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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Ability and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

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Science can do wonders, and it is now easy to produce "crocodile tears" or any other sort required. The essential oil of onions can now be extracted. A single drop of this oil upon the handkerchief produces a flow of tears; two drops cause persistent sobbing, and three grief of the most suffocating and gasping kind.

The earthquake has deprived Georgia of one of her natural curiosities. The "Shaking rock" will shake no more. For over a hundred years it has been an object of curiosity to the people of Oglethorpe county, and hundreds of others have made it their trying place. The earthquake has shaken it off its pivot, however, and it now rests solidly on the bosom of the earth.

The Supreme Court of Vermont recently held that a husband is answerable in damages for an assault committed by his wife on one of his neighbors, even if the assault was committed "against the will and in spite of the best endeavors of the husband." "This ruling," says the *New York Independent*, "is a relic of the old common law doctrine that husband and wife are to be legally deemed one and the same person. We had supposed that this notion had, in this country at least, become obsolete. It never was anything but a ridiculous notion."

Some ingenious person has extended the domain of vital statistics to railroad car wheels. He keeps the pedigree and record of each of the 168,000 wheels belonging to the Lake Shore railroad from the date it is received from the foundry until it is worn out and thrown on the scrap-iron heap or reaches some other luckless fate. Its size, character, rate of pressure on the axle, name of manufacturer, number and a score of other useful points are first concisely scheduled; then its history begins. A glance will indicate how long it has been in service or how many miles it has traveled, what mishap it has met, who its mate at the other end of the axle has been, under what cars it has revolved, for what ailment it has been treated, and a host of other interesting things in carwheelology. The idea is to see that each wheel lives up to the guarantee of the maker, who warrants it to run 60,000 miles. Wheels last all the way from one year to sixteen years, according to their excellence of construction and the vicissitudes of their career.

A vessel propelled by electricity has crossed the English Channel for the first time. A trial trip was made by the electric launch *Volta*, the crossing occupying three hours fifty-one minutes, and the return journey four hours fifteen minutes. Speed was not so much the object as the demonstration of the worth of the experiment from a practical point of view, the inventors, Messrs. Stephens, wishing to prove the value of their invention as applicable to torpedo and other boats, which could be carried by large vessels, and available at any moment. The *Volta* traveled fifty miles without her stored-up electricity being exhausted. She is thirty-seven feet in length and nearly seven feet beam, is built of steel plates, and is so constructed that the whole of the space beneath the deck floor can be fitted with electric cells or accumulators, of which upward of sixty were placed on board. The movement of the boat was quiet and stealthy and there was an absence of all noise and the other accompaniments of steam which must be a great disadvantage to a torpedo boat when approaching an enemy's vessel. So noiseless was her passage that a gannet asleep on the sea was caught with the hand.

SOME DAY.
A child, upon the wind swept hill,
With face aflame and eyes alight,
I watched the sunset paint the sky
With varied colors, warm and bright.
The woods had caught the tawny gold,
With gold, the fields, as well, were dyed;
The river ran a stream of gold,
With golden fleeces on either side.
I clapped my hands in childish glee,
My laughter rang out merrily;
But, even as I gazed, there lay
Upon my face a dash of spray;
"I am so small, the world so wide,
The hills reach round on every side;
The sky dips low, then draws away—
No end, no end, look where I may!
I, some day, must know more," I sighed;
"More, more, I am not satisfied."
And then, from off the meadow gay,
Or from my heart, I cannot say,
There came, in thrush-like melody:
"Some day; ay, ay, some day, some day!"
And down the hill my tripping feet
Responded to the rhythmic beat—
"Some day!"

A girl, an ardent girl, I stood,
With youthful heart-beats all aflutter.
And quaffed the goblet beauty's hand
Extended from that wind-swept hill.
As, in, upon the evening sky,
The sunset painted colors bold:
A burnished brush touched wood and hill,
The cowslips drank their fill of gold,
As when a child, I laughed with glee,
So glad my heart, so glad and free!
With kindling eyes I gazed—and yet
My glowing cheeks with tears were wet:
"There is so much to life," I sighed,
"It circles us on every side;
It shuts us in, then draws away,
No end, no end, look where we may—
I must, impulsively I cried,
"Know more, I am not satisfied!"
Then from the hill-top far away,
Touched by the sun's last golden ray,
There floated out the words: "Some day,"
Like thread of silvery minstrelsy;
And back was thrown, o'er landscape wide
By golden sunlight glorified—
"Some day."

