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Early Morning.

Without my window in the purple light
I hear the sound of birds among the trees;
The rustling of wings prepared for flight,
From the soft nest built underneath the
caves;
The low, far-reaching meadow-lands stretch
white
And dewy in the dawn:
Unfurled above them o'er the clustered
sheaves,
The pearly mists are drawn.
The breeze blows sweet that blows at break of
day,
Rich with the soft, delicious subtle scent
Of honied clover, gathered on the way
O'er pasture-land, and fields of flowers that
lent
Their thousand perfumes, over new-mown hay,
Fresh, cool upon my brow,
With all the stolen odors strangely blent,
I feel it blowing now.
Long shadows fall across the long wet grass,
As through the breathing and mysterious
hush,
The opal tints grow brighter on the mass
Of clouds hung in the east; and sudden gush
Of song from wild birds as they swiftly pass
In their glad flight,
And nearer, clearer carol of the thrush
Breaks with the light.

THE TWO MISS AMBERLEYS.

Within the vine-clad window two
charming girls, in the simple attire that
fashion prescribes for traveling. With-
out, a long, well-knit, masculine figure
lies in the grass, face invisible, being
covered by the owner's hat. To him
there saunters another gentleman, dark,
stylish, wide-awake.
"Hullo, Kingston! Wake up; got
something to tell you," and he unkindly
draws away the sheltering hat, disclosing
a handsome, angry face.
"Confound you! What makes you
pester a fellow so in this warm weather?"
says the victim, sitting up disconsolately.
"Did I spoil your nap? Have a cigar,
instead. I wanted to tell you of the
new arrival, Aggie Amberley, the great
heiress, with her cousin and companion.
There's a chance for you to get a rich
wife, my boy!"
"Don't want one. Hang this cigar!
it don't draw! A poor man like myself
can't afford to marry a rich wife."
"I should say that he couldn't afford
to marry anything else," laughed the
other; "and Aggie Amberley is a beauty
as well as an heiress. You don't often
meet such a prize!"
"You had better make up to her
yourself," said Kingston, dryly.
"Perhaps I shall, and leave you the
cousin, who is also a beauty in another
style. Hanged if I'll tell you which is
which, though! And you'll never know
from the manners of our hosts towards
them. There are no worshippers of the
golden calf in this house."
"Humph!" said Kingston, and smoked
a few minutes in silence; then he broke
out: "The man that marries a woman
for her money is the meanest creature
that crawls on the earth! You have
money enough of your own, Preston,
for your motives to be above suspicion;
but as for me—by Jove! I would not
marry a rich woman if I loved her ever
so well. I have no fancy for the name
of fortune-hunter."
"Bravo, Don Quixote!" laughed his
friend. "Now suppose we go and take
a swim. You need some cooling off."
They strolled away, unconscious of
fair eyes watching them.
Then said one young lady to the
other,—
"If that fellow does not marry a rich
woman, my name is not Aggie Amberley!"
A few days later Mrs. Courtney and
her guests were grouped on the lawn—
the ladies with some dainty needle
work, Mr. Preston reading aloud to
them, Harry Kingston in his favorite
position, flat on his back in the grass,
working a certain problem which had
been troubling him for some days:
Which was Aggie Amberley? That tall,
stylish blonde in lilac silk, with proud
lilies on her bosom, or this graceful,
dark-eyed fairy in fluttering white
muslin?
"The fair haired one for money! She
looks more like a fashionable beauty,
as Jim Preston said the heiress was.
Not that charming little gypsy. Providence
would never bestow a fortune
upon a girl with such a bewitching face.
It would be too much partiality. But
she doesn't look much like a poor
relative, either. I'd give a good deal to
hear one of those young ladies call the
other by her Christian name."
Said the fair Miss Amberley,—"Aggie,
have you a needleful of violet silk?"
Said the dark Miss Amberley,—"No,
Aggie; but I can get you some up
stairs."
Harry fairly gasped. Later he learned
that the blonde was called Agnes
and the brunette Agatha.

