

THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 39

CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

THE Charlotte Messenger
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.

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 fitted 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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

(Always in Advance.)

1 year	\$1 50
6 months	1 00
3 months	75
1 month	25

Address,

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte N. C.

Two well-known cattlemen of Henrietta, Texas, have contracted with a firm in Montreal, Canada, to furnish them by June 1st, 6,000 head of cattle from yearlings to six-year old cows for \$90,000. The cattle are to be used for breeding purposes. The Galveston News says that this is the first sale of cattle ever made direct to Canadian buyers, and Texans believe that it will develop into a brisk trade.

In answer to the question, "What speed is attained by the fastest steamer in the world?" the New York Sun replies: "The ordinary good torpedo boats in foreign navies make about twenty-two miles an hour over the measured mile. There are a few, including the American boat Stiletto, that can make twenty-five miles an hour. The fastest boat in the world is the French torpedo boat Ouragan. She is credited with about twenty-nine miles an hour. At that rate she would move as fast as ordinary passenger trains between New York and Chicago average."

If any person fond of travel has a fancy to explore a savage country it may be wise to first estimate the cost. The luxury comes high. It has been estimated that the average expense incurred by exploring parties in Africa is over \$15 a mile. Stanley's trip across the continent is said to have cost about \$60,000. Dr. Holub, who was recently killed while working his way from South Africa to the Great Lakes, took with him an outfit that cost \$25,000. The money expended by most important expeditions varied from \$10,000 to \$40,000. An explorer's force of porters and other native assistants varies from about forty to 250 souls. Mr. Stanley's present expedition includes about 1,000 persons, and his traveling outfit and trade goods have cost something over \$100,000.

The Chicago Herald says that after taking account of stock the navy of the United States is found possessed of the following craft:

First rate wooden steam vessels	1
Second rate wooden steam vessels	11
Third rate wooden steam vessels	21
Fourth rate wooden steam vessels	6
Fourth rate ironclads	13
Total	52

Of wooden vessels requiring extensive repairs in order to place them in condition for service there are three first-class vessels and three second class. Of iron vessels in the same chronic condition there are also three, while all told seven new vessels are on the stocks in various stages of incompleteness. These swell the navy list to the magnificent total of sixty-one vessels, not one of which would be able to cope with any of the great war ships of Europe. But this does not exhaust the list. Perish the thought. There are thirteen harbor tugs enlisted in the navy and eleven sailing vessels. The latter are of no sort of value save for the uses and abuses of training schools, and are permanently anchored at Newport, New York, Portsmouth, Mare Island and elsewhere. But they are down on the list just the same. Adding the tugs and the tubs to the aggregate of sixty-one vessels already figured out and the sum total is eighty-five craft of all sorts and condition. This is the showing of the United States navy compiled from the last official report. On the whole the figures are neat, but not gaudy. They are respectable enough as figures, but are not calculated to strike terror to the heart of the foreign foe.

REMOТЕLY AKIN.

Our friends are like the buttercups
That turn plain fields to gold
With to-morrow's manifold;
While Lore is like the sweet wild rose
Which fills a hidden place
With fragrance, color, grace;
Nor yet the dower scorn
Of beauty saving thorns.

And Friendship is a country rich
In meadows, waters, woods—
A land of quiet moods;
But Lore is like a mountain fair;
Joys, tumult, dangers flow
Adown its sides below,
While high against the skies
Its solemn summits rise.

Or, Love a summer sunrise shines,
So rich its clouds are hung,
So rich its songs are sung;
And Friendship is but broad, common day,
With light enough to show
Where fruit with brambles grows;
With warmth enough to feed
The grain of daily need.

And Love, a royal river, flows
To give, to strongly bless—
Or bright, with swift career;
While Friendship has a lake's repose;
A lake that placid lies
Beneath the placid skies,
And holds the heavens anigh
To soothe the downcast eye.

