

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 8.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., AUGUST 12, 1882.

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

The New Moon.

O fair young crescent, traced in flame,
Upon the western sky,
I meet you face to face, and claim
Your happy augury.

Good fortune while you wax and wane,
A myth of childish lore
My heart still keeps; to-night I faint
Would be a child once more.

Along the gray horizon's rim
Lie clouds as black as night,
While brightening through the twilight dim
Gleams out your arc of light.

O Moon! not vain methinks we hold
Your promise, for we know
Your shadowed disk's half ring of gold
With full-orbed light shall glow.

And as, O Moon, your silent call
The great sea tides doth draw,
Life's tidal waters rise and fall
Obedient to their law.

Why should I doubt or fear? One Hand
Alone doth hold and guide,
And so upon the shore as'trand
I wait the incoming tide.

TOM'S EXPERIENCE.

"One of those affairs, you know, tilted over the face just sufficiently to throw a most becoming shadow over the eyes, making them look like violet on a shady bank; and golden-brown hair, sir, streaming on the wind; and such an innocent baby-face, like one of Raphael's cherubs! Jove! a girl worth looking after, I assure you!"

The weather was too warm to do more than stare languidly at Tom's excited countenance; but, fortunately he was too much interested in his theme to be as exigent as he generally is, so he accepted the stare as sufficient token of interest on the part of his attached friend—myself—and straightway proceeded:

"She's with an old lady in a brown front and spectacles, and a set of teeth—false, you know—and no one knows who they are; and she walks on the sands every morning quite early, without the lady with the front, and as sure as my name's Tom Latimer, I'll manage an introduction."

Here I found energy sufficient to say, "What about Godine?" in a tone replete with that elegant sarcasm for which I am noted, but which, curiously enough, Tom never appreciates as it deserves.

He now obliged the company—myself and a lemon-colored setter—with one or two forcible, though inelegant, expressions, bearing reference firstly to me, and secondly to Godine. Godine was the last damsel to whom he had whispered vows of love.

The weather, as I have said, was excessively warm, and Tom is extremely tall, with well-developed biceps, so the resentment which, under the circumstances, I might have cherished was wanting; and with the eye of an injured yet forgiving friend, I watched him as he stalked to the mirror and commenced a critical examination of his Grecian features and elaborate necktie, an operation he spent fully ten minutes in.

Then, whistling to the lemon-colored setter, and arming himself with his cane and gloves, and without so much as deigning a glance toward my lounging-chair, he made his exit from the apartment, leaving me to the enjoyment of my dolce far niente, disturbed by no visions of violet eyes and golden hair, or, in fact, anything but a pleasing yet melancholy remembrance of the canvas backed ducks and chablis I had partaken of that day at my dinner; melancholy, for do we not feel regret for the good that is passed?

I am not of an active habit of body, but I am the fortunate possessor of that jewel, rare at my time of life—a good appetite—to retain which I court the morning breezes before breakfast; and it was during my constitutional the following day that I next caught sight of Tom, the lemon-colored setter and the necktie, and at the same time of a shepherdess hat, a floating cloud of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes, and the whitest, fattest and woolliest poodle it has ever been my fate to see.

The shepherdess hat was leading the poodle by a blue ribbon with one hand, while the other held a book, on the pages of which the blue eyes were downcast, of course utterly unconscious of Tom, who was walking some twenty yards behind, diligently sucking the handle of his cane, and as diligently staring at a back view of the shepherdess hat—black, trimmed with crimson roses—the golden hair and the daintiest little waist, round which a blue moire belt was ever fastened, and the neatest foot ever buttoned up in a kid bottine, with mother-of-pearl buttons.

It is needless to say that, as the hat was absorbed in her book, and Tom in the contemplation of the fair student, neither of them observed me; and, knowing from experience how conducive to a hearty appetite a little mild ex-

citement is, I slipped behind a convenient rock, in order to watch Tom's proceedings at my leisure.

They sauntered quietly on for a few paces further, and this little tale might never have been indited by my graceful pen had it not been for Tom's lemon-colored setter.

This sagacious animal had been for sometime eyeing the apoplectic poodle waddling on in front with divers signs of canine ill-will, unobserved by his spellbound owner, and just as its fair mistress turned a fresh leaf of her book, with a bloodthirsty snarl the setter dashed at the unoffending poodle, whose white curls were soon flying in every direction, as with yelps of defiance and anguish, they rolled over and over in the soft sand in deadly combat.

