

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 14.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

Wait.

He looks at me with eyes so blue—
A little lad just coming eight,
"When shall I be big as you?"
"Dear boy," I answered, "wait."
The years have come, the years have gone
The lad is tall and strong and straight;
Yet still he asks, "What have I done?"
"Dear boy," I answer, "wait."
"It came at last—that sweet content,
He yearns no longer to be great,
"Dear friend, I know now what you meant,"
He cries, "when you said 'wait!'"

A MIDSUMMER FREAK.

"Hands wanted at White's Dairy Farm, Eltingville." We were sitting in the phaeton in front of Lavaud's Hotel at Rossville, when this sign, hung out on the wall, met our eyes.
I looked from it to Baby; Baby, with a little laugh in her blue eyes, returned my gaze. We understood each other.
"Let us go!" she said as we drove off.
"Now?" I asked.
"Nonsense! Of course not; but we can drive home, hunt up some old dresses and old shoes, make a couple of sunbonnets, and to-morrow morning, when Harry gets away, harness up the box wagon and try our luck. It will be lots of fun."
Now be it distinctly understood that my audacious friend was "wooed and married an' a," while I was a single young woman, accountable only to myself for my misdeeds.
"And Harry?" I asked.
"We will tell him when we come back."
"But," I urged again, "what do you imagine we will have to do? I have only the vaguest notions of farm work. My knowledge has been principally derived from story books, and I am afraid their suggestions are, to say the least, unpractical. Is it to husk corn, or pare apples, or—"
"Pick potatoes, most likely," broke in Baby. "Never mind what it is; we can steal away and go home if we do not like it."
"Very well," I said, and it was settled.
Harry took the seven o'clock train the next morning, with an unsuspecting heart, and his wife and I went home to begin our adventure.
Titus was ordered to harness up the box wagon while we dressed. Two straight, plain calico skirts we put on and viewed with much complacency. My jacket was a loose one, borrowed from Sarah, the cook; Baby had ripped the ruffling off one of her own. Her sunbonnet was blue, mine a bright pink. Our hair we plaited in two braids down our backs; our shoes were a miracle of holes—I gave a fleeting thought to Baby's high French heels. Farm women did not usually wear them, I thought; but I said nothing.
We laughed till we were exhausted at the figures we made, but decided, thanks to the sunbonnets, that we were pretty well disguised.
Away we drove in high glee, amid the laughter of the servants, who were by this time pretty well used to our pranks.
"We will be back for the half-past five train," shouted Baby, as we turned out at the gate.
"Baby," I said, when we were on the Anadale road, "do you know where it is?"
"Which; the farm, or Eltingville?"
"The farm."
"No, but we can ask."
And ask we did, and no little amazement we created, as we drove into the inn-yard, put up the horse, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot—a wise suggestion of Baby's. It would not look right, she said, for working women to drive up in their own wagon. Of course I acquiesced.
I wonder did there ever present themselves at any place two such remarkable little figures as turned in at White's Dairy Farm?
We went past one or two fields, and met no one; at last we came across a man with a spade on his shoulder.
"Is this White's Dairy Farm?" asked Baby.
"It be," was the answer.
"Where do you want people to work?" demanded I, ashamed to let Baby do all the talking.
"Oh, you want a job, do you?"
Baby's sunbonnet dropped and quivered. I knew she was speechless.
"Yes," I said; "where do we go?"
"To that red building over there. Just down that path and then to the right."
We thanked him, and ran on till we came to a great red building, a sort of barn, with wide open doors, and within men and women apparently hard at work, sorting and packing fruit.
Baby gave my arm a triumphant squeeze. We could do that.
A few turned and stopped at their work, looking at us curiously, but the

