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In the Interests of the Colored People
of the Country.

Able 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.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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Last year 100,000 persons signed the pledge in Pennsylvania and Ohio at meetings conducted by Francis Murphy and his son.

Curious Facts of Dentistry.

There is said to be a remarkable change in the condition of their teeth among the negroes at the South since the abolition of slavery. This is attributed largely to changes in food, whereby more fine wheat flour and more sweets are eaten than were eaten formerly. In addition to the injurious effects upon one's teeth from improper food, the *Popular Science News* adds: "Another important cause of dental decay is the undue demand upon nervous energy, probably often combined with insufficient or improper ailment. Recent observations have shown that carious teeth are common in modern schools in proportion to the educational standard adopted, and that the children in the higher grades have (out of all proportion to their more advanced age) worse teeth than those below them; while caries have not infrequently been observed to begin suddenly, or to extend rapidly, during the period of examination strain."

One of the famous women's rights women of the West is the Rev. Miss Amie Shaw, and good stories are told of her pluck and smartness. Once when she was riding through the lumber region of Michigan the driver began to talk insultingly. Miss Shaw stood it for half an hour, and then suddenly drew a derringer from the folds of her garments, and said very quietly: "You low, contemptible brute; utter another word of that sort, and I'll shoot you like a dog." The threat was sufficient. The man did not utter a syllable the rest of the trip. He helped to get a large congregation for her at the settlement, "because," he said, "he liked her grit." Once at a public meeting a speaker who had been discoursing on the traits of strong-minded women, among others that of wearing short hair, suddenly turned to Miss Shaw and asked: "By the way, did you acquire that habit, Miss Shaw?" "Sir, I was born so," was the answer.

In spite of the dull times for business during the last three years the mileage of new railways laid during 1886 will surpass that of any previous year in the country's history save 1881 and 1882. The *Railway Age*, which has kept the record of advancement in this kind of enterprise, predicted in July last that the total new railway mileage of 1886 would not fall short of 6,000 miles, and in its last issue it says: "Tracking has been in progress this year in thirty-nine of the forty-seven States and Territories on 216 lines, and no less than 5,439 miles of new main track, not counting sidings and additional tracks, have been added to the railway system of the United States since January 1. Remembering that the total new mileage of 1885 was only 3,131 miles, and that of 1884 only 2,825 miles, the record for the first ten months of the present year will be seen to indicate an astonishing increase of activity. A large additional mileage will be ready for the track before the end of the year. We are now certain that the new railway mileage of 1886 will prove to be not less than 7,000 miles, while if the weather continues favorable it may considerably exceed that figure." The activity thus far has been confined chiefly to the Northwestern and Missouri River States, but the railway enterprises which are projected now in the South make the outlook for 1887 exceptionally bright.

A LIFE.

Down in the golden meadow,
Golden with buttercups spread,
She stands with the sunset glory
Full on her golden head,
She is the one fair maiden
In all of this world for me,
She whom through life I'll cherish,
With love and true constancy.

WINTER.

Softly the light of the sunset
Falls on her snow-white hair,
Years upon years we have wandered,
Hand-clasped through this world's
care.
The sunset of life is upon us,
But back through the dim mist of
years
I look with a prayer of thanksgiving,
To the vows kept in sunshine—or
tears.
—D. J. Coughlan, in the *Current*.

IN A TRANCE.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

The first sound that I can remember hearing was the slam of a door; I presume it roused me from my stupor, or whatever my previous state might have been; then I heard my brother-in-law say:

"Shut those windows, please; there's draught enough to kill a dozen well people! And, Kitty, have one of the servants bring that little air-tight stove down from the trunk-room, and then see that there is a gentle fire kept up here at least until midday to-morrow. I will be back in a few moments."

I had been trying to open my lips to say something, to ask why I was lying in my bed at this hour of the day, or to request my sister Kitty to put another blanket on the bed; but I could not utter a word. While I was wondering what ailed me and why I felt so queer, one of the servants, who had entered with the little stove, said to her companion:

"Sure an' the mather's that quare! Niver before did I hear of anny one wantin' to kape a dead man warm; begorra, some o' them gets warm enough where they've gone, but not the likes o' Mather Fred."

