

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 17.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1882.

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

What She Thinks of the Drummers.

First in the crowded car is he to offer—
This travelling man, unboned and unsung—
The seat he paid for, to some woman young—
Or old and wrinkled. He is first to proffer
Something, a trifle from his samples maybe,
To please the fancy of the crying baby.

He lifts the window and he drops the curtain
For unaccustomed hands. He lends his case
To make a bolster for a child, not certain
But its mamma will frown him in the face,
So anxiously some women seek for danger
In every courteous act of every stranger.

Well versed is he in all those ways conducive
To comfort where least comfort can be found.
His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound :
He turns the seat unasked, yet unobtrusive ;
Is glad to please you, or have you please him,
Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

He smooths the dove-like frown of the official
By paying the fare of one who cannot pay.
His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound :
He turns the seat unasked, yet unobtrusive ;
Is glad to please you, or have you please him,
Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

The sorrows of the moving world distress
him ;
He never fails to lend what aid he can.
A thousand hearts to-day have cause to
bless him,
This much abused, misused commercial man.
I do not strive to cast a halo round him,
But speak of him precisely as I've found him.

GOLDEN BROWN, ALL SHINING.

Perry Dayton sat in his stuffy little
office, busily glancing over a heap of
letters which that morning's mail had
brought for the large dry goods estab-
lishment of Park & Haily. He came to
one addressed in a peculiarly dainty
feminine hand, and opened it with a
little more curiosity than he had deigned
to bestow upon the others.

"Inclosed please find—invisible
hair net—color of hair sent. Address
Miss Ella Terrell, Oak-haven," etc.
"Miss Ella Terrell has very lovely
hair," thought the young man, examin-
ing the long curl attentively. It was
golden brown, and shone radiantly in
the beams of sunlight which at that par-
ticular moment came pouring in at the
little window. "Perhaps, though, it is
only a part of her switch."

However, he laid the letter and soft
coil aside, resolving to match that in-
visible net himself.

It was very strange, but a vision of a
young lady with golden brown hair
would keep intruding itself between his
eyes and the remaining letters. Some-
times brown eyes accompanied the hair,
sometimes blue. Now it was a petite
figure—again "Divinely tall and most
divinely fair."

Having skimmed over them all he be-
took himself to that compartment of the
establishment devoted to such articles
as the one required. Box after box he
examined, and turned away dissatisfied.
He began to despair. Here was the
identical one at last. He carried it in
triumph to the office and began to
write,—

"I have, my dear Miss Ella, at last
found one to match your beautiful curl.
I hope—What bosh I am writing! Why,
Perry, old boy, you're clear gone!" he
exclaimed, tossing the offending missive
in the waste basket.

Enclosing the article in a wrapper, he
addressed it, and laid it with similar
parcels on a shelf, at the same time
consigning the curl to his vest pocket.

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"Of course you are aware, Mr. Day-
ton, that some one must go West shortly
to attend to that business in Kemo; and
as we have found you faithful in the
discharge of your duties, and place the
utmost confidence in your judgment,
Mr. Haily and myself have decided that
you are the one to go."

Thus spoke the senior partner, com-
ing into the office where Perry was sit-
ting. This happened a few months later.
Perry's beaming face fully expressed his
appreciation of this mark of esteem.
He was to start in two days. This
was Thursday. The next Wednesday
morning found our friend taking break-
fast at the Volcano House, Kemo. The
business would probably keep him there
a month or so. He had plenty of leisure
time, and devoted it to viewing the
sights of Kemo.

One evening he entered the chambers
of a young fellow connected with the
business house of Park & Haily, and
found him making an elaborate toilette.
"Why this unusual and unnatural re-
gard for thy appearance, O Trevelyn?"
he exclaimed, advancing into the room
where his friend stood.

"I am going to a party. Don't you
want to come?"

"Yes. Where is it?"

"At Oakhaven, seven miles away. We
will take a hack at eight precisely."

The hop was to be given in the hotel.