rest kept on, occasionally exchanging a jest with one another.
A young man stood in his shirt sleeves—marvelously white they were, too—with his back toward us, giving orders to a cartman who was loading a wagon. In a moment he turned and regarded us with a broad stare of astonishment.
"Sir," said Baby, with her eyes on the ground, "we heard you wanted hands; can you give us any work?"
Alas! Alas! Baby was more than half a French woman, and as the clear, crisp, un-English tones fell on his ear, the look of suspicion on his face became one of certainty.
"Will you come this way?" he asked, leading us out at the opposite door-way.
"What can you do?" he asked.
"Anything," I said, as confidently as I could.
He showed us a pile of fruit which was to be sorted and put into baskets, and walked away to the first camera.
Baby and I fell to at once. She knew what she was about, and I worked under her directions.
"Oh, Min," she said in a whisper, "we are in a nice scrape if he finds us out! Harry will be so angry."
"Let us steal away," I whispered back; "we can do it in a little while."
Still we kept on, half laughing, half dismayed, for a couple of hours, when our master, as Baby persisted in calling him, came back. He might have been any age between twenty-five and thirty, tall, straight and handsome. I saw him glance at Baby's white, slender fingers, where, horror of horrors! shone a diamond, which from sheer force of habit she had forgotten to remove.
He looked somewhat surprised at the quantity of work we had done.
"You are getting along famously," he said, in an amused tone. Then, "Will you be so good as to follow me?"
Men did not generally speak that way to hired help, but we could not in prudence refuse; so we followed him to a little garden where, under some trees that screened them from observation, we found a bench and rude table.
"Will you wait here?" he asked, and touching his hat, went away.
"Well," I cried, sitting down, "if this does not beat everything! What does it mean?"
"It means that he has found out who we are," answered Baby, dejectedly. "I wish we had not come."
"Never mind," I said, consolingly; "it is an adventure, anyhow; a little more than we bargained for, that is all."
Just then back came "our master," carrying a tray which he deposited on the table before us. Our astonished eyes took in wine, milk, a cold chicken, fresh butter, and slices of home-made bread.
"Mrs. Lester," he said turning to Baby, "will you forgive me for recognizing you? But it was almost necessary; the men might have been rude, and it is better that you should go home now. You are wondering, I dare say, how I came to know you, but I have seen you quite often driving around the country with your friend. My name is Roger Carlyle."
Baby laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.
"Mr. Carlyle," she said, "I am infinitely obliged to you. We saw the sign yesterday at Rossville, and thought we would come for the fun of the thing. But I had no idea we were to have such an adventure. But I have an idea that you are masquerading yourself."
"Well, I am," he acknowledged. "I am acting to-day for my uncle, who owns the place. But will you not eat something? You must be hungry."
We were starving, and did full justice to the nice luncheon. While we were eating he went to the inn for the horse, and brought him round to us.
"Good-by," said Baby, as he gave her the reins; "and be sure you come and see us. Mr. Lester will be glad to thank you."
He laughed and promised.
"O Baby!" I said, when we were all on our way. "What a scrape!"
"Pshaw!" returned Baby. "It was plenty of fun; nevertheless, we will not do it again."
As the half-past five train came in, two irreproachably dressed young ladies sat in a pony phaeton, waiting for Harry Lester.
We told him all about it after dinner, and though he scolded he had to laugh, particularly when we donned our costumes to give him an idea of the effect.
One good thing came out of it all—our friendship with Roger Carlyle. He came over as he had promised, and gave Harry a very ludicrous account of our proceedings.
Did it ever lead to more than friendship? How curious you are! Perhaps.
—[Waverly Magazine.]
Rev. Dr. Robert Price, of Vicksburg, has signified his acceptance of the chair of history, English literature and rhetoric in the Southwestern Presbyterian University.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

