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Imperfection.

She sat, half shaded from the glare
Of common light, a creature rare
And finished with perfection;
From dark-crowned head to slender foot,
I looked—no mortal e'er could put
Dispraise in his inspection.

The angel face that men had praised
I closer scanned with lorgnette raised,
My study not concealing;
She bore it with the proudest ease,
She felt so confident to please,
Such beauty fine revealing.

I wondered if an inner grace
Matched all this loveliness of face,
And used my mental eye-glass;
Its searching crystal only saw
A mind so free from rust or flaw
That I laid down my spy-glass.

I grew to love her, day by day;
She knew it, liked it—woman's way—
Was pleased with the new-comer;
She saw another slave enroll
His heart for her serene control,
And liked her—for a summer.

I was a fool; I sought her heart:
The calm face did not feign or start,
Surprise seem to cover;
She only said with candid speech,
She really had not meant to teach
Me to become her lover.

I smile to think that I have learned
(With lorgnette critically turned)
So little worth discerning;
For now I see, without my glass,
One great defect—well, let it pass;
No heart. Was she worth learning?

THE TIFF.

"How are you, my dear fellow?
John, a chair for Mr. Graham. Excuse
my rising. You see, I'm going. Beef-
steaks and bumpers have done it at last,
and, though I'm only sixty-seven, I'm
really beginning to feel old."

"What! and yet reading a novel?"
"Yes; I was reading of a young
virago who, with the appearance of an
angel, had the temper of a demon. I
felt the more interested in the subject
because she reminds me of the heroine
of that picture—the one over the mantle-
piece—'The Tiff,' I call it."

"I have often heard you say, Jeremy,
that there was a story connected with it.
Tell me the tale."

"Well, stir up the fire—take a
cheroot. John, retire till you're called
—and now, my dear lad, we'll be as
cozy for the rest of the evening as if
we'd just eaten a Thanksgiving dinner,
and had had our fill of turkey and
oyster sauce. 'Blessed be the man,'
as Sancho Panza says of sleep, that first
invented turkeys—though, to my taste,
it would be better if they all ran about,
ready boiled, swimming in oysters and
gravy. But to my tale."

"When I was about twenty—that was
in the year 18—, contemporaneous, I
believe, with your grandfather's mar-
riage—I knew as pretty a girl as ever
sewed a sampler on week-days, or
carried her prayer-book to church on
Sundays."

"Bella Belgrave was the beauty of
the district. Her step was such as a
dryad's might be supposed to be; her
eyes were as dazzling as the sun at
noon-day; her lips were as fragrant as
strawberries, and twice as sweet; and
her voice—sir, if you could have heard
it you would have fancied that a night-
ingale had nestled in her throat, or that
St. Cecilia herself was come down from
Heaven. At twenty, a man falls in love
as naturally as he takes to smoking;
and he does both, I suppose to prove
himself full grown. Well, I soon lost
my heart to Bella. Nor was my suit
hopeless. I am handsome yet, as you
see—don't laugh at me, you young
scapgrace—and of course, I was hand-
some at twenty. I wrote poetry, too,
which won girls' hearts then just as a
moustache does now; and I had a pretty
little fortune—so I was soon the accept-
ed lover of Bella."

"Bella possessed but one fault—she
had a duse of a temper. Now, a little
sharpness in a wife may occasionally be
very excellent, just to spice the monoton-
y of matrimony, as mustard spices
beef; but too much of it is as bad as
spilling the contents of a whole pepper
box in your plate when you have just
taken the last bit of what was nice on
the table. Not that Bella was what is
called quick tempered—I often wish
she had been—for it is better to blow
off superabundant steam now and then,
than to keep it screwed stubbornly
down, till, some day, a grand explosion
takes place, that sends everything to
kingdom come. Unfortunately, Bella
took offence easily, and then 'nursed
her wrath to keep it warm.' She had
been so much petted, that nothing
short of abject slavery on the part of a
lover would suit her; and if I said, I
grew tired at last, as you shall hear.

