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A Woman's Heart.

Though you should come and kneel low at my feet,
And weep in blood and tears of agony,
It would not bring one single pang to me,
Nor stir my heart out of its quiet beat.

There was a time when any word you spoke,
When but the sound of your melodious voice
Would thrill me through and make my heart
rejoice;
ur wish was law, but now the spell is broke.

And though an angel, with a shining brow,
Should come from heaven and speak to me
and say:

"Go with this man and be his own away,"
I would refuse, I would not trust you now.

Though you should pray me, writhing in white
pain

For just one last caress, and I should know
That you were draining out the dregs of
woe,

I would not let you hold my hand again.

This is a woman's love—a woman's pride.

There is a stream that never can be crossed.
It rolls between us; and the trust I lost
Has sunk forever in the rushing tide.

MASTER OR MAN?

Lois Brand leaned over the low railing of the bridge to watch the ripples on the waters for one brief idle moment, and the minnows darting about in that restless fashion of theirs which made her think of the shuttles flying back and forth through the warp in the weaving-room of the great factory where day by day, she toiled for the bread she ate and the clothes she wore. She wished she might forget everything connected with the factory for a little while. If she could, she thought, it would be rest. But she had watched the shuttle flying back and forth so long that the sight of almost any moving thing brought it before her. And for so many years had she listened to the thunder and crash of the great looms that she heard them everywhere. She often wondered if she should ever get the sound of them out of her ears. As she stood there on the bridge thinking in a spiritless kind of way of what a pleasant thing life must be when there is no such drudgery, no such terrible monotony in it as had been hers since childhood, shutting out like cruel hands that bar a door, all she had hoped for and longed for most, a step around her.

She turned and saw Dick Evans. His honest face grew bright at sight of her. To him she was the one woman in the world.

"Good-morning, Dick," she said, in a tired kind of way. "Are you going to the mill?"

"Yes; of course," he answered, as if it were scarcely possible for him to be going anywhere else.

"What a fool I was to ask such a question," she said. "As if there was any other place for us! When we get into the mill once we never get out till death puts an end to the work. If it wasn't for Fan, I wouldn't care much how soon my work was over, I think, though I never liked to think of dying. But if one were dead, he'd know something about rest, wouldn't he? That's more than any of the mill-hands will while they live."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way, Lois," Dick said, in that grave, gentle way of his, when talking to this woman he loved. "There's no need of your killing yourself at the loom as you are doing. It's only for you to say Yes, Lois, and you know there is nothing I'd be gladder to hear."

"I know, Dick," she answered, a little more tenderly, but with such bitterness in her voice yet. "I am sure I could be quite happy with you, Dick, but there's Fan. It wouldn't be right for me to marry you and bring you such a load as two women, and one of them helpless as a baby, would be. You'd find your hands full with me alone, I'm afraid, and when you come to think of Fan! No, Dick; when I think of the burden both of us would be, I can't make it seem that it would be right for me to say Yes."

"Didn't I know all about Fan when I asked you to marry me?" cried Dick. "Do you think I would have asked you any such question if I hadn't been willing to take care of both of you? You know better, Lois. I've thought the matter all over, and I'm willing to run the risk of the consequences. Poor Fan wouldn't be half the burden to me, if you were to marry me, that she is to you. I can work well now. I'm laying up a little money every year. A man can work better if he thinks he's working for some one who loves him. Now, it doesn't seem as if I was working for anybody or anything in particular. Don't you know that the thought of home puts life and energy into a man? If I knew that you were waiting for me in a home of our own, no matter how humble it was, the hardest day's work would seem pleasant to me. The thought of the kiss

you'd give me at the door would help me more than the promise of a better place or extra wages. You'd better say Yes, Lois."

Clang! clang! clang! rang out the factory bell like a great brazen voice that bade men and women who heard it cease thinking of anything else but work. Lois shivered. The sound of that bell was so tangled up in her life that the two could never be separated, she thought, as she roused herself from her listless mood and turned towards the factory.

"I don't think I'd better take your advice, Dick," she said, with a little shake of her head. "Not yet a while, anyway. It wouldn't be right, I think."

"I don't ask you to say yes till you've thought it all over," he said, walking along beside her, through the street leading to the factory. "Don't let the thought of Fan, or the hard work I'll have to do, keep you from saying yes, if you love me, Lois. If you love me, you've no right to say no. That's the way to look at it, Lois."

