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A Printer's Protest.

Oh! why don't people form their a's,
And finish off their b's?
Why do they make such crooked c's,
And such confounded d's?

Why do they form such shocking e's,
And f's with ague fits?
Their g's and h's are too much
For any printer's wits.

What a human eye is without sight
Is an i without a dot,
J's are such curious, crooked things,
We recognized them not.

K ought to stand for kuessedness,
But comes in well for kick.
L's and m's are mischievous,
While n's just raise Old Nick.

O's are rarely closed at all,
And p's are shaggy things,
Q's might as well be spider legs,
And r's mosquito wings.

Some people make a passing s,
Who never cross a t;
Others use the self-same strokes
To form a u or v.

W's get strangely mixed,
X's seem on a spree;
Y is a skeleton on wires;
Zounds! how we swear at z.

& yet, just think what typos get
From drivers of the quill!
They call us such a careless set,
And scribble on at will.

Well, they will scribble, and we must swear,
And vainly try to please,
Till they go back to school and learn
To make their a, b, c's.

LADY RODNEY'S PLAY.

"I wish you wouldn't Dorothy."

"Wouldn't what?"

"You know very well."

"Indeed I do not."

"Well, if I must be more explicit, I wish you would not act with that Ponsoby. The way he stares at you, and fixes you with his eyes, is enough to make a man forget his manners."

"My dear Cyril, you can't be serious. I have never heard you so unreasonable before."

"Unreasonable! My dear girl! Considering we are to be married so soon, and all that, I really thought you would not object to a little advice from me."

"Of course not. If I like it, I shall always follow it. You know that."

"But surely, Dorothy, it can't be a pleasure to go through rehearsals with that lanky fellow?"

"Well, you see, I am bound to act now. This is the sixteenth, and the theatricals come off on the nineteenth—only three days; and how could Lady Rodney provide a substitute in that time? And besides, I should like to."

"Oh, would you? That, of course, settles the question."

"Why, Cyril," exclaims Miss Bohun, "I do believe you are jealous!"

"I am. It does not make a man particularly cheerful to know that the woman he loves is to be the object of another man's adoration for even an hour."

"But, my dear Cyril, it is only a farce."

"But, my dear Dorothy, I see no reason why it might not terminate in a tragedy."

Miss Bohun laughs.

"Even that," she says, "would be better than nothing. This place has grown so dull since the Stewarts left, and those men at Cootie Hall."

"Look here, Dorothy, throw it up," says Mr. Disney, leaning over her chair, and bending his head until his face is very near to hers, "for my sake."

"Well, if you can bring me some fever, I'll take it; but I don't see where you'll get it, as there's nothing of the sort in the parish, and I'm convinced that nothing less could save me from this thing."

"Then you are quite determined not to give it up?" says Disney, coldly, drawing himself to his full height.

"I never was determined in my life," says Miss Bohun, with some just indignation. "I am remarkable for never saying 'no' to anybody. You yourself have frequently told me I had the sweetest nature in the world, and it is quite too late to alter Lady Rodney's arrangements now."

"No doubt your are right as you always are. I'm sorry I can't be present on the nineteenth, but it is impossible, as I shall have business that will detain me about that time."

"Very pressing business?"

"Yes, very pressing business."

"Ah!" says Miss Bohun.

When Disney has been absent two days, his thoughts undergo a decided change.

To have left Dorothy in the manner he had seems to him now to have been not only an unmanly, but a most unworthy action.

There is only one way out of it. He will write to her, and humbly apologize for his conduct.

The night passes wearily enough, and the morning brings him no relief. He is still indescribably miserable, and sinks into the belief that there is no balm in Gilead for his uneasy spirit.

The next day he grows even more desperate, and finally decides that tomorrow, come what may, he will—metaphorically speaking—throw himself at her feet, and implore forgiveness.

How slowly the train seems to move, and how intolerable seems the delay at each station to Disney, as the next morning he travels on his way to Bromley. One half-hour more, and he is fulfilling the guard's demands for the shattered remains of his mutilated ticket, and awakes to the fact that he has actually arrived at his destination.

Hastily procuring his luggage, and engaging the first car convenient, he immediately proceeds to the Hall. Arriving there, he dismisses the man, and, giving his luggage to the inestimable Williams, he enters the house.

