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The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

But there's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

THAT DAY IN HIS BOAT.

It was a wild night. The wind blew, the rain drove, the waves roared in the near distance. It had been a fearful day to me.

Grandfather Delmar, with whom I had lived ever since I could remember, had been carried to his final home that afternoon, and now I was the last representative of our ancient name. The wide acres of the Delmar plantation, originally one of the estates on the eastern shore of Maryland, had come down to me as sole heiress. To me had also descended the Delmar diamonds, which for two centuries had blazed on the persons of the Delmar ladies. I say descended, but I am hardly correct, for these broad lands and these priceless jewels were mine only under the will of my grandfather, and that will contained a proviso which I had just learned for the first time. I was to marry Randolph Heath, the ward and adopted son of my grandfather, or else the entire property was to go to this self same Randolph.

The will had just been read. The funeral guests, or, at least, the most important of them, had listened to it in the great drawing-room below, the walls of which were hung with portraits of my Delmar ancestors, handsome men and lovely golden-haired women.

"Charlotte," said my aunt, when the reading of the will was ended, "Charlotte, my dear, you must invite our friends for the night. You are mistress now."

"I shall never be mistress of Delmar Hall, Aunt Mordaunt," I said, firmly. She clutched my arm, her eyes wide with wonder.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because of the proviso; I will never wed Randolph Heath."

Her face whitened to the hue of death. She was a lone widow, and I was her idol; and she coveted all those jewels and rich acres for my heritage. For a moment we stood breathless.

"But Randolph Heath's in Australia," suggested a friend, "and you are mistress at least till he returns."

"Poor Auntie caught at this last hope with a gasp of relief."

"So you are, my dear," she put in; "we'll leave all these disagreeable things to be settled in the future. To-night, my friends, we will shut the doors against the storms and be comfortable."

She swept off toward the glowing parlor, followed by all her guests, while I fled away to my chamber.

The afternoon, as I have said, had turned into rain and the huge waves thundered on the shores of the bay close by with a hoarse cry, like a human heart in pain. I paced my room restlessly. I could not marry this Randolph Heath, whose face I had never looked upon since the days of my early childhood. I could not do it, for another face rose before me—the face of the man I loved. A poor man, landless and unknown, yet who had grown so dear to me in the few brief months of our summer acquaintance that to give him up were worse than death. Yet I was a Delmar and it was a sore trial to lose my heritage—to lose the Delmar jewels, all the Delmar women before me had worn those matchless old diamonds; and must I, alone of them, become disinherited and dowerless?

"Yes, cheerfully," I said; since to keep them I must give up the choice of my heart. Dear, dear summer days."

For it had been during a visit to a school friend, who lived in one of the loveliest counties of Pennsylvania, that I had met, the preceding June, Herbert Stanley. For the first time in my life I had found in him a perfectly congenial soul. We liked the same poetry, preferred the same music, admired the same scenery. Ah! what delicious days those were. We rode, we walked, we sailed, we read together. Our acquaint-

ance soon passed into intimacy, and from that ripened into love.

Never could I forget the day, the blissful day, when my hopes became a certainty. Herbert had asked me the evening before if I would go with him in his boat. No knight of old could have handed me into the little vessel more reverentially than he did. How manly he looked! How strong and self-contained! My heart beat fast, for something in his manner told me what was coming, but I was inexplicably happy, nevertheless. He rowed for about half an hour, then stopping, he lay upon his oars, and looking me in the face like a brave heart as he was, told his tale, though with many a hesitating word, and many a look of anxiety.

Should I give such an one up? Never! Yet the temper of my thoughts was such that I could not stay indoors! I left the house and ran down to the shore of the bay, having first thrown a shawl over my head. The storm and darkness were terrific, and the tide was coming in with a hoarse, sullen cry. The salt mist drenched my hair, the winds tore and shrieked around me, and overhead hung the pitch-black sky.

Suddenly I heard a step, and looking up I saw Herbert himself. I started with surprise.

"I have been hovering about all day," he said. "I had given up the hope of seeing you. But still I could not tear myself away."

"You did not doubt me?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Herbert!"

My look, my tone, even more than my words, reassured him.

"Thank God!" he said, drawing a deep breath. "Thank God! It is not true, then, what I hear. You are not going to betray me?"

"Betray you?"