Trevelyn was well known and liked at
Oakhaven. He had lived there several

years, and so it was that Perry was pre-
sented to some of the nicest people in
the room.

He was talking with Mrs. Langdon
when he discovered that Trevelyn was
dancing with a very pretty young lady.
She had dark eyes, a small oval face,
and was dressed in some airy, floating
material. But her hair attracted his at-
tention particularly. It reminded him
of a curly lock which he had carried
about for several months. And then she
wore an invisible net, that was proba-
bly what caused him to remember that
other lock.

"Don't you agree with me, Mr.
Dayton?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he said, having
not the slightest idea of what Mrs.
Langdon was talking about.

The waltz came to an end at last, and
the two found their way to where our
friends were seated.

"Won't you introduce me to the fair
dancer?" Dayton asked at the earliest
opportunity.

"Was Miss Terrell engaged for the
next dance?" A glance at a dainty pro-
gramme proved the contrary. "Might
he have the pleasure?"

"Yes."

What a delightful turn that waltz
Dayton had never enjoyed anything so
much. He had some thought of telling
Miss Terrell that a lock of that mass of
wavy hair was at that moment lodged
in his pocket. A propitious fate per-
mitted him to dance again with her
during the evening, and even to accom-
pany their party to supper.

The next day Trevelyn and Dayton
called to pay their respects at the Ter-
rell mansion. This was not the last
time. And then Perry fell into the
habit of going without Trevelyn. The
weeks slipped away quietly, and at
length Perry discovered that he was
madly, wildly, hopelessly in love with
the fair owner of the fateful net.

One day there was to be a picnic.
They would go in wagonettes to the
thickly wooded hills lying to the north
of Oakhaven. Nature exerted herself
to the utmost on this particular occa-
sion. No one had ever experienced a
more delightfully pure atmosphere.
How fresh everything looked! How
sweetly the birds sang! A winding road
through the trees led them at length to
a spring on the hillside. Here they
would camp. Then came the bustle of
alighting and collecting the baskets,
and all sat down for a general chat be-
fore going off in exploring parties.

The delights of picnics were being
warmly discussed, when a gray-clad
gentleman on horse-back was seen ap-
proaching through the trees at the side.

He seemed in no wise discomfited by
numerous pairs of eyes bent upon him.
"Why, Reggy, where did you come
from?" cried Miss Ella, prettily, while
the pater et mater shook him warmly
by the hand.

"I found myself able to be with you
earlier than I expected. They told me
at the hotel that you were all booked
for the day, so I determined to follow
suit."

"It is so nice that you happened to
come on this particular day! We are
going to have such a nice time," said
Mrs. Terrell.

"I'm not so sure of that," soliloquized
Dayton, gloomily, remarking how
pleased Ella seemed at the advent of
this stranger.

"Mr. Dayton, Mr. Greydon," came at
last, and our friend found the keen grey
eyes giving him a searching look dur-
ing the process of a graceful bow.

"I think Princess would thank me
for a drink of that water she hears,"
and Greydon proceeded to lead the
handsome animal to the spring a few
steps off.

Ella, excusing herself gracefully, ac-
companied Mr. Greydon. Already dag-
gers of jealousy seemed piercing Day-
ton's heart.

"When is the wedding to come off?"
he heard some one ask Mrs. Terrell.

"It is not quite decided yet; not be-
fore August."

"Then they are engaged! Why didn't
some one tell me before I made such an
utter fool of myself?" he groaned.

Everyone thought this precise mo-
ment a suitable time for exploring tours,
and separated into groups. The poor
fellow wandered off by himself, he did
not care whither. His brain seemed on
fire. He was desperately in love. Why
had she always seemed so pleased to
see him? He had thought so differently
of her! What an idiot he was to go on
loving the girl! One who could act so
falsely was not worthy of his affection.
These were some of his excited thoughts.

