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Ballade of a Coquette.

She wears a most bewitching bang—
Gold curls made captive in a net;
Her dresses with precision hang,
Her hat observes the stylish set;
She has a poodle for a pet,
And drives a dashing drag and pony:
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her phrases all are fraught with slang,
The very latest she can get;
She sings the songs that patience sang,
Can whistle airs from "Olivette,"
And, in the waltz, perhaps, might let
You squeeze her hand, with gems all stony:
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,
Nor known a momentary fret,
Want never wounds her with his fang;
She likes to run papa in debt;
She'll smoke a slender cigarette
Sub rosa with a favored crony:
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

EVOT.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!
She has no thoughts of matrimony:
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

CHARLIE'S FATHER.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" called out chattering at early dawn, and Hattie Harris awoke with a start, remembering that this fair June morning ushered in their bridal day.

"Jessie! Jessie!" she called, turning her bright, blue eyes upon the calm face of her sleeping sister. "Awake, you sluggard! Think of the oceans of things we have to do."

Jessie's black eyes opened slowly and smiled fondly upon her little sister's excited face.

"Your bridal morn! so it is. Ah me, how strange it seems that 'our baby' is going to be married."

"I'm the happiest girl in all the world—or I would be if papa Singleton would only be sensible and kind."

"What a cross old curmudgeon he must be," snapped Jessie, "just because you are not wealthy, and all that, to be so severe upon Charlie. I'm afraid you will hate him cordially all your life; I know I shall."

"But Charlie says he has been the kindest, most indulgent father, always consenting to all his wishes until this most important one in all his life, and he calls it a 'boy freak' and 'a piece of folly,' and urges that we wait five years—the old bear!"

"I can not forgive his refusing to be present at the wedding. But try to not mind it, dear, even our brightest days are clouded sometimes."

Such a pretty wedding as it was, the little village church had never known anything half so imposing. Flowers in magnificent profusion, sunshine and sweet music and the prettiest little blue-eyed bride and handsome young bridegroom, whose boyish face was full of grave yet happy earnestness.

The elegant Singleton carriage, with its liveried footmen, awaited outside to bear them away to the distant city.

When all was over and Jessie was at home once more, with a dreary little sigh for her lost sister, was about to close the door, she perceived a shawled figure hastening toward her.

"What is it, Mary?" she inquired, seeing the agitation in the woman's face.

"It's an accident, Miss Jessie, that happened this afternoon. A gentleman was driving by when his horse became dreadfully frightened from some cause or other, and ran away, turning over the buggy and flinging the gentleman out upon a heap of stones. We carried him in, and James went for the doctor; his arm was dislocated, and I fear he is hurt otherwise, but the doctor is gone now, and James and me's alone and I'm that nervous, if you would only walk down with me and stay a bit, I should be monstrous glad."

"Did he tell his name?"

"No, Miss Jennie, and we do not like to ask him, he seems to desire not to tell any thing about himself. But he's a gentleman, you can tell that quick enough."

"Wait until I get my hat and I will return with you, I trust he is not hurt as badly as you think."

He was a gentleman and no mistake, Jessie saw that at a glance, and noted how calmly courteous he was to Mary and her husband, albeit he seemed suffering severely.

"Miss Harris, sir, who visits sick folks a good deal, and I fancied might cheer you up a trifle and send word to your friends if you wish."

Jessie fancied he was smiling a little behind his moustache at Mary's quaint introduction, as he bowed and answered:

"Good evening, Miss Harris, this unfortunate accident is nothing dangerous, thanks for your kind intentions, but I think I shall be able to return to

my friends in a day or two, therefore will not needlessly alarm them."

Thus he turned aside the evident wish to know who he was, and, although he talked but little, Jessie noticed that he seldom removed his gaze from her, and his handsome gray eyes told a story of admiration and interest. He was a man of probably forty years, large, fine looking and possessed of exceeding grace of manner.

The day or two's illness lasted over a week. Jessie called a few times, but noting his increasing admiration, prudently forebore to go longer, and he went away one day without more ado than a good-by and good wishes left with Mary for her.

Jessie wondered why she felt so lonely, and tried to believe it was all owing to Hattie's absence. Long, bright letters came from Hattie, full of love and admiration for her husband and her beautiful home.