Agatha dressed more simply than her
cousin, and that she was ever ready to
offer small services, which the other
accepted calmly. And one day the young
lady expressed it as her opinion that
riches must be a great burden, although,
to be sure, Cousin Aggie had such a
mind for finances! But for her part, she
hoped no one would leave her a fortune.
This was said in a confidential way,
with her great eyes looking earnestly
into his.
"And what eyes the little thing has,
they look a fellow's heart right out of
his body," thought Kingston.
After that, Kingston considered his
first problem very happily solved. An-
other had taken its place. How much
money was necessary for the luxury of
marriage?
Jim Preston was courting Miss Agnes
Amberley without any attempt to dis-
guise. Perhaps his example was a little
bit infectious. At all events, Kingston
and Miss Agatha were thrown together
very much, and their confidential talks
increased in number and interest. On
the last day of Kingston's visit he took
a farewell stroll with Agatha. They
stopped on a little rustic bridge thrown
over a hollow. They were telling each
other their first impressions.
"So you thought my cousin looked as
if she were born in the purple. And
pray what did you think of me?"
"You'll be angry."
"Oh, no, I won't."
"Well, then, I said to myself,—
'What a dear little gipsy.'"
Of course Miss Amberley was not angry.
She had said she would not be; but she
struck her hand hard against the rough
wood-work.
"Take care, you will hurt yourself.
And now, may I ask your first opinion
of me?"
"I thought—that is, I said to myself
—'There is a man I shall just enjoy
making a fool of,' " she answered spite-
fully. "Oh!"
She had run a great splinter into her
hand. It was very painful. Harry
worked forgivingly to get it out. Just
as he succeeded, Miss Amberley turned
alarming white, and murmured,
"Don't be frightened—how foolish I
am—I feel like—" And but for his arm
she would have fallen.
Kingston was too much bewildered to
do anything but hold her tight and
cover the wounded hand with kisses.
Strange to say, this peculiar method
of reviving a young lady succeeded.
She opened her eyes, and the color
returned to her face.
"Mr. Kingston!" pulling her hand
away.
"Oh, if you wanted to make a fool of
me," he said, gloomily, "you have entire-
ly succeeded. I love you!"
He expected her to draw herself coldly
from his hold, but she did not. She
seemed quite contented where she was,
only a rosy glow overspread her face,
and she whispered,—
"Are you sure—very sure?"
"I wish I was quite as sure of my
eternal salvation!"
"Oh, Harry! No, you must not say
that! Do you love me enough to care
whether I am rich or poor?"
"Ten thousand times yes!"
"And—and you want me for your
wife, anyhow?"
"Of course I do!"
"Then take me! And you may kiss
me now, Harry."
And he did.
"Of course it makes no difference to
you," said the young lady presently;
"but you have offered yourself to the
rich Miss Amberley. You needn't start
so. You can't throw me over now, sir!"
For a moment that was just what
Harry thought of doing, but the quick
tears in his companion's eyes brought
him to his senses.
Voices below. Mr. Preston passed
through the ravine in company with the
other Miss Amberley. He was holding
the young lady's hand, and her stately
composure seemed for once somewhat
ruined.
"No more of this, Mr. Preston!" she
exclaimed, in an agitated voice. "It is
right that I should tell you it was my
cousin's whim to confuse our identity.
You doubtless think you are addressing
Miss Amberley, the heiress—"
"Not at all," interrupted Preston. "I
have known the truth all along. It is
only Kingston who is deceived, and if
that is all the defence you are able to
make—"
They passed out of sight.
"It is too funny!" declared Agatha,
leaning on her lover's shoulder to laugh.
"That will be a match, too."
And it was. And the following winter
the two Misses Amberley passed out of
existence, but Mrs. Harry Kingston and
Mrs. James Preston became the belles
of the city.