A woman grown, again I climbed,
With panting breath, and footsteps slow,
The rocky hill, and from its crown
I watched the distant splendors glow.
The wood, as in the olden time,
Against the evening sky stood limned
A citadel of flaming gold,
While burnished gold the meadows rimmed
Enwrought I gazed, and felt a thrill
Steal forth and all my being fill;
I sang, and yet, for all, for all,
I felt the blinding teardrops fall:
"There is," I sighed, "so much to life;
One endless chain—joy, sorrow, strife—
Look where I may, no end I see—
No end, no end, it worries me—
"I must, I must know more," I cried:
"I am not, Father, satisfied!"
Then from the silence seemed to grow
Responsive echoes, soft and low:
"Life here is life but just begun,
A long race only entered on;
Beyond, with joy intensified,
We shall be more than satisfied."
Some day."
—*Belle Kelllogg Towne, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE TWO ARTISTS.

A yellow, September morning had risen over Crescent Point. Far off in the distance the glancing of white caps revealed a stiff breeze; up the slope of the yellow, crinkly sands in front the foamy surges crept with a soft sound; and Alice Aymer stopped a moment at the door of the old ruined lighthouse, to talk with David Neill, the boatman.

"Another artist?" said she. "At Crescent Point? Oh, why can't they keep away!"

"I suppose, miss," said David, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he went on caulked the seams of his battered old boat, "they think it's a sightly place. I've many a time wished I could paint myself, when I've been out on the bay, on a moonlight, or betwixt day and dawn, when the sky was all pinky red, and the mornin' star a-shinin' like a lamp over the old lighthouse too. But I hadn't never no talent way," he added, with a sigh.

"Is it a famous artist?" Alice asked, wistfully.

Old David shook his head.

"There you have me, ag'in," said he. "I dunno much about them things. His name is Esterfield, and he ain't bad-looking."

"Oh!" said Alice. "The husband of that cross invalid at the Ocean House. I pity him!" she added, with a sigh.

So she went on up the winding stone stairway to the little lantern-chamber, which she had transformed into an improvised studio.

When the lightship off Crescent Point had usurped the office of the old lighthouse, Farmer Aymer had bid in the strip of seashore and the ruinous stone building at a nominal price.

"I'll do to store salt-hay and seaweed in," said he "if it ain't good for nothing else."

But Alice, his granddaughter, had pleaded for it.

"It will make such a nice studio for me, grandfather," she said, and she had her way.

Alice Aymer loved art with a genuine love, and she put all her soul into the glowing little pictures that she sketched on the conch-shells and bits of floating spar and stones washed into perfect ovals by the restless ebb and flow of the tides.

Each of them was a little gem in its way, and as they were sold, one by one to the fine ladies and languid "vacationists" at the hotel, it gave Alice a secret pang to part with every one.

But it was her bread-winner, that delicate taste of hers in color, perspective

and line. Farmer Aymer was old and feeble, and it pleased Alice to think that she was helping the kind grandfather who had been all the parent that she had ever known.

Up to this time she had had no rival in this special line of art, and she was a little amazed when old David announced the appearance of th's new artist on the field of action.

But if he has an invalid wife to support, I can't so much blame him," she thought. "Poor fellow! Every one has trials in this world, so far as I can see!"

When she came out of the lighthouse at noon—she would like to have prosecuted, her work a little longer by this glorious mid-day glow, if it had not been for getting her grandfather's dinner, at the old farm-house, under the cliff—she saw a young man sitting on the keel of David Neill's upturned boat, and talking with this sturdy toiler of the sea.

"Here's the gentleman I was tellin' ye 'bout, Miss Alice," said David, with a simple ceremony of introduction. "Mr. Esterfield, this is our Miss Alice."

"Mr. Esterfield took off his broad-brimmed hat and bowed courteously.

"I am told that your family owns this picturesque old ruin," said he, inclining his head toward the lighthouse.

"Yes," said Alice.