They went into the factory together. As they crossed the threshold the machinery started into motion. The wheels began to turn in their tireless, swift way, and everywhere was din and danger. Dreams might answer for out of doors, but there was no place, no time for them here. No time to think of love, either.

The warp was waiting for her at her loom. It made Lois think of a spider's web. The old factory seemed more like a great spider to her to-day than it ever had before. How many men and women were caught fast in its webs, she thought, as she looked down the long room and saw the white, wan, tired faces by the looms.

It was nearly noon when Ralph Leverson came to her loom and paused there to watch her at her work.

Ralph Leverson was her employer. This great factory and the men and women in it were his.

He stood there, silently watching her deft, well-trained fingers as they moved among the threads for many minutes.

By and by—
"Those fingers of yours seem to work of themselves, Miss Brand," he said.

"Yes," answered Lois, scarcely pausing to look up, "we are machines."

She said it with an accent of bitterness in her voice. Poor Lois! This life was wearing her out. It was making her old before her time, and the weariness of it told upon her temper and embittered her thoughts.

"I want to talk to you," young Leverson said, leaning over the loom, and pushing back the lever that caused the iron-brained machine, which seemed to keep up a steady thinking of one thing from morning to night, to stop its tireless motion.

"Well!"
Lois folded her hands upon the iron frame and waited for him to speak.

He scarcely seemed to know what to say. He began once and paused.

"Something was wrong about my last web, I suppose," she said, at last. "Don't be afraid to find fault, Mr. Leverson. We are used to that. Mill hands don't mind such trifles. We can't afford to be sensitive, you know. Such luxuries aren't for us."

"If you think I came here to talk about such things, you are mistaken," he said. "I—I suppose, you never thought about such a thing as—as my caring for you, Lois?"

She looked at him in blank amazement. Had she gone crazy at last? She had often said that she believed the roar of the looms would make her insane some day.

"You are surprised," he said. "I supposed you would be. I do not wonder, for it comes to you suddenly. I ought to have made you understand by degrees, perhaps, but I have always been an abrupt man, and you must pardon me, I do care for you, Miss Brand. I've watched your face for a long time, and I've grown fond of it. Will you be my wife?"

Lois had often wondered why he was so kind to her. Now she understood. He was a perfect gentleman. She knew that he was in earnest, for he was too honorable to stoop to deceit—too honorable to allow any doubt of his motives.

She thought about it in a swift, muddled way. She thought about Dick, and her heart gave a little thrill at recollections of his love for her that was like a reaching out of hands to him. And yet Dick was poor—miserably poor. Leverson was rich. He could give her all the beautiful things she had craved so long. A confused vision of pictures and flowers, of rich dresses and beautiful books went whirling through her brain to the accompaniment of the grinding, pitiless wheels.

"I can't think now," she cried, putting up both her hands to her throbbing brow. "Don't ask me to. Some other time I'll tell you."
"Take your own time to think it

over in," he said. "Try to think favorably, Lois, for I want you very much—I need you."

When she went back to her loom after dinner she was more like a machine than ever, for she scarcely comprehended the details of her work. It is likely that she attended to them all, but she did so mechanically. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

The wheels went round and round. Her thoughts went on and on. Should she choose for her heart? If she did, she would choose Dick—dear, patient, willing Dick. Should she choose for her selfish self? Then she thought of what Leverson's wealth could give her. The machinery seemed to be crashing at her with iron jaws. She fancied it was a great animal snarling at her.

"I'm going home," she cried, at length. "I'm sick, dizzy, faint. If I stay here I shall go crazy. I've got to get away by myself and think. I shall have no rest till I get it all thought out."

She put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out into the cool October air.

How peaceful the blue hills looked far off! She wished she were one of them. Then nothing would fret her; her restlessness would be gone.

Oh, which to choose—which to choose?

The words made a little verse of themselves, and her brain set them to the monotonous tune of turning spindles and darting shuttles.

She went towards home in a slow, roundabout way. She saw men and women and little children. Some of them bowed or spoke to her. She did not recognize one face among them all. Her thoughts were not with the things about her. She seemed a thousand miles away from earth and everybody.

Suddenly the great factory bell filled the air with a swift clangor, that hurt her aching head as if cruel hands had smote it.