"I was told you were to be disinherited unless you married Randolph Heath, and that the temptation had been too great for you. I did not believe it. And yet, and yet—forgive me, darling. I see I was wrong—I was fearfully afraid."

"Be afraid no longer," I whispered, nestling to his broad breast. "What are broad acres and gleaming jewels to your dear love? I am yours, and yours only."

He bent and kissed me. After a while he said—

"I do not fear for your fidelity, but I do fear for the persecution you may suffer. It is but a short walk to the little church. I know the rector; he was, I find, one of my old schoolmates. Be mine to-night, and I will go away content. Not till you permit it shall the marriage be made public."

"I am yours," I said, "but let it be to-morrow evening. I will tell my aunt in a day or two afterward. Poor aunt, it will need that time to prepare her."

It was arranged, therefore, that I should meet my lover at the same hour the next evening, and with a parting embrace, I hurried into the house, lest I should be missed.

Aunt Mordaunt was in a flutter of excitement the next morning. She had just received a letter, saying that Randolph Heath had returned and would be at Delmar Hall by sunset.

"Now, Charlotte, my love," she said, bustling into my chamber before I was awake, "do try and look your best to-night. You are a beauty, I know, but a charming toilet sets you off amazingly. Lay off your heavy crapes just for to-night, and wear that white silk with the lily-of-the-valley trimmings. You must fascinate this Randolph Heath at the outset, it will be quite comfortable to have him at your feet, for you must marry him, my dear; you are too sensible a girl to make a beggar of yourself."

I only smiled in answer, and I suffered my maid to array me in the dainty silk. But at set of sun, instead of receiving Randolph Heath in the grand parlors of the Hall, I was speeding away with my lover toward the old, ivy-covered church, built of bricks imported from England a century and a half before—the church where the Delmars for five generations had been married. In the soft glitter of the early starlight we were wedded. An hour after I was home again. But as I ascended to my room I remembered that I had looked my last upon the blinking Delmar diamonds and on the broad lands of the Hall.

I had hardly closed the door behind me when my aunt entered.

"Charlotte, you must come down at once, you must indeed," said she. "Randolph is in the drawing-room, and asks to see you. Don't be odd. Here, Lucile, do your young lady's hair."

I stood uncertain.

"And now, my dear, do put on your diamonds," continued poor auntie, fluttering round me; "you should always wear 'em, they become you."

"But, auntie, the diamonds are not mine," I began, wishing to gain time to think.

I was almost ready, then and there, to tell the truth. But I pitied auntie and hesitated.

"But they will be, my love, as soon as you marry Randolph Heath," she urged.

"I shall never marry him," I answered.

"We shall see, my love. At any rate, come down and welcome him. That much is due him at the least."

This decided me. It was his due. As we descended to the grand drawing-room where my grandfather's adopted son awaited us I stopped for a moment on the stairs and gazed around me with almost a sigh of regret. In a few days I must go out from the dear old place disowned and disinherited. Poor auntie! the blow will fall heavily on her.

Shutting my hand involuntarily over the marriage ring upon my finger, I followed my aunt, my heart in my mouth. A tall figure arose as we entered and advanced to meet us. I heard my aunt's warm word of welcome and then I felt my own hands grasped and looked up.

I cried out in amazement, for the stranger was Herbert Stanley, my newly wedded husband.

"Can I hope that you will ever forgive me?" he said with a smile. "I am Randolph Heath. I have known of the proviso of your grandfather's will for years. But as I wanted you to love me for myself, if you could, I planned to meet you last summer. Can you forgive me?"

I looked up into his dear, kind face. "No matter who you are, or what you planned," I answered, putting my hand in his, "I forgive you, for I love you."

Then we told the story of our marriage. Aunt Mordaunt listened in horrified amazement.

"An indiscreet thing, to say the least, my love," she said; "you might have committed a grave mistake. It is all right, since you've married Mr. Heath. But really, my dears, you must have a wedding. Yes, in order to preserve the prestige of the old name, if nothing more, we really must have a wedding, and marry you over again."

And she did, and it was a most magnificent affair. The old Hall was in a blaze of light, and crowded with noble guests, and I wore point lace and the old Delmar diamonds.

But I was not half so happy as on the day when I first heard from my husband's lips that he loved me—heard it that day in his boat.