A shark was recently caught on the
coast of Southern California, and upon
being out open thirty-one little sharks
were found. Old residents say they
have seen nothing like it since the last
commencement at the law school.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes.
Metal threads—gold, silver and
bronze—are woven in the new woolen
stuffs imported for autumn.
Levantine, satin de Lyons, satin
duchesse, satin merveilleux and heavy
repped faille are the silk fabrics that
will be worn for autumn and winter
dresses.
Large single flowers are in favor on
sateens, foulards and sarah, and their
size is so great that only one blossom
can be seen on a sleeve and five on the
back of a dress corsage.
A New Orleans girl, suing for a breach
of promise, places her damages at one
dollar. She allowed him to hug her
but once, and then he spoiled a new
lace collar.
Somebody says that "women would
never do to run railroads, as the trains
would always be behind." Yes, but
they fire up mighty quick.
It is a noticeable fact that a large ma-
jority of the births this year in the west
have been girls. Our girls are of a su-
perior quality and are in demand. The
West believes in regulating the supply
by the demand. We can raise a good
crop of anything, but there is nothing
the great West takes more pride in than a
crop of blooming, healthy, sensible live
girls.
Early Autumn Costumes.
Readers are advised to select for their
earliest autumn costumes solid colors,
and use the simplest designs sent over
from Paris. For instance, get sici-
lienne, ottoman wool reps, or cashmere
of a dark shade of brown, green or red,
for the corsage and drapery of what-
ever appears to be a princess dress, but
really is a cuirass corsage with the skirt
entirely separate, and attached below
the hips by great hoops that catch on
loops sewed to the waist. If the waist
is sicilienne, the skirt may be of plush
or velvet of the same shade, and for a
bride's visiting costume, or her travel-
ing suit in which she is to be married,
this will be best of golden brown, darker
seal brown, or the new electric blue.
The basque should be fitted smoothly
over the hips without any pleating
added in the back seams, and should be
a "round basque," that is, of even
length all around, instead of being
shortened on the hips or lengthened in
the back. This basque of sicilienne
has a Breton vest of the same laid in
very fine pleats as far up as the top of
the first dart, then let fall in a loose
soft puff, gathered in at the neck, and
finished there with a double standing
ruffle that should extend all around the
neck. This Breton vest, it will be re-
membered, begins on the right side and
laps to the left, hiding the buttons that
fasten the fronts of the waist. On the
edges of the vest, concealing where it
begins, is a plush reverse that extends
all the way up around the back of the
neck; the edges of this reverse meet at
the waist line, and are scalloped on the
inner side and corded with sicilienne.
For this vest sicilienne five-eighths of
a yard wide is used, and the fine pleats,
flatly pressed, and much lapped are
twenty in number. A drooping fringe
like ornament of passamenterie balls
falls below the throat across this vest,
and similar ones are on the plush cuffs,
directly over the back drapery, and on
each hip below the plush pockets. The
plush skirt, with one side gore, a front
and straight back breadth, is cut around
the lower edge in deep narrow scallops,
six inches long and two inches wide,
and these are bordered with sicilienne;
these scallops fall on a box pleated
plush balayuse. The hip drapery of
sicilienne represents short fall paniers
in three lengthwise box pleats, with
the edges turned under in a puff. On
the plain part are pockets of plush—
long, narrow, with bias corners—and
the fringed passamenterie below.

General Gordon in Paris.
A distinguished American, General
Gordon, of Georgia, who has gained an
eminent reputation as a brilliant soldier
and statesman, has arrived in Paris. In
an interview with a friend just before
sailing for Europe, he said that "he re-
garded the South now as a finer field
for legitimate investment and specula-
tion than ever California presented, and
that all his energies and whatever talent
he possessed would in future be de-
voted to Southern industries." He is
now in Europe to spend four months,
and, bringing with him letters from Mr.
Belmont, General Grant, President Ar-
thur and all the leading Senators, he
will be able to put the material interests
and the vast possibilities of the South
before the capitalists of Europe as they
have not before been put, and this is
the main object of his trip to Europe.
The attractions of the South, as present-
ing a rich field for investment and em-
igration are very great, and no one more
worthy of respect and confidence could
have been selected to have presented the
claims of the "New South" than
General Gordon.

