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## "The Gift of God."

Al! "in the twinkling of an eye"  
Will come that wondrous mystery,  
That wondrous change, when the "mortal"  
Must put on immortality.

The martyred Christians felt the truth  
And knowledge of the higher state,  
And with God's peace it strengthened them  
To bear the terrors of their fate.

Oh! if the creature had no hope  
Of nobler life beyond the earth,  
Then would the manuscripts of faith,  
Written in blood, be nothing worth!

Of all the treasures to be had  
And sought from out a world of strife,  
Earth's greatest, surest, lasting gain,  
The gift of faith—dawn of new life.

Oh, would'st thou conquer all the world  
And bear a sceptre great with thee?  
No monarch wears a grander crown  
Than given is to parity.

At the Redeemer's cross, in faith  
Oh rest! and leave thy load of strife;  
In the power of love confide,  
Believe—this is eternal life.

## THE DONATION PARTY.

It was the evening of the donation party at the Rev. Simeon Slide's. At Grovehill they had not many excitements, and, to the simple villagers, this donation party was as thrilling an event as the clarity ball would be to a New York belle or a Court presentation to a London debutante.

Jessie Smith had retouched her white muslin dress with apple-green ribbon, and even Aunt Betsey had washed and ironed the French cambric dress which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, and basted fresh lace frillings into the neck and sleeves; while the Squire himself, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself, in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box-wagon, which stood out under the shade of the old apple-tree.

"If everybody takes as creditable a load to the parson's as that," said the Squire, "I guess they won't starve there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken feed, a firkin o' first-class butter, six dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples and a loaf of plum cake, made after Grandmother Field's Revolutionary receipt, and, besides all that—"

"Good gracious, pa!" said Jessie, who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split-straw gipsy hat, "how are Aunt Bess and I ever going to ride with all that load?"

"Well," said the Squire, with an obliging little chuckle, "you'll have to contrive it somehow. One of you can sit on the butter firkin and sort o' steady it, and there's plenty o' room for the other along o' me on the seat and hold the plum cake on your lap. And, comin' back, I ain't no ways disturbed but that you'll get plenty of beaux. Gals always do. The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jellifer is both to be there, and—"

"Don't talk nonsense, pa!" said Jessie, laughing and looking provokingly over her shoulder into the glass, saw the reflection of her own face, and sighed softly.

Ah, the sad, sad difference between eighteen and thirty!

"I was pretty, too, when I was a girl," said Aunt Betsey to herself, "and I don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now. But the dimples are gone, and the roses and the smooth velvety curves of cheek and chin; and there are incipient crows'-feet around my eyes and a wrinkle on my forehead, and, when I go to parties, I am left to sit among the old ladies by the wall."

But Miss Betsey Field did not speak out these words; she only said:

"There'll be plenty of room, Jessie. I shall go on to the parsonage at once, and help Mrs. Slide get ready for the evening. She needs some one to assist her, with her sickly daughter and all those little children."

"So kind and thoughtful of you, Aunt Bess!" said Jessie, with a kiss. "But you're always thoughtful. You're the dearest little old maid that ever was."

So Betsey Field set out to walk down the sunny, grass-carpeted lawn, while Jessie leisurely finished her toilet and pinned fresh roses into her belt.

Peter Peck, who lived up on a comfortable farm on the mountain, had shot a deer in the woods—like Nimrod of old, he was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth—and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation; and old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple sauce out of the cellar, and dressed some tender spring chickens.

"I'm past going to church myself," said Granny Peck, "but I always was one to believe in the dissemination of the Gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and the apple-sauce. Be sure

you carry 'em careful, Peter, and—" "Granny!" suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his cravat before the glass with laborious fingers, "how many years is it since granther courted you?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" said Granny Peck, "what is the boy talkin' about?"

"Because I want to know what he said," said Peter, reddening to the very roots of his hair. "I'm a-goin' courtin' myself, granny, and I hain't had no experience, and I don't know how to go to work."

"Well I never!" said Granny Peck. "Try to remember, there's a good soul!" urged Peter, coaxingly.

