THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 31 CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887. Terms $1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

THE
Charlotte Messengre
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday,
AT
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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.

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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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Address,
W. C. SMITH, Charlotte N C.

There is a sexton in West Springfield, Mass., who deserves a notice because he knows the value of ventilation and how to secure it. The other evening, when the prayer meeting room was well filled and the air became bad, he waited for a pause in the services, and then said if the congregation would all arise for a few moments he would ventilate the room. They arose, and he opened windows and doors, let bad air out and good air in, and then the congregation sat down, feeling better, and the services went on briskly.

France now has a total debt of about $7,200,000,000, or twice as large as that of the United States at the close of the war, and six times as large as our present interest bearing debt. The French debt is nearly $200 per head of her population, while that of the United States is less than $20 per head. There is an interest charge of $140,000,000 a year, besides annuities and other burdens not clearly stated, amounting to millions much more. The annual revenue wrung from the people is $650,000,000, and yet this is insufficient to meet the necessities of the government.

A well at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Than the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of some 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1841 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of 612 feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.

Minnesota is growing at a wonderful rate. The census of 1885 gave her a population of 1,117,798, which was a gain of forty-three per cent. during the five years succeeding 1880, and the assessment of real and personal estate increased from $271,159,961 in 1831 to $459,424,777—a gain of sixty nine per cent. in five years. If this ratio continues during the remainder of the decade, 1890 will show nearly twice as many people and much more than twice as much wealth as 1880. Minnesota is commonly regarded solely as an agricultural State, but she is already beginning to suffer from the evils of great cities. St. Paul and Minneapolis between them contain more than one-fifth of all the people, and wield far more than there proportional share of influence in public affairs.

The New Zealand *Herald* states that the layer of ashes which covers so many miles of that country will not, as was at first feared, choke and kill every blade of grass, but will probably act in time as a valuable fertilizing agent. Already the grass is in many places growing up through the dust; but the ash has been submitted to experiment, and is found to be really nourishing to plants grown in it. A resident chemist obtained several samples of the volcanic dust, and sowed in it grass and clover seeds, and kept them moistened with distilled water. In each case, we are told, the seedling plants have come up well and are growing vigorously; it is therefore hoped that those districts which have received only a light covering of this dreaded dust will find that the visitation will in the end prove beneficial to their crops.

AFTERWARD.

I heedlessly opened the cage
And suffered my bird to go free;
And, though I besought it with tears to return,
It nevermore came back to me.
It nests in the wildwood, and heeds not my call,
O the bird once at liberty, who can enthrall!

I hastily opened my lips,
And uttered a word of disdain
That wounded a friend, and forever estranged
A heart I would die to regain.
But the bird once at liberty, who can enthrall?
And the word that's once spoken, O who can recall!

—*Virginia B. Harrison, in Independent.*

THE CASHIER'S STORY.

BY ALFRED R. TOZER.

"I have tried time and again to reason myself out of it. I don't like the idea of going through life acknowledging that I am indebted to the supernatural for my very existence. I have never believed in the supernatural. I am not going to believe in it now if I can find any other way of accounting for my being here, instead of at the foot of a gravestone out on the hill yonder."

We had been discussing spiritualism before the open fire in Charley's room, and had drifted from arguments on the condition of the dead to the relation of incidents of a mysterious character influencing the lives of the living.

"I don't like to figure as a creature of the mysterious," Charley continued, "because it seems to commit me to a belief in all sorts of outlandish and unnatural things—to inclose me in an atmosphere altogether unearthly; but my only relief seems to lie in an utter repudiation of an occurrence too real and too productive of practical results to be repudiated, so you see I am in a good deal of a mess over it."

Now, Charley is one of the most matter-of-fact of men. At the down-town bank where he holds the position of cashier, such an admission on his part would have produced a sensation. In the familiar circle where he sat that night it only provoked curiosity. This curiosity he at once proceeded to satisfy, beginning with an abrupt question:

"Do you remember the night of the 15th of March?"

