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The Future.

When we are freed from self-inflicted chains
Our life its earliest purpose best regains
Let down the curtain and put out the light;
We'll not, at least, indulge in revelry to-night.
Why should we strive in vain to rear our projects fair,
That, if conceived, are merest castles in the air?
Why frame our thoughts to meet to-morrow's light?
Bright though they be, they sink in endless night.
Before the potent spell that yet its mastery maintains,
Blunts resolution, poisons e'en our veins.
The tyrant who has ruled would fain arise,
Mocking our hopes of future high emprise.
Naught else avails—yet newer hopes have we
In supreme self-control; we must, we will, be free.
Too long that specious demon held control,
Blasting the finer impulse of the soul,
Inbruted manhood, warping youth, and cast
The baleful glare of madness on our past.
We check unworthy impulse—pause to think—
And now we exorcise the demon drink.
When weakened aspiration scarce survives
Reason appears, and sternly moulds our lives.
Bound are her passions to her wiser sway,
And happier thoughts expel the "horrors of the day."
Serenely, on unclouded brains will fall
The welcome rest that Solus yields to all.
Morning shall dawn, yet surely ne'er beget
White lips, the palsied brain, and sad regret.
Riot and frenzy sleep with fell remorse.
And mind grows brilliant in its onward, upward course.

THE LONG STRIKE.

All along the banks of the Connecticut river are little towns consisting almost wholly of great cotton factories run by water power or steam, and the cottages of those that labor in them. Windham is one of these towns, and though perhaps you might not find it on the map, for it is a very small place, it turns out thousands of yards of muslin and cotton every year. All around the tall factory buildings are grouped the little red and white dwellings of the weavers, like chickens around their mother hen.

Usually these small houses are empty during working hours. All day long the hum and clatter of machinery shake the walls, and dense volumes of smoke pour from the tall chimneys.

But one morning everything was changed. The doors of the factories were closed; no smoke came from the chimneys, and no sound of machinery from the buildings. Around the cottages men stood in groups, with angry faces, scowling and talking in low tones. Presently the sound of a drum was heard. At this the men separated, and forming themselves into line, marched off.

About a quarter of a mile from the village was an open field, where a tent had been erected for the accommodation of traveling lecturers, who were in the habit of stopping at Windham in the summer time.

To this tent the men were going when Nelly Austin first saw them. Nelly lived all alone with her mother in a small house near the tent. She knew very little of factories or factory life, for she seldom went to the village, and had no companions living there. So when this crowd of men, with a boy beating a drum before them, came marching along the road, Nelly was astonished, and ran in the house to tell her mother.

Mrs. Austin was sitting by the window sewing, and grew very white when Nelly spoke.

"Mamma," cried Nelly, "look out of the window at that big army of men! They are going into the tent." As Nelly approached her mother she saw that there were tears in her eyes. "Are you frightened, mamma?" she inquired. "Do you think they will hurt us?"

"No, Nelly," answered Mrs. Austin; "they are dissatisfied with something the owners of the factories have done, and so have come to the tent to talk it over. They do not want to work until they have their own way. That is what is called 'striking.'"

"Well, then, mamma," inquired Nelly, "if they only mean to talk, why do you feel so badly and cry?"

"Because, dear, years ago, when you were a baby, there was a strike at Windham that ended in a terrible fight, and your papa, who owned one of the factories, was killed and our house burned."

"How dreadful!" said Nelly. "I am so sorry!" Then she kissed her mother softly, and with a very sober face went to the door and peeped out.

The orchard wall ran across one side of the inclosure where the tent was placed. She ran to the wall, and climbing up on top, peeped down upon the assembled workmen. They did not

look at all blood-thirsty. Some were even laughing; most of them had their pipes in their mouths, smoking. At a desk on one side of the room stood a man who was talking loudly to those around him. Every now and then Nelly heard the words "injustice," "never give up," "masters and men," but she could make nothing of them.

Week after week the workmen came to the tent, until Nelly grew so accustomed to their meetings that she scarcely noticed them. But one day, about ten weeks after their first meeting, when the strikers were assembled under the tent, they talked so loudly and made so much noise that Nelly clambered upon the orchard wall again, wondering what was going to happen. She noticed that there was no pleasant laughing and talking, as there had been at first; instead of which, the men seemed to Nelly to be scolding and shaking their fists at one another. She tried very hard to make out what they were saying, but as they all spoke at once she soon found that impossible. But still she sat perched under the apple-tree, until at last all but two of their number got up and went away. These two kept their seats until the rest had disappeared down the road. Then they came just outside of the tent and stood close to Nelly without observing her.