Why has Norah such a sound of tears in her voice?

"An' why, I wonder, didn't some o' them miserable spalpeens round in the back street git runned over an' kilt, instead o' him?" Norah continued. "It will about kill his sister."

A cold chill came over me; who were they talking about? Sure no one could believe that I was dead? A score of weird tales which I had read came rushing through my mind—how people had been buried alive; how dear ones had permitted husband, brother, father, even mother or child, to be neglected as past hope; and how, after infinite suffering, the supposed corpse had struggled free from the coffin and winding-sheet and come home again; and I thought, too, of the many who had never been able to free themselves, and I would have shuddered if I could have moved a muscle or even an eyelash; but I was as immovable as any corpse.

In what seemed a century I again heard my sister's voice. Considering that her only brother was supposed to be dead before her very eyes, I thought she seemed very blithe.

"Oh, Otto," she said to her husband, "then you do not think Fred is really dead?"

"No more dead than I am, my dear; he has evidently received a severe blow upon his head which rendered him senseless and has thrown him into a sort of trance or cataleptic state. I have just been to see Dr. Burke, and he says it is very probable. Anyway, Kitty, I insist that the room be kept warm, quiet and comfortable; if alive, he is weak, and this place, when I came into it, was cold enough to have frozen any invalid; and then, on the other hand, if he is not alive, it will do no harm to have the temperature a little high, for any sign of decay will settle his condition beyond a doubt—and until I am quite positive he is dead I will give him the benefit of the doubt."

I had always liked and respected my grave brother-in-law; now I loved him. How I blessed him for his words! That he would stick to them I had no doubt, for he was a mule for obstinacy—no, no, never again would I call him obstinate, out firm!

Certainly was weak, for I either dozed now or had a faint turn, for the next thing I knew the room was warm, a soft scarlet shawl was spread over my feet, as I could see through my half-closed eyes, the curtains were drawn down, and the house was delightfully still. My sister seemed to have been persuading her husband into a grudging consent to something, for he was saying:

"Well, have your own way, Kitty; I can't pretend to fathom the minds of you women, and you may be right; I do not like the girl myself, and I think our Fred is thrown away on her. But then, you see, there never was but one woman in the world to me."

"You are the best man in the universe, Otto! I do hope you are right, and that dear Fred can hear what we say," answered my sister, kissing me tenderly.

"If he can," answered Otto, laying his firm, cool hand on my forehead, "he knows that he is to be cared for, and that no harm shall come to him if Otto Kramer can defend him."

Alas! my tear-ducts too were paralyzed, and the tears which I felt rise in them could go no further.

Kitty now spread a large white quilt over me, letting it hang straight and smooth, and then she and Otto left the room. I had faith in them, and again I allowed myself to lapse into a state of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by a voice which I knew right well—the voice of Feroline Palmer, my betrothed; she was saying, calmly:

"I will be glad, Mrs. Kramer, if you will leave me quite alone with—with Fred for a few moments; give me just five minutes! I know you have never liked me, but surely you will not refuse the last request I will ever make of you."

What could she mean? Could Kitty have been so heartless as not to tell her that Otto knew that I was still alive? Kitty and she were not good friends, for my sister showed plainly that she did not think Lina (whom she always spoke of by her full name, Feroline) half good enough for me; but I was of a different opinion. In my eyes Lina was not cold, but only full of pure madly reticence; that she was at all mercenary was, to me, disproved by the fact that Harold Carter, the matrimonial prize of our town, had not been able to win her from me, though everybody could see that he was head-over-heels in love with her.

"Very well," answered my sister, in the tone of a woman convinced against her will, "I will leave you now, and return in five minutes."

As Kitty shut the door behind her, I felt a glow of pleasurable anticipation come over me; I said to myself that surely the warm kiss which Lina would give her dead lover would break this strange thrall that held me as in a vise, and that I would seem to come back to the life I had never left. Fancy my surprise, then, to find that when she drew near my bed it was not to give me any kiss, but to gaze calmly upon me and say, in a quite audibly whisper:

"Free at last! Now, if I can only get those idiotic letters of mine, I can easily convince Harold and the world that I never, even at first, returned any of the wild fancy Fred bothered me with. I would have, had I never seen Harold, I could have ever brought myself to care two straws for Fred Montieth! But time passes."

