

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 19.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., OCTOBER 28, 1882.

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

The Girls.
Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls,
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip
unfurled!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy air of night!
While the stars that over-spatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and mild delight;
To the tintinnabulation that, unceasing, ever
purs
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls,
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.
See the flirting of the girls,
Radiant girls!
How the lover's softened brain wildly whirls
Through the maze of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skips to and fro
And perspires!
What that we could tell the idiot all we know
Of the fire
Into which the false ones hurl.
Such new whim—see the flame—how it swirls!

THE WOMAN IN A SUNBONNET.

It was about the year 1820 that two young married people took a house in G——, a sea-shore town. The house was an old fashioned one, but had been well built, and was in perfect condition. It was a pretty house, built in the irregular style of the day, some fifty or more years back. A hall ran through the house, from the middle of which sprang a broad flight of stairs. Half way up the stairs there was a generous landing-place, with a large arched window. This hall and stairway were the only regular parts of the mansion, rooms and wings having been built on from time to time.

The place was chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther because it was retired, a bit lonely, and with nice woods about it—a little gloomy, to be sure, to those not in their honeymoon.

On a very sultry July night the pair stopped on their way up the old stairway, on the landing, and looked long out of the great window, for the landscape beneath them, either by the bright light of the moon, or the lesser brightness of the stars, was very fair. They had been talking earnestly together, when Mrs. Anstruther suddenly broke off from what she was saying, and exclaimed:

"George dear, what a change there was in the air a moment since! I felt an icy, damp breath over my cheek."

"My dear child," he said, "the night is as hot as the infernal regions. What an imagination you have!"

"Well," said she, "perhaps I am imaginative, but I thought I felt a shivering breeze over my face; but it is gone now."

Mrs. Anstruther thought no more of the circumstance, if indeed circumstance it could be called. She and her husband passed very happy days at the Grove. But presently there was trouble among the servants, for even lovers must have such encumbrances. The cook said her kitchen was her castle, and that she did not want any one to be looking over her pans and kitties; that she left each utensil in its place at night but found them much disarranged in the morning, often upon the hearth, and she said it. Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther liked seven o'clock suppers she would willingly stay there and cook for them. The laundress said the clothes horse with the freshly ironed linen left to air overnight in the laundry, was quite overset in the morning; that the mistress, sure was young and very frolicsome—indeed quite like a miss—but she thought it was hard upon a poor servant to be playing off her jokes upon her and giving her double work; and so from time to time did the young mistress apparently disarrange her message.

One morning the cook came to Mrs. Anstruther and said she thought, perhaps, she had found out who put the kitchen and the laundry in such a plight, and she begged her mistress's pardon for having thought that she had played tricks upon her maids. She then described her having gone down to the kitchen one Monday morning at dawn, and there saw, in the feeble light, the figure of a woman, her head covered by a sunbonnet, crouching before the dead coals of the kitchen fire. Upon her entrance the woman mysteriously disappeared.

"Now, ma'am," she said, "perhaps it is some poor crazy creature who gets in somehow, and oversets my pans and Bridget's clean clothes; but sure I do

not see how any but a ghost could get in, for the house do be locked up so close like. I think she was trying to warm herself, ma'am, and however she got out, ma'am, I cannot tell, only she was gone in an instant, and not a door opened".

Poor Mrs. Anstruther felt quite disturbed at the cook's relation, and told her husband of it immediately. Of course he only laughed at it, said Polly must have strengthened her tea the night before, and hadn't her vision quite clear so early Monday morning, or that she had not finished her dreams; to which Mrs. Anstruther answered warmly that Polly was a decent, sober woman, and wouldn't for the world touch anything stronger than tea.