It is not considered in good taste for young ladies gowned in white to wear much jewelry. Indeed, high art demands none at all.
Maude is again a popular shade. It is to be hoped that it will only be worn by those to whom it is becoming, so that the result will not be mauvaise.
Close caps, made entirely of "rick-rack," are worn by small people. A lining of pale blue or pale pink, with strings to match, makes a pretty finish.
A pineapple that exactly follows the luscious fruit in shape is made of hammered silver, and fills the arduous position in life of a teapot.
Long stocking mittens, in black, almond, lichen-green and white, are liked for evening wear, and do much toward hiding the imperfections of an unsymmetrical arm.
Ribbon ties have superseded buttons on fashionable robes de nuit. They involve considerable trouble, as they have to be detached whenever the garments visit the laundry.
Only a cook-book would appreciate as a bonnet ornament six small birds fastened to a small gold spit. O Fashion! how many crimes are committed in thy name!
An Artistic Young Lady's Room.
People furnish their rooms now according to their caprices. The personal comes out. The rich literary young lady fits up her room with furniture of an antique pattern, with book-cases in dark wood or oak, with a tiled fire-place and brass andirons, a Venetian mirror, and deep luxurious rugs. She has rare engravings, and a Sevres writing-table.
"Simple but choice," one says on entering. If she is a fashionable belle, her room will be festooned with pink or blue silk, covered with lace, or tufted satin let into the walls. Long mirrors will abound, and the furniture will be of ormolu. The spirit of Pompadour breathes from this interior; it is all roses and blue ribbons. The artistic young lady has three important caprices: a bunch of peacocks' feathers, a brass pot full of cat-tails, and a medæval candlestick. These are the essentials. Japanese fans as a matter of detail; an easel, a few straight-backed chairs, a brown curtain embroidered with sunflowers, and a Persian cat. With all the stiffness, and the preference for a certain dirty yellow, which has become the passion of the followers of Cimbabue Brown, these modern æsthetes do sometimes make very pretty rooms. They are quaint and individual, but there is no doubt that the "high artistic craze" has produced some very ugly effects.
The severe stiffness of the cat-tail has entered much into modern embroidery. Every one feels for the stork which has stood so long on one leg.
"The lilies lank and wan,
Each stork and sunflower spray,"
all are stiff and dismal. They are the pendants to the "lean disciples of Burne-Jones." The Postlethwaites and Burnethornes and their female adorers look like a stork on one leg. The hero of a modern æsthetic comedy says, as the highest synonym of despair, "I feel like a room without a dado."
It is one of the pleasantest caprices of modern luxury that women have their bedrooms and boudoirs furnished in colors which will set off their favorite dresses, and add china to match the bedroom.—[Harper's Magazine.]
Premiums for Babies.
It is well known that Baltimore society people form themselves in clubs of a dozen or so and give teas and receptions at one or the other's houses during the winter but perhaps it is not so well known that there exists here an association, composed often of the most fashionable young married ladies of which the city can boast, called "The Sour Grape Club." It is learned that the club was formed at Lehman's Hall last winter one year ago, during a german given by the Tuesday Club. The lady members—no gentlemen are admitted to membership—agree to present to the lucky mother numerous articles of wearing apparel and infants' jewelry upon the birth of every child to one of its members. This obligation has been faithfully carried out, and in one instance one of the members has received two sets of prizes. Committees of three members each on qualification, prizes, and records are appointed yearly, and a photograph of the "blessed baby" is furnished each of the members. The membership is limited to ten, and all vacancies occasioned by death or resignation are filled by ballot by the remaining members. It is said that the number of applications for admission to the club is over fifty. The prizes are estimated to be worth over \$100, and are of the very best quality.—[Baltimore Day.]
Rev. Mr. Moody has closed his Scottish campaign.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"De odder nite de ole man Saleratus Brown drapped ober to see me," began the old man, as Pickles Smith got through swallowing a ten-penny nail which he was holding in his mouth to cure the backache. "He sot down wid a grunt, shoved out his feet wid a groan, and remarked dat times had so changed dat he didn't car' to lib anoder day. It made me narvous to h'ar him take on an' tell how modern felkses war dyin' off—modern houses no better dan coffins—modern food a pizen to de system—an' dat ninety-nine men out of ebery hundred war' liars, cheats, an' thieves."
"Almos' ebery day I h'ar some of you takin on 'bout de good ole times when nobody died an' de front doah of ebery house stood open. You doan' know what yer talkin' 'bout! In de good ole times de common house was 'bout as comfortable as de common hog-pen. More people had to ride ten miles fur a doctor dan a less distance, an' when he arrove he didn't know bran from broomsticks. Any sort of a man who knew Moses from Aaron was good 'nuff fur a preacher, an' de man wid de loudest voice an' de loudest bellow was de bes' lawyer. Women war' freckled and men went bar' futed to church, an' de fadder who didn't bring up his sons wid a great deal of stern dignity an' blue-beehg gad mixed together expected de boy to turn out a pirate."
"In de good ole times men stole, an' cheated, an' lied, an' played hypocrite, jist de same as men do now, an' if de women didn't gad quite so often, dey gossiped jist as much. De man who sighs fur de' good ole times, am frowin' away his braf, an' dar am a dim suspicion in my mind dat he am lazy an' shiftless. De pussion who can't play his hand wid de wurld of to-day, am either light in de head, or wobbly in de knees. I furder desire to add dat de nex' time I h'ar a member of dis club wishin' fur a return of de days when only one fam'ly on a road ten miles long had an umbrella to lend, an' not one family out sixteen could lend a cupful o' sugar widout scrapin' de bottom of de box, I shall proceet to read him a lektur dat will slant his ears at an angle of fo'ty-seben degrees."
