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The Postman.

The postman up the village street
Should come this hour. Alas for me!
I hear no tread of nearing feet,
No sound save wind and wandering bee.

The long vines stir; how dim the room!
A single ray slants by my chair;
An insect, soaring in the gloom,
Like a chance firefly flashes there.

Be silent, heart! Adown the street
The postman loiters on his way;
The grass is green the flowers are sweet;
The waving branches bid him stay.

Perchance his love trips down the path.
(So merely human, could he haste?)
Sweet, shining, hazel eyes she hath,
Sweet lips in dazling carmine traced.

The postman comes! At last, his feet!
Oh lagging steps, so faint, so far!
Advance, lest my poor heart should beat
Its warm, imprisoning walls ajar.

He hears the gate; his coat of gray
And leathern bag make oath to it.
Where is my letter? Hush I sway,
A thousand lights before me flit.

The postman paces up the street
With quickened steps. It cannot be
An anxious face he dreads to meet?
He cannot guess my misery.

The room is dim; the long vines stir—
Shut out the sunny single ray;
Stifle hopes that fruitless were,
To wait another weary day.

AT THE OLD RED FARM-HOUSE.

People called Lela Brownson "peculiar." Perhaps they were right; but then a girl with seventy-five thousand dollars of her own when she is ten days old, and five hundred thousand more before she is fifteen years, has almost a right to be peculiar. To be an heiress is enough to make a girl different from other girls; but to be a beauty as well, and also possess a merry, cheerful, laughter-loving, generous nature—surely a creature so gifted could indulge in almost any whim or caprice, and be counted blameless by her three hundred and one dear friends.

Lela certainly claimed her privilege, and did pretty much what seemed good in her own eyes. She had a guardian, of course—an easy-tempered man, who loved his orphan niece very dearly, but was too much devoted to business to look after her very closely.

Another relative, a matron lady, presided over the household of the heiress since the death of her father, which event took place when she was fifteen years old. Mrs. Malcom was the widow of a rather eminent Scottish artist—an excellent lady. She also indulged Lela, and, being childless, loved her with all the strength of a heart intended by God to be "motherly."

"I want to go somewhere this summer where there is nobody, Aunt Nellie," said Lela, one bright spring morning, as she gazed through the window of her home.

"Somewhere where there is nobody?" replied Mrs. Malcom, with slightly elevated eye-brows.

"Yes, some place where there ain't a soul? I am going to study like—like fun. Aggie Austin learned Spanish last season while she was in such a lovely farmhouse, and used to make hay, and got all burned up with the sun, the way Dio Lewis says is good for you; and I'm going to do the very same thing this season."

"Um! You know Agnes Austin is a very poor girl, and is going to be a teacher. I do not see the necessity for you to bury yourself in that way."

"Aunt Nellie, you don't know how sick and tired I am of being the rich Miss Brownson. I overheard that Mrs. Selkirk say last night: 'Oh, Brownson's pills! Are you in agony?' making fun of poor papa's advertisement. Yes, I am going away, all by myself, and I am not going to take anything but the very plainest dresses—calicoes and gingham—and I may play the part of the poor girl. Now, everyone who looks at me or speaks to me, thinks of pounds and pence, and Brownson's patent medicines."

"By yourself, Lela? Do not you want me to go with you?"

"No, Aunt Nellie, I do not. If you go, there is a nameless atmosphere of wealth about you; no one would ever believe I was poor. You must go to Saratoga, as usual, and if I get tired of rustication I'll run along and join you."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way, as usual," said Mrs. Malcom, reluctantly.

"Of course I must—decidedly. I will be Little Bo-Peep, who lost her sheep, and you will be quite surprised to learn how few admirers I shall find, once I am perfectly clear of the jills and liver-pads. I want to find just how lovable Lela Brownson is without the filthy lucre that arises from the ills that flesh is heir to—"

"Another of your whims, dear," said Mrs. Malcom, with a half sigh. "Well, I hope no harm will come of it."

"Harm, Aunt Nellie? What possible harm could come of it?"

"I don't know. Somehow I do not like the idea. If you give your name, people will be sure to guess who you are."

"Well, then, I won't give my name. I'll call myself Lela—Lela—I'll take your name, Aunt Nellie—Lela Malcom."

* * * * *

The sun was setting among the white birch-trees behind the old red farmhouse—the homestead of the Parker family, near North Attleboro'—as an ancient buggy drew up, and a young lady stepped out.

