I came to tell you about. Mamma has invited Ernest Houston to dinner, and you'd never in the world guess who's coming with him. That queer brother of his, who went out to the cannibals seven years ago."

"What, Fred Houston?"
"Yes, he came last night. I suppose I'll have to talk to him, as Ernest is so devoted to you. It's not early either. You'd better come down stairs right away, or they'll be here before you'll have time for breakfast." "Au revoir!"

The door closed, and then suddenly re-opened.

"Helen, don't wear blue this morning because I have it on. Why don't you put on your white with scarlet roses? It's so becoming. Oh, I always hated missionaries, and I know we'll quarrel. If he is my second cousin I'll not call him Fred, but Mr. Houston. I'll keep him at a distance." And the blue ruffles again whirled out.

Before Saxie's slippers had ceased to patter on the broad old stairs Helen Marlette was up and dressing, with an unusual light in her gray eyes. In sooth, the "queer brother," so lightly mentioned, had once filled that remotest corner of Miss Marlette's affections known as "first love," and to meet one's first love after a stormy parting and a separation of seven years is enough to stir the calmest blood. Not that she dreamed of renewing that early folly. The idea of Helen Marlette marrying—well, not exactly a missionary to the cannibals, but the assistant of an Episcopal bishop in the Falkland Islands! Absurd! What if she once had shed some bitter tears, had nightly kissed and prayed over a certain face in a certain locket? Were not her eyes long since dried, the locket lost, and unnumbered flirtations heaped over that hapless fancy? "Marriage," Mrs. Marlette said, logically, "is the greatest step in a woman's life. Love is a mad caprice. To leave marriage is, therefore, to leave the greatest step in a woman's life to a mad caprice." The experience of the niece had so well proven the aunt's teachings that she unreservedly adopted them. Seven years of bellehood, moreover, are generally enough to toughen the heart to old as well as to new impressions.

If Helen, therefore, went down stairs in an unusual glow, wearing the very dress in which Saxie had told her she looked best—even with a red rose in her hair—it does not follow, nor is it to be construed, that she entertained any but feelings of pleasure, always consistent with the views of a young lady of discretion, at meeting an old acquaintance.

Ignoring her breakfast, she passed out the front door and found her aunt seated on the shady piazza that surrounded the large, old-fashioned house.

Mrs. Marlette was the relic of a once obscure and happy military officer, upon whom a successful generalship in the War of the Rebellion and the restless ambition of his wife had thrust a seat in the Senate of his country on him. When the first six years at length drew to a close he would have retired gladly to private life had not his wife begged him on to another campaign. He died before his second term expired, and Mrs. Marlette found herself debarred by Salic institutions from taking further part in the management of public affairs. Wisely she turned her energies in the direction of the infallible judgments of mankind had seen fit to leave open to them, and acted well her part as mother, aunt, and leader of society in her early home, Arline.

"Good morning, my dear," said this estimable lady on her niece's approach; "how fresh you look after your late hours!"

"She didn't look fresh till I told her Ernest was coming," Saxie said, silyly.

Mrs. Marlette suddenly turned her attention to a restless little Spitz dog that had till now tugged unnoticed at her dress.

"Saxie, coax Roger around to the back yard, and tell George to keep him at the stable the rest of the day. I don't know what is the matter with him; he seems to be so vicious this morning."

"Congratulations, my dear," said Helen; "I am twenty-four to-day."
"Congratulations!" called Saxie, still within earshot; "I should think you would rather be consoled with. Why, I felt terrible my last birthday, and I was only seventeen. I cried, and cried, till mamma promised me a diamond ring. Come, Roger, don't be so cross. You detestable dog, let go of my dress."
"I do congratulate you, my dear, and you wear your years well," Mrs. Marlette said, in her stately manner. "But, Helen, I have for some time felt it my duty to have a sober little talk with you, and be sure it is your welfare I have in mind when I ask you if you do not think you are old enough to marry."