"Papa Singleton is just splendid, he kissed me tenderly when we came home from the lakes, and called me little daughter, and bade me a glad welcome home. I cannot tell you how happy I am, dear Jessie. But papa Singleton said something so queer this morning, he asked Charlie if he would not prefer a handsome new house all to himself. Charlie told him this was quite good enough for him, and the old gentleman only smiled and said no more. I hope he isn't tired of us so soon; he is very kind and I can not believe it. We are coming down soon, and the old gentleman is coming with us; you need not feel bitter against him now, and I know father will enjoy his wise, pleasant talk."

"So we are to have a visit from the old bear himself, are we?" laughed Jessie. "Well, mamma, we will entertain him the best we know how for Hattie's sake, and try and forget how he clouded our wedding day."

With a little cry of rapture, Hattie flung herself from the carriage and rushed to Jessie at the gate, and thence to her mother in the doorway.

With a warm clasp Charlie took Jessie's hand, and in his boyish, friendly voice exclaimed:

"Delighted to meet you, sister Jessie. This is father!" and he too passed on to her mother.

Jessie started back with a little cry of surprise, for the tall, handsome gentleman who was regarding her with such merry, admiring eyes, she recognized instantly as the sick gentleman whom Mary had cared for.

"Will it make my welcome any the less kind because I am Charlie's father? I would have acknowledged at once who I was, only I knew you were prejudiced, I had behaved so badly toward Charlie and his bride—but I could not bear the thought of my idolized child drifting away from me. Remorse overtook me, and I was just going to the wedding when the accident occurred. That is all."

But Jessie knew that was not all, and blushed furiously when, before they parted for the night, Charlie's father found her alone a moment and asked:

"Won't you like me a little for Charlie's sake?"

Certainly," she replied, trying to appear nonchalant.

"And a good deal more for my own?"

And somehow, before she knew it, almost, he had drawn her into his arms and kissed her with exasperating assurance.

With hot cheeks she fled up stairs, but with a happy, beating heart.

"Going to get married! and to our Jessie. Hurrah for the governor!" and, Charlie tossed his cap to the ceiling, and gave Jessie a rough embrace as he kissed her and called her "little mother." "You can build the new house now, father, I object no longer."

"And you're to marry the 'old curmudgeon' after all," laughed Hattie, "and you don't hate him a mite, either."

Anti-Malarial Plants.

Another plant possessing anti-malarial properties, as alleged, is receiving public attention. This is the jussiaea grandiflora, or floating plant of the bayous and lower lakes of Louisiana, which has been long observed to prevent the development of malaria in regions peculiarly adapted to its generation. The claim is put forth for it that it purifies all stagnant water in which it grows; that the lakes and bayous inhabited by it are singularly pure to the sight, taste and smell, and that to its presence and its undoubted hygienic or health-preserving qualities is to be attributed the remarkable exemption of the people of lower Louisiana from malarious or miasmatic diseases. It is also stated that in the region thus reputedly preserved from such diseases there are more stagnant waters and swamps than in any part of the country.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Religious News and Notes.

Joseph Cook goes from China to Australia, and thence home.

The Congregational General Association of Connecticut is 173 years old.

The London Missionary Society recently sent twenty missionaries to Central Africa and Madagascar.

The Chinese Sunday-school of the Mount Vernon church, Boston, numbers 110, and is increasing so rapidly that it is difficult to find teachers.

At the end of the first year Dr. Sczinsky says that on an average a male child should be thirty inches high and should weigh twenty-five pounds.

Dr. Chalmers astonished Scotchmen by declaring that the Free Church of Scotland must have an income of \$1,500,000 a year. Its income has since then been as high as \$2,500,000 annually.

Rev. Dr. Hall's church, New York, (Presbyterian) gave last year \$30,000 for mission purposes, \$70,000 to the church Board of Home Missions, \$50,000 for foreign missions, \$328,597 for congregational work, and to the Bible, tract and city mission causes, \$227,984.

The Catholic Union having a few weeks since referred to their eighteen institutions of learning in the state, four being colleges, the Baltimore Methodist calls attention to the work of a Methodist college in that state, and notes that the Protestants in the state maintain but two colleges.

Clergymen or Physicians.