"Something has happened," she cried turning to look back. But the houses hid the factory from her sight.

The bell rang out its hoarse alarm. She ran up the street. When she reached the end of the block she saw a great cloud of smoke breaking above the roofs of the building between her and the factory. Then she knew the truth. The factory was on fire.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she thought, and hurried towards the burning building. Perhaps there was something her tired hands could do to help the poor wretches who were trying to escape death. What would become of them, of her, if the factory burned?

She knew, before she reached it, that the factory could not be saved. The windows were loopholes of fire. The eaves were wreathed with flames that coiled and uncoiled themselves like writhing serpents.

Suddenly a great cry rang out from the crowd, and she saw hands pointing to the window of a room over the main entrance. Looking up, she saw Leverson standing there. His face was very white. He must have been asleep, men said, and the fire had roused him from what might have been a pleasant slumber, to put him face to face with an awful danger.

"It is death for him," thought Lois, with stifled breath. "There's no possible way of escape."

"I'll try to save him," cried a voice she knew—Dick's voice, and there was something grand in the sound of it.

Then she saw him fighting his way through the flames, and the last glimpse of his face showed her how brave it was in the wild tempest of fire and smoke. She held her breath, and waited, pale and trembling, while her heart kept saying over and over, in a prayerful kind of way:

"Dear Dick! Oh, God save him!"

She knew then, in the face of the awful danger, that the lover who was risking his life so nobly was more to her than the lover he was risking his life for could ever be. She had made her choice at last.

Suddenly, through the flame and smoke, she caught sight of Dick's face at the window of Leverson's room. He had Leverson in his arms.

"Throw up a rope," shouted Dick. "Be quick, for God's sake."

Some strong hand flung the line he asked for. He fastened one end of it beneath the arms of the unconscious Leverson, and lowered him to the ground just as the flames burst out of the window below him, wrapping the whole front of the mill in a seething sheet of fire.

A groan went through the crowd. There was no hope for Dick. He had saved a life at the loss of his own.

"Dick, Dick!" rang out a woman's voice, sharp and shrill, and full of terrible entreaty. "Try to save yourself for my sake!"

He heard and leaned far out of the window in a wild desire to save his life for the sake of the woman he loved.

He saw the wire of one of the lightning rods not a foot away from the window. Maybe it was strong enough to hold his weight. But could he go through the hell of fire beneath him? It seemed death to venture. It was certainly death to stay where he was. Lois had called him. He would make a wild effort to save himself.

He leaned out and grasped the rod, and swung himself over the window sill, and slipped down, down, down! The rod blistered his hands, but he clung to it. The flames billowed up all about him, but he held his breath, and slid down, down, down! The last he remembered was that he was in the midst of a whirlpool of fire, with the thought in his brain that he was always going down, down, down!

The first thing he remembered after that was a woman's face bending over him, and a woman's tears dropping on his face, and then a woman's kiss was on his lips, and a woman's voice said, brokenly:

"Oh, Dick! poor noble, brave, dear Dick!" And he saw Lois above him and thought he had got to heaven.

They told him he was a hero. Leverson came and took his poor, wounded hands in his, and told him he had saved his life, and that he should do great things for him to prove his gratitude.

And he did!
And Lois is satisfied with the choice she made.

Marvelous Escape of a Boy.

A nine-year-old son of Dock Leary, who attends to the bridge at the foot of Fourteenth street, Louisville, Ky., had a startling fall and a very narrow escape from death recently. Workmen have for some days been engaged in painting the cross beams under the bridge and had taken up some boards so that they could pass down a rope-ladder suspended below. The children had been told to keep away from this opening and of course they did not obey. This little fellow ventured to the opening and interested himself, while no one was near, looking through the opening. He grew dizzy, and losing his balance slipped through the opening, and missing the ladder fell a distance of ninety feet into the swift, shallow water below. Some people below saw the body falling and rushed to the edge of the water, expecting to find the little fellow mangled on the rocks which form the bed of the river at that point. They were very agreeably surprised upon reaching the bank to see the boy some distance below making his way toward the bank. He was gathered up, wet to the skin and considerably startled, but entirely sound. Where the boy fell the water is not over two feet deep, and the bed is composed of jagged rocks, and the wonder is that he was not literally mangled. His wonderful escape is attributed to the fact that the water at that point runs with a very swift, strong current, and it is supposed that the force of the current swept the body away, not allowing it to strike the stones. The little fellow was carried up the bank and joyously received at home. He appeared a little startled and bewildered, but did not seem to realize the very close call he had stood.