"Old enough? Why, yes, of course," the girl said slowly, turning a troubled look upon a vista of the lake shining through the trees. "But—"
"I would not urge you to this step against your inclinations, my child; I speak to you as a mother. No woman's life is complete till she marries; and, though you have had, and continue to have, opportunities that—"
"Yes, auntie, I know what you would say—opportunities other girls longed for, and opportunities I may not have again. I know, too, that there will soon be plenty of tongues to whisper 'old maid,' and 'how she fades,' when I pass by. But whom shall I marry to escape this dreadful fate?"

There was a careless misery in the girl's face and voice as she uttered these words. The world, the flesh and the devil had laid siege to her soul for many years, and she could not now make an unconditional surrender without some bitterness of spirit.

Mrs. Marlette replied briskly to her last question.

"You have the best match in Arline in your grasp this morning. Who is richer, more talented, more ambitious, than Ernest Houston. Already he holds a high position in Washington, and—"

"Well," interrupted Helen, jumping up from her low seat with a little laugh; "I am wise enough to understand you. Inquiring friends may find me in the library at any time this morning."

She lightly kissed her aunt's still un-wrinkled forehead, and left that lady to her embroidery.

Within an hour Mrs. Marlette's reveries were broken in upon by the coming of two young men up the serpentine gravel walk.

The elder was very dark, with handsome, regular features, and a polished, insinuating manner, strongly at contrast with the brusque, straightforward manner of his companion. The latter, though quicker in his movements, was of a much heavier build. His face, if not so handsome, was redeemed by a mouth of singular beauty. His eyes were clear and honest. Altogether, he might have proved a less agreeable companion, but perhaps a better friend than the other.

"Aunt Coecilia, said the first gentleman, easily advancing, "your prodigal nephew, Fred. Hasn't he change beyond recognition?"

"Fred, my dear, dear nephew," Mrs. Marlette bubbled, bestowing such a greeting of kisses on him that he blushed warmly through his browned cheeks, and would have wished himself back in the Falkland Islands had he not possessed a peculiarly grateful disposition. Then she told him that before he saw any of his cousins, he must sit down and tell her all about himself and the Falklands—whether he was going back again, and what ever induced him to go there in the first place. Ernest, meantime, must go in search of Saxie and Helen—she thought they were in the library—and bring them out to see Fred.

Whereupon Ernest departed with dispatch.

Helen Marlette sat alone in the bay window of the library; a large, cool room to which a little glass door leading into the conservatory afforded the only entrance save by the hall. A magazine lay open on her lap, but her mind was far from its pages. A crisis loomed up in her life, and she was regarding it helplessly with folded hands. So absorbed was she that the subject of her thoughts, the man she did not love, stood beside her before she knew he had entered the room. She started and looked upon him mutely, as she would have looked upon her fate.

Meeting the look with his handsome eyes, he said, gravely:

"Helen, you know why I am here. To-morrow I leave Arline. You must tell me whether I leave it forever, or whether I shall return to claim my wife."

He was very, very handsome, and he had read her cold face too well to say much. Why did she not love him, she asked herself, as if in a dream? Oh! why couldn't she? Was she not unreasonable? Oh, for some kind fate to interpose forever between them. She sat as if spell-bound, and did not speak a word.

Emboldened by her silence, he caught her hand to his lips.

There arose a succession of terrified cries, and a trampling of feet in the hall. With dilated eyes and wringing hands Mrs. Marlette burst into the room.

"Roger's mad! Roger's mad!" she shrieked, distractedly, rushing into the conservatory and locking the door upon Saxie, who closely followed. Seeing no egress from the room, Saxie, mad with terror, leaped upon a large writing-table, snatched off its green cover, regardless of ink-stain papers, and enveloped her head in its folds, pressing her face against the wall.

