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Living and Loving.

"Live but to love!" is the baby's confession,
As fondly it leaps to its mother's embrace,
And all the deep rapturous joy of possession
Is seen in the glow that illumines its face.
"I live but to love!" with carresses and kisses
It heals all the blows and the bruises of artifice
And all through the day not a chance ever
misses
Of proving that love is the sweet'ner of life.
The sky may with ominous clouds be o'er-
laden,
And out of the darkness no blue banner flings,
But love, like a bird, in the heart of the
maiden
Of courage and hope still contentedly sings
There's always some honey to gather from
flowers
That bloom in our path; always comfort to
give
To those who are wounded with thorns. That
life's hours
May yield us more bliss, let us love while
we live.
With love by the hearth, though the fuel be
scanty,
There's warmth and much happiness, spite
of all ills;
For affection will often thrive well in a shanty,
And in sumptuous quarters die oft with the
chills,
Too cautious in loving, too stingy in giving,
The miserly cynics good angels repel,
And daily declaring life not worth the living,
In sadness and solitude evermore dwell.
Though trouble and sorrow have grievously
tried us,
Leaving scars on the heart time can never
efface,
If only a friend or two linger beside us,
Earth is not a dreary and desolate place.
Eternally blest the affectionate mortal
Who gives of the grace he is nourished upon!
He says as he enters the glory-girt portal,
"I have lived! I have loved!" and he lives
and loves on.

MOLLIE'S MATCH-MAKING.

A dainty parlor, with numerous easy
chairs,—a glowing fire in the nickel-
trimmed heater—a pretty little woman
listening for the footsteps of the lord
and master. This charming picture of
domestic bliss Jack Ackerman fully
appreciated as he stepped into the room
a few minutes later.
"Well, Mollie, what's the news?"
"Oh, nothing, only supper has been
waiting half an hour. Come, let us
hurry and eat; I want to talk with
you."
"I thought there was something on
your mind. Didn't know but I was
going to get a lecture for being late."
"You deserve one, for this is the last
evening I shall spend with you for two
whole weeks." Mrs. John Ackerman
tried to frown, but failed completely.
In another half hour they were back in
the parlor, and Mollie began:
"I think Tom is a fine fellow, and
there were never two brothers more
alike than you and he."
"Thank you, my dear, I honor your
judgment."
"And, John, I have the most brilliant
plan concerning him."
"Do tell!" said John, with a move-
ment toward his coat pocket, where the
evening paper lay in uncut solitude.
Mollie observed the motion, and
promptly informed him that he should
not read a word until she was through
talking.
"I am going away to-morrow, and
then you may read the paper from the
time you enter the house until mid-
night, with no one to bother you," she
said.
Somehow, the vision of the little par-
lor, without Mollie's lively chatter, did
not seem to strike favorably. Perhaps
this was why he tossed the paper to the
other side of the room, and promised
to listen. Mollie perched herself on
one arm of his chair, and began:
"You know my sister Amy is coming
home with me for a long visit, and don't
you think it would be splendid if she
and Tom would fall in love with each
other? They could get married and set
up housekeeping in a cottage like this
one across the street. It would make
me so happy, Jack!"
John laughed long and heartily.
"Match-making, by Jove!" he said,
at last. "Miserable yourself, and want
everybody else to be; is that it, Mollie?"
"Don't laugh, John, for I am in earn-
est. I know they will like each other,
and I have set my heart on the match.
Just think how nice it would be to have
Amy here; and Tom is such a darling!"
John was laughing again by this time,
and it took considerable management to
reduce him to order.
"I tell you what it is, Mollie, you
don't want me to say a word of this to
Tom or Amy, or they will take a dis-
like to each other."
"I know it," replied Mollie. "When
I told Tom I was going to visit Aunt
Hetty I did not mention Amy's name,
and I don't think he knows of her ex-
istence; as for Amy, I have been with
her so little since I was married that I

am sure I never spoke to her of Tom."
"Well, see that you don't do so now,
for you couldn't mention his name
without praising him to the skies, and
she would see through your plans at
once."