"It's so long ago," said Granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bleared eyeballs. "Times is changed now—"

"But human natur' is human natur', just the same," said Peter. "How was it, granny?"

"He took me out a ridin'," said the old lady, assisting her memory with a goodly pinch of rose-scented snuff.

"That's it exactly," said Peter. "I've harnessed up Red Robin, and washed off the buggy wagon, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from the donation party."

"And it was a dreadful moonshiny night—" reflectively added the old lady. "Moon's at the full," exultantly muttered Peter. "I believe there's a fate in it!"

"And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a-drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's Farm. And I said I didn't exactly know, but he might ask father. And we was married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago all that seems!"

"It sounds easy enough," said Peter, despondently. "But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods."

"Don't be afraid, Peter," said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. "If she's a gal with havin', she'll know you're a good lad. And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I only wish I could think so, granny," said Peter, with a sigh.

"Is it Kate Lanney," said Mrs. Peck, "or Mary Easley?"

"Tain't neither one," said Peter, sheepishly. "It's Jessie Field!"

"Land o'massy!" said Granny Peck, elevating her withered hands. "What on earth is a pretty pink-and-white piece of china like her to do in a wild place like this?"

"She's as smart as a steel-trap," said Peter. "Don't you worry, granny! Once I get her here, you'll see that she'll be all right!"

So Peter piled his venison, and chickens, and jar of apple-sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party, as full of hopes and fears as any young girl.

And when he saw Hiram Jellifer, the village store-clerk, enter, all redolent of pomatum and cologne, in a city-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a peak over his forehead, his heart sank within him.

"I hain't no chance at all," he thought. "Jessie," whispered Aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were clearing the dining-room for the games which followed upon the old-fashioned supper, "do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck! See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him!"

"Peter Peck, indeed!" said Jessie, radiant in the consciousness of being the prettiest girl in the room. "I couldn't possibly be bothered with him, Aunt Bess; none of your backwoodsmen for me! You can go and talk with him yourself, if you please!"

But Aunt Betsey, shyer than any child, shrank, blushing, away.

"No," said she, "I couldn't do that. I—I am so little acquainted with him!"

Half an hour afterward, Peter Peck, unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow him to take her home with Red Robin and the buggy, sidled up to the squire.

"Squire," said he, jerking the words out with an effort, "can I take Miss Field home?"

"Much obliged, I'm sure!" said the squire. "I had the box-wagon here; but I don't mind riding home alone, if so be as you'd like company."

Peter drew a long breath.

"It's as good as settled now," said he to himself.

His heart beat high when, in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out, under Squire Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled, against the chill, fresh air of the autumn evening. And not until they were safe out on the high-road, at Red Robin's best trot, did he credit his extraordinary good luck in thus securing a *tele-a-tete* with the belle of the evening.

"It's a nice, shiny evening," said he, sheepishly.

"Very," answered a soft voice.

"I hope I don't crowd you?" he hazarded.

"Oh, not in the least!" responded his companion.

And then followed an appalling silence, broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.

"It ain't no use my skirmishin' round like this!" said he. "It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, because it's a-chokin' of me all the while! I love you, Miss Field! I can't live, nohow, without you! There, it's all out now!"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!" faltered Miss Field. "Do you s'pose," said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson, "you could be happy at Hawk's Farm?"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!"

"But say yes or no!" pleaded Peter. "Will you be my wife, Miss Field?"

And the word, which floated upon Peter's ears, through the veils and wraps which he was now valorously hugging close up to him, was "Yes!"

"I never was so happy in all my life!" said Peter, rapturously.

"Nor I," whispered the voice behind the veil.

And then Peter took courage to kiss her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree-stump, and then, all too soon, appeared Squire Field's square, red house behind the apple-trees. And Peter helped his fiancée out as tenderly as if she were a bar of solid gold and he a miser. And up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side box road wagon, and turning around, Peter Peck saw springing from it Jessie Field.

Was it withcraft? Nothing of the sort; for there, close to him, smiling and blushing in the moonlight, with her veil thrown aside, was Miss Betsey. And it was Miss Betsey to whom he had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had accepted him.