Weeks passed by, and the household was not troubled by overturned clothes horses, displaced pans, or mysterious women, and the story became like a dream, when one morning early, upon opening his bedroom door, Mr. Anstruther found the housemaid lying outside it in a sort of fainting fit. After some time, and many restoratives, the woman was brought back to her senses, and incoherently told her tale. She had gone down very late at night to the laundry to bring up a breakfast cap which she knew her mistress would want the next morning, and heard a faint rustling, like the moving of clothes. She thought it was the cat, which might have got hold of one of the towels, so she opened the door and went in; there she saw the shadowy figure of a tall woman, a sunbonnet on her head, with long, thin, ghastly fingers feeling of the clothes, and drearily saying, "Not dry—oh, not dry—they chill—chill—chill me." Then she moved the horse rapidly and fiercely nearer the fireplace, overturning it and apparently disappearing under its folds and clothes.

Mr. Anstruther went immediately to the laundry. There he found the overturned clothes, but not even the ghost of a woman under them, nor in any corner or part of the house, for he searched it very thoroughly, to quiet the nervous fears of his wife and of the maids. The poor frightened housemaid trembled all day, scarcely able to stand.

Mr. Anstruther himself had no faith in these spectre stories, and women are always so apt to be nervous and frightened, he said; but that very night, when he and his wife were standing by the window, listening to the swash of the waves on the beach, and saying how cool and refreshing the sound was on that heavy August night, the same cold, shivering breeze passed over their faces as on that other night, and a husky voice said slowly, "Oh! I am so cold—so very cold!" They grasped one another convulsively, but said nothing; nor did they speak to one another of those strange, shivering words, but seemed by mutual assent to avoid the subject. Perhaps Mr. Anstruther thought the remembrance of them might pass more quickly from his wife's memory if not alluded to. Perhaps she thought so.

The next night he went at midnight to the kitchen, looked carefully and cautiously in and saw—the ghostly form of a woman, almost in the ashes, numerous pans around her, hoarsely muttering, "They will never heat; oh, never. The bad master, he will kill me. No dinner, no supper, no fire." Mr. Anstruther rushed suddenly toward the woman, who, throwing her hands wildly above her head, fled away.

He said nothing of this to any one, and went again the next night, but saw nothing down stairs. He went to bed. Soon after midnight—he was awake—the air of the room became very chilly, like a graveyard, and he heard from every corner of the room a smothered voice, saying, "I am so cold—oh! so cold. It is so dark under the stairs; so damp—take me out—the cruel master." Still, Mr. Anstruther kept a wise silence, thinking what was his best course to take. There were faint sounds heard at night in the kitchen, laundry, and through the halls, cold, icy whispers from the landing by the arched window on the stairway, so that the servants refused to go to their work until the morning was well advanced, and Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther never stopped now on the pleasant stairway landing to look through the arched window at the moon or the stars, or to hear the delicious swash of the sea. She looked pale and frightened all the time, and the servants nervous and scared. They stayed only for the love of the master and mistress. As for Mr. Anstruther, he was very uneasy, yet hated to yield to what he considered foolish, weak, supernatural fears; still he was exceedingly uncomfortable.

From this time the ghostly appearance became incessant. At last a friend of Mr. Anstruther came to visit him, and they determined to find the ghost, if such there was. They went every night at midnight throughout the house; once they saw the shadowy woman almost in the ashes of the kitchen fire, apparently trying to warm herself, she was blowing at the dead coals, which

seemed to become only more dead under her cold breath. Sometimes she seemed to be trying to dry the clothes in the laundry, but more frequently they heard sighs, and shivers, and whispers of cold, and the wicked master, and the cellar-stairs.

Once the face of the woman was toward them when they went into the kitchen. A fearful gash was on one skeleton cheek; her hands were held tightly over her bosom, as if to try to bring warmth into it again. Then the spectre, the groans, the sighs ceased, excepting from under the cellar stairs, whence came sounds of one supplicating, "Oh, save me—so deep—so dark—so damp. Save me—save!"