No one seemed to remember, for no one answered.

"That's singular," he said, after a moment's silence. "At the same time you all took a great interest in at least one of the occurrences of that night. I refer to the attempted bank-robbery."

Certainly; we all remembered that. We had simply failed to locate it on the date given—the night of the 15th of March.

"Well, when I left the bank that evening," Charley continued, "I was accompanied by Dick Munson, the paying-teller—a pale, nervous little fellow, with a memory for faces and signatures almost phenomenal, and an instinctive ability to detect fraud. We stopped on the bank-steps for a moment to speak to a customer, and then passed on up the street together. His rooms are about half a mile further out than mine, and when we were kept at the bank later than usual, as on that occasion, we frequently dined together at a neat little restaurant not far from my chambers. We did so that night, occupying a table alone in a small alcove from which a window looked out upon a side street.

"We were well through the meal, when Dick called my attention to the figure of a man standing on the outer edge of the walk, and facing across the sidestreet.

"'Do you remember having seen that person before this evening?' he asked.

"I glanced up carelessly, and replied that, to the best of my recollection, I then saw the man for the first time.

"'Then,' he added, nervously, 'note some peculiarity in dress or attitude, so you will know if you see him again. Wait; the face is the best index. He may turn this way in a moment.'"

"As though influenced by our rigid scrutiny, the man on the walk turned almost before Dick had done speaking, and faced the window where we sat.

"'Don't look now," Dick said, turning his own eyes away. 'He is watching us. When you do look, notice the upper portion of his face. People of his kind usually point out their peculiarities by trying to hide them. Look sharp under the rim of the slouch hat he wears for some distinguishing mark.'

"While the teller was speaking, I caught a full view of the man's face. The eyebrows were very thick and black, and came close together. There was no arch to speak off, and the general effect was that of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead. It was a face not easily forgotten.

"'I thought you would find something there,' Dick said, when I told him what I had seen. 'I was not quick enough to see the fellow's face, but I should have known him anywhere. He stood in front of the bank-steps when we stopped there to-night, and has kept us in sight nearly all the way up. Unless he is frightened off we shall hear from him before long.'

"I laughed heartily at Dick's view of the matter, and nothing more was said on the subject until we reached my rooms. Then, placing his hand on my arm, he exclaimed:

"'I can't get over what we were talking about at the restaurant. I can't get that slouching figure on the edge of the walk out of my mind. Let me remind you once more to look sharp for that face wherever you go. Good-night.'

"He was off before I could make any reply, and I went on up-stairs, laughing quietly at what I considered the nervous fears of a tired-out and naturally suspicious man.

"On my sitting-room table I found a note reminding me of an important engagement in another part of the city, and left hurriedly. To this day the janitor insists that I left my door unlocked, but I am positive that I did not. Not long after my departure, however, he found it ajar, looked carelessly through the rooms, saw that I was not there, and locked it. Had he been more thorough in his search he would doubtless have saved me a very strange experience.

"It was midnight when I returned to my rooms. The gas was burning dimly in the sitting-room, but the sleeping-room beyond it was in total darkness. Opening from the sleeping-room was a large bathroom, and adjoining this was a large clothes-closet. I locked the door as usual, turned off the gas, and went to bed, as I frequently did, without striking a light in the sleeping-room or opening the doors leading to the bathroom and closet. I was tired, and fell asleep immediately.

"How long I slept soundly I cannot tell. I am utterly unable to describe the first sensations I experienced. Dimly, and afar off, I heard Dick Munson's voice, speaking as though in terrible fear or from out an overpowering nightmare.

"At first the sounds came to me like a voice muffled by the walls of a close room, and conveyed to my mind no distinct form of words. But the tone was one of warning, and told me as plainly as words could have done that I was in deadly peril of some kind.

"After a time the voice ceased, and I heard, as plainly as I now hear the rumbling of wheels outside, the rapping of a private signal known only to Dick and myself, and used only in the bank when he desired to attract my attention to any face or suspicious circumstance in front of his window. This was repeated several times. Then I heard the voice again, clear and distinct this time, as though a door or window had been opened in the room from which it proceeded.