A Party Named Johnson.

One of the patrolmen on Jefferson avenue was halted yesterday by a stranger who seemed to have had a wrestle with the tumbling-rod of a threshing-machine, and who lowered his voice to a whisper as he began:

"Can I speak to you in strict confidence?"

"It's according to what you desire to communicate."

"Well, for instance, if a party named Johnson, who came here to see the knights and the soldiers and have a good time should inform you that he had lost his watch, could you do anything for him on the quiet?"

"Perhaps."

"And if the same party named Johnson should inform you that he had lost a clean hundred dollars, that would be confidential also?"

"Yes."

"And if this man Johnson should further add that he had been drunk twice, had three fights, been licked three times and was all broke up and a hundred miles from home without a nickel, you wouldn't give it away so that his family could hear of it?"

"Oh, no."

"Can't be anything done for me, can there?"

"I hardly think so."

"I'd better take the dirt road home, eh?"

"Yes."

"And gradually brace up as I gradually draw near home?"

"That's the idea."

"And not have any brass band out to serenade me, nor send on any advance word for the boys to assemble to give me a public welcome?"

"I wouldn't."

"Then I won't. I'll do just as you say about it. I didn't expect to meet with any such kindness and sympathy here, and it affects me. Let's shake! If you ever strike Livingston county inquire for a party named Johnson, and be powerful careful to add that when you met him in Detroit he was leading the whole procession. Where do I strike the Howell plank road?"—[Free Press.

Master: "What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Scholar: "He says a brute is an imperfect animal." "And what is a man?" "Man is a perfect brute."

No, Peter, the aphorism "Silence is golden," is not based on error. There is many a professor in a deaf mute asylum who earns a good salary without ever saying a word.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"De man who expects leas' of de world am de one who has de fewest complaints," said the old man as the sound of rattling hoofs died away in the hall. "De man who imagines dat friendship will borry money at de bank am doomed to disappointment. My friend may lend me his shovel, but he expects me to return his hoe in good condition. He may inquir' arter my wife's health, but it doan' foller dat I kin turn my chickens into his garden. If I am sick I doan' expect de world to stop movin' right along. If my nex' doah naybar whispers to my wife dat he am willin' to sot up wid my corpse he am doin' his full duty. If I am in want dat's nuffin' to de people who have plenty. If I am in trouble, dat's nuffin' to people who have sunthin' to rejoice ober. De world owes me only what I can aim. It owes me room to pass to and fro, space fur a grave, an' sich a funeral as de ole woman kin pay fur an' keep de bin full o' waters. De world's friendship reduces a man to rags as often as it clothes him in fine raiment. De world's sympathy blisters a man's back as often as it warms his crime. De world's charity excuses the crime of a hoos-thief an' am horror-stricken ober de stealin' of a loaf of bread by an' orphan. De world promises eberythin an' performs only what am convenient."

"De man who relies on de honesty of de public instead of de vigilance of a watchdog will have no harvest apples fur sale. De man who pauses at each stage of his career fur de world to applaud or condemn will become a foot ball fur all men to kick. Expect no friendship to las' beyond the moment when you want help. Expect no sympathy to endure longer dan it takes fur tears to dry. Expect no praise from men in de same trade."—[Free Press.

The Nonsensicality of Spiritualism.

The following extract is from a sermon on "Modern Spiritualism" recently preached in Pittsburg by the Rev. M. D. Lichtler: "Trouble drives some men to Spiritualism. The loss of a loved one makes men frantic, and they are deluded into consulting a medium to hold communication with the departed. The speaker here related the story of a father who had lost his son by death. The young man was the finest peaman at the school. Yet the medium had the audacity to present the parent with a scrawl, which he said was a note sent from Heaven. The father sent word to the medium to tell the spirit to go to school. After all Spiritualism is nonsensical in the extreme. Think of a spirit coming from mansions of bliss playing the acrobat under the table, rapping like a drummer, breaking dishes and playing a tune on the guitar, whereas perhaps the departed while in the flesh could not tell one note from another. How is it that Spiritualism is always practiced in the dark, either in a darkened room or after sundown? Because the mediums, like their master, Satan, love not the light; they cannot bear inspection without revealing the imposition. Like the wolf, the mediums sneak away at the first dawn of day. Last week a Spiritualist, after being exposed in Erie, fled to Canada. He gave a seance. Every time he was bound the ropes came loose. At last an Irish sailor asked leave to tie him. This was granted, and the Irishman made such a complicated knot that the medium couldn't conjure up a spirit expert enough to set him loose. He was exposed and fled to parts unknown."