"I should like to rent it for a studio," "I already occupy it as a studio," said Alice, stiffly.

"Indeed! Then," said he, "you are the young lady who paints those little conch-shells and smooth stones. They are very pretty, indeed!"

Alice bowed with conscious pride.

"I'll let you room up there would be a glorious studio!" said Mr. Esterfield, longingly. "Couldn't you give me easel-room there? I think the sight of the sea and the sound of the breakers would inspire me."

"I have no more space than I myself need to occupy," said Alice, more frigidly than before.

Was it not bad enough for this patronizing artist to come here at all, poaching (so to speak) on her manor, but he must even want to crowd her out of her solitary tower of refuge? This was certainly the height of presumption!

But as Alice tried the fish and sliced up the juicy, crimson tomatoes for her grandfather's meal, a softer sentiment stirred in her bosom.

Perhaps the young man was poor and friendless, struggling to make his way in the world; and that invalid wife of his, who could not stir without crutches, and who was universally reported to be so very uncertain in temper—was not that trial enough for anybody?

Alice was sorry that she had spoken so sharply.

When she came back across the glistening sands, where the low tide had left its deposit of feathery seaweed and delicately-tinged shells, Mr. Esterfield sat sketching by the old boat.

"I have changed my mind," said Alice, walking up to him. "There is space for your easel, as well as mine, in the lantern room."

"May we share the studio together?" said the young man, joyfully. "Thanks, a thousand times! and I will try to take up as little room as possible."

So there were two artists now in the round room of the lighthouse.

Grandfather Aymer came there sometimes to read his paper and chat. Old David "posed" more than once, after Mr. Esterfield had made him comprehend that he was to come in his fisherman's suit instead of his Sunday clothes, with a stiff collar and a hat that came down over the bridge of his nose.

Alice grew to like her fellow-artist, and she treated him with a soft, gracious dignity that became her well.

"Everybody seems to admire your pictures so much!" said she, with a sigh.

"I wish I could paint as you do."

"It's all in practice," said Mr. Esterfield, intent on bringing out the scarlet touches in a cluster of autumn leaves in his foreground.

"How nice it would be," said Alice, "if Mrs. Esterfield could come here and look at you work."

"Don't mention such a thing, pray," said the artist, laughing. "I've the greatest respect for her, of course, and consideration, and all that sort of thing; but between ourselves, Miss Alice, we're a great deal more peaceful here without her than with her. She can't help scolding and fretting and finding fault," he added, apologetically, as Alice looked reproachfully at him. "It's her nature, I suppose."

"Poor fellow!" thought Alice. "But he ought not to speak so of his wife."

She began to wonder what sort of a person Mrs. Esterfield was as to looks. Was she pretty? Was she young?

Yet Alice was too proud to ask questions of anybody, and she was delighted when there came an order for a painted conch-shell from a Cuban lady at the hotel, who desired it for a souvenir.

"I will take it there myself," she thought, "and I shall see Mr. Esterfield's wife. And then—then I think I had better accept Cousin Esteban's offer to go to Nebraska City, to teach her little girls."

For Alice had just begun to be conscious that she was becoming too much interested in Gordon Esterfield. He was so young, so handsome, so enthusiastic in his art—and even the fact of that great trial of his existence, the crippled wife, lent an additional glamour to his surroundings.

The Cuban lady was charmed with the painted conch-shell.

"I shall show it to La Donna Esterfield," she said. "Come with me, signora. La Donna is a critic—she knows all of art."

And Alice timidly followed the fat Cuban lady into a shaded room, where, wrapped in shawls, a pallid, middle-aged personage lay on a sofa.

"It's pretty well," she said, discontentedly, surveying the shell. "It's crude—all these things are crude. What can

a young girl know of true art feeling? Nobody understands—not even Gordon. Where's the young woman? Let her come in. Let her come around by the window, where I can see her."

The tables were turned. Alice had come to see Mrs. Esterfield, and Mrs. Esterfield was determined to see her. Blushing deeply, she obeyed. The yellow-faced little lady took a long stare at her.

"Well," said she, "you are pretty. He said so, but I didn't believe him. Sit down. Let me talk to you."

"No, thanks," cried Alice, feeling as if all her veins were filled with fire. "I—I want to go back home now; grandfather would be wanting me."