Mollie left the next morning, leaving
directions enough to distract a man if
he tried to remember half of them.
"Don't have Tom at the house when
we return. Amy will be tired with her
journey, and I want her to have a
chance to beautify a little before she
meets him."
When they reached the depot Mollie's
courage began to fail.
"I am almost sorry to go, John," she
said. "Suppose something should hap-
pen to you while I am away?"
"Nonsense, darling! Go, and have a
good time; and be sure to be back in
two weeks, and bring Amy with you."
Mollie's heart was so thoroughly in
her, pet plan that she found it very hard
to refrain from all mention of her ador-
able brother-in-law during the two
weeks that followed. Once she did
refer to the cosy party of four they
would make, and then was obliged to
turn it off on Jennie, the little maid-of-
all-work, as making the fourth.
The day before Mollie was to return
Aunt Hetty fell ill. Amy was obliged
to postpone her visit for a few days, at
least. Mollie could go on as she had
intended, and she would follow as soon
as Aunt Hetty could spare her.
"Amy will certainly come up next
week," she assured John; "but I could
not wait another day."
It was so pleasant to be at home once
more, and mistress of all she surveyed.
A note from Amy, saying that she would
come on the following Saturday, set her
mind completely at rest. She was really
sorry to hear John say, one morning:
"I think we had better take that run
down to Camden's to-day. We must go
sometime this month, and, of course,
you won't want to go after your sister
comes."
"John, you know we cannot stay away
all night. I gave Jenny leave of absence
until Friday, and it won't do to leave
the house alone."
"I'll get Tom to come and sleep here."
"There are three keys, said she, as
they left the house. "You can give one
to Tom, and I will leave one with Mr.
Gates, next door. The house might get
on fire, and then it would be well to
have a key handy, so they could get
into the house and bring out the things."
"Yes," said John, sarcastically; "or I
might hire a squad of policemen to watch
the house day and night."
About eleven o'clock that evening,
Miss Amy Arden alighted from an ex-
press, and looked about the depot as if
expecting some one.
"They could not have received my
second postal," she concluded, after
waiting nearly half an hour in the ladies'
waiting room. "Well, I can very soon
find their house."
A carriage very soon deposited her in
front of the pretty cottage on Lake
street. All was dark. Amy pulled the
bell several times, without hearing a
sound within. Where could Mollie and
John have gone? There was a light in
the next house, and Amy remembered
hearing her speak of her kind neighbor,
Mrs. Gates. Perhaps they were spend-
ing the evening with her, or at least,
she might know of their whereabouts.
Amy ran across the small grass plot
which separated the two cottages, and
rang the bell. Mrs. Gates soon ex-
plained matters.
"You do look a little like Mrs. Ack-
erman, when you laugh," she said in con-
clusion, "so I suppose it's all right to
let you have the key; but she wasn't
looking for you until Saturday."
"Probably she did not receive my
postal, which I mailed yesterday."
"Well, I'll give you the key, o
course; but are you not afraid to stay
alone in the house?"
"Oh, I'm not at all timid," said Amy.
"But there's a gang of burglars about
the city," urged Mrs. Gates. "But you
are welcome to come in and sleep on
our parlor sofa, if you are afraid."
"No, thank you," said Amy. "I will
risk it for one night."
She let herself into the deserted
house, not without some thrills of fear,
it must be confessed. How quiet every-
thing was! Oh, if Mollie were only
there! She took a survey of the rooms,
the kitchen, last of all, where she con-
cluded to look for something to eat.
Hark, what was that? Only the silver-
toned clock, striking the midnight
hour.
"That woman's talk about burglars
has made me nervous," she thought,
continuing her search for eatables.
Hark! again! Surely that was a key
turning in the lock; then a door opened
and shut quietly, and there were foot-
steps in the hall. Amy's small stock of
courage went down to zero. Instinctively
she grasped the poker lying on the
range near her. The next instant
the door opened and shut quietly, and
a great, broad-shouldered man, with
blackened face and hands stepped into

the room. Amy felt herself growing
white with fear, but, she raised her
poker threateningly; for a moment they
stared at each other in silence, then
the man spoke:
"Who the deuce are you?"