He would go back. He would show
her that this stranger's presence made
not the slightest difference to him. He
turned hastily, and discovered that he
had wandered some distance from camp.
Arrived at the spring, he found Miss
Ella, evidently much fatigued, alone.
He approached and made a remark
about the weather. O commonplace
young man!

"I was just wishing for some one to

come, and had a vague idea that a
nymph might venture to show herself
if no one else appeared," she said, lan-
guidly fanning her flaming cheeks.

"I will retire in favor of the nymph."
"No, I would rather see you now,
having no energy left for the contem-
plation of naiads."

Dayton's face lighted up for an instant
and then resumed its gloomy expression.

"Mr. Greydon has gone, and I sup-
pose everyone else is off enjoying them-
selves," continued Ella.

"I thought Mr. Greydon was a fix-
ture; had come on purpose to see you—
that is—"

"Dear me, no!" laughed Ella. "He
is on his way to my aunt Hattie's, who
lives at Kemo. He is to marry my
cousin in August, and only stopped
here to consult papa about something."

"Miss Terrell—Ella—dear Ella—I
have been such a fool!"

Of course no right-minded person
would like to intrude on the conver-
sation which followed; suffice it to say
that two weddings came off in August
instead of one, and one happy pair con-
sisted of Miss Ella Terrell and Mr.
Perry Dayton.—[Waverly Magazine.]

A Day Ashore at Madeira.

'Twas the morning of the seventh of
July, 1878, that the "St. Mary's" the
New York nautical schoolship, while on
her annual cruise, dropped her heavy
port anchor and swung lazily around
with her bows pointing directly toward
the little, nestling town of Funchal,
Madeira.

In explanation to those who have
never heard of the above vessel, it may
be stated that the "St. Mary's" is the
training school for the youth of New
York city, established by the Board of
Education of that metropolis for the
purpose of encouraging the growth of
the mercantile-marine, by supplying to
it annually a large number of young
American seamen. These young men,
after a thorough course of instruction
on the ship, are graduated and granted
diplomas certifying to their proficiency
in the art of seamanship.

During the summer of each year a long
cruise is made, generally to the south of
Europe and the island of Madeira,
which affords the boys much practical
experience in their chosen profession.
It is of a visit to the above island, in
the year I had the pleasure of being
numbered among these embryo sailors,
that I am about to write.

The schoolship had made a most
pleasant and speedy run across the
Atlantic to Lisbon, and after a week or
ten days' stay at that historic city had
sailed for Madeira, the island that
Marryatt pronounces the prettiest on
the globe.

She had been beating to and fro off
Funchal for nearly twenty-four hours,
on account of the light and variable
winds met with, and it was only by the
merest chance that she succeeded in
creeping in, just at daybreak that beau-
tiful Sunday, to our anchorage within a
mile or so of the town.

Scarcely had the thundering splash of
the anchor into the dark blue waters
died away, when the boatswain's whistle
echoed shrilly through the ship, calling
all hands to furl sail, square yards, trice
up awnings, and in general to render
ourselves comfortable and show their
foreign community how really ship-
shape and neat a New York naval ship
could be.

By four bells (ten a. m.) the huge ship
was in perfect order; every deck as
white as snow, the brasswork gleaming
like gold under the fervent sun, and the
ropes flensing down in true
nautical style and hung in graceful fes-
toons everywhere.

After a thorough inspection of these
preparations by the officer of the day,
the word was passed:—

"All hands gobelow, shift and muster
in blues;" which jargon, translated into
respectable English, was now intended
to express a desire on the part of our
officers to behold us in our best ap-
parel.

Instantly all was confusion. Grimy,
tattered habiliments were exchanged for
the shoddy although neat blue uniforms
passing as "full dress" amongst us—
blue hats with nice gold letters re-
laced the canvas abominations worn at sea,
and an unprecedented demand for soap
and black silk neck-kerchiefs led to the
ransacking of innumerable "ditty-boxes"
and clothes-bags, with most beneficial
and pleasing results. We were prepar-
ing for the morrow.

The latest wrinkle in nautical dandy-
ism was eagerly seized upon and im-
proved to suit individual tastes; gaudily
colored handkerchiefs peeped furtively
out of sundry shirt-fronts, hats were set
with a more rakish air upon curly heads,
and a general spirit of mutual regard
(for the benefit of the party regarded)
seized upon this fraternal assemblage,
owing to the insufficiency of a few hand-
glasses.

Subjects for Thought.

Be silent and safe; silence never be-
trays you.

Every man desires to live long, but
no man would be old.

The man who never excites envy
never excites admiration.

Present evils always seem greater
than those that never come.

Some men cannot stand prosperity.
Other never get a chance to try.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-
doer only in the want of opportunity.

Those days are lost in which we do
no good. Those worse than lost in
which we do evil.

Never let your zeal outrun your
charity; the former is but human, the
latter is divine.

Education is the only interest worthy
the deep, controlling authority of the
thoughtful man.

He who obeys with modesty appears
worthy of some day or other being al-
lowed to command.

To the generous mind the heaviest
debt is that of gratitude, when it is not
in our power to repay it.

The trouble and worry and wear and
tear that comes from hating people
makes hating unprofitable.

We judge ourselves by what we feel
capable of doing, while others judge us
by what we have already done.

As pure and fresh country air gives
vigor to the system, so do pure and
fresh thoughts tend to invigorate the
mind.

Many a small man is never done talk-
ing about the sacrifices he makes, but
he is a great man indeed who can sacri-
fice everything and say nothing.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of
the soul, on which every star of talent
will shine more clearly, and the sun of
genius encounters no vapors in its pas-
sage.

There is a secret pleasure in hearing
ourselves praised; but, on such occa-
sions, a worthy mind will rather resolve
to merit the praise than be puffed up
with it.

Truth comes to us from the past as
gold is washed down from the moun-
tains of Sierra Nevada, in minute, but
precious particles, and intermixed with
infinite alloy, the debris of centuries.

As ships meet at sea a moment to-
gether, when words of greeting must be
spoken, and then away into the deep,
so men meet in this world; and I think
we should cross no man's path without
hailing him, and, if he needs, giving
him supplies.

There is but one thing which you
have to fear in earth or heaven, being
untrue to your better selves, and there-
fore untrue to God. If you will not do
the thing which you know to be right,
and say the thing you know to be true,
then indeed you are weak. You are a
coward, and sin against God, and suffer
the penalty of your cowardice.

Happiness or misery is in the mind.
It is the mind which lives, and the
length of life ought to be measured by
the number and importance of our
ideas, and not by the number of our
days. Respect goodness, find it where
you may. Honor talent wherever you
behold it unassociated with vice, but
honor it most when accompanied with
exertions, and especially when exerted
in the cause of truth and justice.

The Richest Man in Mexico.

The richest man in Mexico is proba-
bly Patricio Milmo, which is the Mexican
for Paddy Miles. He owns an estate of
400,000 acres, and his plantation has a
reputation all over the country. A part
of it is cultivated for corn, sugar cane
and magney. Milmo's residence is on
the summit—a handsome stone struc-
ture, very large, and ornamented by
cornices and pillars imported from
France and the United States. The
interior is like a palace, and so rich
with gold and silver and precious stones
that the eye is dazzled with their splen-
dor. Milmo is President of the Bank of
Mexico, an institution with powers and
privileges in the country as great as
are the Bank of England's in Britain.

His father-in-law, Santiago Vidarri,
was executed for supplying money to
revolutionists, and he himself narrowly
escaped a similar death, though he was
connected in a monetary sense with the
opposing forces. Since then brigands
have captured him several times, and
compelled him to pay from \$10,000 to
\$25,000 ransom. These adventures have
taught him precaution, and he has
turned the mesa into a sort of citadel,
accessible by only a narrow path,
obstructed by an iron gate of enormous
proportions. He has distilleries and
several factories, in which goods are
manufactured for his own use on the
mesa, and intends to retire to his man-
sion whenever another insurrection is
imminent. It is said that when he
came to Mexico he did not have a dollar,
and got his start in business from his
father-in-law.—[St. Louis Republican.]