How good it seems to him being back again, and how small by this have Dorothy's sins grown in his eyes. After all, how could she help it? He is sure she hated having to do it. And how could she refuse Lady Rodney, after promising to play her part? And, besides, how many women act in private theatricals, and why shouldn't Dorothy, who is evidently fitted by nature for that sort of sport? And when one comes to think of it dispassionately, there are few things so—so innocent as little tableaux, and little drawing-room pieces, and that!

In fact, when they are married, he doesn't see why they shouldn't have private theatricals once a month. That green room at Kingsmore is just the place for a stage—footlights and drop scenes, and so on.

He is getting positively enthusiastic over the theatricals, which subject has carried him as far as the drawing-room, when it suddenly occurs to him that Miss Bohun is not there, as the man has led him to suppose.

No doubt she is in the conservatory, which she so much affects. He pauses. He thinks he will give her a pleasant surprise, and, cautiously moving aside the curtain that he may not too rudely break in upon the reverie that is doubtless filled with him, he gazes upon the little perfumed paradise beyond.

At first the light dazzles his eyes. He draws his breath quickly, and then—what is it he sees? In the distance stands Dorothy—her features eloquent, her eyes slight, her lips half parted, as a smile, fond and tender, hovers round them.

At her feet kneels Ponsoby—his hands tightly clasped, his whole attitude betraying devotion the most intense.

Even as Disney watches them, stricken to the heart by the cruel picture on which he had so unwittingly intruded, a passionate outbreak of words come from Ponsoby's lips.

"Darling," he says, "I appeal to you for the last time, and implore you to listen to me. Do not, I beseech you, let the adoration of another"—("That's me," Disney says, between his compressed lips)—"blind you to the undying love I offer! On you are centred all my hopes of future happiness! Do not sentence me to life-long despair, but say you will be mine!"

Disney waits with maddening impatience and beating heart for her reply.

It comes very nervously from Dorothy's pretty lips.

Her head is bent modestly, and her hands lie passively in Ponsoby's.

"How can I answer you?" she says, in distinct but wavering accents. "And yet why should I not unburden my mind? Truth is always best. My heart has long been in your keeping, and, if you wish it, it is yours."

It is too much. Sick at heart, Disney turns away, not caring to listen to words evidently not meant for him to hear. The dreadful awakening has come! All his dreams of bliss have been shattered by this sudden and and painfully-unexpected blow, and Dorothy—his love, whom he has believed as true as the angels—is nothing more in his eyes now than a practiced flirt and heartless woman of the world!

His first thought is to return to the city, his next to remain. Has he not heard somewhere "second thoughts are best"? Yes, he will remain, and see it out to the bitter end, and when this loathsome play has come to an end he will tell her what he thinks of her, and how she has wilfully broken his heart and ruined his life!

At dinner he is compelled to meet her; but, everybody being present, his exceedingly cold greeting passes unnoticed by all except Dorothy herself. She cannot mistake the change in his whole demeanor. Where is the tender pressure of his hand to which she has

been accustomed? Why did he come at all if he is still filled with bitter thoughts? There is some faint comfort in the remembrance that she did not ask him to return.

But what has become of the "pressing business"? Why has he come back in such hot haste?

He carefully avoids meeting her all the evening, and next morning at breakfast is, if possible, more markedly cold and distant toward her.

She is saddened and disheartened; but pride comes to her rescue. She decides in herself that she will show him how little she has taken to heart his coldness and indifference.

Never before, perhaps, as during this interminable day has Miss Bohun appeared so gay, so bright, so full of life and spirits; and yet in the solitude of her own room, while dressing for this luckless play, she sheds many a bitter tear.

At nine o'clock the curtain rises. The guests settle themselves in their seats, and prepare for anything.

Miss Rodney, arrayed in a very Quixotic costume, fresh from Worth, appears before the audience, simpering and grimacing, and doing her utmost to imitate a real live countess, while in reality she only succeeds in resembling a very inferior sottrette.

While Miss Falkner, from the Hall, who is in private life her intimate friend, now makes a poor pretence at waiting upon her as confidential maid, and renders herself utterly ridiculous by giving herself sufficient airs for half a dozen countesses.

Both are a distinct failure. Everybody tries to applaud, but disparaging remarks fall lightly on the air.

The faint applause brings to life two hardy veterans, who for some time past have given themselves gratis to the open arms of Morpheus, and have contentedly reclined therein.