Amy tried to shriek for help, but the
sound died away in her throat. She
was too frightened to speak or move.
Presently he came toward her.
"Will you please lower the poker, or
move away from the sink? I would like
to come there and wash my hands," he
said looking very much inclined to
laugh.
Was ever such effrontery known be-
fore? Still speechless, Amy moved
around to what looked to be an outside
door.
"Don't glare at me in that frightful
way," he went on, with a glance into
her terror-stricken eyes.
Then came a hearty laugh, which re-
assured Amy a very little. Certainly,
this was a most extraordinary burglar,
or else there was some ridiculous mis-
take. She would flee to Mrs. Gates'
protection, at all events, she thought,
dropping her weapon, and tugging away
at the huge bolt, with trembling fin-
gers. By this time the young man had
finished his ablutions, and presented
quite a different appearance.
"I am Mr. Ackerman's brother," he
said, politely. "He asked me to remain
in his house, to-night, as a means of
protection, during his absence."
"Mr. Ackerman has no brother," con-
tradicted Amy, stoutly.
"Are you sure of that?"
"Certainly I am. Mrs. Ackerman just
made me a visit. She would have men-
tioned him if such a person existed."
"Can it be that you are Aunt Hetty?"
"Aunt Hetty? Indeed!"
Amy was finding courage and voice
fast enough, now.
"I beg your pardon," said Tom. "But
Mollie told me she was going to visit
her Aunt Hetty, and you said she had
been visiting you; hence my mistake."
"I am Mrs. Ackerman's sister."
"Strange I never heard her speak of
you! However, I am sorry I frightened
you, Miss Arden, and if you will allow
me, I will explain matters. I am a
book-keeper at Bolton's hardware es-
tablishment—"
"You looked more like a bootblack,"
interrupted Amy.
"Or a burglar," added Tom. "Well,
as I was saying, I am a book-keeper,
but there was a press of work in the
foundry to-night, and as they happened
to be short of hands, I offered to stay
and assist. This accounts for my late
arrival and my blackened face and
hands."
He looked very much like indulging
in another hearty laugh, but restrained
himself at the sight of Amy's white dis-
tressed face.
"I am afraid I was rude," she said,
"but it was such a shock to me. I am
very tired, and—"
Tom sprang to her side, or she would
have fallen from sheer exhaustion. He
helped her into the parlor, and brought
refreshments from Mollie's generous
storeroom, and they were soon talking
matters over quite calmly. It was after
two o'clock when Tom proposed to go
and ask Mrs. Gates to come over for
the rest of the night, but Amy protested
against this, saying she was not afraid
if he would remain in the house.
Mollie was almost beside herself
when she came home and found how
affairs had gone in her absence. Crying
one minute over Amy's fright and
laughing the next over Tom's graphic
description of the same, it was some
time before they settled down into any-
thing like quiet.
As the days and weeks went by,
Mollie could not determine whether
certain plans of hers were to prosper or
not. Tom spent all his evenings with
them, but he and Amy were always on
the contrary sides of every question,
and they tantalized each other so un-
mercifully that poor Mollie sometimes
despaired of their being friends, not to
mention a nearer relation.
They were all together, as usual, one
evening, and Tom, for the hundredth
time, was describing Amy's appearance
on that memorable evening when she
so nearly brained him for a burglar.
"And little did I suspect then," he
went on, soberly, "she would ever have
the privilege of brandishing the poker
over me for life."
"What do you mean?" cried Mollie,
staring, first at Tom's solemn visage,
and then at Amy's flushed cheeks.
"Just what I said. Amy and I are
going to set up housekeeping in the
opposite cottage, where I suppose she
will continue to flourish all sorts of
murderous weapons at me."
"John, dear, it's coming about ex-
actly as we planned," shouted Mollie,
springing up in excitement.