"I declare, Aunt Mabel, here's the boarder come a'ready!" exclaimed Daisy, Mrs. Parker's rosy-cheeked niece.

"I declare—so it is! Well, Daisy, go and ask her in; I can't quit the fire till the bread's out."

Half-shyly, half-gladly, Daisy obeyed. She wanted to see the new boarder, and yet she felt timid.

Miss Austin, the young lady who had spent the previous summer with them, had highly recommended Miss Malcom—a nice, quiet girl, who wanted to study and enjoy the advantages of fresh air, new milk and berries. Agnes Austin had smiled to herself as she penned the letter, thinking how soon the belle would tire of the old red farmhouse.

Tea in the kitchen was a new experience to Lela. She watched the amount of home-made bread and tea that so rapidly disappeared with astonishment. She drank fresh, creamy milk, ate fresh strawberries, and admired the red flush that came and went so rapidly on Daisy's round cheeks. She retired early, and rose next morning when she heard the first stir in the house. On consulting her watch, she was surprised to find that the hour was five.

The wish was hardly formed when it was carried out. Seated by the hay, book in hand, she watched the changing colors on the dewdrops, the shifting lights among the birch-trees, and the clouds passing out of sight before the ardent gaze of the sun.

A manly footstep roused her from her reverie. A tall, dark man stood before her, dressed in a loosely-fitting suit of gray, with a soft felt hat pulled over his grave, brown eyes, and a book in his hand also.

"Have I taken your seat?" inquired Lela, preparing to rise.

"Yes and no. I sit there at this hour usually, but the seat is not mine."

"Well, you may have it, if you like. I think I will go and walk through that grove."

"Indeed, I will not occupy the spot if I drive you from it. Is not there room for both of us?"

Lela did not know what to say or do. She wondered if this was Mr. Parker's host. But no; if that was the case she certainly would have met him at supper the night before. Perhaps the Parkers had a grown-up son. This man appeared to be about twenty-four years of age, and somehow he had not the look of a rustic.

She stole a glance at his book. It was a medical work. He was very quiet, and Lela studied his face for some time. A very good face, she thought it—resolute and, perhaps, a little stern.

Suddenly he looked up, and caught her regarding him steadily, smiled slightly as she looked abashed, and began to talk. How well he talked—speaking on all sorts of subjects! He had travelled, and, before she was aware of it, had drawn from Lela an account of her one visit abroad.

"It is breakfast-time," said the stranger, rising and offering his hand to assist Lela to do like. "I suppose you are staying at Parker's?"

"Yes."

"I heard Daisy say they expected a friend of Miss Austin's to spend the summer."

He was one of the family then. But no, for when he entered Mrs. Parker hailed him with a friendly "Good morning, Mr. Studley."

They took their places at the table, and the conversation became general. Mr. Studley could talk as well to the farm people as he had done to her, and was as well posted on other topics as on travel. Without his hat he was finer-looking than with it. An earnest, thoughtful face, wonderfully attractive to Lela, who was thoroughly tired of society young men.

Days passed, and Lela did not tire of the red farm-house. She did not study much, however, though she had informed Frank Studley that she was

preparing for the profession of a teacher. How her cheeks burned when she thought she had told a falsehood!

Four weeks since Lela arrived at the farmhouse, and she still lingered, though she received letters almost every day from Mrs. Malcom, urging her to join her many friends at the seaside.

"I wonder why I like to remain here," she said to herself, glancing over one of these epistles at the table, where the family were assembled to breakfast.

"Well, Mrs. Parker, I must leave you on Monday."

Frank Studley was the speaker. A pang shot through Lela's heart; the words seem an answer to her unspoken question.

"Yes—dear me, how the time flies—yes, I suppose you must. Well, this is your last examination, isn't it?"

"Yes. When you see me again I shall be a full-blown M. D.," he returned, laughing.

The next day was Sunday, and Lela attended church. She was simply dressed, as indeed she had been during her whole stay. In the afternoon she wrote some letters, and in the evening went to church again, accompanied by all the Parker family.

She had not seen Mr. Studley during the whole day, and felt a delicacy about inquiring for him.

Daisy walked beside Lela, and after about half the distance to the church had been accomplished, began of her own accord to give her fuller information about their other guest than she had ever had before.

He had spent four summers with them. He was studying medicine under great difficulties, for he was very poor. She believed he was engaged to be married to Miss Austin.

How cold Lela grew when she heard this; how dull and dark the twilight seemed!

"They got acquainted right here in our house," said Daisy, triumphantly.