"I will not bear it another day," said one, looking very miserable and angry. "My wife and young ones are starving. Can I stand by and see that? And yet you tell me to have patience!"

"It's all Mr. Willard's fault, Bill," said the other, more quietly. "If he would give in, all the other owners would follow his example. They always do."

"Well, then," answered Bill, shaking his fist, "he shall, if I have to kill him myself."

"Go home, Bill," said the other, in a warning voice, "and don't talk nonsense. It will come all right in time." Then he turned away, and left Bill alone, scowling and muttering, while Nelly sat on the wall trembling with fear lest she might be discovered.

When Bill thought himself alone, he drew out a heavy pistol from his pocket, and Nelly saw him load it and thrust it into the breast of his red shirt. He then went back to the tent, and throwing himself upon one of the benches, appeared to fall asleep.

Nelly's fright increased. "I wonder," she said to herself, "if he really means to kill old Mr. Willard?" Then she determined to be very brave. What was best to do she could not tell. Finally she said to herself, "I'll just stay where I am and watch."

Nelly sat with her eyes fixed on Bill for a long time, but he did not stir until the clock in the Windham church struck six; then he stood up, and after looking all around, crossed the road and climbed the wall that inclosed Mr. Willard's woods.

"There!" said Nelly; "now I know he means to shoot Mr. Willard."

Nelly and every one living near knew that Mr. Willard, the richest factory owner in Windham, walked through these woods alone every evening, about half past six to the postoffice. Mr. Willard chose this way to the village, because it was the shortest and pleasantest.

When Nelly saw Bill climb the wall, she knew it must be for the purpose of meeting Mr. Willard, as the man's home was quite in an opposite direction; so she jumped down and followed him quickly. As she reached the upper stone of the wall inclosing the woods, she caught a glimpse of him hurrying toward the road that led to the postoffice. But by the time she had reached the ground he was gone. So Nelly flew along without even glancing at the pretty golden-rod and squawberries that gleamed yellow and red between the trees.

At last Nelly gained the wide road and looked around. Something red lying upon the ground attracted her attention. After a moment she perceived that it was Bill's red shirt, and that Bill himself was stretched upon the ground behind a large sycamore tree, and he was almost hidden in the long grass and weeds.

Nelly stood in the path some time, fearing to pass him, he looked so angry and wicked. But she had determined to try and see Mr. Willard before Bill, and so perhaps save his life. At last she heard something that sounded like a footstep. This made her forget her dread of Bill, and she sprang past her hiding place like a frightened hare, and never stopped until she reached a small rustic gate that separated the woods from the smooth green lawn surrounding Mr. Willard's home.

From where she stood Nelly could see the wide porch of the brown-stone house, and presently Mr. Willard himself appeared hurrying across the grass. When his hand was on the gate, Nelly drew back, for she felt very timid at what she was about to do.

When Mr. Willard saw Nelly, he put

on his gold-rimmed eyeglass and examined her closely, as though astonished at seeing such a small girl all alone in the woods, with a very worried expression in her eyes.

"Well," said he, "who are you, little girl?"

"Nelly Austin," she answered, without moving.

"Austin!" repeated Mr. Willard. "Are you the daughter of Mr. James Austin that was killed by the mob at Windham some years ago?"

"Yes, sir," answered Nelly, "and I want to tell you something."

"Very well," said Mr. Willard, patting her on the head. "I am listening. But speak quickly, for it is late, and I must post my letters before the mail goes out."

"Oh, Mr. Willard," cried Nelly, excitedly seizing his hand and pulling him toward the gate, "don't go through the woods to the postoffice to-night!"

"Why not?" questioned the old gentleman in surprise.

"Because there's a dreadful man waiting behind the sycamore tree to kill you with a big pistol, just as they did my poor father."

"How did you learn this, Nelly?" asked Mr. Willard, wondering, and looking closely at her.

Then Nelly related all she had seen and heard from her hiding place upon the orchard wall.

Mr. Willard stood in silence for some moments after Nelly had finished her story; then he lifted her upon his arm and said:

"You are a good kind girl, little Nelly, and I thank you. Do you know that a man values his life more than anything else he possesses, and that you have saved mine? Now, Nelly, ask me for something you would like to have for yourself. No matter what it is, you shall have it. Remember, I am a very rich man."

"Would you really give me anything I ask for?" said Nelly, looking inquiringly into Mr. Willard's face.

"Yes, my dear, anything in my power. Now would you like a carriage with two beautiful little cream-colored ponies to drive yourself? Or what would you like? Speak out, Nelly, and don't be afraid."

"No," said Nelly, shaking her head. "Ponies would be very nice. But that's not it. What I want would cost ever so much more, I suppose. I want you," said she, hesitatingly, while she stroked his white beard softly with one hand, "to please give in to the poor people at Windham."

"What a strange child!" said Mr. Willard, slowly. "And is that all, Nelly?"

"Not quite," answered Nelly. "There's something more that I feel bad about."

"Speak, dear, what is it?"

"You know the wicked man in the woods waiting to kill you? Well, he said his wife and babies were starving. Please don't put him in prison."

"But, Nelly," said Mr. Willard, very kindly, "you know this man has done very wrong. It is he and others like him who stir up discontent among the factory people and cause these terrible 'strikes,' which only end in keeping them idle for weeks, until they grow so miserable that dreadful crimes are committed."

"Yes, but I want you to forgive them. Some people say they are very reasonable in what they want this time, and you can do it just this once. They are so poor and wretched and hungry. Please, please do!"

Mr. Willard kissed her. "Well, Nelly," he said, "I promise. The work-people shall have their own way, and Bill shall go unpunished. Now what shall I give you?"

"Nothing, thank you," answered Nelly, slipping from his arms. "I must go home, for mamma doesn't know where I am. Good-by, Mr. Willard; I thank you ever so much for your promise."

"Good-by, Nelly. Now kiss me, and take care of yourself until I see you again."

Next morning when the factory bells rang out, it was known all over Windham that the working people were to go to work on their own terms. Mr. Willard had given in. Once more the doors were flung open, black smoke rushed from the chimneys, the machinery hummed and buzzed, and busy, cheerful forms could be seen hurrying to and fro.

But a day or two later a meeting of the factory people was called, and then the story was told that Mr. Willard had yielded, not to the demands of Bill and his fellows, but to the prayer of a little girl who had forgiven the men who murdered her father, and who could not be content to see them suffer.

Not long after, Mr. Willard called on Nelly's mother, and sat talking with her for a long while. As he took his leave he put a folded paper in Mrs. Austin's hand, telling her there was something for Nelly. After he was gone Mrs. Austin opened the paper and called Nelly to her.

"This," said she, "is what is called a

deed, and Mr. Willard has given you the house we live in and the woods you love so much."

"For my own?" cried Nelly, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

"And the rabbits and squirrels and birds and everything in it?"

"Yes, dear, all of them."

I can not tell you all that Nelly said, or how much happiness there was in the little cottage. After this Nelly and Mr. Willard became close friends. He called her his "Wood Fairy," and they could be seen almost every day wandering hand in hand through Nelly's wood.

In the Yellowstone.

A member of a party in Yellowstone Park fell down the crater of a geyser while trying to secure a beautiful specimen on mineral formation. His companions shrieked as they saw him fall. They lowered a light into the crater as far as they could. Nothing could be seen. By dropping pebbles they discovered that at a depth of about fifty feet the crater was filled with water. They gave him up as lost, and, with sad hearts, left the scene. The next noon he came into camp with another party of gentlemen, alive and well. He fell into the water, but came again to the surface, and hung to a rock. He heard his friends' voices, but could not make them hear him. He stayed there until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard a sound like distant thunder. Suddenly the water was rising, and continued to rise more rapidly. At last he found himself at the point from which he had fallen. Although exhausted he exerted his remaining strength in climbing to the surface. This reached, he managed to crawl some distance away from the mouth of the crater, where he lost consciousness. When he recovered he was being cared for by strangers—the men who conducted him to his comrades. The water was warm, but a few moments before he left it began to be hot and to boil furiously.

Care of the Eyes.

Continual reading is apt to injure the sight. Such reading as confines the eyes without interruption to the page is more injurious to the eyes than such as requires occasional pauses in order to keep up with the scope of thought—novel reading is harder on the eyes than history or philosophy. A broad page taxes the eyes more than a narrow page, unless it is divided into two or three columns. Writing is easier for the eyes than copying, as in the latter work one must read as well as write, and compare the copy with the original. Reading on the cars, or when in motion, is injurious to the eyes, as they are strained in trying to overcome the shifting of the page. Reading in an uncertain, changing, or flickering light is trying to the eyes, and should be avoided.

The Violin.

Of all the musical instruments the violin is the most enduring. Pianos wear out; wind instruments get battered and old-fashioned; the pipes of organs become scattered, and the original construction is lost sight of. All kinds of novelties are introduced into flutes, but the sturdy violin stands on its own merits. Age and use only improve it, and instead of new ones commanding the highest prices, as in the case with other instruments, it is the violins of the few Italian makers of the last three centuries that command fabulous prices. It is impossible to handle an old violin without a feeling of veneration, when one reflects on the number of people who have probably played on it, the weary hours it has beguiled, the source of enjoyment it has been, and how well it has been loved.