With lolling tongue and burning eyes, in an unswerving line toward Helen, came Roger. Pale as death, Ernest Houston leaped from the window. All this in the twinkling of an eye. Aunt Coecilia could be seen through the conservatory door, still shrieking and wringing her hands. From the green table-cover came incoherent means. Nearer—nearer—still nearer—one leap. Her nerves relaxed, and she fell back unconscious.

In the course of ten or fifteen minutes Helen Marlette became aware of a stifling sensation and a burning in her eyes, which further developments proved to be the result of a handkerchief saturated with ammonia flung over her face. A frightful railroad accident had taken place—what, she did not exactly understand. Somebody was fanning her

after it; somebody with dark, bright eyes—kind eyes—eyes that watched her long, long ago. She closed her eyes peacefully, and thought she was in heaven with the happy dead.

"Oh, she opened her eyes. Give her a little wine now; she's coming to," said a terrestrial voice, and a very terrestrial vial was held to her lips.

"Dear me!" another voice said, also in earthly accents, "if it hadn't been for you we should all have died of hydrophobia. How did you happen to shoot Roger and miss Helen when they were so near? You should go on the stage and play William Tell. Fan her her more, she don't look so pale now."

Looking again, Helen dimly recognized familiar faces in the mist, and her head was resting on an arm belonging to the kind eyes that were still watching her. She hadn't the least inclination to move away, for they belonged to Fred Houston, and he loved her. Hain't he told her so only last night when they were out boating together? A terrible gap had begun to yawn between that night and this—this morning. She sat upright and tried to understand.

"Oh, Helen," cried Saxie, kneeling beside her cousin, and chafing her flaccid hands; "you don't know what has happened since you fainted. That cowardly Ernest ran away and left you alone, and Roger was just springing on you when Fred shot him. Oh, Fred, what a jewel you are! I'll praise you all my life."

"Yes, it was a brave action—a noble action," said Mrs. Marlette, refreshing her exhausted system with a sniff of camphor, and quite ignoring the conservatory door. "I called the servants, but the poor things were too frightened to come. Ernest, I confess, disappointed me."

"Then I owe you my life, Mr. Houston," Helen said.

"Yes, Helen, will you pay your debt?"

She told him "yes," and kept her word.

As Mrs. Marlette said afterward, however, a girl with Helen's advantages should have done much better.

The Catalpa as a Timber Tree.

In regard to the catalpa, says the Germantown Telegraph, there seems to be no doubt that, while it is one of the most rapid-growing trees we have, it is also one of the most durable of woods. We have seen figures which we have no reason to doubt are correct; and the writer has recently seen a post taken up after eight years of service that was as good as the day it was first set. Eight years is of course no very great period for a post to last, but from all appearance there is no reason why it should not endure at least three times what it has stood: and a quarter of a century is tolerably good for a fence post. The trouble with the catalpa is that the terminal bud does not ripen when young, and so gets killed in our winter. The bud below, pushing, makes a crooked stem, and in this way the trunk of the mature tree is not as straight as is desirable in a satisfactory timber tree. To remedy this the trees are suffered to grow as they will for a couple of years, until the roots get strong. They are then cut to the ground when a smooth straight shoot goes up ten feet high in one season, generally maturing its bud, and laying the foundation of a pretty trunk. Such a stem is generally two inches thick; and as in any fair ground it will increase at the rate of an inch a year, we have in three or four years after a trunk five or six inches thick—quite thick enough for many useful pieces of work upon a farm. But these six-inch stems, cut to the ground, then throw up shoots of amazing strength, making a new and beautiful timber tree with surprising rapidity.

A Tragic Test.

