

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 24.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., DECEMBER 2, 1882.

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

Thanksgiving.

Our hay is all saved, and our wheat is a
reaped;
Our corn is all garnered, our barns are all
heaped;
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the sun and the dew and the beautiful
rain.
For the honey and fruit, for the nourishing
grain.
For the rose and the song, let us render again
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the quick tide of trade that gives life to
our land.
For the skill and the wealth of the working-
man's hand.
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the brains that have toiled with some
wonderful thought.
For the dreams that the artist and poet have
caught,
For the old fight with evil so patiently
fought.
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the homes that with truest affection are
blest,
Where love nestles down like a bird in its
nest,
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the worth and the will that have made
us so free,
For our beautiful land from sea unto sea,
Oh, God of our fathers, we give unto Thee
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
—Harper's Weekly.

HUMOROUS.

There is an East Indian lady in Paris
who can talk in twelve languages.
Fortunately, she is not married.
An exchange wants to know
"What young men are coming to?"
Coming to see our girls of course.—
Saturday Night.
Disenchantment: Dancing man—
"Splendid woman!" Cynical friend
(dentist)—"Ah! but most of their
smiles are mine, y'know."—Punch.
Chesterfield said that a gentleman
should always assume an air of elegant
leisure, but then Chesterfield
never had any railroad trains to catch.
Egypt is a country where a man
never gets grieved about wearing a straw
hat and overcoat at the same time.
They don't have any overcoat.—Low-
ell Citizen.

It is said that when you touch a
man's pocket you touch his soul, but
how was it before pockets were in-
vented? Was his soul untouched up
to that period? The ancients knew
nothing of pockets, for they are a
comparatively modern invention. The
condition of a little six-year-old
ancient, with no pocket in which to
store away his top, fishhooks, jack-
knife, jewsharp, bean-blower, cellar
door key, loose matches, cigar stumps,
jumping jack, marbles, ink stopper,
button hook, injur-rubber gum, slate
pencil, kite string, drum sticks, etc.,
must have been quite deplorable. Be-
fore pockets came into fashion, purses
were carried suspended from a girdle.
Thieves secured them by cutting them
away, hence the term cut-purse, which
is much older than the pickpocket.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The body heat of birds is greater
than that of any other class of animals,
ranging from 106 degrees to 112 de-
grees Fahrenheit. Among the mam-
malia it is from 95 degrees to 105 de-
grees, varying in adult man from 98
degrees to 100 degrees.
Bread is the representative of human
food, because wheat, of which it is
made, embraces all the elements of
nutrition necessary to build up and
sustain every part of the system, keep-
ing it in good working condition and
preserving it unimpaired to ripe old
age.

A large subterranean grotto has
been discovered in the island of Sardinia,
at Dorgali, in the side of a mountain.
It has many beautiful stalac-
tites, and there are fifteen long lateral
galleries, the arch of one of them resting
on a range of high pillars having a
whiteness like that of marble. A
marvelous effect in color is produced
when the grotto is lit up with
torches.

Water in falling is actuated by the
same law as other falling bodies, pass-
ing through one foot in one-fourth of
a second, four feet in one-half of a second,
nine feet in three-fourths of a second,
and so on; hence its velocity, sliding
through an aperture in the side of a
reservoir, bulkhead or any vessel, is the
same as that of a heavy body falling
freely from a height equal to the distance
between the middle of the aperture or
hole to the surface of water below.

IVY'S MISTAKE.

Thanksgiving eve in the old Sunder-
land homestead, and from cellar to
garret floated delicious odors of roast-
ing turkey, of chickens done to a tender
crisp in their own rich juices, and of a
goodly array of pies of all denomina-
tions—such pies, teeming with all the
odors of Araby the blest, as had won
dear, motherly Mrs. Sunderland an en-
viable reputation through all the
region round about.

And flitting busily at her mother's
side, in the great, clean, shining
kitchen, with light feet and the very
daintiest, deffest little hands in all
the world, was the blooming Ivy—
"sole daughter of her house and heart."
"There, mother," she said, placing a
gigantic plum cake on the table with
a triumphant flourish, "that's the last!
The baking is done, thank goodness,
and now I'll attack the parlor."
"I wouldn't to-night, dear," said
Mrs. Sunderland. "You'll tire your-
self out. There'll be plenty of time
in the morning."

"Oh, no, mother. I promised to be
at church early, to practice the new
anthem. They all declare they can't
get along without me. And I thought
if I could snatch an hour some time
between now and then that I'd finish
off my blue silk—it only needs a stitch
or two. Julia Hunt said she might be
over after dinner and bring her cousin
with her. She's from the city, you
know, and so stylish. And then," she
added, with a rather overdone attempt
at carelessness, "it's possible Joe Dal-
ton may be here in the evening."