They were now in church, and Lela saw Studley sitting in a pew near her. His eyes met hers, and rested kindly on her pale face, for she had turned white, the pain in her heart was so keen.

She knew very little about the sermon, listening to it in a dazed manner with great apparent attention, while in truth her thoughts were far away with Aggie Austin, the fortunate possessor of Studley's affections—Aggie, the girl she had pitied because she was poor! Oh, what words could describe how she now envied her?

"Aunt Nellie said harm would come of it, and so it has," she said to herself bitterly.

When the service was over, Lela found Studley beside her as they passed out of church, and he continued beside her as they walked home under the stars. He was unusually silent till they reached the little gate; then he said suddenly, in a voice unlike his own:

"Miss Lela, will you walk on with me? I have something to say to you."

She was too much agitated to speak, but she passed the gate.

"In the first place, I must tell you that I correspond with Aggie Austin, and she has told me who you are. I can't plead ignorance as an excuse for my madness, and yet I must give way to it so far as to tell you. I love you with my whole heart—I, a penniless man! You are silent; it is my most merciful answer. Well, I will only say farewell. We will never meet again. God bless you!"

He wrung her hand and turned to leave her, his face ashy grey in the starlight, despair in his strong, manly heart.

As he walked away, Lela found her voice, and called after him faintly:

"Mr. Studley, I—"

"What!"

Joy was in the tone, though no other word was uttered. And what joy was in his face when she held out her hands to him, saying fondly:

"You cannot love me half so well as I love you, for I am not worthy of such love."

When Mrs. Malcom was introduced to Lela's intended husband, she was satisfied, and rejoiced that no greater harm had come of Lela's summer spent at the old red farm-house.

The Sullivan farm in Illinois, once ten miles by seven, but afterward reduced to 20,000 acres, has at last been sold in small tracts. Ex-Governor Sullivan originally bought it at forty cents an acre, having brought about its classification by the Government as swamp land. He was at one time rated at three millions, but died insolvent, having failed to make such tremendous farming profitable.

She was a lady of culture. She stood watching a boat loaded with ice.

"What is that boat loaded with?"

"Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, in surprise; "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat!"

The Origin of Tobacco.

There has been not a little research in regard to the first discovery and use of tobacco, but the subject is still enveloped in the clouds and smoke of uncertainty. It has been claimed that the use of tobacco was known in China from very remote antiquity, as it has been very extensively cultivated there and in Japan, and in some of the oldest pieces of carving and porcelain paintings much the same pipe as that now used by the Chinese in smoking tobacco is represented. Some conjecture that the North American Indians immigrated from Asia by way of Behring straits to the American continent, bringing tobacco and certain Asiatic customs with them. The name tobacco or tobago, is variously derived; by some from Tabacco, a province of Yucatan; by others from Tobago, one of the Carib islands; by a few from Tobasco, in the Gulf of Florida; by Humboldt from the Carib name of the tube or pipe in which the Caribs smoke the herb, and which name he thinks the early discoverers of the West Indies transferred to the plant itself, and disseminated through all Europe. When Columbus came he found the red man smoking the pipe, and he is smoking it yet, though it is not always the calumet, or pipe of peace. He found some tribes who made the weed into cylindrical rolls and smoked these, wrapped in strips of maize leaf. Had the use of tobacco been common in China, even from remote antiquity, as some claim, it seems very probable that its use would have spread from there to other nations, especially when we remember with what rapidity it extended after its discovery in this country, four centuries ago. And this rapid spread was despite the efforts of kings, popes and sultans to prevent it. King James I. of England issued a "Counterblast to Tobacco," declaiming against it as "loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, hurtful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent IX. fulminated against it the thunders of the church, and priests and sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime; Amurath IV. punished its use by the most cruel deaths, the pipes of the smokers being thrust through their noses; and in Russia, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the noses of smokers were cut off. But in spite of all this, the use of tobacco rapidly increased wherever introduced. Tobacco gets its botanical name (nicotiana) from Jean Nicot, who introduced it into France from Lisbon in 1560.

The Bird of Paradise.