The young lady screamed frantically, and endeavored to rescue her favorite from the fangs of the setter by showering blows of her white and gold "Dante" on his yellow back; and at this crisis Tom sprang to the rescue with uplifted cane and excited mien, and managed to convey to the setter, per cane and boot-heel, his desire that hostilities should cease; and, with fervent apologies for the unpolished behavior of his canine follower, he placed the gasping poodle in the little gauntleted hands stretched eagerly to receive him. And what commiseration the abominable hypocrite showered on the brute, and didn't they eventually walk off together to her hotel, he carrying the animal and she chatting to him gayly and looking up into his face with such pretty gratitude, while the lemon-colored setter, with drooping ears and tail, followed slowly in the rear.

Well, Tom came home to mock at the idea of breakfast and rave of Bertha Seldon—for such proved to be the lady's name—and against the charming Godine Haughton, who sat opposite him at table, and whose black eyes darted reproachful fires at him across the tablecloth; for had he not neglected to ask her for one dance even on the previous night?

Friendship should never blind us to the failings of our friends, and I set down with melancholy regret that Tom was a notorious flirt. Really, I fell uneasy when I saw the way he went on with that little girl; and if it had not been for a habit he had of resenting what he was pleased to term "impertinent intrusion," I'd have given him a piece of my mind.

But it was not long before he awoke to a discovery which astonished himself as much as it did me—viz., that he had a heart, and that it was in the possession of the pretty Bertha—a fact he determined to let her know as speedily as possible.

"You see," he said to me, "though my father is unwise enough to contemplate marrying again at his time of life, I'm quite independent; and, as I'm tolerably sure she likes me, why, old boy, you may expect an invitation to my wedding before long."

And he swaggered off, looking like a handsome, confident puppy as he was. There! the fellow provoked me, though I was glad he really intended marrying the pretty, blue-eyed child, and not jilting her, as he had half a score of others.

The very same day who should arrive at our hotel but Latimer pere, a hale, handsome man of middle age, and an old acquaintance of mine.

We dined together in private, and we elders gossiped of the place, the people and the cooking, though more than once I fancied that cheerful Mr. Latimer was more distraught than usual, and several times I noticed that he cast anxious glances at Tom's thoughtful countenance.

"By-the-way," he said, after the waiter had placed the dessert and finally withdrawn, "neither of you has inquired my business here."

He looked at Tom, and Tom, rousing himself, looked at him.

"Well, sir," said that young gentleman, "people don't come to Newport on business—at least, not generally—so it didn't strike me to inquire."

"Well, my boy," said the elder gentleman, laughing, "I'll give you the information gratuitously. I have come down here for a day to see the lady I am about to marry—Miss Seldon. You have probably met her."

Tom and I stared at his father in unmitigated surprise, and Tom ejaculated:

"I say father, you're not in earnest, you know."

"Of course I am," replied Mr. Latimer, rising and laughing; "and I'm off now to pay my respects. Come over in the course of the evening, both of you."

And while Tom stared blankly after him, he went away.

Tom looked at me and I looked at him. Tom thrust his hands through his yellow curls and then into his trousers-pockets. He then whistled—I whistled.

"Such a man as that to marry a

brown front and a set of false teeth!" ejaculated Tom. "Jove! sir, I'm struck dumb!"

In proof of which he became slightly profane.

I do not approve of strong language—I do of hock; so to immolate two birds with the same stone, I cried:

"In any case let us drink her health." After which cheerful resignation came to Tom, and he was good enough to say:

"Well, after all, it will be pleasanter for Bertha and myself than if the governor had had better taste. I wonder what enchantments the old Circe threw around him?"

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, as, later in the evening, we ascended to the drawing-room of the bride elect and her lovely niece, "I'll get Bertha out for a stroll this lovely moonlight night, and as sure as fate I'll propose. It is just the evening for that kind of thing, especially with those tender, blue-eyed things. I say, hadn't we better knock, lest we might interrupt the love-making?"

But I had opened the door, and there was nothing for it but to advance.

The room was but dimly lighted, yet sufficiently so to show Miss Seldon, the aunt, seated in a distant armchair, spectacles on nose, the paper she had been perusing fallen on her lap, while a gentle sound, like the snore of a fay, proclaimed that she was wrapped in slumber, as was also the poodle lying at her feet.