Peter Peck gave a convulsive grasp for breath. What was he to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that it was all a mistake—that he had taken her for her niece? or should he—

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jessie's radiant face turned up to Jellifer's, and it was like a revelation to him.

"Hang it all!" grunted Peter to himself; "that other fellow has been ahead of me! And I don't care a copper cent—she's only a feather-headed little coquet, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing when once he'd said it."

"So, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the squire's consent and blessing.

As for Jessie, she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with Mr. Jellifer; and when, at last, she came up stairs to the room which aunt and niece shared together, she looked earnestly at her companion.

"Aunt Bess," said she, "what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?"

"Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him," replied Aunt Bess, softly, "and I have answered him yes."

"Well, if that ain't strange!" cried Jessie, squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. "And I have engaged myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, Aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this is!"

"It is—it is!" answered Aunt Bess; and then strange to say, they both cried.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her candle and fire, when at last Peter came home.

"Well, Peter," said she, "what luck?"

"It's all right, granny!" said Peter. "I've asked her, and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months."

Granny Peck looked doubtfully around.

"Well," said she, "I'm glad you've succeeded, Peter. But I'm a little afeard all these home-spun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Field."

"Jessie!" echoed Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. "It ain't Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field, the squire's sister, as I've proposed to."

"Well, I never!" said Granny Peck. "How could I have been so mistook?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Peter, stolidly.

HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

An odd toilet, made for a lady in Newport, is a black and gold broadened foulard silk, with plaited flounces edged with buttercup yellow lace, headed by a band of black velvet, put on bias of the goods. The short tunic, with full Buckingham puffs over the hips, is trimmed to correspond, and the Camargo bodice has a deep collar and wide turnover cuffs of black velvet, edged with yellow lace. A Tuscan straw bonnet in the Langtry shape, trimmed over the crown with flots of wide black velvet ribbon and inside with a tiny wreath of roses, and a black and gold foulard parasol, trimmed with yellow lace, are en suite.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Shepherds' plaids are popular. Louisine silks in shepherds' plaids designs are in demand. Shepherds' plaids have come out in black and white, navy blue and white, and seal-brown and white. Large fichus of mull are embroidered in Irish point designs, having one edge much wider wrought than the other. Venetian lace three inches wide forms a flat border for neckerchiefs of light silk. The scalloped edges are turned upward. Tailor-made suits of shepherds' plaid—black and white twilled wool make very popular spring and summer traveling dresses. Patent leather shoes are favorites for wear at the seaside, because they are not affected by moisture and are easily cleaned of dust. Stripes have yielded to plaids in the making of the entire costume, and plaids, in combinations, are in greater favor than striped stuffs. A gray linen dress, with sweet peas painted upon it, and with the same flowers on hat and parasol, was the toilet worn by a French marquise at the Grand Prix. Ivory-white surah dresses for summer evening parties have the skirt covered with flounces of Venetian embroidery, imitating the designs of old point lace. Lace mitts reappear. Black mitts for ladies and dark red for children are most fashionable. The Marguerite mitts of closely-woven silk are most serviceable. The tight-fitting habit basque of Pekin, or, in other words, of satin and velvet stripe alternating, is still a garment that meets with much favor, many ladies not caring for the "independent" jacket of moire, while those of brocade, whether of silk or velvet, have been literally "done to death." The Pekin fabric, if not new, has never become so commonly worn, and has also the indubitable merit of wearing admirably.

**The Dressmaker's Place.**  
There is the dressmaker who leads one into extravagances which, at the time, appear absolute necessities, but which have the advantage at least of resulting in "things of beauty;" and there is her opposite, in whose hands one becomes an economist, and learns the secret of making gowns out of scraps; there is the slattern who never finishes off her seams—whose dresses hang by a thread, so to speak, but whose disposition is obliging—and there is her sister workman, who knows everybody's affairs and tells them, who repeats the makeshifts of her last customer, and who, you are confident, will carry a strict account of your own shortcomings to her next. Perhaps it is no wonder that, living in such an atmosphere of fashion and frivolity, the dressmaker sometimes becomes possessed with an exaggerated idea of the importance of fine clothing, especially when she knows that the subject holds such a prominent place in the minds and conversation of people who ought to be devoted to more ambitious things, who are not obliged to earn their daily bread by concentrating their thoughts upon it—people who can dismiss the matter from their minds, or delegate it to another at pleasure. Unless she takes special care to develop herself in other directions in her hours of recreation, she endangers the vitality of her intellectual life. Because one is a dressmaker, shall she not speak the shibboleth of the cultured woman? Shall nothing but frills and furbelows be expected of her? Shall she not think of other sciences than those of shirring and plaiting and stitching.—[Harper's Bazar.]