Or, Love's a church, dear, beautiful;
And Friendship is a home
Where one for rest may come.
Like praying spire, Love, too,
Has entered in the blue;
Midway its clear bells sound,
Sweetening the air around,
While noise of the street
About its portals meet.

—Boston Transcript.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

"Well," said Roland Wayne, when he came into his office after several days' illness with a wretched neuralgia, which afflicted him whenever the east wind blew, "you got some one for the telephone—did you, Burns?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied. "The young lady has been here since Thursday."

"Young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Wayne, testily. "Why did you get a woman? A broker's office is no place for a woman."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, with an obvious embarrassment and apprehensive glances toward a light oak partition, behind which the new operator sat in concealment, "you didn't say anything about that—only that Mr. Richards had his hands full with the wires, and that there'd have to be some one to take charge of telephone; so I—"

"That is just like you, Burns," said Mr. Wayne, stamping back into his private office. "Any one else would have known better."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, defensively, as he followed him back, "I didn't think it would make much difference. The young lady is very capable, and she seemed to want the place so badly. She is very poor, sir, and supports her mother. I know something about her, you see."

"Gh! Some flame of you, I suppose, Burns? Very nice arrangement for you, no doubt."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Burns, in an offended manner, "I am a married man."

"By Jove! so you are!" said Roland Wayne, with a laugh. "I had forgotten that. Well, try her, anyhow. Where's the mail, please?"

"I tell you what, Burns," one of the other clerks observed, when that individual finally emerged from Mr. Wayne's office, "the boss is a fly humor, isn't he?"

"He's all right," Burns answered, warmly. "He has given me a ticket to Atlantic City, and two days off."

The clerk whistled.

"Why, I thought he was going to take your head off."

"You don't know him. I am sure it is no shame to a man whose nerves are always twinging with neuralgia if he loses his temper now and then."

Roland, meanwhile, had taken up his pen, and was writing a lengthy account of Brisket's new deal in P. Y. & M.:

"If the cat jumps this way," he said, in conclusion, "the bears have got him sure. Danbury is on our side. He has given Brisket the cold shoulder, and, if I'm not mistaken, somebody will get woefully left. I don't intend that it shall be I. If everything goes as I think it will, I shall pocket \$200,000, and then I am going to get out of the brokerage business. It doesn't suit me, and my health is so poor that I must get away somewhere or I shall go to pieces."

"I beg pardon, sir," said a soft, tremulous voice at his elbow. "I am Miss Archer, Mr. Wayne."

Roland dropped his pen, and rose politely. He saw a slight, graceful figure in black standing before him.

"Be seated, Miss Archer," he said, with a smile which no man could have withheld when he saw the fairness of her young face and that shy, sweet finish on her cheeks. "What can I do for you?"

"I am the telephone operator," she began, rapidly, and with a nervousness she could not conceal. "I—I could not help hearing what you said to Mr. Burns a little while ago, and—and I came to say if you are not satisfied to have me stay in the office, you need only say so."

"Not satisfied!" Roland echoed, in manifest confusion. "Well, really you know I have not given you a trial; and as to what I said a little while ago I am sorry, Miss Archer. I am afraid you will have to set it down to neuralgia. I am quite willing to have you stay, if you will."

"You are very kind," she said, lacing and unlacing her fingers in some confusion. "I should like to stay—indeed it is very important that I should have this

position, or something else. But if what you say is true—if a broker's office is no place for a woman—I—I think I would rather not stay."

How Rowland Wayne abused himself when he thought of his careless words, and then marked how her lips quivered, how her eyelids drooped to keep back the unshed tears!

"I think I spoke too hastily, Miss Archer," he said. "A lady's place is where she makes it. We are not a lot of savages," he added, with a warm smile. "If you remain here I think I can insure you courteous and considerate treatment on the part of every one in this office. If such is not accorded you, you have only to inform me, and I will know the reason why."