Greens.

No other color is so significant, so capable of tender, helpful, growing expression. It is in the subdued art shades universally becoming; and it fraternizes with more colors than any other except that those that do not quarrel because of their fixed and eternal neutrality. Who does not remember what were called the "grass" greens and "apple" greens of a few years ago. They were the greens of paper flags on St. Patrick's day! Put these greens by the greens of grass and leaves, even at their brightest, and one will be astonished at the quiet depth, the delicacy and subdued character of the natural tint—the immense difference between what we call nature and what is nature.

A singular phenomenon occurred in that section of Americus, Ga., east of the Methodist church. The wells of an entire neighborhood were blown dry. These wells up to the time of the gale were full of water and unfailing. The explanation of this remarkable occurrence is the existence of subterranean passages, and the violent agitation on the surface opened channels of escape for the water to these.

HUMOROUS.

Mike Welch, of Colorado, managed to squander \$400 in one year without drinking a drop of whisky or betting on a horse race. He bet on base ball.

A country which can pan out 550,000,000 bushels of wheat in such a season as this cannot be sat down on by any power on earth, and don't you forget it!

The longest cucumber ever grown in the South is now on exhibition in North Carolina. It stopped an inch short of four feet and contains sixty cases of colic.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales owes over \$300,000, and yet people are anxious to give him more credit. There are several good things about being a prince.

When Illinois lightning can jack the boots off a farmer without even scorching his feet, what's the use of Eastern speculators trying to make a corner on boot jacks?

A Brooklyn blacksmith held out a hammer on his hand for seven minutes to win a bet of twenty-five cents, and the doctors say he won't use that arm again for a year.

Mrs. Livermore always has some female friend who wants a place on a newspaper. Out of ten she has secured places for eight could hold their places four weeks.

A Washington shopkeeper says that females employed in the departments are head over heels in debt, and would take home grindstones if they could get trusted for them.

The bill of a mosquito is a finer piece of work than any jeweler could bring out, and has more science than any patent yet applied for, and yet man thinks only of getting a whack at the insect with his whole fist.

The New York letter-carrier arrested the other day for opening letters had always advised his companions that honesty was of more value than greenbacks, but he found that he couldn't buy pools on base ball with honesty.

The Atlanta Constitution has never yet found a farmer wise enough to explain how red ears of corn can come from white kernels. What's the odds, so long as finding a red ear at a husking bee entitles you to kiss the best looking girl in the crowd?

Why He Left Her.

"Do you love me?"
The words came softly forth from ruby lips still dewy with the kisses of the one to whom they were spoken, and Gladys McMurtry knew that Ethelbert Frelinghuysen was no dissembler, no trifler with women's hearts, but ever kept within the precincts of his soul a tiny shrine at which there burned for ever and ever a flame of pure and passionless affection for her upon whom he had lavished the treasures of his heart. Wild and reckless though he might sometimes be, caring naught for the voice of conscience, but plunging madly forward into the darksome labyrinths of sin, even at times smoking cigarettes, Gladys knew that her voice could ever call him back to purity and repentance, her dimpled hand lead him in paths that were gemmed with the roses of innocence. And so, when he asked the question that she loved so well to hear, there came to her pretty face a joyous smile, and the drooping lips that overhung the luxuriant mouth quivered with pleasure. But she did not answer him in words. Putting her dimpled arms around his neck, she kissed him in the warm, North Side fashion that was so dear to his heart, and then a little head nestled confidently upon his shoulder, and the gentle pressure of a soft, warm hand told him the story of how he had won the first affection of a young, pure and trusting heart.

"But this is not all," she said. "Kisses and embraces and fair words are very pleasant things—sweet lips and warm hearts and loving eyes—but truth and sincerity and loyalty and purity are very much fairer and infinitely rarer."

"Do you mean this?" asked Ethelbert, bending forward and looking at Gladys with a fixed, nailed-at-the-corners-and-clinched-on-the-other-side look.

"I do," she answered, speaking the words in the slow, New York Evening Post fashion that became the sensuous grace of her Kenosha feet so well.

"Then," said Ethelbert, with a grave tenderness that showed what a daisy liar he was, "I will not deceive you longer."

"What do you mean?" Gladys spoke hurriedly, "I mean," he replied, "that I have joined the Anti-Loe Cream Benevolent and Protective Association."

And, turning suddenly, he began chasing a horse-car, leaving the girl who loved him so well alone and desolate.