"One day I had been singing to her
a ballad she had asked me to write
some of her music, when one of her

friends came in—a dashing little crea-
ture she was—since a great-grand-
mother, my lad, with three hundred
and fifty lineal descendants, egad!—and
I, as in duty bound, did my best to be
agreeable. Scarcely, however, had the
visitor gone, when Bella, with a face
like a thunder cloud, began:

"Mighty sociable you and Alice
Green are," she said; "I suppose you're
half in love with her still? I always
heard you were her most devoted ad-
mirer."

"Now Belle," I said, "don't be jealous
—" "Jealous!" she exclaimed, stamping
her little foot, while her eyes flashed
fire; "it is time to be jealous, sir, when
every pretty face you meet tempts you
to neglect me. But I'm not jealous—
I'm only ashamed of you sir."

"My dear, lovely creature," I began
again, trying to take her hand. But
she jerked it pettishly away.

"Don't dear me," she broke forth—
"you know you don't love me; you never
come here more than once a day, while
Harry Saville, whom I dismissed for
you—more fool I—used to be here
three times a day, and always dined
with us on Sundays."

"I began to grow red in the face; I
assure you, at being thus talked to; but
I mastered my rage—you know I'm a
meek man; it's because of that I was
chosen president of the peace society—
and said meekly, 'Bella dear, don't be
foolish! I love you better than all the
rest of your sex put together; but you
mustn't expect me to neglect, nay, in-
sult by my rudeness every other woman
I meet. Once for all, let this be under-
stood between us.'

"Women's rights were not yet
thought of, my boy, and wives were ex-
pected to obey their husbands, as nature
and Scripture command. I deemed it
high time for asserting my prerogative,
and spoke accordingly. 'Yes!' I re-
peated, 'you are unjust; and you ask too
much, my dear Belle.'

"She made no answer, but sat sullen
and sulky I again attempted to take her
hand, and, thinking I had spoken too
harshly, used a tone of mild persuasion.
But she only replied by jerking her
hand away, and removing her chair
from me. I expostulated with her, I
told her how idle was her jealousy,
but, the more earnestly I defended
myself, the further she hitched her
chair round, until she brought its back
directly against that of mine."

"I now gave up explanations, and sat
silent. Her pettishness began to open
my eyes. She had always been un-
reasonably exacting; her vanity for ever
ran ahead of possible attentions; and
the jealousy, thus unjustly entertained,
yet continually smothered by her sul-
len temper was now finally come to a
crisis. As I stole an occasional glance
over my shoulder, I saw no longer any
beauty in that sulky face. My love
was fast changing to anger. I asked
myself why I had submitted so long to
her tyranny."

"Yet fearing that I might be also in
the wrong, though unconsciously how, I
made my last effort, after we had sat for
some time in silence, to conciliate her.
For this purpose, I threw my hand over
my shoulder, and dangling my glove so
as to let it playfully strike her head, I
said, smiling and speaking gayly, 'A
penny for your thoughts, Bella. Come,
forgive and forget. We've had a very
pretty quarrel, now let's make it up.
You know the making up is always the
sweetest part of it.' And, as I spoke, I
wheeled my chair around, and would
have put my arm around her as of old."

"Did you ever see a tigress in a fury?
If not, you've no idea how Bella looked
then. She had been sitting, pointing
and pulling at the chain to which was
attached my miniature; she now sprang
to her feet, her eyes emitting fire like
an electric machine in the dark, and
her whole countenance distorted with
passion."

"Unhand me, sir," she cried, "how
dare you touch me after having insulted
me? Leave the house this instant, sir!"
"I had borne a good deal; I was not
going to endure any more. I had never
dreamed that my charmer had such a
temper. I replied, haughtily:

"As you please, miss, but if I go
now, remember, I go forever."

"She became white as death for an
instant—I had spoken firmly, and she
knew me to be resolute—but directly
her face grew redder than ever, and,
with a jerk, breaking the miniature
from its chain, she cast it into atoms at
my feet."