**The Casting Out of the Bones.**  
At a recent meeting of the Ross County (Ohio) Medical Society, all the physicians present were puzzled to the verge of stupefaction by the mysterious affliction of a woman, who considerably offered herself for examination. One of the doctors, who had previously attended her, explained that, upon several occasions, he had removed from a wound in her hand numerous pieces of bone without apparently diminishing the supply. A similar operation was then performed in the presence of the society. In the general amazement which followed, one of the members retained sufficient sense to suggest a microscopical examination of the bones which had been removed under their eyes. This simple test proved that they were chicken bones, whereupon the woman, seeing that the game was up, confessed that she had placed them where they were found. She refused, however, to say what motive had influenced her to undergo the consequent pain and inconvenience.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Of the 30,000,000 acres of land in Mississippi less than 5,000,000 is under cultivation.

It is estimated that the cotton-worm destroys \$15,000,000 of the cotton crop every year.

Three hundred and fifty-eight railway accidents occurred in Belgium in 1880. Of these 131 were due to collisions.

There are over 500,000 French Canadians in the New England states, and the number is constantly increasing.

Of the Canadian-Pacific railroad 500 miles will be laid this summer. From Montreal to the Pacific ocean the distance is 2,850 miles.

Thirteen hundred and fifty-two miles of railroad were constructed in the Southern States during the five months from January 1 to June 1.

A rich deposit of kaolin has been discovered in Macon county, Ala. The material is indispensable in the manufacture of fire-brick.

The cultivation of mushrooms is a paying branch of gardening in France, where this esculent is consumed every year to the value of \$1,800,000.

Professor C. V. Riley has deposited in the national museum at Washington his collection of insects, comprising 150,000 specimens and 30,000 species.

W. S. Ladd, a Portland (Oregon) banker, has given \$20,000 to build a reform school in that State, and he will pay all expenses connected with the school.

The Derby costume is the new English dress for ladies. It is made of dark blue muslin, with a white pique or linen vest, and a masculine blue jacket fastened by a single button at the throat.

**HUMOROUS.**

When a professor distributes his circulars he has a pupil in his eye.

A Philadelphia counterfeiter named "Gopher Bill" has been arrested, and an exchange thinks the authorities adopted the course suggested by his name.

A six-year old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's with a little round hole at the top.

One of the United States consuls in Italy began a magazine article twenty-five years ago, with this glowing statement: "Julius Caesar was a consul; Napoleon Bonaparte was consul; and so was I."

Life's pleasures: "Am I hurting you badly?" asked a Boston dentist of a lady whose teeth he was fixing and who was emitting horrible groans. "Oh, not in the least, but I love to groan," was the reply.

Did he steal the dog? "Yes, Judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that my trousers were tangled in the dog's teeth and that I dragged the animal away, but if you can call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime.

"Don't carry a million sovereigns in your pockets for fifteen years. In that time, we are told, they will lose in weight, by wear and tear, one-half of one per cent., or about \$25,000, and this sum is an important item at the present price of things."

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

Those are the most honorable who are the most useful.

Inordinate demands should be met with bold denials.

A beautiful woman is a queen before whose sceptre men bow.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.

In the interchange of thought use no coin but gold and silver.

Gold is either the fortune or the ruin of mankind, according to its use.

It is no point of wisdom in a man to beat his brains about anything impossible.

Duties and rights are inseparable—one cannot be delegated without the other.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

Trees in the forest may be barren, but trees in the garden should be fruitful.

The prompt performance of duty in the past is the best pledge for future faithfulness.

It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest.

A stern discipline pervades all nature, which is a little cruel that it may be very kind.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail.