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Time and the Maiden.

A little girl rock'd in a fairy boat,
By the waves of the river of life afloat,
And her golden tresses and laughter gay
Floated back on the breeze as she sped away;
And she gaily cried to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
And bear me away from this blossoming wood
To the beautiful island of maidenhood."

The maiden's isle has been reached and
passed—
Still on and beyond is her fond gaze cast,
As she cries again to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For my lover is waiting by yonder shore,
With a gilded bark and a golden oar;
Love sits at the helm to cheer and guide,
And he waiteth for me, his chosen bride."

Oh, love, what a beautiful freight hast thou!
The bark is laden from stem to prow,
And the mother gazes with loving pride
On her mate and the dear ones who throng her
side;
Yet still she cries to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For Wealth, and Fame, and Honor await
My loved ones when they shall reach man's
estate."

And now the river is deep and wide,
And branches flow from its either side,
And the children to man and womanhood
grown,
Are launching forth in boats of their own,
And the mother cries, with a sudden fear,
"Oh, tarry, gray boatman, yet longer here!
Why hurry on with such speed I pray?
You are bearing my loved ones all away."

Again she rocks in a boat alone,
And her heart keeps time to the waves' low
moan,
As she feebly cries to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For the dear ones have gone from my loving
care;
They have drifted out on the sea so fair,
And I long to be with them and part no more
On the tireless waves of the golden shore."

A LUCKY LARCENY.

Mr. Courtney was the uncle of two nephews—the one a brother's and the other a sister's son. These two were his next of kin and legally entitled, in case he died intestate, to inherit his property.

Edward Horton, his dead sister's son, was decidedly his favorite, and to him the uncle decided to give the bulk of his estate.

Charles Courtney, the other nephew, had inherited a large fortune from his father, and moreover, by his uncle's will, was entitled to succeed to that left to his cousin in event of the latter dying without issue.

Old Mr. Courtney was one of the halest of bachelors when it was suddenly announced, not only that he was dead, but that foul play was suspected. A post mortem examination demonstrated that he had fallen victim to poison, and it was circulated that the hand that administered it was the hand of his favorite nephew.

The public mind was naturally both surprised and shocked.

It was not until Edward Horton had been fully committed for his uncle's murder that I was retained to get up the defense.

His own statement was, in substance, this:

A physician had called in to see Mr. Courtney on the occasion of some apparent slight illness, requiring some simple remedy, a prescription for which was handed to the prisoner to have made up.

This the latter carried to a well-known, competent druggist, who had it put up in his presence. The medicine consisted of three white powders, each wrapped up in a separate scrap of paper, and the whole enclosed in a single wrapper. They were to be given at intervals of an hour, and had remained continually in the prisoner's possession until the first was administered, which was done by himself immediately on returning from the druggist's. Mr. Courtney grew rapidly worse, and when, at the expiration of an hour, the second was administered, the symptoms became so alarming that a messenger was dispatched for a physician, who, on his arrival, declared that the patient was suffering from the effect of poison. An examination of the remaining powder disclosed the fact that it was pure arsenic. It was too late for any antidote to be available, and in less than an hour death had relieved the sufferer. An autopsy of the body and an analysis of the contents of the stomach left no doubt as to the cause of the death. The presence of the arsenic in a necessarily fatal quantity was indicated by every known chemical test. It was further admitted by the prisoner that he alone had access to his uncle's apartment, or had handled the medicine from the time it was compounded by the druggist till the coming

of the physician, after the second powder had been administered.

The druggist, who was reputed to be a man of extraordinary caution and thoroughly skilled in his profession, was ready to swear that by no possibility could any mistake have occurred in compounding the medicine.

To make matters worse, it transpired that the amicable relations which had existed between the uncle and his nephew had been somewhat disturbed of late, by reason of an attachment of the latter, which was disapproved of by the former, who had gone so far as to threaten to change his will unless his wishes were respected.

"Who was in company with you from the time you received the medicine until you reached your uncle's house?" I asked the prisoner, desperately groping after something to afford a ray of hope.

"No one," he answered, "but my cousin Charles, whom I met near the druggist's, and who accompanied me into the house."

I drew from Edward the fact that Charles saw the medicine put up, walked with him a little way, then went back for something—Edward awaiting his return—then walked arm-in-arm nearly home, where Charles left. I also reminded Edward that, his uncle being dead, if he also died childless, Charles would inherit the whole of the estate.

"He did it!—he did it!" the young man cried, in a paroxysm of excitement too earnest to be counterfeit. "He went to get the poison when he left me waiting. He put it up to resemble the druggist's parcel, for which he substituted it as we went along. Villain!—I know it now. I carried the parcel in a pocket on the right side of my coat, and it was on that side he walked with me!"

I was seated in my office on the day preceding that fixed for the trial, indulging in anything but sanguine expectations, when a tap at the door announced a visitor. It was a detective whom I had employed.

"Well, what is it?" I inquired, after closing the door.

"I made an arrest to-day," he said, and in the prisoner's possession I found this overcoat."

"Well?"

"In one of the pockets I found this."

And he handed me a small parcel, which I opened.

Inside were three papers, folded as druggists usually put up their prescriptions.

"The person with whom I found this coat," the detective continued, "confesses that he stole it from a billiard saloon, the owner having laid it aside while playing, and the date he fixes corresponds with Mr. Courtney's murder. But what is more important, I have ascertained that Charles Courtney is the owner of the coat!"

"Let us proceed at once to the druggist's!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet and snatching my hat.

We were soon there.

"Please examine the parcel," I said, putting it into the druggist's hands.

He did so, carefully opening the papers and inspecting their contents. They contained three white powders.

"How do they correspond with those you put up for Mr. Courtney, and for which others seem to have been so mysteriously substituted?" I inquired.

"They do not correspond at all," he answered, "they are the same."

"The same! How do you know that?"

"By these figures," he answered pointing to one of the papers. "I had made calculations that day on the sheet of paper, part of which I used in putting up the subscriptions bought by Mr. Edward Horton. The remainder I have preserved, by some accident. Here it is, and you see how this piece and the figures fit it."

They did exactly, the chain of evidence was complete.

I need hardly tell how the trial ended. Charles Courtney was called by the prosecution to prove some unimportant points. The counsel whom I had retained for the defense asked him but three questions on cross examination:

"Had he accompanied the prisoner from the druggist's?"

"Had he lost an overcoat that day?"

"Was that it?"

The questions were very simple, but the effect upon the witness was most remarkable. He trembled and turned pale. He answered all these questions in the affirmative, but in a voice scarcely audible. Before the next witness was called he slipped from the court and was never heard of afterward.

With the testimony of the detective and the druggist, not forgetting that of the thief who stole the overcoat, we made short work of what promised to be a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence.

The latest shade of yellow takes the name of "four o'clock."

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

New cloaks are very long.

Cloth is the correct fabric for pelisses.

Tournures are worn, but not universally.

Rifle green is the popular color for ulsters.

New stockings show all of the high-art colors.

Quilted satin lines more cloaks than sateen or fur.

There is an effort to revive the princess style of dress.

Feather thistles appear among new bonnet trimmings.

China woolen goods and cheviot mixtures will be much worn.

There will be no definite changes in the outlines of the dress this fall.

Heavy repped ribbons take the name of ottoman, and are much used.

Printed cashmere is a novelty for house wrappers, but it is not tasteful.

Chenille fringes in lozenge pendants make beautiful trimmings for wraps.

Long pile plush will in a great measure take the place of furs for cloak linings.

Ribbed and plain spun silk stockings are in favor for ordinary use.

Metallic threads, gold, silver, and steel, in tinted effects, crop out in new braids.

Fur and feather bands will be used for dress as well as cloak trimmings.

Plain or braided cloth jackets and Jerseys will be worn with plush and cheviot skirts.

Alligator skin slippers in various shades of tan and fawn are novelties for morning wear.

Ottoman plushes have heavy repped grounds on which are designs in thick and long-pile plush.

Printed sateens with large designs on dark colored and tinted grounds are used for cloak linings.

Mantles

For winter will be made both of figured uncut velvet and of plain velvet, and are to be worn very long or very short. Mantlets of twilled wool in small checks of a dark color reach only to the waist in the back, are pointed at the sides and cross in front as a fichu, their long straight ends extending to the knee; a deep velvet collar trims the pointed neck and a velvet bow is fastened at the back. A charming model of corded silk is drawn in at the waist like a dolman, but forms a rounded cloak at the back, while the long, square ends in front descend to the hem of the dress. It is plaited up at the sides, to fit gracefully over the arm; the hem turns up all around and shows a wide strip of colored velvet, which is caught over the arm with a jet passementerie rosette. Many of the fur-lined circulars, which are to be worn as much as last season, are cut with a back seam and have openings for the arms; on many short sleeves are inserted, surrounded with a wide border of fur matching that of the collar.

The Russian pelisse is a long, close, tight redingote, has but few seams, and all its fullness is massed in pleats in the middle seam of the back. It is made of diagonal wool goods, is lined with plush or wadded silk, and is bordered all around with soutache embroidery.

Short Military Jackets.

Are the novelty for early autumn. They are of dark cloth, with soutache braiding for trimming, and will take the place of the plush jacket so popular last season. They are single-breasted, short on the hips, with cadet collars and a single breast pocket.

The Breton Jacket

A revival of an old style, opens over a plastron of velvet the same color as the cloth, and is covered with embroidery. The edges are cut in squares or points and bordered with soutache and small buttons set very close together. They are worn with a skirt of figured silk or wool. Deep royal cardinal Newmarket casaquins and dark royal blue French casaquins will also be worn; but most effective and becoming of all will be the white Wattean tunics with black velvet basque. Very young ladies will wear the Babet jackets of white serge, trimmed with broad black velvet ribbon, with deep collar and cuffs of velvet to correspond.

A contemporary tells a yarn about a setter dog which trotted up to a small boy and dropped from his mouth into the boy's hand a new jackknife which the dog had just found. This is, however, no circumstance to the Philadelphia dog which trotted up to a boy and dropped at his feet a tin can and a piece of string.

The Newer Arithmetic.

The length of a certain bean blower is one-third the length of a boy who is four feet high when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the blower?

A human body weighing 160 pounds falls fifty-five feet per second. How long will it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high?

Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was left after the manager got into Canada was valued at \$250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?

The average cost of curing a sore throat is thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore throats in this country averages 21,000,000 per year. How much could America spend for going to the circus if our throats were brass-lined?

There are twenty-four newspaper reporters in Louisville, and each one kills an average of 150 cockroaches per day. How many victims would they number in 365 days?

A young man about to be married figures that \$8 per week will support the family in luxury and erect a five-story building out of the savings of three years. How many days after his marriage before he will tumble to bean soup?

It costs a political candidate \$25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slug him through a convention and \$150 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and in case he is left how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at \$1 per day?

In a particular field are ninety-seven watermelons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does ninety-seven go into five?

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two duckings and loses a twelve dollar hat. How much does each lose?

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is \$1.30. What is the number of corn victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

Every man who has arrived at the age of 40 years has lost at least ten umbrellas worth \$1 each. Estimating the number of losers at 11,000,000, and granting that one-third of them have stolen seven umbrellas worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss?

A Black Regiment.

The famous "Black Regiment" of Arabi's forces was the oldest in the Egyptian army and has seen service on American soil. It was founded by the famous Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, and is composed exclusively of black Soudanese and Barbarians, none of whom are under five feet eleven inches. It was with these that Mehemet Ali repeatedly beat the Turks, and it was with these again that he defied England. These men are hated by the Egyptians, who, being afraid of them, have tried in vain to disperse them and disband the regiment. Mehemet Ali himself, also Said and Ismail Pashas, repeatedly tried to get rid of them, and when Napoleon III., finding that Frenchmen could not live in Mexico, asked the Khedive to lend him his Black Regiment, the latter was only too glad to oblige him, hoping that by sending them across the Atlantic he would not only gain the friendship of the great French nation, but would free Egypt of the terrible blacks at the same time. The Khedive was, however, mistaken in this, as the famous Black Regiment maintained its reputation in Mexico and fought so gloriously that they obtained special terms on leaving the country.