After a time it became impossible to keep the story of the haunted house quiet. People had wondered for some time what gave the servant who opened the hall door and the mistress within so scared a look, and also at Mr. Anstruther's troubled face, for he and his wife were known to love one another very much, and to be sufficiently well to do in the world. When the story was fully told the excitement of the town became intense; the cry was that the cellar stairs ought to be torn away, and then they would see what was under them. After some deliberation it was thought best to yield to the excited will of the town's people, and proper men were sent by the authorities to take away the stairs and to examine thoroughly around and beneath them. Mr. Anstruther, his friend, and some of the gentlemen of the neighborhood were present. The stairs were removed, the brick flooring taken away, and the earth dug up, but there was nothing, and they were about to lay the ground again, when a smothered cry came, and the words, "Lower, deeper, darker," were distinctly heard. All stood aghast, clammy drops poured from the brows of the stoutest of those square-shouldered men. A long pause ensued, and the words came again: "Lower, deeper, darker; the cruel master put me here!" They fell again upon their shovels; deep down they dug, very deep, when, oh! frightful and ghastly sight, they came upon the body of a woman. Her dress was that of a servant. Upon her head was a deep bonnet. She lay on her back. A heavy scar was on her face.

The body of the woman was recognized as that of a Nancy Gwynn, who had lived with a Mr. Barton, a hard man, the former occupant of the Grove, and who had gone very suddenly to Australia to better his fortunes, taking his family with him. It was about ten years since Nancy had so mysteriously disappeared from G——. But as she had always been a queer creature, never making friends, no one thought much about her. The Anstruthers left the house, not wishing to stay in it, although Nancy's poor, weary body was laid in a decent grave, the burial service said over it, and a headstone placed to mark where it lay.

Since they left the house, it has remained shut up, lonely, gloomy, and forsaken. Whether Nancy's poor ghost is laid, or whether it still roams the house, from kitchen and cellar stairs to the arched window on the hall stairway, the next occupants of the haunted house at G—— must tell you.

Curing a Bad Memory.

Your memory is bad, perhaps, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One—to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules and you have the golden key of knowledge. Beside inattentive reading there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus cultivating a habit of careless reading. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray haired woman, a lifelong lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.—[St. Nicholas.]

A young man started for a drive of twenty miles with his sweetheart, through an uninhabited tract in Minnesota. At a point about midway of the lonely route the pair had a bitter quarrel. The fellow unhitched the horse, mounted it and rode away, leaving the girl alone in the wagon, where she remained all night, and next day walked home.

England has thirty electric light companies, with a capital of over \$30,000,000. Nearly as much money is similarly sunk in France.

Spoopendyke Stops Smoking.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, ruffling his hair around over his head and gazing at himself in the glass; "my dear, do you know I think I smoke too much? It doesn't agree with me at all."

"Just what I have always thought!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and besides, it makes the room smell so. You know this room—"

"I'm not talking about the room," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a snort, "I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room. I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more," and Mr. Spoopendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in his easy chair and glared out the window at the rain.

"How are you going to break off?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing up her sewing chair, and gazing up into her husband's face admiringly. "I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all."

"The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If anything will distract my attention from it that will. Can't ye think of something else to talk about? Don't ye know some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plant?"

"Certainly," crooked Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather nonplussed. "We might talk about the rain. I suppose this is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear?"

"Cast the equinox!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Don't you know that when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If ye don't know any cheerful things, keep quiet."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking like you used to. Won't it be nice when, the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted and you have your slippers and paper—"

"That's just the time I want a cigar!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scowling at his wife. "Ain't ye got sense enough to shingle your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up you'll drive me back to my habit in less'n an hour," he continued solemnly, "and then my blood will be on your head!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I didn't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up—"

"There ye go again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down? What d'ye want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned dismaly in contemplation of the prospect.

"I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by and by we'll have a piping hot dinner—"

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. "You'd got to say something about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoopendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I meant it for the best, my dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought I was drawing—"

"That's it!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done? All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriates' home! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantel? Gimme my death warrant! Show me my imported doom! Draw forth my miniature coffin!" and Mr. Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dismaly.