And she made her exit with more vehemence than ceremony.

"Country-bred!" said Mrs. Esterfield, lifting her tow-colored eyebrows. "That is plain enough! But pretty!"

"How I pity him! Oh, how sorry I feel for him!" Alice kept repeating to herself, as she hurried home.

Perhaps, also, she pitied herself a little, for the tears kept trickling down her cheeks like the soft, slow drops of summer rain.

"Alice! Why, what is the matter?" It was Gordon Esterfield's voice. He was close behind her, in the narrow lane, where the blackberry-vines were turning scarlet, and the path was carpeted with yellow leaves.

She tried desperately to recover herself.

"The matter? Nothing! Why should anything be the matter?" retorted she.

"You are crying."

"I am not crying! Why should I be crying?"

"Alice, will you not tell me? Dear Alice, I love you! I was coming this very day to ask you to be my wife," he pleaded.

She turned on him with crimsoned cheeks and flashing eyes.

"How dare you thus insult me?" she exclaimed. "Go to your poor, deluded wife!"

"Alice!" he cried; "what on earth are you talking about? I haven't got any wife. I never had a wife. And I never shall have, unless you will say 'yes' to me."

"But Mrs. Esterfield, in the hotel!"

"She's my aunt," he explained. "You don't mean to say that you thought she was—my wife?"

The comic dismay of his tone, the revulsion of feeling in Alice Aymer's own heart were too much for her. She burst out laughing, then she began to cry. And by the time that Mr. Esterfield had succeeded in comforting her, they were engaged.

"But—but," faltered Alice, "I thought you were a poor artist! I felt so sorry for you!"

"Pity is akin to love," Mr. Esterfield responded. "I am an artist, but I am not poor. Especially since you, my love, have given me the treasure of your heart."

"Yes; but everything has ended so differently from what I thought it would," cried Alice.

"Hasn't it ended exactly right?"

"Yes, but—"

There was never any end to this sentence. Mr. Esterfield stopped it with a kiss.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

The New York Stock Exchange.

New York has no more entertaining public exhibition than its Stock Exchange. It is one of the show places of the city. Thither goes the citizen for amusement and thither he takes his country acquaintance. The latter is at first uncertain whether he has been brought to a madhouse or to Pandemonium. The idea that the market value of our leading securities should be determined by what appears to him to be a howling mob of incurable lunatics is incomprehensible. He can make neither head nor tail of it. He looks down from a lofty gallery upon a large uncarpeted and unfinished floor filled with walking figures, the most of whom appear very angry and very unmanly.

What exhibitions they do make of themselves to be sure! Two well-dressed men suddenly rush at each other. shake their fingers in one another's faces and shout. When apparently on the point of clinching or striking they stop, produce bits of paper, and notes are made—evidently an appointment for a settlement elsewhere. Again, without any visible provocation, a number of figures cluster about a given point, gesticulating, scrambling and pushing for all the world like a flock of hens when a handful of grain is dropped among them. A moment more and the circle is broken, its members joining new combinations. When a score or two of these scrambles are going on at the same time the effect upon the unaccustomed spectator may be imagined.

To the initiated there is nothing mysterious or unintelligible in all this clamor. The participants are simply buying and selling stocks. The two demonstrative individuals have discussed and closed a bargain. Instead of an appointment for a meeting, with pistols for two, their memoranda contain nothing more than the terms of their agreement. The volcanic cluster was formed about some one who wanted to purchase or to sell a block of a certain stock, and whose announcement of that fact brought about him a crowd of eager dealers with offers or bids, as the case might be.

When a sale is made the particulars are at once secured by telegraph agents, who flash the transaction all over the country, and the price of one stock is fixed for the time for an entire nation. In that apparently rough-and-tumble way transaction aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars a day are effected.

The Exchange is simply a big bazaar for the sale of bonds and stocks.—*New York Herald.*

If there is any one who should be "trapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.

BLOWN UP IN A MONITOR.

AN INCIDENT OF FARRAGUT'S ATTACK ON MOBILE BAY.

One of the *Tecumseh's* Crew Describes the Onset of the Federal Fleet—A Destructive Torpedo.

