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By-And-By.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether my path below was bright—
Whether it wound through dark or light—
Under a grey or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel night—
Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with laughing joy I went,—
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I—
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain,
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh;
"All will be otherwise by-and-by!"

What will it matter?—if bright—if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God—
Questioning not the how, the why,
If I but reach Aim, by-and-by!

What will I care for the unshaded sigh,
If, in my fear of bliss or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Surely He will smooth it by-and-by.

Ah, it will matter by-and-by,
Nothing but this—That Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain;
Whether through reek, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by-and-by.

LOVE AND A DUCKING.

"This is my daughter, Caroline. Carrie, Mr. Sloane."

Harry Sloane bowed, and pretty, winsome Carrie Hervey bowed in return.

Harry had picked out the farm as a residing place during a business trip.

After Carrie's father had introduced the young people he went to the barn, leaving the pair seated upon the porch.

"A pleasant spot this," said Harry, after he had finished admiring the pretty, dimpled hands which the girl had carelessly laid upon the light blue serge dress.

"You like it?" she asked.

"Like does but half express my admiration. It seems as though I should be perfectly satisfied to linger here forever," responded Harry.

"But surely, Mr. Sloane, the attractions of city life must surpass those of such a humdrum locality as this."

"On the contrary, I prefer what you call the humdrum locality."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because, because—well, I cannot fully explain my reason. I suppose it is because I am heartily sick of city ways."

"And so you come here for a change?"

"Yes, I believe that is the reason."

The pair sat there upon the porch, talking upon one subject and the other, until the evening shadows fast deepened into darkness.

Finally Harry arose, and said,—

"As I am somewhat tired with my journey I will retire."

The girl called her father, and the latter taking a lamp led the way to the front chamber on the upper floor. Harry took up his travelling-bag, and after a "good-night" to Carrie, he followed the old gentleman up the stairs, and shortly afterwards was soundly sleeping.

"He is handsome, and so is Jack. He is gentlemanly, and Jack is not quite so easy. He talks and acts like a real gentleman, and Jack can hardly ever find the right word to say when it is needed. Jack loves me, and I—I wonder do I really and truly love Jack?"

Thus Carrie mused after she had disrobed herself for the night, and sat by the window.

Strange, she had never questioned the fact as to whether or not she loved Jack. She had always taken it for granted that she did love the handsome, brown-faced farmer-boy, who had accompanied her home from singing in the parish room on practising nights in

the winter, and taken her to picnics and on excursions in summer.

Theirs had been on affection without any question, any doubt or mistrust to mar the serenity of its flow.

Two, three weeks pass rapidly, and Harry Sloane finds himself musing over the possibility of his being able to provide for a wife. Carrie's lovely face, her pretty figure and her grace have been the whole cause of his perplexity. Before he met her he never had a thought of ever marrying.

He had espied a fine young farmer on several occasions talking with Carrie at the gate, but she had told him that it was Jack, a schoolmate, and a lifelong friend.

One evening Harry was seated in the parlor talking with Carrie, when a trap halted at the door, and Jack asked her to take a ride. Again, when Harry requested her to take a row on the lake, she said she was very sorry, but she had an engagement with—Jack.

"Miss Hervey, that Jack seems to take up all of your spare time," exclaimed Harry.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sloane, not quite all. I believe I am at your service when not otherwise engaged most of the time."

And turning on his heel Harry would leave Carrie. This soon became common, and finally Harry was determined to end all by asking Carrie for her hand.

"Miss Hervey, will you walk with me along the riverside this evening?" asked Harry one evening after tea.

"I—I don't know."

"Of course; it's another engagement. No matter, I return to the city in the morning," interrupted Harry.

"You are wrong, Mr. Sloane; I have no other engagement. To prove it, I will go to the river with you."

She put on her pretty, wide-brimmed Gainsborough and walked by his side to the river.

"It is pretty," she said, gazing out upon the lake which reflected each shining star and fleecy, floating cloud upon its mirror-like surface.

"Pretty! yes, beyond all others I have ever looked upon." Something in his tones caused Carrie to look up quickly, and she blushed as she found his eyes gazing straight into hers. "Carrie—I love you."

There, it was said. The die was cast, and Harry's heart jumped up into his throat.

"Mr. Sloane—"

"There now, Carrie, don't Mr. Sloane me. Can you not call me Harry?"

"I might—that is, if I had known you longer."

"You call that farmer—Jack."

"Oh, Jack and I were children together. That makes a difference, you see."