"You are very kind," said Miss Archer, with a bright, fleeting smile. "I should like to stay. I really cannot afford to resign my position."

"Then stay, by all means," said Roland.

And, to the edification of his clerks, he got up and opened the door for her when she went out.

After that he often caught himself listening to the soft yet distinct voice in another room holding conversations over the phone.

When he was at home with one of his attacks of neuralgia and had to communicate with the office by wire he often remarked how well he could hear Miss Archer's voice, when all the other's ebbed away into a Babel of sound.

"Burns did a fine thing when he got that girl in the office, he mused one day, when he was kept a prisoner very inopportunist. 'I don't know what we'd do without her—now especially. It's bad enough as it is. I couldn't have had this attack at a worse time. But I guess every thing is all right. Danbury's good for any amount this side of a million. By Jove, though it would be rough on me if anything went wrong now! It would clean me out completely.'"

He was walking up and down the room, trying to repress the nervous agitation which attacked him.

"Seven o'clock!" he said, glancing at the time. "The office is closed long ago. In another hour Brisket will sign over those bonds, and then—Hello! what's that?"

The shrill alarm of the telephone summoned him across the room.

"There is no one at the office, he thought, taking up the receiver. I wonder what's up now? Hello! Wayne! Who are you?"

"It is Helen Archer, Mr. Wayne," said a voice which he knew quite well.

"Why, what are you doing in the office at this time of night?" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"I am not at the office—that is, not at your office. I am at the Central Station. Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I have something important to tell you. Our wire got crossed with Mr. Brisket's to-day, and I could hear every word said over it. I could not understand what they were talking about, only Mr. Brisket was talking to a man named Danbury."

"Danbury!" exclaimed Wayne, in great excitement.

"They were talking about bonds, and said a lot of things I couldn't comprehend; but at last your name was mentioned. 'This will put Wayne in a hole,' Mr. Brisket said. 'Yes,' said Mr. Danbury, 'it'll bury him alive. It is a good thing he's held to-night. There is no danger, I suppose, of his getting wind of this before 8 o'clock?' 'No danger at all. There will be a new deal all around, and we'll boost the market over Wayne's head.' Do you hear what I say?" she interrupted.

"Yes, yes!" Wayne said, excitedly.

"What else?"

"Nothing more that I could understand, except that they were to meet at the Continental Hotel to-night at 8 o'clock. I came here because I was afraid to talk from the office. I thought some one might get on your wire, and I have you here direct. That's all. Good-by."

For Roland Wayne to dress and leave the house was a matter of a very short time after he had received the message from Helen Archer. His illness and the danger of exposure were quite forgotten.

He was present, very unexpectedly to Mr. Brisket and Mr. Danbury, at the evening conference at the hotel.

It was a stormy scene that ensued between Roland Wayne and these two men who had combined against him—a scene from which the young broker issued pale and exhausted, but still triumphant.

What had passed no one knew, but the next day the street was electrified with the news that Wayne was closing up his business affairs to go abroad.

"That will throw us all out said Burns, gloomily, and Helen Archer heard the news with a sinking heart.

She was late that night in going home, having some small errands to attend to on her way; and, moreover, her steps lagged with the consciousness that she had bad news to carry to her poor, ailing mother.

"You are late, Nelly," Mrs. Archer said, as she came in. "This gentleman has been waiting to see you for some time."

It was Roland Wayne, who rose and held out his hand warmly.

"Miss Archer," he said, "I have come to thank you for the service you did me last night. Thanks to you, I have saved my fortune from ruin most absolute. If it had not been for your foresight and prompt action I should have been a beggar to-day."

"I—I had no idea that it was so serious as that," Helen said hastily. "I am very glad I could do you such a service."

"I shall never forget it," Roland said, with a steadfast look into her soft gray eyes. "And I have learned a wholesome lesson. I am sick and disgusted. Last night I had expected to make \$200,000 by one transaction. To-day I find my-

self thanking heaven, and you, that I got out without losing anything. I am tired of such chances. I do not feel that I can enter into contracts with men like Brisket and Danbury without compromising myself; and so I have decided to get out altogether."