"I discard you as I discard that," she
hissed between her teeth. "Never come
here again!"
"My eyes darted lightning at her. I
was, for once in my life, in a towering
passion; but I remembered that I was
a gentleman, and, therefore, controlled
my tongue. I merely bowed low, bade
her good morning, and walked from the
house."

"And is that all, Jeremy?"
"All. She repented the next day,
and sent a verbal message to me, but I

took no notice of it. Forgave me, egad!
Yet it was long before I cured myself
entirely of my passion. I often found
myself on the point of going back to
to her; but, in such moments of weak-
ness, I called up the vision of her face
inflamed with passion, and thought
what a precious life I should lead if my
wife was to treat me to such exhibitions
every now and then, as I felt sure
Bella would if I married her. She
actually did drive her first husband
into being a drunkard, but her second
was too tough for her. He had buried
three wives, and knew how to manage
viragos. He said nothing to her when
she got into a passion, and, conse-
quently, in three years she fretted her-
self to death. And now, my dear fellow,
take another cheroot, and I'll ring for
coffee."

"And the picture was painted to com-
memorate your escape?"
"Just so."

The Power of Music.

On one occasion, when young Chopin
had been traveling for several days in
the slow fashion of German diligencies,
he was delighted and surprised on stop-
ping at a small post-house, to discover
a grand piano-forte in one of the rooms,
and still more surprised to find it in
tune—thanks probably to the musical
taste of the postmaster's family. He
sat down instantly and began to improvise
on his peculiarly happy man-
ner—one by one the travelers were attracted
by the unwonted sweet sounds, one of
them even letting his beloved pipe go
out in his ecstasy. The postmaster, his
wife, and his two daughters joined the
group of listeners. Unmindful of his
audience, of the journey, the lapse of
time, and everything but the music,
Chopin continued to play and his com-
panions to listen in rapt attention, when
they were suddenly roused by a steno-
torian voice which made the windows
rattle, calling out: "The horses are
ready, gentlemen!" The postmaster
roared out an anathema against the
disturber—the postilion—and the pas-
sengers cast angry glances at him.

Chopin started from his seat, but was
instantly surrounded by his audience,
who treated him to continue. "But
we have been here some time," said
Chopin, consulting his watch, "and are
due in Posen already." "Stay and play,
noble young artist," cried the post-
master; "I will give you couriers'
horses if you will only remain a little
longer."

"Dobe persuaded," began the post-
master's wife, almost threatening the
artist with an embrace. What could he
do but resume his place at the instru-
ment? When at last he paused, the
servant appeared with wine; the host's
daughter served the artist first, then
the travelers, then the postmaster pro-
posed a cheer for the musician, in which
all joined. The women, in their grate-
itude, filled the carriage pockets with
the best eatables and wine the house
contained, and when at last the artist
rose to go, his gigantic host seized him
in his arms and bore him to his carriage.
Long years afterward Chopin would re-
call this little incident with pleasure,
and declare that the plaudits of the
press had never given him more delight
than the homage of these simple, music-
loving Germans.—[Good Words.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In the battle of life no man can win by
firing blank cartridges.

The most brilliant qualities become
useless when they are not sustained by
force of character.

The idle man travels so slowly that
even poverty easily overtakes him at
the first turn of the road.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity,
but we can yield to them in such a way
as to be greater than if we could.

The mind profits by the wreck of
every passion, and we may measure our
road to wisdom by the sorrows we have
undergone.

As selfish and ill-bred as the mass of
mankind are, I prefer to live with them
rather than go into solitude and try to
live with myself.

This old German proverb is worth
practicing: "Honor the old, instruct
the young, consult the wise, and bear
with the foolish."

Inquisitive people are the funnels of
conversation; they do not take in any-
thing for their own use, but merely to
pass it to another.

The discovery of truth by slow,
progressive meditation is talent. Intui-
tion of the truth, not preceded by per-
ceptible meditation, is genius.

He is a great simpleton who imagines
that the chief power of wealth is to
supply wants. In ninety cases out of a
hundred it creates more wants than it
supplies. Money and contentment do
not always go hand in hand.