"There was no mistaking the words this time. I heard them over and over again, as one hears words in vivid dreams: 'Lock the bathroom door! I can't get that slouching figure out of my mind!' With the words came a feeling which I cannot describe, but which you have, doubtless, all experienced—a sensation of immediate personal danger coupled with a physical inability to control a muscle to meet it.

"The words and the private signal alternated many times, and then I heard a crash—such a crash as would follow the falling of a heavy window-sash.

"Absolute silence followed, and with the silence came a sense of physical depression, as though a current of electricity which had wrought my nerves to their utmost tension had suddenly been withdrawn.

"I awoke instantly. When I say I awoke, I mean that I awoke to a consciousness of the things immediately about me, for it is my belief that my mental condition previous to that time cannot be expressed or described by the word sleep.

"I heard the City Hall clock strike one, and tried to sleep again, but could not do so. I could think of nothing but the slouching figure I had seen early in the evening on the outer edge of the walk; I found it impossible to forget the mysterious words warning me to lock the bathroom door!

"I should have got out of bed and made a tour of the bathroom and closet, only it occurred to me it would be a rather ridiculous thing to do. Men who pride themselves on a practical turn of mind dislike to do ridiculous things, even when alone. Besides, notwithstanding the effect produced upon me by what I had heard, I regarded the matter as an unusually clear cut dream, and was not in the least alarmed. The longer I lay awake the more thoroughly did I become convinced that the nervous suspicions of the paying-teller were alone responsible for my losing a good hour of sleep, and I resolved to make up for lost time as soon as possible by turning over for another nap.

"If I had not, as a preliminary step to the resolve so formed, raised myself in bed and made a great noise beating up and rearranging my pillows, perhaps the most trying portion of that night's experience would have been spared me. Be that as it my, the fact remains that before I had arranged my pillows to my liking my attention was diverted from my task by three rather starting objects.

"The first was a dark-lantern pouring its round red rays full in my face. The second was an unusually long and unnaturally bright self-cocking revolver located within six inches of my nose. The third was a particularly villainous face, with thick, black eyebrows running together above the nose, forming no arch to speak of, and producing the general effect of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead!

"Was I frightened? Yes; but I scarcely think my fright took the usual form. I knew in an instant, as well as I know now, that it was not my life, nor the trifling amount of money he might find in my room, that the intruder wanted. I recognized his presence there as part of a well-laid plan to rob the bank. The intruder's first words confirmed my suspicions.

"'Get up and dress yourself,' he said, in a whisper. 'We want you at the bank. If you value your life, be quick about it, and make no noise.'

"The man's arguments were unanswerable, and I obeyed.

"'You are to go with me to the bank,' he said, holding his weapon close to my head as I dressed, 'and open the vault. The first movement you make to escape or call assistance will be your last. My mates are below. If I miss my aim, they will not. If we meet an officer at the bank, or on the way there, and you are questioned, you are to say that you want important papers left on your desk, and pass on. You will not be harmed. We want money, and not human life. Do you understand?'

"In a short time I was at the outer door of my sitting-room dressed for the street. Never for an instant, in all my journeys about the room to secure my clothes, had the threatening weapon been removed from the close position of my waking moment. Still, I had not abandoned all hope. Surely, between my rooms and the bank, some opportunity for escape would present itself. I had no intention of unlocking the vault. At the last moment I should have risked a few shots from the robbers' revolvers.

"My escort unlocked the sitting-room door and paused with his hand on the knob. At that instant a sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs, the key was quietly turned in the lock, and I felt for the first time the cold rim of a revolver on my temple. The steps passed my door, and the weapon was lowered. You all know what followed. Before the weapon could be raised again, the door fell in with a crash, and the robber, who stood directly in front of it, was clubbed to the floor and handcuffed by a squad of policemen led by the paying-teller!