"H'm! Joe Dalton," said Mrs. Sun-
derland, a little surprised, but too
much absorbed in her contemplation
of the cake to pay strict attention to
the important matters. "And when
did you hear from him?"
"Oh, not since he left in the sum-
mer. But he told me then that he
intended to pass Thanksgiving at the
'squire's, and that if he did he'd give
us a call. But really I must begin at
the parlor."

And into the parlor she went, a cu-
riously-happy light on her face, while
she dusted the quaint old spindle-
legged piano, and polished the mirror
before the windows, and rubbed the
brass fire-dogs till they shone again.
Then she brought out long wreaths of
fragrant ground pine and knots of
scarlet leaves, and garlanded the old
family portraits, and filled vases and
baskets, till the old room was sweet
and glowing as the bower of a
forest queen.

Perhaps it was all to please Julia
Hunt and her city cousin, but I know
that all the while before Ivy's happy
eyes were floating memories of Joe
Dalton's admiring looks when one day
last summer she decorated the room
with wild clematis vines, and still in
her ears were ringing his praises of
what he called her "exquisite artistic
instincts."

Suddenly the whistle of the evening
train was heard, and away went the
tired feet, twinkling up three flights
of stairs to the attic, where Ivy coddled
down in the window commanding a
view of the turn in the road by which
the 'squire's open wagon must pass on
its way home from the depot. Yes,
sure enough, there came the wagon
behind the pair of high-stepping bays.
Ivy could distinguish the 'squire's
portly figure on the front seat, beside
the coachman, and behind was a slender
form that Ivy's beating heart told
her was Joe. But a little half-jealous
pang shot through that same heart as
she saw that a lady, evidently young,
sat beside him, and marked the devoted
air with which he leaned toward her,
one arm extended behind her on the
back of the seat, the other pointing
here and there, as though drawing her
attention to the different beauties of
the landscape.

"Some cousin, I suppose," she said
to herself, as she went slowly down
the stairs to her own room. The
apron must be removed, the silky
braids smoothed with extra care, and
the plain linen collar replaced with
frills of dainty lace. Then from its
little sandal-wood box Ivy drew forth
a slender chain and locket, the sole
ornament she possessed, and settled it
among the frills with a satisfied smile.
Tender brown eyes, crimson lips, a low
white forehead framed in silver curls—
it certainly was a pretty picture that
looked back at her from the glass. In
spite of fatigue Ivy was looking her
prettiest and knew it, and was so glad,
for who could tell but that he might
come over that very night?

However, she said nothing to her
mother of any such expectation. But
as soon as tea was over, with some
strip of fancy work, she drew her own

little rocker before the wood fire on
the sitting-room hearth, and while her
swift fingers evolved the mysteries of
satin stitch, point and wheels, her
happy thoughts went straying over all
that brief, bright month when Joe
Dalton had spent his summer vacation
in Redleaf, and every spare moment of
it in close vicinity to the Sunderland
farmhouse.

Joe, be it known, was the 'squire's
step-son. Only the year before the
'squire had married a dashing, though
elderly widow from the city, with two
grown-up sons. One of them Ivy had
never seen, but Joe had been in the
habit of paying frequent flying visits
from the city, where he resided, and,
as report said, was amassing a fortune
fairly fabulous for so young a man.

When the summer came, and he
spent a whole month at the 'squire's,
he had singled out Ivy from the whole
bevy of rustic beauties, and devoted
himself to her with a persistence that
soon set every gossip's tongue in mo-
tion.

What a delightful month it was!
How they had picnicked and frolicked
together through the long summer
days; and strolled through dewy lanes
in the dreamy twilight, and rowed on
moonlit nights down the shining river!
And then that last scene of all! Ivy's
cheeks glowed at the remembrance of
it.

She had gone down the garden path
with him to the little gate, and there,
under the shadow of the elms, and
hidden from the house by a clump of
syringa bushes, they had somehow
found saying good-bye a very linger-
ing transaction indeed. Ivy remem-
bered how he had held her hand in his
tight clasp till all the warm blood
came billowing up over cheek and
brow, and her eyes fell beneath his
ardent gaze. Then, almost before she
knew it, an arm had stolen around her
waist, a pair of warm lips were
pressed closely, lingeringly on her
own.

"Good-bye till Thanksgiving," he
laughed, and was off before she could
hide him.

He hadn't told her in just so many
words that he loved her, but how could
she doubt it? Hadn't every look and
act declared it over and over during
that happy vacation time? And then,
if he didn't love her, why that last
tender caress speaking volumes to her
answering heart?

The morning came—Thanksgiving
morning—with floods of golden sun-
light, with air so crisp and bracing
that it made one's blood tingle just to
breathe it. Ivy made haste to finish
her light morning tasks, and then daintily
arrayed herself for church. She
was to walk. It was only a mile, and
the choir had arranged to come early
and practice their anthem once more
before service began.