"I think Miss Rodney has a better chance of getting off than that girl in green," sleepily draws Number One.

"Do you?" replies Number Two. "Well, I'm not much of a judge about that sort of thing; but my opinion is neither will get off before the other. You see, my dear fellow, when women are born with a talent for acting like those two—two tyros, they don't get easily settled in life."

Then the curtain draws up for the second time, and somebody comes slowly on to the stage—somebody who sets Cyril's pulses swiftly throbbing.

It is Dorothy. She is very pale, and her eyes are a little languid; but she is just a degree lovelier than she ever was before.

Disney hardly hears how the play progresses. Not a syllable makes itself known to him; he can only tell himself how lovely she is looking, and that she is false as fair.

Her eyes are on the ground; but suddenly some words strike upon his ear—words that bring back to him a scene fraught with grief and anger. He starts and lifts his head; and for the first time eagerly regards the players.

Ponsoby is on his knees before her. He is holding her hands. His whole attitude is as it was that fatal afternoon in the conservatory. He is again pouring forth his soul in words of extravagant passion.

And then Dorothy's voice rises, clear but sad, and devoid of the warmth that had characterized it during the rehearsals.

"My heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

As she finishes her speech she raises her eyes and fixes them steadily, and with keener reproach, on Disney, who returns her gaze, his eyes full of contrition.

Then the scene changes, and Miss Bohun makes her exit, amid applaudings loud and deep.

The curtain drops; so, I may almost say, does Disney. How bitterly he now repents his unpardonable jealousy! Where shall he hide himself from Dorothy's justly reproachful gaze?

Nothing he can ever do will make her forgive him—of that he feels assured; and as he calls to mind the happy days that have been, "Remembrance sits upon him like a ban;" he feels "They should beware who charges lay in love."

Yet in spite of his despair, he determines to make an effort to regain his lost position.

He will go to her. Rising suddenly, he follows her to the green-room, where he knows she must be.

She is there, and alone.

"Dorothy!" he says, entreatingly.

She turns with a start.

"Can you spare me a few moments?"

"Can't you wait until the morning, or is it a matter of life or death?" she speaks very coldly.

"That your answer shall decide."

"My answer?"

"Yes." Going up to her, he takes both her hands in his, and holding them

in a close clasp, says, eagerly, "Darling, I have been a fool, a brute, everything unpardonable! Anything you could say to me would not be hard enough. I will go on my knees for your forgiveness, if you will only grant it! Did you know half the misery I have suffered I am certain you would."

"I'm not so sure that I shall."

"What! I shall die if you throw me over like this—I shall indeed!"

"Oh, no, you won't—not a little bit!" says Miss Bohun.

"But I assure you I will!" exclaims Disney. "Life would be impossible without you!"

"Well, but, you see, I have promised Mr. Ponsoby."

"To be his wife?"

"No; not exactly that."

"Speak quickly!" he says, in a low tone. "Suspense is maddening!"

"I have promised him to become a member of the Archaeological Society," says Dorothy.

"And couldn't you have said so before?" says Cyril, with a deep sigh of relief.

"How could I when you were going mad?"

"Darling! can you forgive my folly?"—coming still nearer to her as he speaks.

"There's such a great deal of it, isn't there?" says Miss Bohun. It will take me all my time, won't it?"

"Not all, I trust. Spare me a little, and I shall be more than content."

"Dearest Cyril," she says, mischievously, with a quick glance from under her long lashes, and a relapse into her rehearsal tone, "my heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

"My love—my darling!" murmured Cyril, passionately.

And so, "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, And all went merry as a marriage bell."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

M. Renan has expressed the belief that a century hence mankind will study little else than physical science.

Plateau, the eminent French naturalist, finds that a June bug can exert as great a force in proportion to its size as a locomotive.

Arsenic poisoning is not always to be traced to green coloring. One case was due to red wall paper, and the substance is found abundantly in white, blue, mauve and brown wall papers.

A great number of analyses and experiments conducted by A. Levy show that grapes ripened in sunlight contain 3.59 per cent. more sugar and 1,237 less acids than those matured in darkness.

French government commissions seem to favor attempting the formation of an Algerian sea by flooding the Sahara, notwithstanding objections made.

There was at one time exhibited by Mr. Bolt, an English merchant, a thread, 10,000 feet long, spun by twenty-silk spiders in less than two hours, and which was five times as fine as the thread of the silk worm.