"Dick did not return to his own chambers that night. We spent the time until daylight in my sitting-room. At first he absolutely refused to explain his sudden appearance with the officers, for Dick is a hard-headed sort of a fellow, who scouts everything that cannot be demonstrated by set rules and figures; but finally he fairly unbosomed himself, telling his story before I had even given a hint of my own mysterious experiences.

"'I slept soundly until nearly 1 o'clock,' he said, with the air of a man who expects to be laughed at, 'and then I passed into a strange trance-like dream. In that dream I saw, as plainly as I ever saw it in my life, the interior of your bath-room, and seated at the foot of the tub, where the opening door would have concealed him from any one looking in, I saw the man we had last seen opposite the window where we dined. I recognized at once the slouching figure and the level line of eyebrows he then attempted to hide beneath the rim of his slouch hat.

"'There was no light in the bathroom, or anywhere about the apartment, but I had no difficulty in tracing every line of his face, nor in seeing you sound asleep in your bed. My mind at once became filled with the one idea that you were in danger. In my sleep I called out to you to lock the bathroom-door, and warned you that I could not get the slouching figure we had seen on the edge of the walk out of my mind! I could not make you hear. In my alarm I even gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I have told you of speaking.

"'I laughed at myself for a superstitious idiot, and went to sleep again, only to renew the experiences described—to see the slouching figure in the bathroom, and to repeat my cries of warning and the private signal. I awoke again, to find myself standing by my open window (I must have raised it in my sleep, for I closed it on retiring), sounding the private signal on the sash and repeating the warning words. How long I should have remained there I cannot say. My blows on the sash must have loosened the catch, for the window fell with a crash. In a moment I heard the City Hall clock strike one.

"'I was now thoroughly awake, but I could not drive from my mind the impressions created by my singular dreams. Perhaps I should have gone to bed again only for the fact that the figure my dream had shown me in your apartment was the same I had warned you against on parting with you for the night. I resolved to dress myself and seek you in your rooms.

"I was ashamed to come to your door openly at that time of night, with no excuse to offer for my presence save such a one as any old woman would have laughed at, so I crept up stairs like a spy and listened. I saw the flash of the dark-lantern at the threshold. I heard enough to satisfy me that something was wrong. So I went for the police.'"—*Frank Leslie's.*

"Woodite."

Woodite is a name suggested for a new compound of caoutchouc invented in England. This novel material possesses all the elasticity of india rubber, with the additional advantage of being uninflammable and uninjurable by salt water. It does not suffer deterioration if exposed to the weather and cannot possibly be set on fire. The most prominent use for woodite is as a covering for men-of-war and torpedo boats. It has the quality of allowing a projectile to pass through it without inflicting upon it more than a small puncture. The material around the hole gives way to permit the passage of a shot, and immediately returns to its old position, closing the hole so completely that there remains nothing but a spot on either surface, into which a lead pencil can be pushed with difficulty, but which is impervious to water.

At Dartford, in the course of some experiments, three six-pound solid shots two and one-half inches in diameter were fired at right angles at a target formed of thirty-six eight inch tubes of woodite, mounted on a two and one-eighth inch wrought iron plate. All passed completely through, punching pieces out of the back plate, but the woodite suffered so little injury that close scrutiny was required to find the marks of the shots, which are only one-quarter inch to three-eighths inch in diameter and are perfectly closed. The material may be applied as a lining for partitions in vessels and many other purposes.—*New York Mail and Express.*

There are 23,810 doctors in Great Britain, or one for every 1,250 inhabitants. In France the proportion is one for 1,400; in Austria, Germany, and Norway, one for every 1,500; in the United States, one for every 600, while in Russia there is only one for 6,226.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Martin Luther's followers received the name Protestants in 1529.

Silkworms were brought from Europe as early as the sixth century.

It is estimated that over 300,000 alligators are killed annually for their skins.

It is now told of the Duke of Norfolk that he would eat at one time food enough for five persons.

A barrel of kerosene oil buried ten feet underground will contaminate every well within a quarter of a mile, and the oil will be apparent to the taste.