So saying, she drew from her pocket a little key which I at once recognized. In the earlier days of my courtship, when Lina was as yet not quite won, I had had two eaken boxes made and fitted with very peculiar locks; one of these I had given to Lina for her to keep her treasures (my letters, a lock of my hair, etc.), in, and had used the other myself for a similar purpose, as well she knew. She only could unlock my box, for no other key but my own would have any effect on it. She quickly went to my table where the box was placed, and opening it, she hastily snatched from it the thick packet of her own letters, a bow of blue ribbon, an old glove, and one or two pictures, and thrust them in her pocket. Then she came to me, and taking my hand in hers, drew from it a ring she had once given me, and in its place put the one like it which I had given her; the only difference in the two was in the inscriptions within them.

I was so astonished, so curious, that I forgot my disappointment in regard to the kiss, but listened with eagerness to what she should say now that Kitty came back to the room.

"I suppose you have wondered, Mrs. Kramer, to see me so calm about your brother's death; but the truth is that very came to the conclusion, only this very morning, that we were unsuited to one another—you knew that he was coming away from my house when he was run over, did you not? Yes, I thought so. Well, he had just returned my letters to me, and in his presence I had burned his to me. He had been pleased for some time to be jealous of the attentions Mrs. Carter paid me, and I had at last owned that if I were free I should accept Mrs. Carter. Of course, under these circumstances you cannot expect me to bewail Fred's death nor wear mourning for him; indeed, I don't see why I need go to his funeral. I believe I'll go and visit my cousins in Albany until it is all over. I speak thus plainly to you because I know there has never been any love lost between us two."

Now, there was not one word of truth in what Lina had said! And you may imagine how her story surprised me. What with being considered dead when I was keenly alive to all that was going on around me, and with hearing such a remarkable tale, I had no chance to be broken-hearted over the defection of my lady-love.

So I had been run over! Well, it was something to have learned that much. I had a faint memory of starting to cross a street, and then of a shout, a rush, a blow—and then nothing until I heard my brother-in-law utter the words already quoted.

But my surprises were not at an end. The statement thus calmly given by Lina was scarcely out of her mouth when my door was again opened and Theresa Ainsleigh entered. My sister welcomed her cordially; she and Kitty were very intimate, and she was as much at home in our house as any one of us were. The greetings exchanged between her and Lina were, however, of an icy character. While Kitty and Lina were saying a few parting nothings, Theresa drew near my bed, and I saw, to my surprise, that her eyes were full of tears, which would not be stayed, but welled up until they dropped upon my unresponsive hand; yet Lina had not showed a trace of feeling! I had a queer sensation, as if I were assisting at some spectacle, and were an invisible auditor at that.

As the door closed behind Lina, Theresa threw herself on her knees and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Fred, why were you taken? My darling, my darling!"

Here was a revelation! Theresa loved me! So it was for my sake she had refused more than one capital offer, and I had simply set her down as cold and old-maidish! She was a dear little thing, anyway.

Kitty has since said that she, too, was so astonished, she did not know what to say first; suddenly she remembered that perhaps I could hear all that was going on, and, if so, maybe I would at last appreciate Theresa as she deserved, so she would not, just now, deceive her. Then again, if she told Theresa that it

was not a cadaver to whom she was telling her love, the poor girl would be too much mortified to ever look us in the face; by-and-by, if Otto was correct in his opinion about my condition, it would be easy to tell her that I had been restored, but not to let her know that I had never been given up by my own family.

Theresa confirmed Kitty in this intention by rising and pressing a long, warm kiss on my stony lips, and then hastening to the room.

In the intervals of consciousness which came to me I had leisure to meditate upon the two girls. I blamed myself for being hard-hearted because I could not feel the sorrow at Lina's loss which it seemed to me that I ought to experience; and Theresa's bright eyes and sweet mouth would rise before my mental vision in a most unaccustomed way. I really felt quite grateful to Kitty for what I was sure was a little artifice on her part to convince me how little Lina had actually cared for me, although her scheme had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.