Carrington Smith writes as follows in the *Detroit Free Press*: "I was transferred to the monitor *Tecumseh* about ten days previous to the fight in Mobile Bay, and reached the station with her only the day before the fight came off. Farragut had only been waiting for our arrival to begin the attack, and from noon on the 4th of August until daylight of the 5th was a busy time with us. Every portion of the *Tecumseh's* machinery was overhauled, her plating examined, ammunition replenished, and the sick were landed and new men drafted to replace them. I had opportunity before we took our place in line to look over the prospective battleground and make a private calculation on our chances. Mobile Bay had long been the bugaboo of the Federal navy. The strengthening of its defenses, with the probable number of torpedoes scattered about, had been passed from man to man until even the coal-heavers had come to consider that point invulnerable.

Fort Morgan, which must be passed at close range, was a very strong fort, mounting about fifty guns, while Fort Gaines, a smaller work, mounted over twenty. A line of piling had been driven across the bay between the two works, and the channels were filled with torpedoes, rafts, booms and tangles of rope. In addition to the forts there were one Confederate ram and three or four gunboats lying above the works in a position to rake any vessel which might succeed in passing up. The forts mounted guns throwing projectiles weighing from twenty-four to 170 pounds, and the ram was iron-plated and had powerful Brooke rifles and Columbiads. How the crews of the other ships felt about it I cannot say, but I know that on board the *Tecumseh* we talked the matter over that night in whispers among ourselves, and it was agreed that at least half the fleet would be knocked to smithereens. Next morning, when we found that the four monitors were to pass in line inside of the rest of the fleet and come to a standstill opposite Fort Morgan while the wooden vessels steamed past, we felt that we should be sunk inside of ten minutes. While this feeling was strong upon us our enthusiasm for a fight was not dampened in the least. I never saw men more ready to go into battle, nor more determined to give the enemy the best they had.

We moved about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the men having been piped to early breakfast and the monitor put in the best possible condition. The twelve or fourteen wooden ships were lashed in couples and took the outside track, while the *Tecumseh* went ahead at the signal and led the monitors into the bay. It was a sight long to be remembered. The Confederates were ready for us, as all knew, and the flags over the forts streamed away in the light morning breeze, which scarcely rippled the surface of the water. On board of our craft the only sound breaking the deep stillness as we moved up was the throbbing of the machinery. Every man was in his place, and every voice was silent. We fired the first gun of the whole fleet, and from that moment every man felt free to shout and cheer and give vent to his enthusiasm. The first shot which struck us was one from the Confederate fleet. It was a raking shot and glanced off, but the shock was sharp enough to be felt all over the ship, and so startled those near the spot where the shot struck. After that, although hit repeatedly, we did not notice the shocks. This was owing to the fact that every man was busy, and to the horrible din of our guns. Every time one was discharged the monitors would heel to port in a way to almost upset us, while the ears did not lose the shock of one discharge before another came. We were moving at slow speed, and discharging our guns as fast as possible, when we suddenly felt our craft lifted out of the water. At the same instant there was a terrible ripping and rending of iron and wood, and when we came down it was to disappear beneath the water like a stone. I have no recollection of being hurled or thrown, or of making any effort of my own to escape. The next thing I knew I was struggling in the water with others, with the beach so close at hand that I could see the Confederate gunners at their guns and hear every command given.

They were firing over our heads, and the fleet was returning the fire, while now and then shrapnel or grape shot splattered in the water around us. I saw some of our men striking out for shore, but being a good swimmer, and seeing that the chances for reaching one of the ships was equal, I struck out in the opposite direction and was presently picked up by a boat. Ten or twelve of our crew were rescued by the same boat, and we had scarcely been pulled in when a gun on the fort was trained on us and kept up its fire for about twenty minutes. Its shots dashed water over us repeatedly, and two of the cars were splintered, but we got out of range without having a man hit.

When the *Tecumseh* was raised it was found that a torpedo, which must have been charged with several hundred pounds of powder, had blown a large hole in her bottom and opened almost every seam in the craft.

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.—*Hawthorne.*

Rudolph Falb, European forewarer of seismic disturbance, who has scored one success, predicts there will be a great flood on the earth in the year A. D. 6400.

SHADOWS AND MIST.