Close to the piano stood Mr. Latimer, bending tenderly over a little sylph in white tulle; whose bright hair floated over his black coat-sleeve, and whose white fingers were shyly twisting one of the buttons of said coat—Bertha, in fact.

They started as the door opened, and Bertha would have sprung away, but his encircling arm detained her.

"Here, Tom!" he called out, "come and pay your respects to your future stepmother. She is but a little body, but no doubt she'll make you a good one."

"Good evening Tom," said Bertha, smiling half-shyly. "Why didn't you tell me before that you were going to be my stepson? You are so nice and kind, I love you already, and I'm sure we'll get on so well together!"

Nice and kind! Oh, Tom, my poor friend!

The last time I heard of Tom he was safely landed by the skillful and indefatigable Godine, and they were spending the honeymoon in Paris.

Mrs. Latimer, his stepmother, is a most charming little person, and they certainly do give the most recherche dinners in town.

Some Blunders in Print.

An absurd blunder appeared in the Parliamentary report of the Daily Telegraph on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions on the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government. There a right honorable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamebird of Birmingham," an allusion to his perception which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamaliel of Birmingham." Perhaps Irish reporters, owing to the recognized tendency of the soil and climate, are privileged in matters of this kind. One of them, in describing the result of a recent conflict between the police and the people in which fire-arms were used, writes:

"In the Union Infirmary lies John Smith with his shattered leg, which was amputated on Tuesday last." Ordinary mortals might have imagined that the surgeon would have caused the shattered member to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the crippled patient. That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if this be correctly credited to a Glasgow paper's account of shipping disaster: "The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for £3,000, and carried 200 tons of pig-iron." But less ephemeral publications than newspapers have occasionally furnished instances of ludicrous ambiguity. Morse's old geography, for example, pointed out an architectural peculiarity of an extraordinary character when it informed the rising generation of its time that a certain town contained "400 houses and 4,000 inhabitants all standing with their gable ends to the street."—[All the Year Round.

Photographs of the king of Zululand represent him as of melancholy countenance, such as very fat men usually wear in hot weather. He leans back, as if exhausted, in a cane chair of formidable proportions. It is said, however, that this is not his usual expression, and when in converse his visage lights up with eager earnestness.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Waists grow longer.
Plush is the trimming for the next season.

Yellow maintains its sway as a favorite color.

Mountain suits and fatigue costumes are very short.

Chenille bids fair to have a long run of popular favor.

Enameled jewelry seems to be gaining ground again.

Louis XV. dresses are in high favor for garden parties.

The fashion of bouffant sleeves for full dress is gaining.

Very few first-class society women of New York wear tournures.

Plain mull dresses are made effective by flounces and trimmings of polka-dotted embroidery.

Balbriggan stockings abound in various tints of red, old gold, amber and blue in all the new shades.

White scarfs of crinkled silk Japanese crape are worn around the neck instead of the white, Spanish lace used last summer.

White clematis, lilacs or geraniums form the crown of dressy lace bonnets, and there are entire bonnets made of these small flowers.

Daisy pompons, very small and fluffy, are made of white silk for trimming the turbans of velvet and straw so fashionable this season.

The small pelerine that has one fichu end caught up to the left shoulder and fastened there by a bow is in great favor with summer dresses.

It is proposed that ladies shall adopt the Turkish style of wearing their veils next winter—that is, over the mouth, chin and nose instead of the eyes.

A very effective, dressy costume is made by wearing a dressy polonaise of small blue surah trimmed with cuffs, pinstrons and collar of cut work, and ruffles of Moresque lace over a skirt of shepherd-checked taffeta in blue and white.

What a Country Girl Can Do.

"What can a country girl do to earn money at home?" There are ten things the average country girl can do to earn money—as follows:

1. Let her turn her attention to silk culture.
2. If her neighborhood offers an opportunity, let her open a kindergarten school, or let her establish a home for the taking care of young children when the mothers are otherwise employed.
3. Let her can fruit. This will make it necessary that she should have a garden.
4. Let her run a poultry yard. Eggs, chickens and feathers are all profitable.
5. Let her raise honey. This is not a hard or unwomanly occupation. It requires intelligence, as all occupations do.
6. Let her raise strawberries.
7. Let her raise flowers. This is a most profitable industry. Choice flowers, wreaths for weddings and funerals, evergreens for public occasions, all command a good price.
8. Let her prepare Christmas evergreens.
9. Let her, like her grandmothers, make butter and cheese.
10. Let her make jellies and preserves for the market.