With a light step she tripped down
the narrow path. But at the little gate
she stopped suddenly, trying to check
a frown; for there, under the elm,
behind the leafless syringa bushes, stood
Alvira Simms, the village dressmaker,
evidently lying in wait to walk to the
church with her, and Miss Simms was
one of Ivy's pet aversions. Many's
the time she and Joe had amused them-
selves at the expense of those cork-
screw curls and affected ways and
tones of vinegar sourness.

"Good-morning," simpered Miss Al-
vira. "I thought likely you'd be com-
ing along, so I walked slow on purpose
to see if I couldn't have the pleasure
of your company to church. It's a beau-
tiful morning!"

"Beautiful," said Ivy, briefly, and
she looked curiously at Miss Simms, as
if to divine the cause of this sudden
desire for her society, for they were
usually as distant as the poles. She
fancied an unusually malicious twinkle
lurking in the seamstress' snaky black
eyes.

"I suppose you've heard the news?"
with a sharp side glance and an air of
immense importance.

"News? No, I've heard no news
worth mentioning," returned Ivy, in
her most indifferent tones.

"Well, I don't know as you'll con-
sider this worth mentioning," retorted
Alvira, bridling up. "It's about Mr.
Dalton—Joe Dalton, you know. But
you used to be so very intimate with
him that I thought perhaps it might
interest you to know." She paused
and looked Ivy full in the face. "He's
married!" she said, and there was a
hateful, cruel light in her mean face
as she watched the effect of her
words.

"Married!" echoed Ivy, with wide,
startled eyes. "I don't believe it!"
she added, bluntly, in her bewilder-
ment forgetting her politeness.

"Oh, very well," sniffed Miss Al-

vira, her nose in the air, as she turned
to go.

"Excuse me," stammered Ivy, put-
ting out her hand to detain her. "I—
I thought you must have been misin-
formed. How did you hear?"

"Oh," said Miss Simms, softening,
only too glad of the chance to go
over the details. "I didn't hear at all
—I saw! I was up at the 'squire's
when he brought her home. The
sewing-room door was open, and I
saw them come into the hall together.
Then his mother and the 'squire ran
out, and I heard him introduce her
as their new daughter. Then, in the
midst of the laughing and kissing and
handshaking some one closed the door,
to prevent the dressmaker from wit-
nessing their family joys, I suppose."

Poor Ivy! She turned faint and
sick as the fatal truth forced itself
upon her. Her face grew white as
death, and there was a stony look of
misery in the soft eye that would have
melted a less cruel heart than that of
the woman beside her. But in the
midst of her misery pride came to her
aid. One thing she was resolved upon
—no one should ever suspect her an-
guish; no one should ever say that she
wore the willow for Joseph Dalton.

How she accomplished the rest of
the distance to church she never knew.
She had a confused remembrance that
she turned the subject with some com-
monplace remarks—that she discussed
the weather, the fall styles, the new
minister, with now and then a laugh or
careless jest, in much her usual fash-
ion, till they parted at the church door,
and Ivy mechanically ascended the
gallery stairs and took her place among
the "singers' seats."

"Why, Ivy Sunderland!" chorused
the girls; "what is the matter?
You're as white as a sheet, and your
eyes—why, girls, just look at her
eyes!"

"There, girls," said Ivy, with a faint
smile, "please don't talk to me; I've
got a horrible headache." Which was
true enough, but headache would have
been truer.

So the kind-hearted creatures bustled
about and brought her a glass of water
and a battered old palm-leaf fan from
a dusty closet, and mercifully left her
at peace. But for once the soaring
soprano was silent, and the anthem
obliged to pursue its winding way with-
out her aid, while she sat on one side
idly watching the congregation drifting
in, one by one, with their shining holi-
day faces.

By-and-bye came a firm, light tread
up the aisle, and Ivy closed her eyes
with a sickening shudder. When she
opened them again Joe Dalton stood
at the head of their pew, ushering in
a tiny, elegant creature in rustling,
purple silks, a cloud of fluffy blonde
hair above a childish face, and eyes
like great soft violets. He faced the
choir for an instant, and, as his eyes
met Ivy's, the whole face lit up with
a gleam of dark eyes and a flash of daz-
zling teeth beneath his brown mustache.

But the smile faded to a look of
half-indignant surprise as Ivy looked
straight on and beyond him without
the slightest sign of recognition, and
he settled himself with that impatient
shake of the broad shoulders which
Ivy knew so well.

Long after service she lingered in
the gallery to avoid all chance of
meeting him, and then slowly made
her way home, a curious numb feeling
at her heart, a strange blur and chill
over the sunny autumn landscape and
in the crisp, golden air.