Penny royal, distributed in places
frequented by roaches, will drive them
away.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashions.

Dotted foulards, trimmed with white
embroideries, will be much worn for
morning dresses at fashionable resorts.

Dull green and coppery reds are
among coming colors. London ladies
wear long floating bows of ribbon on
the left shoulder.

The long hats, now worn, are ex-
ceedingly picturesque in shape, and a
profusion of colored plumage adds to
their attractiveness.

Laced boots, for some time worn
abroad, and being revived here, both in
stout material for long tramps in the
country and in fine kid for the street.

In the fashionable coiffure the hair is
arranged in a simple coil at the back,
with the front slightly waved and with
a fluffy fringe falling over the brow.

Darned embroidery, i. e., filling in
the ground and leaving the design in the
color of the material, is a popular sort
of needlework at the present time.

Shirred round hats are made of the
polka-dotted white and ecru muslins
that are so popular for neckerchiefs.
The crown and brim are formed of many
small puffs that are drawn together on
rattans, and the trimming is a handker-
chief or fichu with embroidered dots
and scalloped edges arranged around
the crown, with the square ends knotted
in an Alsacian bow in front.

After spun-silk hose, the first-choice
are the lisle-thread stockings, which
come in all the new shades of mastic,
crushed strawberry, silver gray, deep
orange, bronze, laurel-green, Burgundy,
cadet blue, and claret, as well as the
more delicate shades of water-green,
pearl, cameo, flesh, mauve, and many
other exquisitely delicate tints. Black
hoses are in great demand, as well as
those of dark green and nuns' gray,
three shades are in high vogue with
ladies of fine tastes.

News and Notes for Women.

Girls have gone to painting carriages
in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Miss Sarah E. Whitney was ordained
at Algona, Iowa, on the third instant, at
the fifth annual meeting of the Iowa
Association of Unitarians.

Mrs. S. J. Baxter and Mrs. Helen
Scott, of Plymouth, Indiana, are suc-
cessful business women, each carrying
on large millinery and notion stores.

Mrs. Sarah Burger Stearns, of Min-
nesota, a member of the Duluth school
board, has invented a simple but excel-
lent ventilating apparatus for the school
room.

Mrs. J. R. Hoag reports that nearly
all the American women in the south-
ern part of Gage county, Nebraska,
where she circulated a petition for
woman suffrage, signed it.

Miss Lelia Stout, of Argos, Indiana,
is acting as night operator for the Peru
and Chicago railroad at that point, until
she obtains her majority, at which time
she is prepared to be admitted to the
bar as an attorney-at-law.

One of south Georgia's most popular
society ladies, a resident of Lowndes
county, has cleared this season on an
acre and a half truck farm over two
hundred and fifty dollars. She super-
tended its cultivation in person.

María Mitchell, professor of astron-
omy in Vassar College, has received the
degree of LL.D., from Hanover college,
at Madison, Indiana. This is, we be-
lieve, the first instance in which the
degree of LL.D. has been conferred
upon a woman.

Miss Forney, daughter of the late
Colonel Forney, of Philadelphia, is one
of the editors of Progress, bequeathed
to her and to her brother by its founder.
These children, who seem to have inher-
ited their father's talents as well as his
newspaper, are faithfully trying to carry
out his ideas.

The Des Moines "Register," in speak-
ing of the courage shown by the women
during the recent storm at Grinnell,
says: "It is notable that the women
were more composed than the men.
They endured the storm better, and can
tell more of it, and talk more col-
lectedly about it now."

The first college in Canada to grant
the degree of B. A. to a woman was that
of Mt. Allison, in New Brunswick, at
its recent convocation. Miss Harriett
Starr Stewart was the fortunate young
lady. She wore the usual college cap
and gown as she came in with her fellow
graduates, and her well prepared ora-
tion was received with applause.