"I suppose so. But, Carrie, tell me, do you love me?" asked Harry, trying to take her hand in his, a liberty which she did not seem disposed to permit.

"I—I—let us go back now, Mr. Harry," said Carrie.

"I love you, Carrie. Will you not give me just one small ray of hope?"

"I—I don't know," responded she.

Harry seemed very much in earnest. Jack had never, during all the years of their association, spoken of love. She, like other girls in common, had a deal of admiration for a brave man. And Harry Sloane seemed a valiant personage to Carrie, since he had dared to tell her that he loved her.

"Who does know then?" asked Harry.

"I—cannot; I—please let's go back home now," uttered Carrie.

"Shall we row the boat, the little boat down there, up to the stream which flows by the house?" said Harry pointing to a small boat near them.

"If you wish," said Carrie.

They got into the boat, and pushing it from the shore, Harry plied the oars. A silence fell upon them after the boat had gone a short distance.

They reached the turn of the water, where the small stream poured its crys-

tal waters into a lake. Harry turned the boat around—horror! the frail affair struck against a rock, and in another instant they were both precipitated into the water. Harry, as he went over, managed to grasp hold of the boat, and Carrie, as good luck would have it, found herself seated securely upon the rock.

"Miss Hervey," said Harry, "we are in a nice predicament."

"I'm wet through and through," cried Carrie.

Strangely enough, the thorough wetting seemed to take all the romance out of both. Here in the water, up to their waists, Harry hanging on to the shattered boat for dear life, and Carrie seated upon the rock, some ten or more yards from shore, all—affairs connected with love were utterly vague to them.

"What shall we do?" said Carrie. Harry did not reply. Swim he could not, and he knew if he once lost his hold he would go down, down to a watery grave.

"I—I'm sorry we started. I—I—Miss, Miss Her—Hervey, we shall both be at the bottom by morning," stammered Harry.

"Humph! I shouldn't wonder a bit, poor Mr. Sloane?"

"Wh—what do you—you mean?"

"Why don't you do something, Mr. Sloane? Swim to shore for another boat. Do any thing to get me off this horrid rock!"

"I—I can't swim!"

"Jack can!"

"I'm glad to—to hear it. I—I wish Jack was here."

Carrie then seemed to be possessed of an idea which she suddenly put into effect, for raising her voice to its highest pitch, she cried—"Jack! Jack! Jack!"

"Hallo!" a voice in the distance responded.

"Quick, Jack. Out here in the river where the stream flows in," cried Carrie, as she espied Jack's form upon the shore.

And then Jack dashed into the water and walked as quickly as possible to Carrie, took her in his arms, and walked back to shore.

"Help? How am I to get ashore?" yelled Harry.

"Walk ashore! The water is abbot waist-deep. You don't want me to carry you, do you?" exclaimed Jack, as he walked off towards the house, Carrie, very limp and dripping walking by his side.

Harry walked to shore. What a fool he had been. If he had only known the depth of the water, perhaps he would not have lost Carrie.

Anyhow, he returned to the city in the morning; and I can assure you he never mentioned the little circumstance.

Carrie and Jack were married shortly afterwards. She said that the sight of Harry in the water had cleared away all doubt, and she straightway knew that she did indeed love Jack!

Oil upon Troubled Waters.

Captain Brice, one of the inspectors of the Board of Trade, was in Aberdeen Scotland, the other day, watching experiments for the purpose of rendering the passage of vessels over the bar safe in stormy weather by pumping oil upon the water. A heavy southwesterly gale was blowing. Seal oil was used. After the pumps had been at work twenty minutes the crested waves which were dashing with great fury against the piers, became greatly assuaged, and the entrance was rendered safe. The experiments were considered successful.

A prize exhibition of St. Bernard dogs was lately held in London. The highest prize was won by a monster St. Bernard, whose master refused \$50,000 for him not long ago.

The United States produce thirty per cent. of the grain and thirty per cent. of the meat of the world.

A Mormon Romance.

When the overland train reaches Ogden, the agitation of the female mind about visiting Salt Lake City becomes evident. There are always some ladies going there for the benefit of their health, and many more to gratify their curiosity; for, strange as it may seem, the Mormon stronghold is the great business, social and educational centre between Omaha and San Francisco. The conductor told us that there were always ladies bound for Salt Lake, particularly during the winter, when the climate is salubrious; yet even in a large party the members of the fair sex felt a half-amused trepidation in preparing to inspect a society so entirely at variance with their principles and notions of propriety.