Snake Stories from Far and Near.

A flock of buzzards attacked a large
rattlesnake at Brady, Texas, and
killed it.
Near St. Clair, Mo., Lester Crawford
killed a rattlesnake that had twenty-one
rattles.
A large copperhead snake lay coiled in
the oat field of Thomas B. Campbell,
of Perry county, Pa. He killed it and
found in its body twenty-four of its
young.
Ex-Sheriff Decker, of Sullivan county,
with a scythe cut in two a rattlesnake
that was five feet long and had sixteen
rattles. It had breakfasted on two
rats.
In Winona, Minn., the haymakers in
the field of Thomas Laird cut a big
snake in two with a scythe, when
forty-one young snakes began running
around the grass.
When Mrs. Andy Sommers, living
near South Bend, Ind., went into her
kitchen to prepare dinner she saw a
large blue racer lying under the stove.
It took her and Mrs. Col. Frank, her
neighbor, an hour to kill it. It was
four feet long.
A New Jersey snake entered a cabinet
organ that had been toted into the
woods for use at a picnic. At the first
notes called forth from the organ at
Sunday school on the following Sab-
bath the snake crawled out, causing a
good deal of commotion.
A coach-whip snake, eight feet in
length, was seen crossing a field near
Madison, La., with its head raised and
a half-grown rabbit in its mouth. The
old rabbit was following the reptile and
jumping at its head to recover her
young, but did not succeed.
Chester county, Pa., has been visited
this season by great numbers of venom-
ous reptiles. G. S. Mishier, of Coventry
township, decapitated seven snakes in
cutting two swaths in his ten acre
wheat field. The horses became so
frightened that they could not be driven
up to the standing grain, and farm
hands with cradles undertook the har-
vest after a promise of double wages.
Before half an acre had been cut the
men had killed nineteen snakes. The
grain was alive with them.
A working party of mountaineers on
a North Carolina railroad, while clear-
ing away the brush on a siding, saw a
five-foot rattlesnake. One of the party
cut a stick with a forked end, and pin-
ning the snake to the earth at the head,
seized the tail in his right hand, ran
his left down the snake's body, and
grasping it firmly just back of the head,
held it up at arm's length and called
on the others to "look at the varmint's
mouth." After holding it a few mo-
ments for general inspection, he sud-
denly swung the snake over his head
with his right hand, letting go the hold
of the left, and dashed it against a rock,
killing it instantly.

A Change of Mind.
"There is a certain man in this town
whom I'm going to lick until he w on
be out of bed for six months after, and
I want to know what it will cost me?"
So said a man who entered a Griswold
street law office yesterday, and it was
plain to be seen that his dander was
way up.
"Let's see?" mused the lawyer. "I'll
defend you for \$10. If you lick him in
a first-class manner your fine will be
about \$25. Then there will be a few
dollars costs, say enough to make the
whole thing foot up \$40. I think that
I can safely promise that it won't cost
you over that."
"Forty dollars! Forty dollars for
licking a man! Why, I can't go that!"
"Well, pull his nose, then. The last
case I had of that sort the fine was only
\$15. That will reduce the gross sum to
thirty."
"I want to tear him all to pieces, but
I can't afford to pay like that for the
fun. How much would it cost to spit
on him?"
"Well, that's an assault, you know,
but the fine might not be over ten
dollars. I guess \$25 would see you
through."
"Lands! how I do want to crush that
man! Suppose I knock his hat off?"
"Well, about \$20 would cover that."
"I can hardly hold myself, but \$20 is
pretty steep. Can't I call him a liar?"
"Oh, yes. I think \$15 would cover
that."
"Well, I'll see about it. I'm either
going to call him a liar or else tell
everybody that he is no gentleman, or
else give him an awful pounding. I'll
see you again."
"My fee is \$5," observed the lawyer.
"What for?"
"For my advice."
The pulverizer glared at him for half
a minute, and then laid down a "V,"
and started slowly out with the remark:
"I'm going straight to that man and
beg his pardoo, and tell him that I'm
the biggest fool in Detroit! Thank
Heaven that you didn't get but one
claw on me!"—[Free Press.]