A few hours convinced all my physicians that the Angel of Death had not yet been set for me, and, though I was ill for several weeks, I was at last restored to my usual health. In the days of my convalescence Theresa frequently came to read or sing to me, and my eyes now being open to her virtues, I found myself getting seriously in love with her.

One day I surprised her by saying:

"By-the-way, Theresa, when is my old sweetheart, Feroline Palmer, going to be married?"

"Why, hasn't Kitty told you? Her engagement to Harold Carter was broken off in less than a fortnight; it turned out he was already married, though separated from his wife, and her father made such a talk about it that Harold disappeared."

And left Lina in the lurch, eh? Well, she got her pay for jilting me much sooner than I fancied she would. Why do you look so surprised? Did you believe the story she told Kitty? There was not a word of truth in it."

"But you had your own ring on, and the box where you kept her letters was unlocked and empty, Kitty said; she looked into things to see if she was misjudging Feroline in disbelieving what she had said."

"Oh, Lina was cute; she took her letters and changed the rings when she was left alone with her so-called dead lover," I replied, incautiously.

"Oh, Fred, you must not be so unjust, so bitter! Probably that blow on your head made you forget what had happened that morning; she is free now," and Theresa gave a faint sigh, and I saw the corners of her mouth droop.

"Yes, she's free, and likely to remain so; she can't play her game for ever. She is a cold-hearted, mercenary flirt!"

Theresa thought my words were induced by wounded pride, so she tried to console me.

"Feroline has been to inquire for you ever so many times, and I told Kitty that I thought she ought to bring her up to see you."

"No, no!" thought I; "Kitty knows better; she knows by my silence about her that I have lost my interest in her."

These were my thoughts, but as I said not a word, Theresa continued:

"She sent you those lovely roses which you have been admiring."

"Did she?" I exclaimed, eagerly. "Please hand them to me."

Theresa did so, fully expecting to see me press them to my lips, and not at all anticipating that I would take and fling them into the bright fire which glowed in the grate before me.

"Why, Fred!" she cried, in amazement.

"There goes her gift, and there goes my fancy for her, if there was any of it left, that is. That blow on my thick skull, Theresa, convinced my dull intellect that I had been mistaking pinchbeck for gold. What a fool I was to have looked at Lina when you were still unmarried, and therefore free to be loved!"

"Fred!" gasped Theresa; but I checked her flow of words by the usual means that lovers employ.

When Kitty came into the room a little later to see about my luncheon, the arch-hypocrite pretended to be immensely surprised to see the close embrace in which she found the two of us; but a glance which we exchanged over Theresa's unconscious head told me that she was satisfied now that I had heard all that was going on in the hours when I was left for dead.

But she kept my secret, and it was not until Theresa and I had been married two years that the secret was ever revealed. Kitty, at that time, also told Lina what her share in the matter had been, and the two women have not spoken since.—*Frank Leslie's*.

The Antarctic Continent.

That mysterious, unknown land, the Antarctic Continent, has hitherto attracted few explorers. While expeditions have penetrated the arctic regions every year, in the hope of finding a northwest passage, or of gaining valuable material for science, the other end of the globe has remained almost unvisited. Almost nothing has been done there since forty-five years ago, when Sir John Ross discovered the huge volcano, Mt. Erebus, flaming amid the everlasting snow and ice.

Expeditions toward the north pole are not exactly pleasure excursions; but the south pole presents still more terrible difficulties. To reach it, the traveler must leave his ship, and traverse maybe a thousand miles of land covered with almost impassable masses of ice.

This arduous task will be attempted next year by an expedition dispatched by the government of Victoria, Australia, who are to sail southward from Melbourne, and push on to reach the pole, if they can manage it.—*Golden Argosy*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In a lecture at the Royal Institute, London, Professor Oliver Lodge has endeavored to show that electricity might be employed to clear the upper atmosphere of great cities of the overhanging clouds of dust and smoke.

An Australian has invented an electrical machine gun which he claims is capable of firing 120 rounds "every few seconds" from any position and in any direction. Experienced officers have recommended the apparatus.