What, then, was our surprise to meet on the very day of our arrival a Philadelphia lady, a niece of an eminent Presbyterian divine, who had been residing in the capital of Mormondom for five years! She was a widow, whose extensive landed interests lay in Idaho, and who had found fine educational advantages for her children, and a pleasant social circle for herself beneath the peerless blue sky and within the circling snow-capped mountains that bound Zion. She lived in a double house with long French windows, surrounded by a blooming garden. The furniture was elegant and convenient. Church privileges were ample, and she had some friends among the Mormons. Her *bete noire* was her landlord, whose particular offence was his too great desire to make improvements and repairs upon her residence. His manners were very mild and pleasant; but he at last justified her antipathy by sending his first wife to ask her to be his fourth spouse. To free herself from association with him after this, she bought the house, when he coolly told her that what she regarded as audacity had been prospered by the Lord, and enabled him to sell at a profit.

The romance of Salt Lake City is the story of Libbie Young, and visitors are sure to hear it as an illustration of how love rules the world. Libbie Young resided in Philadelphia. One of her relatives was the second wife of Brigham Young, Jr., and while visiting her husband fell in love with Libbie, and Libbie became infatuated with him. She refused to marry him, however, unless he discarded his wives—an agreement which, strange to say, was agreed to. Brigham, Jr., then made a settlement on each of them, and he and Libbie were married. They lived happily until the death of old Brigham induced his son to look to the succession to the presidency, when, to strengthen his influence with the church, he took to himself two new wives. On this Libbie left him, and ever since both of them have broken hearts. She still maintains intimate relations with his former wives, and frequently visits them; and when she goes to Salt Lake, Brigham hovers around her residence to get a glimpse of her, but she will not see him. And yet everybody says she loves him and he still loves her, though ambition proves the stronger passion.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Asbestos.

Asbestos is not a rare mineral, as it is found in most of the middle and northern States in this country and in Europe, in all mountainous sections. In New York there is a deposit in Richmond county which affords fibres two feet long. In Brunswick, N. J., there is a fine deposit of the interlaced variety, the mountain leather, so-called. In Maryland, asbestos of good quality is found in several localities. In Massachusetts it occurs at Brighton, Sheffield, Pelham, Windsor, and several other towns. The mineral is plentiful enough for all our wants, even if, some day, it is used in house construction, an event not improbable.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Dreamland.

Only in visions does the future wait
To tell us of the mysteries to be:
Yet even thus we linger at the gate
That opens eternity.

Except in dreams, the Past comes not again
With all its vanished weight of joy and fears;
But blindly we retrace, in grief and pain,
The saddened bygone years!

The present lives; to bane us or to bless
Within its guidance does the Future hide;
The Past holds over it with tenderness—
All good is at its side.

To live within the Present—yet to take
From out the Future and the darkened Past
All hopes and lessons that for goodness make—
May this be ours at last!

—WALTER L. SAWYER in *Youth's Companion*.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A tale of the sea—A sea-serpent's tail.

The latest thing in cradles—The new baby.

Years are like tigers. They always come with a spring.

Definition of a soldier of fortune—A soldier who has none.

When a man wants to step on the scales he gets aweigh.

We admire spirited animals, but deliver us from a wildly enthusiastic mule.

The rising young man of the future is one who will be willing to jump up and build the morning fires.

There are a good many desolate and uncomfortable things in this world, but a plug hat in a snow storm strikes us as about the climax.

What is the difference between a glass half full of water and a broken engagement?—One is not filled full, and the other is not fulfilled.

With exceptional truthfulness a quack doctor begins his advertisement: "I offer my valuable services to all who are so unfortunate as to require them."

Life must be a perfect desert to the women of Salt Lake. What can they talk about? There's absolutely nothing a man of that city can do that is scandalous.

Said a farmer, who was given to long drinks, to a brother agriculturist: "What breed of cattle would you advise me to adopt?" "Short horns," was the significant reply.

Four daughters of a Kentucky farmer eloped in one night, each couple taking a different road, and it drove the old man about crazy to decide which party to pursue.

Dong Tong is the name of a very successful Chinese artist at Chicago. He has painted the picture of a man and a dog, and you can tell which is the man and which is the dog almost at a glance.

"Julia, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" "I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" "She said, 'if you came to see her, she'd be gone till doomsday.'"

One great unpleasantness attending a man's getting married is his utter insignificance on the occasion. The bride is the object of attention as the star performer of the show, and he is regarded merely as a necessary property.

An exchange asks in bold head lines: "Why do women work?" Well, some women work because they enjoy it, and others because their husbands are busy in politics and the woman of the house is obliged to hustle around and earn their daily bread.

One day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."