"Well, it did come about just as Mol-
lie desired. Mrs. Amy even made car-
dinal red the predominating color in
her parlor, and it harmonizes charm-
ingly with the dark beauty of its mistress.
The sisters are inseparable, and as

happy as two mortals can ever expect to
be. Tom is something more than
book-keeper, now, in the Bolton hard-
ware business, and he and John are
talking of buying two handsome prop-
erties in the suburbs of the city. Mrs.
Mollie declares she would rather remain
in the little house on Lake street, but
what woman was ever proof against a
handsome establishment in an aristoc-
ratic neighborhood? Not our ambitious
little Mollie, I am sure.
A Very Common Mind Trouble.
One of the common ways in which the
trouble arises is the mischievous prac-
tice of trying to do several things at
once or to "divide the attention." A
scholar will insist on having several
books open on his table before him,
and he unconsciously forms the habit
of spreading first his mental perceptions
and then his thoughts over a wide
field, and of taking in the largest pos-
sible number of objects. At the outset
this is a habit of physico-mental sight,
then it becomes a habit of the intellec-
tual organism; or it may begin as an in-
tellectual exercise, and afterward come
to be, in a purely physical way, sensory.
Literary men often establish the dis-
tressing condition described by work
which requires continual reference to
books or papers, and the "bearing in
mind" of a large number of data for the
purpose of collation. It is probable
that Dr. Johnson, the great lexicog-
rapher, formed his habit of post-touch-
ing in this way. Men whose mental
work consists in "managing," may con-
tract the same habit if they are them-
selves stationary—sitting in a chair at
a particular desk, while books, papers,
or persons crowd in upon them. An-
other and very dissimilar class of minds,
which, instead of being worried by a
multiplicity of brain-work, have so lit-
tle to occupy their attention to their
consciousness forms a habit of dallying
with the details of every little thing
that falls in its way, suffers the same
malady. So long as the habit is purely
mental it exerts a mischievous effect on
the mind and lowers the tone of its in-
tellectuality; but it does not generally
attract attention until, or unless, it ex-
tends to the senses, then the evidences
of doubt declare themselves, and the
mental state finding expression in acts,
is rapidly confirmed. The evidence of
one sense is no longer sufficient to con-
vince the consciousness. What is felt
must be seen; what is seen must be felt;
what has been done with one form of
attention, acting through a particular
sense, must be repeated with another
form and sense. The victim of this
habit is not sure he has turned the key
properly in the lock unless he hears it
click, or he must see it turn or carefully
examine the door to convince himself
that it is really shut. After a time he
has to do this several—it may be a
number of—times, e. g., three, seven,
or nine. So it is with everything. As
he walks along the streets he must touch
the posts or railings, because the evi-
dence of sight alone is not sufficient to
convince him of their tangibility. To
confirm his visual impression of separate
stones in the paving of the foot-
path, he must tread on the center of
each. If he misses one he must go
back, or if the process has not been
properly performed it will have to be
repeated. Cases differ widely in the
particular manifestation of this pecu-
liarity, and it may occur in any degree,
ranging from a mere hesitancy about
leaving things to the eccentric acts I
have enumerated. The trouble is,
however, the same under all its diverse
forms and varieties. I do not mean to
imply that the consciousness knowingly re-
asons as to the proposition that cor-
roborative evidence must be procured
by the application of additional sensory
tests, but that is the method instinctively
taken to remove the doubt, and it
throws light on the nature of the
neurosis. The consciousness is doing
work for which it is unfitted, and it
does it in a fussy and clumsy fashion,
which occasions much needless effort
and is in itself distressing.—[Good
Words.
Songs and Ballads.
Mr. Wheatley observes that "all bal-
lads are songs, but all songs are not
ballads," and this remark well expresses
the truth. A song is the condensation
of thought upon one particular person
or object, or the representation of simple
moods or emotions; a ballad is of a more
complex nature, concerning itself with
the actions of men, and detailing in a
narrative form events having relation
to individuals or to society. Songs
should be lyrical in form, sharp and de-
cisive in utterance; ballads are really
stories in verse of a historical, narra-
tive, humorous, or pathetic character.