A singular murder case awaiting trial in India has given rise to much legal discussion as to whether the circumstances justified the charge. A juggler, who alleged that he possessed some power which rendered him "bullet-proof," invited the prisoner in the case to aim at him with a loaded musket, assuring him that he might do so without the slightest fear of producing any painful results. The prisoner accepted the kind invitation, and, with a loaded musket, immediately sent a bullet through his head. It is urged that, as there was no intention on the part of the prisoner to kill the deceased, the charge of murder can not be maintained. The juggler was thoroughly confident of his own invulnerability, and several of his relations who were to be called as witnesses for the defense were prepared to prove that although several times shot at before, he was never hurt. A similar case occurred in England a few years ago. A wizard at one of the theaters begged one of the audience as a favor to fire a gun at him. The spectator, thus invited, loaded the gun with a charge of shot he had brought with him for the express purpose of testing crucially the alleged invulnerability of the wizard. The result was painful in the extreme—the wizard's face was of peppered with shot, and the spectator who fired the gun was given into the custody of the police. Both narrowly escaped death—one by the gun, and the other by the gallows.

Company.

What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining company! Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah, how few of them—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

Flirtation.

No hearts are really broken by it; it is merely a game carried on by two persons of the opposite sex, and by no means a bad way of passing the time. The girl of the period is always being attacked. I prefer her to the typical character good girl of former periods. She is accused of occasionally using a word or two of slang. But the slang of one century is the language of the next century. She is accused of liking to adorn her person. All things else being equal, a well-dressed girl is preferable to an ill-dressed girl. She is accused in a vague, general sort of way, of being fast. Practically, this means that a girl has good animal spirits. And why should she not? The rule is absolute, but quiet girls are generally far more likely to come to grief than what are termed fast girls. If I had daughters, I should keep my eye on the quiet daughter, with pre-Raphaelite proclivities, so good, that she would regard her papa as a sinner, with doubts as to the propriety of balls and theatres, and always discussing doctrinal questions with the curate, rather than on her "fast" sisters. Life is short, but youth is far shorter; let a girl make the most of it; let her ride, and dance, and flirt to her heart's content. If her parents can afford it, let her dress well, and dress often. Let her not pretend that she cannot say "bo" to a goose; on the contrary, let her say many "bo's" to many geese. Let her join in amusements whenever she gets a chance. If a man tries to turn her head, let her accept the challenge, and having turned his head, laugh at him. He will not be the worse for the lesson.

After all, the business of a girl is to cease to be a girl by becoming a wife. Here, too, the poor girl is admonished and abused by her censors. Theoretically, a girl is expected to take no account of the position of her future husband, but to marry the man for whom she feels an inclination. This view of life is diligently inculcated in novels and plays. It is, however, an absurd view, and those who act upon it are exceedingly foolish. A girl should never sacrifice her whole future to a mere fleeting fancy. What are termed love-marriages are seldom happy marriages. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, love in a cottage means misery in a cottage. The French proverb is true, that in love, *l'un aime et l'autre se laisse aimer*. In the love of women, there is far less individuality than in the love of men. The fact is, that to most women, men are but hooks, upon which they hang their general desire to be affectionate, and between one hook and another hook, they have but very little choice. Habit, too, is a very potent spell. Love is but a fever, of very temporary character. Married people who get on well together, generally do so because they are united by a community of interest, and they have acquired a habit of partnership. If I were a girl, and I liked a rich man, but loved a poor man, and could marry either, I should not hesitate a minute between them, but I should marry the rich man, and be, if the occasion presented itself, a kind sister to the poor man. Nothing is more ridiculous than the theories of marriage that are propounded for the benefit of girls.