A Belle of Newport.

Clara Belle, in the Cincinnati Enquirer, says: By far the most beautiful girl in all Newport at present is a Boston hairdresser. About all the male admiration in the entire Casino yesterday afternoon was bestowed upon her, and she received it with the unconscious grace and dignity of an ideal duchess. Her father was a bricklayer, I am told, her mother a washer-woman, and she herself ended her schooldays at the age of thirteen to earn her own living. And here she is—a bright-skinned brunette, with big, melting black eyes, an abundance of jetty hair, regular features, a tall, shapely, well-carried figure, and perfectly ladylike manners. She works busily and quite profitably at home, but is rown-out for a holiday, and, when a woman loftily sent for her to come and dress her hair, meaning an insult, she wrote back: "I regret to say that it is impossible. I did not leave my shop as long ago as you did your slaughter-house, but I am, for the time being, quite as far away from it."

The fact was that the woman had, more than twenty years ago, been a practical worker in the Boston pork-packing house in which her husband founded his fortune.

Some men, otherwise steady-headed, can never keep their balance in a bank.

Trip Lightly.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the days be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow
And gayly sing the lark;
Fair hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've no pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb.
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mr. Sailer, the veteran financial editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, who recently retired from that position, will receive as an honorary pension his full salary for life.

One of the finest residences in Cleveland, Ohio, is a big stone structure, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and full of the costliest furniture and decorations. But the owner does not now live there with his family, having been sent to a retreat for drunkards, where he is confined in a barred room.

A law passed by the last Legislature of Massachusetts to prevent the sale of adulterated food and drugs went into effect on Saturday, August 26. The enforcement of this law rests with the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, who are given power to expend annually an amount not exceeding \$3,000 in carrying out its provisions.

Clark & Ryman's Minstrels declined a parting demonstration by their friends on leaving San Francisco for Australia. Four important members were escaping from creditors and two from wives, and it was thought that modest privacy was becoming. The six artists mentioned were secluded in the hold when the steamer was searched for them.

Two Philadelphia detectives accused an innocent young man of stealing \$100, and showed him how strong was the circumstantial evidence against him. Greatly frightened, he paid them \$100 out of his small savings, and they kept half, giving the rest to the loser to settle the case. Now the original mislaid has been found where it was mislaid.

HUMOROUS.

The best reason yet advanced for having Monday washing day the next day after Sunday, is because cleanliness is next to godliness.

Out West a man is considered nobody unless he has "killed his man." There is where young physicians have the advantage over the average man in migrating West.

"Pa," said the inquisitive small boy, "what do they mean by unanimous?" "Unanimous, my son, unanimous—the wh, when all the men want the same thing, that's unanimous." "Politicians is all unanimous, ain't they, pa?" "No, my son, not by a jugful." "Well, I don't see why, 'cause they all wants a office, anyhow."

She said she wanted a ticket to Wyandotte and return, and the pale, gentlemanly agent with the dark mustache asked as he took up the pasteboard: "Single?" "It ain't any of your business, I know," she responded tartly. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd a felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man."

"Ma," said a Dallas youth, as he came skipping into the house, "it's wicked to take anything, ain't it?" "Yes, my son, it is wicked to take anything, but don't be so boisterous." "Whoop! Well, I've been swimmin', and don't ask me to take a lickin', 'cause it's wicked. I'm after a piece of pie." And before his parent could get hold of a slipper he had slipped out through the pantry with it and was sacking the dog on to a scissors-grinder down the street.

Uncle Boze was indisposed last week. He had an attack of malaria and fever and chills and a variety of ailments, and finally had to go to a doctor, who advised him to take quinine and whisky. Uncle Boze was almost well again with the thoughts of it, and a day or two ago the doctor met him and demanded: "Well, uncle, did you take that quinine and whisky, as I told you?" "Yes, boss, I done took it. I done tied de quinine to de neck o' de bottle and drinkt de whisky. I 'low it done me a heap o' good, boss, pow'ful heap."