These ten suggestions may be of service to some country girl who is looking towards the city for employment, and she would become more intelligent and more useful, more healthy, and make a better marriage by remaining at home.

Gained Forty Pounds in Ten Days.

A well-authenticated case was reported at the Academy of Medicine in Richmond, of a man in good health who visited one of our summer resorts lately and fattened four pounds a day for ten days. His weight, in round numbers, on leaving Richmond was 160, and on returning ten days weighed (in the scales) 200 pounds. This was regarded by the doctors present as a most remarkable result. In cases of convalescence from protracted disease patients fatten very rapidly, but one pound a day under these circumstances is regarded as most gratifying. It is thought, and was stated on the occasion referred to, that to fatten four pounds daily a man would have to make six or eight pints of blood daily. This would be "heavy feeding," and from information got from the subject of this notice the amount consumed was enormous. He took a bath morning and night.

Save your old flour barrels. They will each hold just 678,000 silver dollars.

Summer Time.

The fragrance of the wild rose fills,
With odorous breath, the summer air,
And song of robin clearly trills
Along the dusty thoroughfare.

The grassy lane with clover sweet,
That leads beyond the maple's shade,
Invites the wanderer's lingering feet
Along the path the herd have made.

The slope whereon the white lambs graze
Is brightened by the morning sun,
That o'er the landscape softly plays,
And gilds the day but just begun.

The rustic bridge across the stream
Looks picture-like. There oft is heard
The heavy trampings of a team,
Or the light carol of a bird.

All nature throbs with its delights,
And that has speech which once seemed dumb;
Sweet harmony the ear invites,
From whispering grass to insect's hum.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Prussia has 18,000,000 Protestants and half as many Roman Catholics, and the government gives about \$500,000 a year to each of the two churches.

There are in Ohio 17,274 more boys than girls within the ages prescribed for attendance in the public schools, the total number of boys being 362,835.

When the German empress travels in summer the roof of her railroad carriage is covered with a layer of turf, which is watered frequently during the day as a device to keep her cool.

The French government has offered for the second time a prize of \$10,000 for the invention of the most useful application of the voltaic pile. During five years this remains open to competitors.

Bartholdi, designer of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed in New York harbor, is a man of great wealth, and has given \$20,000 of his own fortune to defray the expenses of constructing the huge monument.

There is great joy at the re-establishment of the drum in the French army. In the barracks and canteens soldiers are preparing to welcome it back with festivity. The army, it was found, was losing prestige in the eyes of the people for want of the drum.

The great bell of Moscow is the largest in the world. It is twenty-one feet high, sixty-eight feet in circumference at the bottom, twenty-three inches thick at its strongest part, and weighs 443,772 pounds. It was never hung, but stands at the foot of Kremhn, probably in the very spot where it was cast.

A policeman was shot while on duty at Fargo, Dakota. Before dying, he said that the bullet came from the residence of Jack Knudson, a bad character. A mob hunted Knudson all night, and would have hanged an innocent man if they had found him, but in the morning a woman explained that it was she who fired on the officer, mistaking him for a burglar.

For infants' dresses are embroidery patterns manufactured in imitation of Venetian point of every color. A dainty robe is made of cream-colored creponne, finished by a deep flounce of baby-blue satin, completely covered with a flounce of pale blue Venetian point lace. With unbleached fabrics floelle or pack-thread lace in Venetian designs is much used—a trimming which is now considered the height of elegance.

HUMOROUS.

"Pulverized meat" is what the Belgian government is about to give out for army rations. This must be Belgian for "hash."

"You write a beautiful hand. I wish that I had such a hand," said Mr. Flasher to a lady clerk at the hotel. "Am I to consider this as a proposal?" asked the bright lady. "Well—er—yes—if my wife is willing to let me off," replied the accomplished Flasher.

A news item says that the best female circus rider in Russia is Dounedretsky, who "turns a double somersault through a hoop and carries her name, which is painted in the centre, along with her." To turn a double somersault through a hoop may not be a very remarkable feat, but to get her name through without knocking off some of its corners is certainly an astonishing performance.

Said a teacher to one of his highest pupils: "If your father gave you a basket of peaches to divide between yourself and your little brother, and there were forty peaches in the basket, after you had taken your share what would be left?" "My little brother would be left, for I'd take all the peaches. That's the kind of a congressman I'm going to be when I grow up."