Dr. de la Rue has concluded that the height of the most brilliant display of the aurora borealis is thirty-eight miles; that a faint glow may possibly be produced as high as eighty-two miles, but that at a height of one hundred and twenty-four miles no aurora discharge is possible.

It was reported recently, in the Royal Society of Tasmania, that a Mr. Vimpany had captured a black snake four feet three inches long, in which one hundred and nine young ones were found. The greatest number said to have been before taken from a single snake was seventy.

It is stated by the London *Engineering* that a dirigible balloon of colossal dimensions has been for some time in course of construction in Berlin. It is 500 feet in length, fifty feet in diameter, and weighs 43,000 pounds. The propelling power consists of two steam-engines of fifty-horse-power each.

Mr. W. H. Preece described in the British Association how he had extracted a piece of needle from his daughter's hand by the aid of a suspended magnetized needle. The needle was strongly deflected, and invariably, when the hand was moved about, pointed to one position, which was marked with a spot of ink. The needle was afterward extracted by cutting at this spot.

It has been supposed that a number of the substances existing in the cochineal insect are produced during the preparation for commerce. Liebermann shows, however, that the peculiar waxy substance, which he calls coccerine, is contained in the animal when alive. Empty cocoons were found to contain some three-fourths of their weight of coccerine, and the leaves of the cactus, on which the animals feed, were covered with what appeared to be white mold, but which on investigation proved to be coccerine which had been exuded by the insects.

The various kinds of ingenious contrivances which have been brought forward from time to time for the prompt detection of fire damp in mines, are well known, but most of them have been of a somewhat complicated nature, and on this account failing of their purpose. The latest of these brought to notice, however, is described as so simple in principle and construction as to excite wonder at its not having been thought of before. A child's India-rubber ball with a hole in it is squeezed flat in the hand and held in the place suspected of fire damp while released, and allowed to suck in the sample of the air; the ball is now directed toward a safety lamp and again squeezed, when the telltale blue flame will show if it contains any inflammable vapor.

Accidents to Sleep Walkers.

It seems strange, on the first blush of the matter, that so very few accidents befall sleep walkers. The proportion of instances in which any injury is sustained by the subjects of this remarkable state of semi-sleep is very small. The explanation of the immunity is doubtless to be found in the fact that it is a state of semi-sleep in which the sleepwalker makes his excursion. He is sleeping only so far as part of his cerebrum is concerned. The rest of his brain is awake, and, therefore, it is really not a strange feat to walk carefully and escape injury, doing all the necessary acts of avoidance while carrying out some dream purpose, just as a walking purpose is fulfilled. The hypothesis obviously requires a very full explanation of such an accident as that by which a sleepwalker recently came by her death, namely, falling out of an open window. It is not likely to have been part of the dream to get out of a window. There must have been some error in the carrying out of the process; such, for example, as turning to the right instead of to the left on leaving a room, and thus walking through a low window instead of through a doorway. As a rule, the senses are sufficiently on the alert to enable the sleepwalker to take all precautions for safety and when he becomes face to face with a difficulty involving more than automatic or sub-conscious self-control, he wakes. We should like to know more of the case, which has just ended fatally, from some competent medical observer who has studied the development of this interesting disorder in this particular instance. Surely a practitioner was consulted. No case of sleep walking should ever be left without medical scrutiny and counsel. In sleep walking there is the making of madness, and in its inception this disorderly sleeplessness ought to be stayed.—*Lancet*.

Clay's Neat Compliment.

During Mr. Clay's service in Congress he paid a visit to an enthusiastic friend, a physician in Virginia, who was anxious for a neighbor, a farmer, to become acquainted with the great statesman. The physician introduced them thus: "Mr. Clay, permit me to introduce you to Mr. —, the best farmer in Virginia. Mr. —, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Clay, the greatest lawyer in the United States." Mr. Clay, advancing, took the hand of the farmer and said: "Permit me to say, sir, we are introduced by the greatest doctor in all the world." The three gentlemen were then ready for delightful social intercourse.—*Independent*.

MY JEWELS.

From the teeming strand of memory's sea,
With its sparkling waves of golden mist,
And its priceless wealth of smiles and tears,
And visions of love all pleasure kissed,
A precious waiflet drifts to me.