Incredible, But True.

The rapidity with which a Texas darkey can hide away a watermelon is wonderful, and the number of watermelons that he is able to absorb on the shortest notice, baffles the numeral system. Not long since, when watermelons were fashionable, an Austin gentleman bet a friend that a hired colored boy could eat a forty-pound watermelon in four minutes. The boy was called and told the nature of the bet. He asked permission to retire, which was granted. On his return, he announced his readiness to accomplish the eclipse of the melon in the given time.

"Why did you go away?"
"I went away, boss, jess to try ef I could make de trip. I've been practicin' on two thirty-pound melons, and I kin put de forty-pound melon out'n eight wid a minute to spare;" and he did it, but he was disappointed at not getting a steady contract for all day.

Dreams of the Past.

Fair dies the sunset, so golden and tender,
Wistfully charming our spirits away;
So all the gladness and pleasures and sadness,

All that is beautiful never can stay.
Yet as the sunshine that near us at noonday
Seemed not so lovable, winsome and dear;
So all the joy and the love and the friendship,
When far away, more enchanting appear.

They who have labored well love the night's coming,
Gladly they wait a more beautiful morn,
All of the good we have loved is immortal;
Out of the sunset the sunrise is born.

When in the twilight we long to look backward,
Then, oh, come back again lovely and clear,
Sweet as a sunrise that brightens forever,
Dreams of the past once again, oh, appear!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At the breaking of the ground for the Clinton and Point Caswell Railroad, Raleigh, N. C., fifty young ladies from six counties threw the first dirt, while a crowd of five thousand persons looked on.

Charles S. Laurence, in jail at Worcester for causing a railroad disaster, says that he is subject to fits, and that while he is under their influence is impelled to put obstructions on railroad tracks.

Hansom cabs, of precisely the London pattern, are to be introduced in Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Two persons may travel a mile and a half in any direction from the station for twenty-five cents.

The refusal of the Archbishop of Paris to allow the body of a man killed in a duel to be taken into any Roman Catholic church, or to let a priest conduct the funeral rites anywhere, is regarded in Paris as an important religious blow at duelling.

There are some sixty sassafras-oil distilleries in Buckingham county, Va., and they engage three hands at \$2,000 each. They consume each per day 1,000 pounds of roots and make sixty gallons of oil, worth from \$4.50 to \$5 per gallon—\$270 to \$300 per day, and for the year from \$54,000 to \$60,000.

Col. McLeod Turner, who died recently at Raleigh, N. C., was pierced by eleven balls at the battle of Gettysburg, and ever since has been a complete wreck, and his lingering so long was deemed a miracle. He was wounded through the lungs, through the body, was shot through the spine, besides lesser wounds. Both legs were paralyzed, one arm partially; his shoulder was dislocated, and many of his bones were broken and became diseased.

HUMOROUS.

A sad-hearted poetess asks in the columns of the Philadelphia Bulletin: "Why do we sing?" Perhaps it's because you don't know what the public feeling is in your immediate neighborhood.

When a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living.

An easy time of it.—"I don't want any man's advice," said the man with the big bump of self-esteem. "I do my own thinking." "Yes," murmured Fogg. "I should think you might, and not be greatly overworked either."

A Boston paper announces that "three dark horses are angling for the Republican nomination for Governor." Which suggests that the codfish editor should pay strict attention to the properties when he undertakes to manipulate turf items.

The title of the lesson was, "The Rich Young Man," and the golden text was "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and looking earnestly into the young lady's face the child said: "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."

Newly Married.

It is said that brides and bridegrooms seek to conceal their recent metamorphosis from single to married life by simulating either the demeanor of old married people or of unmarried people. Several years ago, it is reported, there has a very painful revelation of this depravity of the newly-married. One day a large hotel piazza was occupied by what, at first glance, would have been thought to be fifty bachelors. Suddenly their apparent meditations on the loneliness of single life were broken by the words from a side door, which came playfully from a woman's lips, "Hubby, dear!" Thereupon forty-nine of the loungers leaped to their feet with amazing swiftness, and responded, lovingly, "What, my darling?"