The nearest approach to the north pole, made by Lieutenant Lockwood on May 13, 1882, was 396 miles, or a distance no greater than from Albany to Washington.

A man in Ontario can repeat perfectly 166 chapters of the Bible, fifty-eight psalms and every collect, epistle and gospel in the ecclesiastical year, according to the English Church Prayer-Book.

There are 172 specimens of blind creatures known to science, including crayfish, myriapods, etc. They are mostly white, whether from lack of stimulus of the light, or from bleaching out of the skin. Some species have small eyes and some have none.

The theatre with its tragedies and comedies, the circus and the amphitheater supplied the Romans with their chief public amusements. At the circus they betted on their favorite horses or charioteers, and at the amphitheatre they revelled in the bloody combats of gladiators, the most brutal of all the Roman pastimes.

The old State House is an ancient edifice in Boston, originally used for the sessions of the colonial legislature. It was built in 1748. In 1770 occurred the affair between the British guard stationed in this building and the citizens, which is known as the "Boston Massacre." The building is now used for business purposes.

In California, writes a correspondent, every collection of animals of any sort is called a "band." A heard of cattle, a flock of sheep, a party of Indians—anything and everything that walks—when seen in numbers, is known as a band, and it is regarded as a sure sign of being a "tenderfoot" to use any other term.

Cards are supposed to be of Asiatic origin. The most ancient form of cards are still used in the French game of tarots, a name derived from the Arabic. The game originally had religious, necromantic and scientific associations. The first game of cards of which we have historical record was called Landsknecht. It was played in Germany in 1375.

How to Retain Health.

It is impossible to lay down any rules for health which may be followed safely by all persons. Health depends largely upon the diet. Some people can not eat newly baked bread; others can not eat it when it is stale. Much fresh meat, with some constitutions, induces fullness of the head and a feverish state of the system, because it makes blood too fast. It should, therefore, be discarded and a little salt meat or fish, if the appetite craves it, with fresh fruit and vegetables, will be found, probably, to be just what the system requires. In truth, with health as in many other things, each person must be a law unto himself. In acute or intricate cases physicians are necessary, but in many minor matters they can not decide. It is true that what is "one man's meat may be another man's poison," and a little poisoning now and then seems indispensable to teach us our individual physical as well as mental idiosyncracies. Experience thus gained, if not carried to such an excess as to prove too severe a schoolmaster, will be of more value through life than all the doctors in Christendom—with all respect be it spoken—besides saving many a long bill at the drug store. Children should be taught at an early period of life to avoid the use of condiments. Their food should be plentiful but simple. Many a mother will give her very young children rich food—pastry, cake, and sauces, and condiments of the most indigestible or fiery kind—and tell you her children are healthy, and nothing hurts them. Perhaps the injury is not apparent at first, but it will not be long before headaches, indigestion of the most serious character, dyspepsia, fixed for life, disproves the truth of her opinions.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Afternoon Teas in Washington.

One is constantly reading that the afternoon tea is going out of style and no longer enjoys the favor of high society, but in Washington it rages like an epidemic this year. For people with small houses and large visiting lists it is the only practicable way of entertaining, and here where men are scarce and particularly hard to coax up to evening entertainments, the afternoon tea is a boon for the women who like to go and to be in crowds. There were six teas on one afternoon lately, and the combination drew out every one, and made the coming and going particularly brisk at each house. The doctors are entering protests against the afternoon tea and it will soon be posted as one of the "deadly" things that people delight in and keep on doing. Women with neuralgic tendencies, and the long list of those with throats that go off in asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness are warned against the overheated, gas lighted rooms, where the air is never fresh. They are more particularly warned against the currents of air that are always sweeping through the rooms, of staying in the hot rooms with heavy wraps on, and against the danger of going suddenly out into the cold air. The medical men's warning gives the tea a spice of danger and prohibition that makes it quite exciting and moves it up into the realms of things denounced.—*Washington Letter.*

DEATH.