But when she reached home she was
even more gay and cordial than usual
in her greetings of the numerous
aunts, uncles and young fry of cousins
who had assembled there during the
morning; and all that afternoon her
laugh was the loudest, her jest the
wildest among all that hilarious group.
A bright spot burned on either cheek,
and there was a feverish light in her
eyes; but no one knew that her hands
and feet were like ice, that the wild
gayety came from an excitement that
had just escaped delirium. And when
Julia Hunt and her cousin called they
found her radiant in the blue silk,
and ready to discuss "the news," which,
thanks to Miss Simms, was at present
briskly circulating from one end of
Redleaf to the other.

So through the long twilight they
sat in the firelight, cracking nuts and
jokes indiscriminately, pounding their
thumbs and laughing with alternate
pain and pleasure, and chattering
through it all like a convocation of hil-
larious magpies.

Then, as the young moon looked in
at the western windows, Miss Hunt
declared, jumping up, that they must
go; there was to be a dance a mile

away, at which they were due in an
hour, and a pair of "somebodies" no
doubt awaiting impatiently at the pa-
ternal mansion at this very moment
for their return.

So Ivy, throwing her scarlet cloak
around her shoulders and pulling the
hood over her curls—a lovely, grown-up
Red Riding Hood—ran down to the
gate with them to see them off, in
sociable country fashion, and after a
shower of girl kisses on both sides
stood watching them as they tripped
over the road in the weird mingling of
twilight and moonlight which hung
over the world.

Standing on one side, peering up the
road with intent eyes, absorbed in her
own thoughts, she did not hear the
footsteps that stole softly along the
grass bordering of the roadside walk.
The next moment a strong arm clasped
her, a pair of daring lips snatched a
kiss.

"Watching for me, Ivy?" cried Joe
Dalton, triumphantly.

"Mr. Dalton! How dare you! Let
me go, sir!" exclaimed Ivy, breaking
away from him with blazing eyes and
face shining white with anger in the
faint light.

"Whew! ejaculated Joe, stepping
back a pace. "It seems to me that
you have changed mightily in three
short months. Have you forgotten?"

"I have forgotten nothing, sir,"
burst out Ivy, in tones of suppressed
passion. "It is you who have forgot-
ten—forgotten, among other things,
the respect which every gentleman
owes to a lady."

"Ivy—Miss Sunderland, what is the
meaning of this? What has hap-
pened that you should break off our
friendship?"

"What has happened, indeed!"
echoed Ida, scornfully. "Mr. Dalton,
have you so low an opinion of me, are
you such a libertine yourself, as to
suppose that to me marriage is no im-
pediment to such liberties as you have
just insulted me by taking?"

"Married!" cried Joe. "So you are
married, Ivy. And I to know nothing
about it! Why did no one tell me?
Oh! Ivy, Ivy, how could—"

"What are you saying, Mr. Dalton?
I am not married; it is you—you!"

Here she broke down, her over-
wrought mood gave way, and she burst
into hysterical sobs.

"Ivy, Ivy!" cried Joe, "I am not
married. Who ever told you so?" and
he caught the shuddering, trembling
form in his arms, and drew the head
down on his bosom. "So that is the
meaning of all this, your averted look
this morning, and all. I thought
afterward that perhaps you did not
see me. Now, who told you such an
absurd story? I insist upon know-
ing."

"Miss—Miss Simms," faltered Ivy,
as the sobs died away.

"Alvira! Well, I declare! And
you believed her?"

"She—she said that she saw her last
night—that you introduced her to
your mother as her new daughter;
and then you were at church with her
this morning."

"Oh, that meddling old maid!"
ejaculated Joe; "to think she should
have made you suffer all this, my little
clinging vine. Never mind, love,
we'll cut her acquaintance when we're
married."

"But, Joe," said Ivy, affecting not
to hear the last remark, "who is the
lady? Your cousin? Do you know, I
believe I'm half-jealous of her?"

"Jealous! well, you won't be so
long. That lady is my mother's new
daughter, Ivy. She is my brother
Dick's lovely little wife, whom my
mother had never seen before. They
arrived in New York last night from
New Orleans, and as Dick could not
come out till the midnight train, and
Edith was anxious to get home as soon
as possible, I acted as her most dutiful
escort."

And Ivy, although she began her
Thanksgiving rather late in the day,
made up in intensity what was lacking
in length of time.

What this country wants is reply
postal cards, and to save trouble the
reply might as well be printed on them
in advance by the government. The
words, "Very sorry, but can't pay your
bill this week—some other week,"
would do hit most cases.—*Phila-
delphia News.*

The state of Pueblo, Mexico, has
enacted that all persons engaged in the
cultivation of cotton shall be exempt
from the payment of taxes or personal
contributions for ten years.

A musician in Cincinnati is named
Sword. He grew from a little bowie.