"Isn't that it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr. Spoopendyke had been sitting. "That looks like it."

"Wah!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off you go into the country, you hear!" and Mr. Spoopendyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke; "when he swears off again I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it up on the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned the tobacco to the flames, Mr. Spoopendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double clinched an old resolution never to lose her temper, no matter what happened.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Rest.
Out from the great world's crush and din;
Out from the pain, and wrong, and sin;
Out from the ambition's cruel strife;
Out from the bitter race of life;
Out from it honors and affairs;
Out from its horrors and its care,
Again a child, he lay at rest,
In holy peace on his mother's breast.

Her gentle hand toyed in his hair;
Her sweet, dear voice dispelled his care,
Her loving eyes shed light divine;
Her very presence made a shrine;
His throbbing arteries ceased to tremble;
The maddening world a sad, past dream;
Again, a child, he lay at rest,
In holy peace on his mother's breast.

VARIETIES.

Men and horses differ. The latter are useless unless broke, and a man is good for nothing if he is broke.

An Illinois cow swallowed \$600 in greenbacks. She was killed and the money recovered.

Seventeen thousand five hundred and forty-five stray dogs were taken into custody in London during 1881.

A Boston deacon is to be put under discipline for inserting in his dry goods advertisement the line: "High, low, jack, and the game."

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economise his time.

Nearly all of the New York preachers are discussing the political situation in their sermons. As there is a great deal of the devil in politics, it is probable that most of the preachers are on the right track.

The owner of a broad, four-story brick hotel at Bristol, Conn., advertises that he will demolish it on April 1st, 1883, unless in the meantime the town reverses its vote of no license to sell liquor.

The Princess Beatrice has become an honorary member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colors. The Crown Princess of Germany has been a member for some years, and has sent pictures to more than one of the society's exhibitions.

Glue, when mixed with one fourth part glycerine, is found to have an elasticity and pliability which prevents its cracking when dry. A German chemist in Nuremberg has called attention to this.

A nobleman built a handsome grotto, and caused this inscription to be placed over it: "Let nothing enter here but what is good." A wit, to whom his lordship was showing the place, asked: "Then, where does your lordship enter?"

The shock of finding out that her lover was a horse thief, instead of the rich gentleman that he had represented himself to be, destroyed the reason of a girl at Dallas, Texas. A week later her father followed her to the asylum, crazed by sympathy and grief.

No more touching compliment could be paid than that of the child who had overheard a conversation at the table on the qualities of a wife. As he stooped over to kiss his mother he remarked: "Mamma, when I get big I'm going to marry a lady just 'zactly like you."

A Canada newspaper has started a new branch of society mention. It advertises the names of all the marriageable ladies in the town where it is published. If a list of the charms and the cash were attached to the name of Miss or Madame nothing could be more complete.

Bloodhounds in the Russian Army.

The Russians have strengthened their army by the novel addition to each company of a pack of powerful and carefully trained dogs. These watchful animals are sent out with the sentinels on picket duty, where their sharp ear and still keener scent prove an impregnable barrier to the lurking spies of the enemy. The dogs used are a species of bloodhounds from the Ural Mountains. The dog is selected because of its habitual silence. It growls, but never barks—a matter of the first importance to soldiers near an enemy's camp. The Ural hound is gifted with an exceedingly fine scent of smell, keen ears, and is ever alert. Most comforting of all to the lonely picket the dog is said to be especially courageous in defending its master. It is curious that, with the example of the King Charles spaniels before us, no one thought before of using these intelligent animals as sentinels. The value of the plan is self-evident. The Muscovites have gone further, and are training swift hounds as well as these same Ural dogs, to act as dispatch bearers, much as the carrier pigeons were employed in 1871. They certainly would be hard messengers to catch, when stealing through the woods at night.—[Boston Post.]