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The first telegraphic line in China has just been put in operation. It is six miles in length and runs from the official residence of Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of China, to the Tientsin Arsenal.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The expense of the Tichborne trial cost England a million and a quarter of dollars.
—The fall at Houston, Texas, is considered so insecure that all the prisoners are kept in irons.
—Iron wire conducts electricity 400,000,000 times better than water and 4,000,000 better than sea water.
—Tokio, the capital of Japan, with 1,200,000 or so inhabitants, has 737 private-schools with 33,904 pupils in them.
—The tobacco crop in the Connecticut Valley promises to yield more than last year, although the average is smaller in Connecticut.
—A bronze statue of Robert Ralke, founder of the Sunday-school system in England, is to be erected in his native city of Gloucester.
—Mr. Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun, has reached his 58th birthday—and he is now old enough to know better.
—Last year, in England, 1,249 persons were killed on the railroads, while 1,528 were killed by carriages and wagons.
—The Louisiana planters annually lose about one-third of their cotton crops by reason of insufficient labor. They call loudly for laborers from the North.
—Miss Jennie Bancroft recently graduated by the Syracuse University, has become Dean of the Woman's College connected with the Northwestern University.
—Of the 497 members of the present German Parliament, 138 belong to the nobility. Of these 7 are princes, 33 counts, 29 barons, and 68 have only the prefix "Von."
—Mohammed Ali, in 1829, made a canal in Egypt in two months, of forty-eight miles long, and ninety feet wide, on which he employed at one time 253,000 workmen.
—It is estimated that \$400,000 have been paid this year by Oregon dealers in agricultural implements for freight alone. One firm in Salem has paid \$53,000 for the purpose.
—Years ago Samuel Johnson and Samuel Longfellow made a Unitarian hymn book. Theodore Parker joyously named it the "Sam Book," which name it still unofficially bears.
—Angelica Kauffman, about the first famous woman painter in the world, was one of the thirty-six original members of the London Royal Academy, which was started in 1768.
—A Swiss society has been formed in California under the name of the Santa Clara Valley Swiss Club, for the purpose of celebrating every year the anniversary of Swiss Independence.
—The mackerel catch on the Eastern coast up to August 1st, this year, was less than one third that of last year. The catch for July was only 6,614 barrels—less than one-twelfth of the catch of July, 1876.
—An English entomologist has placed nearly a hundred Colorado beetles in an open garden and is feeding them with various kinds of fruit and vegetables, with a view of ascertaining the kind of diet they prefer.
—On Monday, September 17th, the fifty-third annual session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States will commence in Baltimore. This will be the first session of the body in that city since 1873.
—Lake City, Col., is said to be the loftiest town in North America. It stands among the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of 8,500 feet above the sea, or more than 2,200 feet higher than the Tip-Top on Mount Washington.
—A new way to make a railroad pay. The occupants of 600 shanties along the lines of New York railroads make a living by planting corn and potatoes between the rails and the fences. It is said that 9,000 acres are cultivated in this way.
—Miss Thompson, the battle painter, has left London for Adrianople, with the intention of crossing the Balkans to the seat of war to make sketches. Her husband, Major Butler of the Horse Guards, was refused leave of absence to accompany her.
—The Duke of Brunswick's mausoleum at Geneva to be erected in the Jardin des Alpes at a cost of 1,400,000 francs, is to include six white marble statues of his ancestors, beginning with Henry the Lion, and ending with his father, who fell at Quatre Bras.
—A statue of "Faith," to be erected at Plymouth, Mass., will cost between \$20,000 and \$40,000, and when finished is expected to surpass any memorial statue in granite in the world. The expense of putting it in position on its pedestal will alone reach some \$6,000.
—A New Hampshire Register of Deeds recently had occasion to trace the name of Rollins back two hundred years. He discovered that within that period the spelling had been changed nine times, as follows: Rawlings, Rawlings, Rollins, Rollins, Rollins, Rollings, Rollings, Rollins.
—Nine of the survivors of the British ship Strathmore have sent to Captain D. L. Gifford, of New Bedford, Mass., master of the whaler Young Phoenix, a splendid gold watch and chain as a recognition of his humane and generous conduct in rescuing the survivors of the Strathmore.
—The average annual value of the musical instruments made in Paris during the last six years has been \$2,600,000 divided among three hundred and sixty-nine makers, employing no fewer than five thousand workmen. Paris turns out every year \$264,000 worth of accordions. Pianos figure for \$2,280,000; organs for nearly \$1,050,000; wind, wood and metal instruments for nearly \$800,000; but bowed instruments for less than \$100,000.