The size and weight of the human
brain are absolutely greater than in
any animals except the elephant and the
larger whales. The brain of the elephant
is said to weigh from eight to ten
pounds, and that of a large finner whale
between five and six pounds. Relatively
to the bulk and weight of the body,
the brain of man is exceeded in size
only in some small birds and mammals.

A Dream.

O'er land and sea the peaceful hush
Of midnight's dreamy hour
Lay calmly, as my restless soul,
Drawn by some mystic power,
Did wander through that voiceless realm
Where blooms the lotus tree,
And resting 'neath the silent shades,
Found love, and joy, and thee.

Dull daylight's weight of broken vows,
And buried love, and pain,
Fell from my heart, and thou didst seem
To be mine own again.

And life was love, and love was life,
The cruel past was dead;
Thy tender lips were close to mine,
When lo! the vision fled.

Life many a bitter trouble gives
That saddened hearts forget,
But one that never ceasing lives
Unwearied—is Regret.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

No persons are more empty than
those who are full of themselves.

The first appearance of cotton as an
article of commerce was a shipment of
seven bales from Charleston, S. C., in
1757.

Mississippi has 427,689 children be-
tween the ages of six and twenty years.
There are 75,187 more blacks than
whites.

Sugar-cane produced in Louisiana
and Mississippi occupies 150,000 acres,
and yields annually 208,750 hogheads
of sugar.

Seventy gold mines are at work in
Georgia. The belt in which the mines
are said to exist is expected to produce
this year \$3,000,000 worth of gold.

Murderers in France are frequently
compelled, in addition to death or the
galleys, to pay a heavy compensation in
money, when they have it, to their vic-
tim's family.

In 1834 all the table cutlery used in
the United States was imported from
England. To-day, of an annual con-
sumption amounting to \$2,500,000
worth, not more than eight per cent.
comes from England.

One of the many curious facts to be
found in the census reports is that the
number of working oxen in use on
farms in the United States has decreased
twenty-five per cent. since 1870.

The leading industries of Pittsburg
required, last year, \$76,000,000 capital,
employed nearly 57,000 hands, and
turned out over \$84,000,000 of natural
and manufactured merchandize.

Forty thousand dollars' worth of
spruce chewing-gum is gathered in
Maine every year. The clear, pure
lumps are worth one dollar a pound. In
the large mill cities of Massachusetts
the girls consume enormous quantities,
one dealer selling one thousand four
hundred dollars in a year.

HUMOROUS.

A volume of water cannot be called
dry reading.

"Ma, will my little brother always be
younger than I am?" "Yes, darling."
"That'll be nice." "Why, lovely?"
"Because, then I can always lick him!"

Solomon's old proverb, "There is
nothing new under the sun," has recently
been revised. It now reads, "Every
pretty girl has been some other fellow's
sweetheart."

There is no end of suggestions offered
to the Iowa farmers as to how they
might escape the fury of future torna-
does, but no one has yet advised them
to build their houses under their
cellars.

It was in the cabinet-maker's shop,
and a party of strangers were looking at
the different labor-saving devices. One
gentleman, very short-sighted, had
lurried at the bench across the room.
He was examining a circular saw that
was whizzing with lightning-like rapid-
ity. Absorbedly interested in the piece
of mechanism, his face drew nearer and
nearer to the cruel teeth tearing round
and round with remorseless energy. At
this instant his friends turn about.
They see his danger. Inevitably the
gap grows smaller and smaller. Spell-
bound, they are unable to utter a sound.
They cannot endure to see their friend
torn and lacerated. Instinctively they
shut their eyes. Then comes the awful
jar of the collision. There is a whirling
sound and a crash. A shudder runs
through them all. The next instant
they hear the voice of the cabinet-
maker: "Of course you will pay for
that saw, sir." Their friend had es-
caped uninjured. But the saw was
shattered. It had struck his cheek. He
was a commercial traveler.

A curious instance of internal vegeta-
ble growth has been recorded by M.
Lebl. Some potatoes kept in a cellar,
and from which the sprouts were
removed as fast as they formed, were
split open after a time and found to con-
tain small, but perfectly shaped tubers.