"I understood that you were going out of business," said Helen, quietly.

"Yes, I am. I shall close up the office as soon as possible."

"I expected that; and—and I don't wish to trouble you, Mr. Wayne, but if you see an opening for me anywhere, would you be so kind as to recommend me?"

"I have just been talking to your mother," said Roland, bowing to Mrs. Archer. "I am going abroad. My health requires it; but I do not like the idea of going alone. I want you and your mother to accompany me. It will do you both good—indeed, you need it as much as I—and I won't take a refusal."

This is how Helen Archer took her first trip to Europe.

When she came home Roland Wayne had given her a situation as—his wife.—Chicago Herald.

The United States Cavalry Service.

"People have an idea that the recruiting offices of the United States army take most anybody who comes along," said a newly-enlisted man in the cavalry service to a New York Mail and Express reporter.

"But that is a great mistake. I took pains to find out something about this when I entered my application and learned that only one man in thirty of those who apply to enter the cavalry service are able to successfully pass examination. Instead of jumping at a man, as people suppose, they put him through the most rigid and thorough examinations, and after it all they ask him over and over if he is sure he knows his own mind and is fully satisfied to give his services wholly to the army for five years. You have got to be sound mentally and physically, and your eyesight and hearing are put to very severe tests. The way they tried my eyesight was this: A man holding a pack of cards stood at a distance of twenty feet from me, and the doctor put one hand over one of my eyes. The man with the cards held up one after another in quick succession, and I had to call off the number of spots on each card. If you fail in telling one card correctly you are rejected. In testing my hearing they turned me so that my back was toward the man at the other end of the room and the doctor placed his hand over one of my ears. Then the man called off in low, monotonous tones an improvised and incorrect multiplication table, such as 8 times 8 is 66, etc., and you must repeat what he says without the slightest hesitation. Men often get caught at this, hearing only part and supplying the rest as if it were correct multiplication. I learned, too, that some men during the five years save as much as \$1,000, becoming teachers and doing extra duty for which there is extra pay. Others lend money on interest to their comrades and make a good deal that way. Besides this there is a sort of savings bank established by the government which pays interest on the savings of the soldiers. One can also save on the allowance for clothing and the home fare allowed after your term of enlistment is over. Three-quarters of the Western ranchmen, I am told, are ex-soldiers who have invested their savings in land out there. A great many who enlist in the cavalry are well educated, college-bred men."

A Senator's Narrow Escape.

United States Senator Fair, of Nevada, relates an interesting account of a narrow escape which he had from a most horrible death. He said: "This happened on my last visit to the Sandwich Islands. I am a very expert swimmer, and nothing pleases me better than a plunge into the salt water. The temperature of the Islands is delightful, and I could not resist the temptation to take a swim. I prepared myself and plunged in. After I had been in the water for half an hour I pushed out over and beyond one of the reefs which surround the Islands; all at once I realized that something was going on on the shore.

"A number of the natives appeared to be greatly excited. Suddenly two native girls swam out behind me, with long knives between their teeth. I looked around, and, to my horror, I saw an immense shark of the man-eater variety making for me with terrific speed. An instant later the girls had dived and the shark had nearly stopped. The water around him was red with blood. The girls came to the surface, and again they dived and plunged their long knives into the monster. At last he laid stiff on top of the water, quite dead. The natives dragged him ashore and found that he was one of the largest of his species. If it had not been for the wonderful bravery of these girls I should not be here tonight to tell you this story."—New York Telegram.

A Powerful Explosive.