The following extract is from an address of Rev. Dr. Richard L. Storrs, before the graduating class of the medical department of the University of the City of New York, at the Academy of Music. I wish that I might impress upon you the great truth that every man is a debtor to his profession. It lies with him to enlarge its resources, to increase its usefulness, to multiply its capacities for making the world better. The man who places such an ideal as this before him can alone hope for a true and grand success. It does not shut out a due and proper respect for the past and its truths; but along with that it is ever welcoming the spirit of the new light. I know there are sometimes men, in the medical as in the clerical profession, who sail away from the practical world as in a balloon. In their own estimation at least this balloon of theirs swings level and tranquil in the air; and to their eye it is the earth that seems to sink far down below them. Now, there is often a wonderful fascination in such theories; but we must remember that their chief and only constituent is gas. Not only that, but they are environed with peril, and they frequently end in death. It is in accordance with the highest laws for progress to keep what is true, and to advance from that to other truths. We are impelled to recognize this in our lives. Gentlemen, remember, that whatever may be your skill or your learning or your reputation, you need a firm, sweet, strong, moral spirit, by means of which you will be able to bless your patients more than by all the drugs in the pharmacopoeia. I have known physicians—and justice requires me to add, I have known clergymen also—who answered a description which Rufus Choate gave of one. "Stiff as a poker did you say? Why, he is a terrible example to all possible pokers."

Every such man, be he clergyman or physician, is a depressing influence wherever he goes. Let the physician come to the sick room in a spirit of sympathy, and an influence for good will pass from him as real, though as imperceptible and impalpable as the perfume that fills the air with its fragrance. I once knew a physician of Boston, who lived to be almost ninety, sunny to the last. He never entered a sick chamber without giving a leap to the pulse—a man whose smile was a benediction, whose whole life was cast in the highest and noblest mold. Whosoever he went it was at once his duty and his privilege to minister to the body and spirit of man. The power of such men as these reaches to the very roots of life. I count it a privilege of your profession and of my own that we have to be genial men; the full chafices of our own souls run over and bless those around us. This sympathy and this geniality must be realities in your nature; they will not come by being extemporized. The golden aureole of the saint is produced by a sway of the brush; but it is only by patient endurance and toil that the highest character becomes ours. No physician or clergyman will ever reach the head of his profession unless that spirit animates him.

Small boys wear scarlet coats of hussar cloth over their white kilt suits at the watering-places. There are frogs of black cord up the front of the jacket. A red Turkish fez completes the costume.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Vandyke red is in high fashion this summer.

China surahs are counted with the newest fabrics.

Colored veils are worn, but they are unbecoming to most faces.

Dressing uniformly with bridesmaids is getting to be out of fashion.

Lace mitts are in order; black mitts for grown people and colored ones for children.

A fancy of the moment is to have the parasol, fan, gloves and hose to match in color and decoration.

A bunch of artificial radishes appears upon a new French bonnet of dark green straw, faced with rose pink.

A new and pretty material for summer dresses is a crinkly, silky crape, called diamantine, which for evening wear is made up over surah and trimmed with Spanish lace.

Large white mull shawls with embroidery in each corner and some block figures of drawn work are worn by ladies in the country at church, on the piazza and in open carriages.

Tinted satin skirts, with pointed front breadths and lace tunics, drawn open to show the tablier and held back by sprays of French flowers, are very elegantly worn for balls and dinners.

Among other fancies is that of fastening the corsage with tiny, bullet-shaped buttons, set on less than an inch apart. The buttonholes are made by machinery. Sometimes there is a double row of buttons.

A Cherokee Belle.

There are some remarkable types of beauty among the native Cherokee women, says a correspondent, which will account for the fascination which they have exercised over white adventurers from the earliest contact of the two races, and which has caused the large intermixture of white blood so noticeable in the present condition of the nation. One of these was conspicuous among those in attendance upon a recent gathering. When I saw her she sat with a companion upon the trunk of a fallen tree engaged in the familiar occupation of Pleasant Riderhood in twisting her shining black hair, which had fallen down. She was dressed with great neatness in a white jacket and a clean print gown, with a chip hat and a red ribbon around her throat. When her black locks were arranged they lay

Crisped like a war steed's inclosure

over a low brow, which they swept with a natural wave. The features were of barbaric beauty, and of a tropic mold of contour, which the full lips and high cheek bones emphasized, but did not disfigure. The small, rather black eye glowed with a steady fire, and the whole aspect of the face might be described as radiant and grave, yet full of animal life and power of passion. Her complexion was of a rich walnut color, with the blood giving a red stain to the cheeks, and showing so clearly as to suggest a realization of the graphic Irish expression that "the point of a rush would bring blood to her cheeks." This was Miss Eagle Brown, the daughter of Hunter Brown, the full-blood Cherokee, and one of the finest and most characteristic types of her race.