Banking.—"Well, old fellow, what
are you doing now?" "Nothing; but
I've a big scheme on foot. Lots of
money in it." "A-ah! What is it?"
"I'm going into a tanking house."
"A-ah! After dark?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Texas yet has 50,000,000 acres of un-
sold school lands. This will soon give
her the grandest school fund of any
country on the globe.
Grapes exposed to solar light contain
more sugar by 3.79 per cent. and less
acid by 1.23 per cent. than such as have
remained in darkness.
Observations made in Epping Forest,
London's new public park, go to prove
that the squirrel is the greatest enemy
of small birds, as it destroys their
eggs.
Alice Jones, who abandoned her baby
in the woods in Independence county,
Ark., and left it for eight days without
food, has been sentenced to five years
in the Arkansas penitentiary.
A solid mass of copper ore of pyra-
midal form, eight feet high and two and
one-quarter by three feet thick at the
base, weighing two tons, is one of the
wonders in the exhibition at Denver.
One year ago what is now Rogers,
Ark., was a hamlet of eight houses and
a population of about 100. Since then
225 houses have been built, and the
population is now about 1,300.
The census returns give 155,000,000
pounds as the amount of wool clipped
from 35,000,000 sheep in the United
States in the spring of 1881. Ohio and
California head the list in the amount
of production.
One of the great national works of
the French government is the planting
of trees along the high roads of the
country. The number of trees used to
form the welcome avenues is 2,691,399.
Thomas Adair, of Leesville, Ohio,
during a violent fit of coughing threw
a piece of cloth three-fourths of an inch
square off his lungs. It is believed to
have been a fragment of coat shot into
his side by a gun some time ago.
Upward of 13,000,000 letters and post-
cards are posted daily in the world;
3,418,000,000 letters are annually dis-
tributed in Europe; 1,246,000,000 in
America; 76,000,000 in Asia; 36,000,000
in Australia, and 11,000,000 in Africa.
Moody and Sankey will remain in
Great Britain until the spring of 1883,
when they will return to the United
States for a few months, after which
they will go back to London and con-
tinue their labors in the great met-
ropolis.
HUMOROUS.
Spots on the son—Slipper marks.
A little boy, proud of his new jacket,
informed his sister that he was a six-
button kid.
It is often said that a boy takes after
his father; but it is oftener the case
that the father "takes after" the boy.
A philosopher says: "The man who
laughs is the sympathetic man." It is
astonishing how many sympathizers a
man has when he sits down and hurts
himself.
A State commissioner of life insur-
ance said: "Receivership but half
covers the case. We need a new word
that shall signify both to receive and
devour."
"So your daughter has married a
rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied
the father, "I believe she has married a
rich man, but I understand he is a very
poor husband."
Highly-intelligent darling: "The
robbers can't steal my mamma's ear-
rings, 'cause papa's hidden them." In-
terested lady visitor: "Is that so,
dear? Why, where has he put them, I
wonder?" "I heard him say he's put
them up the spout, and expects they will
stay there."
Little Freddie was undergoing the
disagreeable operation of having his
hair combed by his mother, and he
grumbled at the manoeuvre. "Why,
Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not
to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and
cry when my hair is combed." "Yes,"
replied the youthful party, "but your
hair ain't hitched to your head."
Just down the intervals, where the
brake ferns grow rank, she placed her
case and sat by it sketching from
nature. "Please, ma'am, is that me
you're drawing milking the cow in that
picture?" "Why, yes, my little man;
but I didn't know you were looking."
"Coz, if it's me," continued the boy,
unmindful of the artist's confusion,
"you've put me on the wrong side of
the cow, and I'll get kicked way off the
lot."
WATER PRIVILEGES.—"You advertise
that there is a fine stream of water on
the place, but I don't see it," remarked
a stranger, who wanted to rent the
place. The landlord said: "Just work
that pump-handle a little, and you will
see a fine stream of water. You don't
expect to have the Niagars Falls on the
place for fifteen dollars a month, do
you?"