If melinite, the new explosive invented by a French chemist, is all that the government of France claims, it will revolutionize warfare. General Brialmont, who has recently been experimenting in Belgium with the new explosive, has advised the Roumanian Government to suspend labor on the defensive works around Bucharest. He asserts that it will be necessary to devise new plans to withstand the new explosive. If Bucharest, one of the very strongest fortresses in Europe is unable to withstand the force of melinite, the coast fortifications of all the world may be considered worthless. It is worth while to bear in mind, however, that bluffing is a favorite move in the game of European diplomacy just at present. Russia, for instance, claims the invention of an explosive a trifle of ten or fifteen times more powerful than melinite.—New York Commercial.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Christianity was introduced into France in the fifth century.

A Louisiana (Mo.) man had the hiccoughs for fourteen consecutive days.

The manuscript of a famous sermon which John Knox preached in 1585 has been sold lately for \$1,046.

According to the Australian Consul at Yokohama, the earthquakes of Japan destroy a city every seven years, on the average.

The eyes of poisonous snakes have been found by Dr. Benjamin Sharp to have elliptical pupils, while in the harmless species they are circular.

Cardinal Wolsey, who had risen from his lowly station as the son of a butcher to be the High Chancellor of England under Henry VIII., died in 1530.

The first country to issue stamps for cheap postage was Great Britain in 1840. An unused stamp of that date is worth about \$300. The rarest postage stamp known to collectors was issued by the Postmaster at Brattleboro in 1846.

In feudal times, when a country was about to engage in war, the king summoned his vassals; these, generally the chief nobles, summoned their retainers or liegemen, and the latter called out their farmers and yeomanry. The army consisted of freemen, each armed at his own cost or the cost of his superior.

Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his power in 1811, at which time the French Empire extended from the borders of Denmark to those of Naples, and his kinsman held the throne of Holland, Naples, Westphalia and Spain. What a contrast to the sovereign away then exercised the loneliness of his exile and death ten years later at St. Helena.

A well-posted railway man says that the obligatory tooting of a locomotive on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, in an ordinary day's run, involves a waste of steam requiring the consumption of 280 pounds of coal to renew. He estimates the whistling expenses of that particular railway at \$15,000 per year. There is a similar waste in the blowing of the whistles of stationary and steamboat engines. It is a matter worth the serious study of practical railroad men, whether they cannot devise a cheaper noise with which to give notice of the approach of trains to stations and grade crossings.

The Duty of Personal Service.

When Christian men and women begin to recognize the duty of a personal service, all weeks will be weeks of special blessing, and every service will be a triumph for the Lord. "For you must know, Mr. Lewis, it is a rule in our church that when one brother has been converted he must go and fetch another brother, and when a sister has been converted, she must go and fetch another sister. This is the way one hundred and twenty of us have been brought from atheism and Popery to simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." So said a member of one of the struggling Protestant churches in Paris. And struggling though it is, that church is triumphant, because personal service is thus received.

Nothing can take the place of this personal duty. Many a church which men call prosperous, and which is prosperous in external ways—in congregations, easy finances, large gifts—is terribly weak and languishing spiritually, because to so great degree its members are willing to do anything but make personal approach to others for Jesus' sake. What a record of spiritual poverty it is, and a record so often made that the making it seems to be a kind of matter of course—a church with, say, 500 members, and with additions by conversions of from a half dozen to a dozen in a whole year. The reason is plain. The hindrance does not lie in God, it does lie in that church. As a general basis the membership is willing to do anything but search out men, one by one, and personally and lovingly press Christ on them.—[Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt.

Savage Foes of the Congo.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, "are buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of hippopotami along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have, because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his vivid, graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over, and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is within striking distance, stealthily, silently, unperceived, the creature makes for its prey; the man knows nothing until he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all."

It is a curious fact that the physical condition of steel is unsettled for many hours after being rolled. Finally it comes to a state of rest, but any test of its quality before that period arrives is misleading.

IMPATIENCE.