Oh Death, the Consecrator!
Nothing so sanctifies a name,
As to be written—dead!
Nothing so wins a life from blame,
So covers it from wrath and shame,
As does the burial bed.

Oh Death, the Revelator!
Our deepest passions never move,
Till thou hast bid them wake,
We know not half how much we love,
Till all below and all above,
Is shrouded for our sake.

Oh Death, the great Peacemaker!
If enmity have come between,
There's naught like death to heal it.
And if we love, oh priceless pain,
Oh bitter-sweet, when love is vain,
There's naught like death to seal it.

—*Carl Spencer*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Maud S. has a stride of fifteen feet. That of a man dodging his bills is thirty.—*Goodall's Sun.*

It is strange, but true, that a woman with a new bonnet always carries her parasol closed.—*New Haven News.*

It is bad enough to break party ties, but it isn't half so embarrassing as to have them work around under your ear.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The rockers on a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling around in the dark barefooted.—*Dansville Breeze.*

Jailor—"Hello, fellow! I've seen you here three or four times." Prisoner—"Well, what of that? I've seen you here just as often."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"When does a man weigh most?" is the heading of an article in a health journal. That is an easy one. He weighs most when he steps on a fellow's corns.—*Siftings.*

France makes about 100,000 quarts of champagne every year. One million quarts are shipped to England and the other 3,000,000 come to this country. That's what makes champagne dear.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Did you ever do some work, sir!
At which you did not shirk, sir!
And just do it to the letter,
But some other fellow came in view,
And gravely told to you,
That he could do it ten times better!
—*Goodall's Sun.*

Some one asks if the early man was a savage. We can't say very much for the early man, but the man who comes puffing into the station ten minutes after the train has left generally has the appearance of one.—*Statesman.*

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Severed Fingers.

We have spoken of skin-grafting—the process by which bits of skin from healthy parts of the body, or from the body of some self-sacrificing friend, are transferred to an ugly ulcer, or an extensive and deep burn, and which, becoming centres of healthy growth, promote the healing, otherwise doubtful. We have also spoken of sponge-grafting, in which pieces of sponge are introduced into gaping wounds, and with the blood-clot that fills the interstices, are rapidly organized into flesh with all its proper nerves and vessels.

More lately it has been found that bone-grafting is a possibility for healing and restoration of destroyed bone, bits being used somewhat as bits of skin are used in skin-grafting. In the first instance, the physician was able to employ bone from the severed leg of a child; subsequently he used with equal success bits from a kid killed for the purpose.

This method will need further testing. But it has long been known that where a portion of a bone—it may be a large portion—has been lost, the intermediate space will fill up with new bone, and fully reunite the severed parts, provided the limb is kept fully extended. For this, however, it is necessary that the thin membrane which covers the bone (periosteum) should have remained sound.

In the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, a few months ago, Dr. Souther, of Worcester, told of a young man who brought to him a severed part of his little finger, wrapped up in his handkerchief. The doctor adjusted the piece—it was three-quarters of an inch in length—and, much to his surprise, the parts grew together, and the circulation was renewed.

More recently a surgeon of Burdett, New York, has given a still more signal case.

He was called to a boy, three of whose fingers had been cut off by an axe. It was three or four hours before he reached the boy. The fingers were cut clean off from the middle joint of the first finger to the root of the nail of the third. While dressing them, the grandmother, brought in the fingers, which she had just found in the snow.

Against his own convictions, he consented to try to save them. He succeeded, and saved all except about one-half the joint of the first finger, in which the blood failed to circulate. The boy regained the free use of the severed fingers.—*Youth's Companion.*

Keeping a Diary.

—In Jan. in diaries we write;
In Feb. the same we often slight;
In March the labor seems too fine;
In April—here and there a line.
In May the task is given o'er
And diaries are deemed a bore;
And so 'twill be, each New Year's sun
Will find new diaries begun;
But far too soon they'll have their day,
And vanish in the mists of May.
—*Goodall's Sun.*