I watched the shadows of the night
Crush out the day on left and right
Till with the birds' last lingering croon
The shadows deepened, and the moon
Rose sad and white.

Rose sad and white, the moon, and pale
About its head a misty veil;
Or was it like a sainted soul,
Blessed with a heavenly aureole
Pure, radiant, frail!

Pure, radiant, frail the mist appears
"Tis rain," I thought. In after years
I found that in our lifetime's light
An aureole's faint, heavenly light
Betwixt tears.

—*Julie M. Lippmann, in Independent.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Moves in the best society—A fan.
The conductor is a ladies' man. He's always after the fare.—*Boston Budget.*

No longer doth the unripe apple
With the small boys inwards grapple.
—*Boston Courier.*

A tourist without money is a tramp.
A tramp who has money is a tourist.—*Siftings.*

A debt of gratitude is too often compromised at about 10 cents on the dollar.
—*Kansas City Squib.*

The next Congress will be Lth Congress. Let us hope it will also be an Lth Congress.—*Lowell Courier.*

"What is the matter with you, Johnson, you bark so?" "Oh, nothing, only I slept out under a tree last night."
—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

An agricultural exchange thinks that the old-fashioned plow is soon destined to become a thing of the past. We have often thought it was being run into the ground.—*Burlington Free Press.*

An out of town paper tells its readers how to preserve fruit. Many nongangled ideas are set forth, but none better than the ancient custom of leaving the bull-dog unchained.—*Graphic.*

A wine merchant who had made a fortune and retired once remarked: "They accuse me of having a thirst for gold. On the contrary, I have the gold of thirst!"
—*French Fun, in Tid-Bits.*

DISCRETION.
Said Tom, when kicked
And valer seemed to lack,
"A man can't help
What's done behind his back."
—*Judge.*

Of eighty girls landed at Cast's Garden recently fifty-two were red-haired. As they all went West, scientists will, no doubt, soon begin to see and diagnose red sunsets again.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It is the general belief that the poet is always soaring in the clouds; this is fallacy. There is not much soar to him when the landlord comes in by the back way with the monthly rent bill.—*Boston Courier.*

"How can a worthy young man get a start in life?" This oft-repeated question wears us. We are able to think of nothing at present that gets away with the old-fashioned bent pin.—*Burlington Free Press.*

When a man suddenly takes to wearing a plug hat and has an insane fondness for shaking hands with people upon the street, he ought to be carefully watched. He is developing symptoms of political ambition and is after some office.—*Fall River Herald.*

Family Love.

"There is but one pure, good idea which is common to all men and animals," says Poyntz, and that is—the family."

One of the wisest and most prominent of living American statesmen once said: "Whatever power I have of influencing other men, or of controlling myself, I learned at home, among my brothers and sisters. We were a large family, with differing tastes and characters. The restraint, the forbearance, the tact necessary for a peaceful life with each other, fitted us for friction with the world outside."

Boys and girls are apt to look upon the family relation as a matter of course, as inevitable and fixed as the rising of the sun or moon, without recognizing its effect upon themselves. How necessary and permanent this effect is was shown in England lately by an experiment which was made by some well-meaning reformers. A large number of children were removed from wretched homes, and brought up in industrial schools under a scientific and moral regimen.

When the girls were old enough, they were put out to service, but in every instance complaints were made of their cruelty to children, of their ingratitude, and of the impossibility of winning their affection. "The human nature in them is utterly dwarfed," wrote one observer. "They are only morose, ill-natured machines." Better that a child should be reared in a bad family than in no family at all.

Brothers and sisters often find it impossible to feel a deep, true affection and admiration for each other. There may be a wide discrepancy in character, tastes, and habits of thought between them. After all, the dove does not ally itself with the crow. But there is a genuine loyalty which can take the place of spontaneous sympathy. Beside this there is no mortar to bind different parts of a household together like kindness and unvarying courtesy in trifles.

"I knew his mind was affected, for he spoke roughly to me," said Castlereagh's valet. How many sisters could trust testify of their brothers?—*Youth's Companion.*

The Salvation Army, at its recent international congress in London, claimed to have 1,550 army corps, and 3,603 officers; and to have held 28,200 weekly and 1,466,400 daily services, and to print its newspaper in nineteen different languages.