'Tis only a faded rose, once kissed
By a sweet June morning's crystal tears;
But its fragrant heart enfolds for me
The passionate dream of life's best years,
Evaushed in the golden mist.

And those perfect hours and wondrous years
Are jewels lost in a restless sea—
By sparkling wavelets carelessly kissed,
Then tenderly wafted back to me,
All dripping with crystalline tears.
—*Laura C. Arnold, in Life*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A favorite winter resort—before the fire.
A hard thing to sharpen—the water's edge.
A sole stirring subject—a nail in your shoe.

Japan boasts of a singing fish. It has musical scales, we suppose.—*Siftings*.

Bluebeard's trade evidently was that of a belle-hanger.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

Money is yet quite hard to collect, and even coffee frequently refuses to settle.—*Lovell Citizen*.

The grocer never sings "My way is dark and lonely." His weigh is usually light.—*St. Paul Herald*.

The royal family always wears its trousers turned up at the bottom, because it is reigning in England.—*Life*.

It is very mortifying for a young man to ask for a girl's hand and receive her father's foot.—*Lovell Citizen*.

Kate Field asks: "How many women marry a good man?" One at a time, Kate, except in Utah.—*New Haven News*.

The difference between a porous plaster and a lottery ticket is that the plaster draws something.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Another peaceful Indian has been discovered in Montana. He has been petrified for over 1,000 years.—*New York Graphic*.

An advertiser wants "a strong boy for bottling." It occurs to us that it would be easier to bottle a weak boy.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A clock should please both capital and labor. It works twenty-four hours a day and goes on a strike every hour.—*Lovell Citizen*.

Why is a reddish horse like a horse-radiash? Because we can't test the speed of one, nor the virtue of the other, without putting a bit in the mouth.

A fuss a husband will create
If dinner's cold 'cause he's too late;
But he'll get just as mad and surly
If he should come an hour too early.
—*Tid-Bits*.

A fashion note says that cloaks to be worn this winter will be short. That's what's well with many of the wearers as well.—*Boston Post*.

The single man doth now appear
With overcoat upon his back,
The married man looks sad and drear,
While his wife gets into her sensless sacque.
—*Merchant-Traveler*.

Paper shoes are now manufactured in Paris, and are quite fashionable. Just imagine a dainty slipper made up of spring poetry and old love letters.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Beets and carrots have grown to such a size in Brule county this year that farmers are compelled to use stump pullers to pull them from the ground.—*Chamberlain (D. T.) Democrat*.

The duty of ten per cent, recently established by the United States government on Spanish imports, will not affect the price of pure Havana cigars, so many of them being made in this country, anyhow.—*Siftings*.

Costing \$500,000 to Humor a Child.

Here is a good story that Lady Brassey got in Constantinople: "We went down as far as the French bridge, over which the contractor lost an immense lot of money in the following manner: The bridge was to have been finished by a particular day, but the contractor found that this would be impossible with Turkish workmen unless he worked day and night. This he obtained leave to do, and the necessary lights and torches were supplied at the Sultan's expense. All went well for a time till the unfortunate contractor was told that he must open the bridge to let a ship from the Goekyard pass through some time before the bridge was finished. He said it was impossible, as he would have to pull everything down, and it would take two or three months to replace the pile-driving machines. He went to the Minister of Marine and Finance. They said: 'If the Sultan says it must be done it must, or we shall lose our places, if not our heads.' So the ship came out at a cost of a little over £100,000, and a delay of three months in the completion of the bridge, all because the Sultan found his small son crying in the harem one day, the child's grief being that, though he had been promised to be made an Admiral, he could not see his flag hoisted on his particular ship from the nursery windows. So a large iron clad was brought out from the dock-yard and moored in front of Dolmabahatcheh to gratify his infant mind, thus causing enormous inconvenience to the whole town for months, to say nothing of the waste of money, of which the Sultan paid very little, and for the loss of which, I imagine, he cared still less."

Use of Letters

A schoolmaster wrote to a lady:
How comes it this delightful weather,
That I and I can't dine together?
She answered:
My worthy friend it cannot be,
I cannot come till after T.
—*Carl Preteck*.