Try Again.

A gentleman was once standing by a little brook watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings he noticed scores of little minnows making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a shoal which was a foot or more high, and over which the clear sparkling waters were leaping. They halted a moment or two, as if to survey the surroundings.

"What now?" inquired the gentleman. "Can't the little fellows continue their journey any further?"

He soon saw that they wanted to go further up the stream, and were only resting and looking out the best course to pursue in order to continue their journey to the unexplored little lakelet that lay just above the shoal. All at once they arranged themselves like a little column of soldiers and darted up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion.

A moment's rest, and they are again in the spray waters with like results. For an hour or more they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trials, they bounded over the shoal into the beautiful lakelet, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world.

"Well," said the gentleman, "here is my lesson. I'll never again give up trying when I undertake anything. I did not see how these little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impassable, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it. I shall never give up again."

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.

The Home of Hope.

Hope, when the Virtues left Pandora's box,
Remained behind. Safe in one corner stowed,
She needed not the custody of locks,
Nor wished nor sought a more secure abode.
And after, what was dark her flame made bright,
Where all seemed lost she showed the yists
blast;
Nor left the spot unless to bring the light
Of comfort to some sorrow-stricken breast.

And this trait marks her still. E'en as of old,
Her sweet rays pierce the water of all woe—
Or cheer the chill of coming days, so cold—
And start, in dreams at least, joy's sparkling
flow.

But when, far so it haps, her wings to fly,
Fatigued, refuse to use their 'customed art,
She seeks the box where Tom's assessments
lie
Or more familiar quarters in his heart.

VARIETIES.

Archery isn't popular—beaux are scarce.

It is not until after a seal is dead that its skin is dyed.

Learn to take life as it comes, but be sure to make the best of it before it goes.

One dollar in gold now buys \$240 of Peruvian money, and \$240 of Peruvian money buys an every day straw hat.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity.

According to a Denver (Col.) paper a digger in that city has found a whale tooth and part of a jaw, in a stratum of sand eight feet under the surface.

George Lessard, born 1777, appeared lately in the court of records, Montreal, accompanying his wife, cited as a witness. He married only in 1878.

It is an admitted fact that men who use their brains live longer, other things being equal, than those who do not.

Professor Gorini of Lodi has discovered a chemical solution by which a human body can be annihilated in twenty minutes at a few shillings' expense.

Light unbleached silk cloth, tassare grenadine and veiling are worked in raised patterns, and ribbon for bows to trim dresses of these fabrics are brocaded in designs to match.

Arizona covers an area of 72,000,000 acres of land, four-tenths of which is mineral bearing. It is larger than New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware combined.

Since the spring of 1880 Memphis has paved eight and a half miles of streets and put down forty miles of sewers and forty miles of subsoil pipes. The cost was \$500,000.

New Bedford, Mass., claims that in one year's time, when the mills now being built are in operation, that city will be the third in the Union in the manufacture of cotton goods.

Be independent; don't lang around, and wait for somebody else to go ahead. Break your own path. Don't put off to-day's work until to-morrow in hopes that it will be done for you.

Bear in mind the solemn and stupendous truth that you are preparing for eternity, and act in such a way that you may not fear to have the sunlight of eternity stream full upon all your finished deeds.

She was a Cleveland lady, and 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!"

This is what a reporter says to his girl: "Meet me on the corner, Where they sell ice cream, Life shall be for you, love, Like a blissful dream. Cling to me, my darling, As vine hugs the oak, And when you're done eating, I shall be dead-broke."

A convict says he was sent to prison for being dishonest and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the soles of the cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as eaters.

According to the last census report the State of Kentucky produces over one-third, or thirty-six per cent. of the entire tobacco crop of our country. The entire product of tobacco in the country in 1880 was 473,107,573 pounds, or nine and one-half younds for every inhabitant.

The sewer inspector of Cleveland recently opened a clogged sewer and found that the roots of a tree had grown and forced their way into a socket joint, and, penetrating the sewer, completely filled it up. The roots had clasped themselves so firmly about the pipe that it took the united strength of two or three men to remove them.