Like to impatient children when the sky
Frowns on some morn of longed-for festa day
To cheat their happy hearts of outdoor play,
We fret when scuds of ill above us fly,
And every cloud and menace magnify,
Our age scarce wiser than their infancy.
Till thus we waste our manhood's strength,
As they,
Their zest for pleasure in some indoor way,
Our age scarce wiser than their infancy.
If we could chafe and chase the clouds afar,
Rather than borrowed gloom upon them bring,
Our gain its lack of grace might palliate,
But leave us yet with manliness at war,
That brave defiance to all fate would fling,
And by endurance make us strong and great.
—William C. Richards, in Harper's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A good thing to tie to—A hitching post.—Merchant Traveler.
The body of a fish is a great puzzle, because you can't make head nor tail of it.—Siftings.

Our present fishery trouble would seem insignificant if somebody would invent a boneless shad.—Puck.

"Heavens! Look there!" "Where?" "There—that messenger boy running." "Sh-h! It's his regular meal time."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

In this country there are two hundred thousand men blowing in brass bands, and twenty million blowing at them.—Danville Breeze.

Probably this world couldn't get along without cranks; but sometimes it can't help thinking it would like to try.—Somerville Journal.

A married man in words unkind
And with much emphasis avers,
His wife destroys his peace of mind
By giving him a piece of hers.

Husband—"If you only had the ability to cook as mother used to I would be happy, dear." Wife—"And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as your father used to, I too would be happy, dear."

Fogg has said the meanest things any was ever capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied; "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."—Boston Transcript.

"Give an example of an immovable obstacle," said the teacher. And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class suggested three girls on the sidewalk. The teacher, who usually had to walk in the middle of the street herself, sent him right up to the head of the class and told him to stay there for a week.—Burdette.

"Be kind to the animals out on the farm,
Let them see a kind smile on your face
wreathing;
Oh, let the horse pause in the plough as he plods
Up the hill, for a moment of breathing;
Be kind to the rooster who's winning his spurs,
And be kind to the rake when it's teeth-
ing."
—Puck.

Trees and Blizzards.

I have been much interested in watching the effect of tree planting upon the blizzards. The blizzard drives along the ground, and it has for ages upon ages found no tree to halt or veer it. The settlers on the plains planted trees, however, and these trees now stand as obstacles to the full sweep of the ice laden wind. A few days ago as a blizzard swept over the country, I passed through a loosely planted grove of trees, cottonwood, silver maples, green ash, etc., and noted with pleasure that among the trees the violence of the wind was greatly reduced and the flakes of snow dropped lazily to the ground, where they rested as contentedly as if they had fallen upon the tree covered hills of New England. As soon as I had passed out of the grove I had to face again the furious flakes, driving horizontally in their mad career over the earth. As often as I passed through a little grove of trees I found that I left the blizzard; but as soon as I emerged from the sheltering trees, the blast struck me again in all its fury. This bit of experience is duplicated thousands of times every day upon the plains. The tree planter has routed the blizzard wherever he has set his little army of trees. The blizzard tyrant no longer rules as will over all the Mississippi Valley. Wherever a grove has come into existence there the blizzard scepter has been broken. True, he rules as fiercely as ever outside of the groves, but as these enlarge his dominion contracts. When once the groves are approximately continuous, and when once they have grown to greater heights, the blizzard will be a thing of the past. The settler upon the plains need not fear the blizzard for more than half a dozen years, if he calls to his aid the friendly cottonwood, maple, ash, and elm. They alone can vanish this error of the Western Winter. Let every settler's motto be: "Trees rather than blizzards."—American Agriculturist.

They that are in God, being united to him through Christ, can never by any power be separated from him. Death, that is the great dissolver of all other unions, civil and natural, is so far from untying this, that it consummates it; it conveys the soul into the nearest and fullest enjoyment of God, who is its life where it shall not need to desire as it were from a distance; it shall then be at the spring-head, and shall be satisfied with His love forever.—[Archbishop Leighton.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's new milk house will have tiling on it which cost over \$1,000.