Indian Girls.
The red maiden entertains as high a standard of morality as her carefully nurtured white sister. She is sturdy and strong, and a good housewife. She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marries a white man, she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her sole comfort, and his comfort her sole ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy. At the agencies of the upper frontier, thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until after the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. He must be well known in the tribe, and able to support a wife; otherwise he cannot hope to win her. The courtship is left entirely to the mother, who makes as good a bargain as she can.
A Singular Blunder.
It is customary in newspaper offices, says an exchange, when various telegraphic or other news comes in, to write directions for the compositors as to the disposition to be made of it. For instance, a dispatch from the seat of war late at night will be written, "Add war in Egypt," meaning that this is to be included with the previous dispatches on that subject. The compositor sets up this direction for the convenience of the foreman in "making up," who before putting the item into the "form," detaches the direction. But sometimes he misses it, as he did in the New York Tribune office the other night, which next morning announced a vacancy in Congress in the following fashion: "Neither of them was in the least hurt, but Oram died of heart disease after some little sparring had been done. Add Congressional Nomination." It was a singular blunder for such a newspaper as the New York Tribune to make.
An exchange says that "up in New Hampshire you can, for \$2.50, purchase a barrel of cider with a yellow dog thrown in." Yes, but hang it! who wants a barrel of cider into which a yellow dog has been thrown?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Baptists have 2,000 members in Russian Poland.
Efforts have been made to cry down the plain white handkerchief, but there is no doubt that it is always in good taste and always fashionable.
The Mexican consul at San Francisco is returning to their native country many Mexicans who, like hundreds of people of other nationalities, cannot find means of support in that city.
The consumption of tobacco in France during the past five years has averaged 35,000 tons—thrice the consumption of 1832. The revenue amounts to \$50,000,000 a year.
The Texas and Pacific Railroad will establish experimental farms along its line next season. The purpose of these will be to test the availability of lands for different farming purposes.
The Rev. A. H. Sweetser, of Providence, who left the Universalist for a Baptist pulpit, is now preaching without salary or emolument, and sustains himself by his profession of wood engraving.
The Methodist Episcopal ministers of Kentucky have pledged themselves to work for the defeat of any candidate for public office who attempts to gain nomination or election by the use of money or liquor.
Dr. R. G. Alexander, writing in an English medical paper, says that neuralgia is a disease arising from debility; that it is increased by disease, mental or bodily, but is relieved by food, and sometimes by stimulants. Pure air, night and day, and perfect cleanliness are advised.
A. B. Martin, of Mount Carmel, has a plant which he calls a coal lily. It is now in full bloom, bearing about twenty flowers of a very large size. The plant possesses many peculiarities, and among them might be mentioned its ever-blooming qualities, and also that no leaves adorn it. The flowers are entirely odorless, and black as the coal from which the plant derives its name.
Charles Slack took John F. Waite's wife to his home at Van Buren, Michigan and Waite went after her, accompanied by a large party of friends, among whom was a constable bearing a warrant for Slack's arrest on a charge of abduction. On the arrival of the mob, Slack took Waite aside, and asked him his price for the woman. Waite thought \$50 was not too much, and Slack regarded it as rather dear, though he paid it, and Waite spent a part in treating the crowd to whisky.
In 1631 the Lord Mayor, at the instance of the Privy Council, took a careful census of London. The result showed 130,268 inhabitants. In 1636 what we know collectively as London contained 700,000 inhabitants. Sir William Petty estimated that by 1840 London would contain 10,718,800 souls, but that it would reach its maximum in 1880, and then begin to decline; but while it has reached only half his estimate, it shows no sign of decline. The population of the city proper has declined 62,000 in twenty years, and is 20,000 less than in the reign of James I.
HUMOROUS.
Why are some men meaner than bad coffee? Because bad coffee will finally settle, but some men won't.
"They said I could make either side
In my cheek a most beautiful dimple
If I cut out a piece; and I tried,
And it isn't a dim—it's a pim—ple!"
Women's heads are like safes—you can't tell how much they have in them by the number of locks they have on.
"Help from an unexpected quarter," as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the lady of the house.
The fashionable maiden chooses heavy parchment paper. It has added weight when used as a writ of attachment—i. e., a love letter.
The Grand Maharajah of Calcutta got tipsy and fell in the gutter;
He was found by a lackey,
Who shouted, "Oh, cracker!"
And toted him home on a shukka.
The family were telling riddles one evening, and the five-year-old told this one:
"Four little hopper-toes sat on a tree;
Two hopped off, and then there were three."
Nobody could guess it. "Well," she explained, "one of them hopped right back again." "Who told you that riddle?" asked mamma. "Nobody," replied the little one. "I think it up myself."
It must be rather trying to be married to an emotional actress—to have her clutching you by the throat at 3 A. M., and shouting in a hoarse stage whisper: "Slave! didst look the kitchen door? The key—where is it? Quick! I'll strangle thee! Didst lay the milk picher on the outer battlement? Aye, me good lord, I'm mad!"