The twelve-wired bird of paradise in its adult male plumage presents a very remarkable appearance. The head, neck and throat are velvety black, changing in certain lights to a beautiful purple. The breast feathers are edged with metallic emerald green. The back is olive-green, the primaries and secondaries rich purple, the flank and under-tail coverts buff. The peculiarity which suggested a name for the bird is a curious prolongation of the shafts of the flank feathers—six on each side, like long wires. The female does not possess these, and is altogether much plainer in plumage. Mr. Wallace has described it as frequenting flowering trees, especially sago palms and pandani, sucking the flowers, round and beneath which its unusually large and powerful feet enable it to cling. Its motions are very rapid. It seldom rests more than a few moments on one tree, after which it flies off, and with great swiftness, to another. It has a loud, shrill cry, which can be heard a long way, consisting of "Cah, cah," repeated five or six times in a descending scale, and at the last note it generally flies away. The males are solitary in their habits, although perhaps they assemble at times, like the true paradise birds.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Act; looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you spell character. There is a great art in knowing how to give without creating an obligation. He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live. Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study. They who presume most in prosperity are soonest subject to despair in adversity. Don't covet the possessions of any man until you are willing to pay for them the price which he paid; then you will not need to covet them, for you can go and get them for yourself. The youth who begins life with a modest determination not to fail, and an earnest purpose to do only that which is right, will succeed as surely as patience is united to his effort and hope is ever in his heart.

Early Morning.

Without my window in the purple light
I hear the sound of birds among the trees;
The rustling of wings prepared for flight,
From the soft nest built underneath the eaves
The low, far-reaching meadow-lands stretch
White
And dowy in the dawn;
Unfurled above them o'er the clustered
sheaves,
The pearly mists are drawn.

The breeze blows sweet that blows at break of
day,
Rich with the soft, delicious subtle scent
Of honied clover, gathered on the way
O'er pasture-land, and fields of flowers
that lent
Their thousand perfumes, o'er new-mown hay
Fresh, cool, upon my brow,
With all the stolen odors strangely blent,
I feel it blowing now.

Long shadows fall across the long wet grass,
As through the breathing and mysterious
hush,
The opal tints grow brighter on the mass
Of clouds hung in the east; a sudden gush
Of song from wild birds as they swiftly pass
In their aged flight.
And nearer, clearer carol of the thrush
Breaks with the light.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Every county in Iowa has a railroad.

The French residents of New York are about 10,000 in number.

A census of the church-goers of Toronto, Ont., shows that 44.92 per cent. of the population attends church, a percentage higher than that of any Scotch borough, and falling behind only three English cities.

Italian bees gather honey from flowers which fail to attract black bees, because the former have a longer tongue, and are able to find honey which is beyond the reach of the black variety.

The total consumption of peanuts in the United States in 1878, 1879 and 1880 was 4,373,000 bushels, which, at the average price of \$1.10 a bushel, or five cents a pound, realized at wholesale \$4,810,300, or an average of \$1,603,433 a year. In round numbers 139,936,000 quarts, or 297,872,000 pints, or 595,744,000 half-pints were eaten, being an average of 93,230,666 pints a year. Nearly the whole supply comes from Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina. For the ten years 1870-1880 the total number of bushels raised was 9,280,000, of which Tennessee supplied 4,200,000, Virginia 4,385,000, and North Carolina 695,000. Last year's crop was very short, owing to a drought, but this year's promises to be the largest ever known.

HUMOROUS.

It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. "Zackly so; and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them.

A curate once asked a little girl in the Sunday school: "Who made your vile body?" "Mother made the body," quickly retorted the child; "I only made the skirt."

When a young lady asked to look at a parasol the clerk said: "Will you please give the shade you want?" "I expect the parasol to give the shade I want," said the young lady.

"Are those stars which we see at night suns?" asked a little boy of his father. "Yes, my boy." "Are the shooting stars suns, too?" "No; the shooting stars are not suns; they are darters."

Twenty women of Iowa have won repute by remaining together for an hour without speaking a word. As the sixtieth minute drew nigh, all the men in the vicinity fled to escape the loosened torrent that was so near at hand.

How They Looked.

On the Jefferson avenue line the other day a man with an umbrella and a woman with a basket were the only occupants of a car for several blocks. The man not only stared at her, but rested his umbrella on his chin and took a long look. She was first nervous, then vexed, and bye-and-bye she cried out:

"Why do you stare at me in this rude manner?"

"I am not staring at you to be rude, madam, but simply to study you."

"Well, I want you to stop it."

"Certainly, madam; but I assure you that I was regarding you in the light of a piece of statuary."

"That's all right, sir, and I have been regarding you in the light of a baboon, but we'll both quit regarding or one of us will walk the rest of the way home."

He turned his head and regarded the back end of the horse in the light of a beautiful landscape, but it didn't seem to really satisfy his artistic longings.—Detroit Free Press.