Trusting Yet.

Heart of mine, beat not so wildly
O'er the hopes of future years,
For the morrow's sun may find me
Weeping disappointment's tears.
Have the lessons long and dreary
Has the same delusive whisper
Won thy trust complete again?

Thou hast known of woe and sorrow
All that human heart could know;
Yet thou wouldst through love, forgetting
Cling to those who struck each blow.
And thou still art bravely beating
Measured tunes of trust, and hope
For a happy, bright to-morrow—
That for thee may never ope.

But, oh heart, beat ever bravely
Bear me on through weal and woe,
Let no one but God—my maker—
Of thy burthens ever know.

VARIETIES.

Farms of the United States are worth
over \$10,000,000,000; fences over \$78,-
000,000; live stock over \$500,000,000;
farm implements and machinery, \$408,-
500,000.

Nearly all the creamery and other
first class butter is shipped from Iowa
eastward. Sioux City ships an average
of five carloads weekly during the but-
ter making season.

The president of the Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in
Washington, caused the arrest of two
men for carrying live chickens home
from market by the legs.

Chicago complains of wife shooters
who are called insane. A man must be
insane who will take the risks of shoot-
ing his wife in Chicago, where divorce
is so easy.

The length of the submarine cables
in the whole world is estimated to be
64,000 miles and their value to be \$202,-
000,000. The length of all the wires in
the world would reach 48 times around
the earth.

The following conversation was over-
heard by a lady on one of the streets
of Lowell a few evenings ago. A col-
ored man met an Irishman with three
children. "Am those your generation?"
asked the colored man. "Yes," re-
sponded Pat; "thim's my ancestors."

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
hold that a ticket is not invalidated as
a title to a ride, by having been pur-
chased from a person not an authorized
agent of the railroad; nor can a theatre
manager legally refuse admission on a
ticket because it has passed through the
hands of a speculator. Stipulations to
the contrary, as printed on tickets, are
of no account.

The Supreme Court of New Hamp-
shire has ruled that when a divorce has
been granted for a crime, the criminals
must be prosecuted by the court officers.
This is calculated to stop the practice
of obtaining divorces by mutual agree-
ment, a confession of guilt having here-
tofore led to no serious results. A test
case is being tried at Northwood.

Mr. Werdermann, whose electrical
discoveries have attracted much notice,
has just patented a new incandescent
lamp. The peculiarity of this lamp
consists in the fact that the vacuum,
indispensable in all other such lamps,
is dispensed with. Mr. Werdermann em-
ploys silicium in place of carbon, and
he has succeeded in procuring from it
better results than if carbon were em-
ployed.

Mrs. Stow, a San Francisco dress
reformer, has informed the police that
on January 1, she will begin to wear
trousers in public, and she demands
protection in case street crowds insult
her. But the chief of police seems to
think that it will be his duty to arrest
her, on the ground that her conduct
would be disorderly. As to the form
of the proposed garment, Mrs. Stow
says: "My trousers are made with a
plait, and descend just to the line of
beauty in the calf of the leg, just where
the dresses of young girls come; and if
young girls wear their dresses there,
why should not old girls adopt the
same fashion?" She is advised by a
lawyer that California has no law under
which she can be prevented from dress-
ing in that fashion.

Shark Workshop.

The inhabitants of many parts of the
African coasts worship the shark, and
consider its stomach the road to heaven.
Three or four times a year they row out
and offer the shark poultry and goats
to satisfy his appetite. This is not all;
a child is once a year sacrificed to the
monster, which has been specially
fattened for this occasion from its birth
to the age of ten. On the fete day,
the unfortunate little victim is bound
to a post on a sandy point at low water;
as the tide rises the sharks arrive. The
child may shriek, and the mother may
weep, but it is of no avail; even its own
darent thinks that the horrible sacrifice
will ensure her child's entry into
heaven.