The Lovers' Teeth.

I performed an operation of transplanting under romantic circumstances on a certain occasion, says a Philadelphia dentist. A young lady, as pretty as a peach, and a fine-looking young fellow came to see me one morning. After no little hesitation they told me they were betrothed and that he was in the army and was going away to the plains for at least a year, hunting Indians. "And we are very unhappy at parting," whimpered she. "Yes, we are," almost blubbered he. "We heard of transplanting teeth, and want you to take one out of each of our mouths and transfer them." For a moment I was transfixed with laughter and astonishment, and I attempted to reason them out of their foolish proposition—both had excellent teeth, by the way—but they insisted, so I extracted one of her largest back teeth and one of his smallest, and changed them about. Hers fitted in his jaw all right, and he went off a few days afterward to his post with his lady love's molar. His tooth, however, would not stick in, for within a week the young lady came back with her face dreadfully swollen. I reduced the inflammation and eased the pain, but could not replant her lover's fang, and she went away with it wrapped up in paper. Oh! the inconstancy of women. Six months after she married a man old enough to be her father. When the young lieutenant subsequently returned he indignantly told me of the manner he had been jilted, and requested me to immediately extract his false love's tooth, which I did, and he threw it in the cuspadore.

Be Careful of Your Words.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unaided;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and cal—
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Spain, with a school population of 2,606,265, has 28,117 elementary schools, instructing 1,410,476 pupils.

The practice of going to Europe to travel and rest costs the United States about \$125,000,000 annually.

The actual amount paid for pensions, by the United States, on account of the late war up to March 1, 1882, is \$500,781,950. The present number of pensioners on this account is 250,000.

The Japanese government has one hundred and sixty-four foreigners in its employ, including seventy-three Englishmen, thirty-two Germans, twenty-one Americans and sixteen Frenchmen.

The latest census gives the population of Japan as 36,358,994; males, 18,423,274; females, 17,935,720, an increase of 3,000,000 since the last previous census in 1873.

The census-takers appointed by the board of education of the New York city to ascertain the number of children of legal school age, which is over five years and under eighteen, return total of 47,552.

The Hon. W. C. DePauw, of New Albany, Ind., proposes to give \$1,000,000 to Asbury University on condition that the citizens of Greencastle will furnish one hundred acres of land whereon to erect new buildings.

Throw Up Your Hands.

"Gentlemen will please throw up their hands." Such is the polite manner in which a Missouri train robber usually addresses a car load of passengers as he appears at the door, playfully covering them with a revolver extended in each hand. Perhaps there is a party engaged in a game of euchre or old sledge: they promptly throw up their hands without a murmur, no matter how interesting a crisis there may be in the game. Men partially paralyzed in their arms have been known to throw up their hands at this summons with an alacrity surprising to themselves and everybody else.

"Throw up my hands!" said a man who was relating an experience with train robbers that he had been through. "I had \$10,000 in a belt around my body, all that I had made in six years of mining life in California, and when I heard the command and realized how useless resistance was, as the gang surrounding the car was armed to the teeth, I not only threw up my hands, but the thought of losing my money made me so sick, that I nearly threw up my boots!"

The situation doesn't admit of a moment's hesitation, and every man knows it. A movement in the direction of a weapon would not escape the alert eye of the robber; and it would be the immediate signal for a shot. Brave men think and braggards boast of what they would do under such circumstances, but when suddenly confronted by a cocked revolver and the stern command that signifies surrender, the hands are very apt to go up, though the situation be a humiliating one. Such attacks are generally made at night, while most of the passengers are asleep and off guard, and then there is the uncertainty as to the number of the gang. Jesse James once said the bravest man he ever knew he encountered in an attempt to rob a passenger train. The fellow stood on the platform of a car and coolly exchanged six or eight shots with the gang. Admiring his bravery, Jesse shouted to him to cease firing and they wouldn't molest his car. "I'll bet you won't," said he, "while I'm here." The robber captain said he would have given \$5,000 to have had that man become a member of his band. But he did not consider that a man, brave as a lion on the side of right, might prove the veriest coward in advancing the standard of violence and wrong.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.