The Schoolboy.

We bought him a box for books and toys,
And a cricket bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of boys
Under his new straw hat.
We handed him into the railway train
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.
We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart.
But he only shouldered his bat with glee
And wondered when they would start.
'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world that was behind.
'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
And the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.
And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we sorely spoke for the space of an hour
As we drove back through the town.

VARIETIES.

Somebody once said: "Nothing is
impossible to him who wills." We
would like to see that chap build a bar-
rel around a tunghole.
Traveling on a Mississippi steamboat
is apt to make even the humblest vain.
When the boiler explodes all the passen-
gers are uplifted.
Mrs. Enoch Reed, of Bath, Me., was
attacked by a spotted adder while at
work in her summer kitchen. It was
killed, and found to be three feet long.
A Jersey milkman turned pale when
several of his customers clubbed together
and made him a present of a scarf-pin
in the shape of a pump. It was a cow-
herdly act.
Over in New York they are calling
Sullivan and "Tug" Wilson the light-
ning pugilists because they do not strike
twice in the same place—the police
authorities will not allow them.
"Beecher says there is no harm in
card-playing." Just wait, Henry, until
you plank down your last chip on the
strength of a bluff, and you will change
your opinion.
There are some men in politics who
ought to be set to work to revise the
Decalogue. They would have a great
many more than ten commandments
when they got through.
Archbishop Whately was one day
asked if he rose early. He replied that
once he did, but he was so proud all the
morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon,
that he determined never to do it again.
A codfish was recently caught on
Georges, and inside him was found a
wallet containing a horse-car ticket.
As the ticket had been punched it was
of course no further use to the fish.
The Kentucky penitentiary numbers
among its inmates ten children under
the age of fifteen. These children
associate, as do the other children,
with the abandoned and the vicious.
The census shows that the number of
persons in a family in the United States
is a small fraction over five. In some
families we know the husband is the
small fraction over.

They don't have rains out West. A
cloud just saunters up and examines a
town and then collapses right over it.
Nobody escapes but the newspaper
reporters and the book agents.
One of the Western society papers
asserts that a Miss Trout is the reigning
local belle. Wonder if it would be con-
sidered complimentary to speak of Miss
Trout as a "speckled beauty."
"Which is the girl from St. Louis?"
asked a Coney Island visitor, gazing at
a hole in the sand. "That wasn't made
by a St. Louis girl," was the reply;
"that's where a jawl was beached."
"If it were customary in this country
to confer titles upon individuals of rank
in literature," asked a shallow but con-
cited journalist of an old one, "what
would I be?" "Barren of ideas, son,"
was the response.
A hygienic commission has been
appointed to visit the insalubrious
lodging-houses of Paris. All old houses
will be carefully examined, and the
proprietors compelled to undertake
such alterations as may be ordered.
The voice of gambling is everywhere.
Young men meeting do not hesitate to
shake for drinks in saloons. Yesterday
two ague-looking chaps were in Alex.
ander Finley's drug store shaking for
quinine.
Veneers of wood are now out by
machinery, varying in thickness from
one-ninetyth to one hundred and sev-
enty-fifth of an inch, and requiring to
be backed with paper. The cutting
apparatus weighs thirty tons, and with
every revolution a knife twelve feet
long comes in contact with the log,
rolling the veneers off in sheets.