A newly proposed plan for the ventilation of tunnels is the use of chemicals for absorbing the impurities of the air. A "chemical lung," based upon this principle, has been put to a satisfactory test in London by a number of scientists.

Professor F. A. Abel considers it doubtful whether coal dust in mines can cause extensive explosions in the complete absence of fire-damp, but only a small proportion of fire-damp is necessary to make the presence of the dust extremely dangerous.

When ocean cables are raised so many of the crabs, corals, snakes and other inhabitants of the ocean bottom are drawn up with them that cable repairing has been suggested as a novel method of dredging, of which it is hoped some competent naturalists may take advantage.

The attempt made by the Belgians to introduce the Indian elephant into Central Africa has not been successful. The three elephants taken by the expedition have died, but it is believed that this result has been caused by insufficient food and excessive work. This experiment is therefore not regarded as conclusive, and further efforts will doubtless be made to use the Indian elephant as a beast of burden in African colonization.

The fat of the body is found by M. Lanquer to vary greatly with age. In infants it forms a firm tallow-like mass, melting at 113 degrees Fahrenheit. The fat of adults, however, separates into fluid and a solid layer at the ordinary temperature of a room, the solid portion melting at 97 degrees—being completely fluid at blood-heat. The variation in the composition of the fat is very considerable, the oleic acid increasing and the palmitic and stearic acids decreasing with age.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

In the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there are about 40,000 places of religious worship.

Captain Cecchi, the Italian explorer of Eastern Africa, is not yet thirty years old, but his face is wrinkled and haggard, and his hair, once black, almost snow white—the effect of the terrible sufferings and privations he had endured on the dark continent.

Statistics appear to show that Germany surpasses all other countries in the consumption of matches, the number used there daily being as great as from ten to fifteen per head of the population. This fact is attributed to the almost universal custom of smoking.

According to the census of 1881 the following ten towns of France have more than 100,000 inhabitants: Paris, 2,225,910; Lyons, 872,887; Marseilles, 357,530; Bordeaux, 220,955; Lille, 177,948; Toulouse, 136,627; Nantes, 121,965; St. Etienne, 120,120; Rouen, 104,721; Havre, 102,615.

The value of gold yearly obtained in Australia is about \$400 per miner. The number of men who are content to follow this branch of industry amounts to 38,568, which, though much less than the 63,787 who were at work in 1869, is still a large number in a population of only about 800,000.

A marble bust of Pope Pius IX which has recently been finished by the French sculptor, Megret, and which has been greatly admired by the visitors who flocked to see it, has just been purchased by Leo XIII, and placed in the Immaculate Conception Hall of the Vatican. The bust is considered a very striking likeness of the deceased pontiff.

"Joyous, happy birds" indeed, should those be which fly the air of Michigan. The game law of that State forbids the killing of a robin, night-hawk, whippoorwill, finch, thrush, lark, sparrow, cherry bird, brown thrasher, wren, martin, oriole, woodpecker, bobolink, or any other song bird, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird killed, and for each nest robbed, ten days in the county jail.

When the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was preparing his famous "Lectures to Young Men," he held a long interview with one of the most notorious gamblers in the country, and then used the information about gamblers and gambling dens obtained from him in his wonderfully realistic discourse on that subject. After the delivery of the lecture a "too previous" young man tried to turn the laugh on Mr. Beecher, by asking him how he could describe a gambling hell so accurately, if he had never been in one.

"If you have never been in one yourself," replied Mr. Beecher, "how do you know my description is accurate?"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No one knows the weight of another's burden.

Better be out of fashion than out of credit.

Do not ride till you are ready, or you may fall off.

Much learning shows how little mortal knows.

Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

One hair of a woman draws more than a team of horses.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

An effort made for the comfort of others lifts us above ourselves.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never interrupt them.

On the day of victory no weariness is felt.

Be graceful if you can; but if you can't be graceful, be true.

No Legislature or Government ever enacted an honest man.

The high-minded find it easier to grant than to accept favors.

The man who is always right finds every one else always wrong.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

Strive to impress on your children that the only disgrace attached to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly.

The dark grave, which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim the fatal doubt once cast on woman's name.

Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for 1,000 years do not spring up into beauty like a reed.—[George Henry Lewes.