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## New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new,  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you.  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,  
Are healed with the healing which night  
hatched.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;  
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,  
With glad days and sad days, and bad days  
which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and  
their blight,  
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful  
night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,  
Cannot undo and cannot atone;  
God in His mercy receive and forgive them;  
Only the new days are our own.  
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,  
Here is the spent earth all re-born,  
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
To face the sun and to share with the morn,  
In the charm of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;  
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day, and begin again.  
—Susan Coolidge, in *Christian Union*.

## IN A TUNNEL-SPOUT.

### A REVENUE OFFICER'S ADVENTURE.

"Charles Corliss, when you ventured here to ferret out the secrets of the smugglers of Cape Zoar, you took your life in your hands, and by reason thereof it seems but just to deprive you of a thing held so lightly. But my men, not I, shall decide what the penalty shall be for your foolhardiness. Boys, what say you? Shall life or death be the portion of this revenue spy?"

"Death!" was the unanimous reply from the grim-lipped, lowering-faced men gathered about the young fellow, who stood, with his arms bound behind him, calmly facing the smuggler chief.

Yet all the ominous darkness of the faces bent upon him could not form an accent of fear into the calm tones of the young revenue officer's voice, as he said:

"Well, Chief Coram, I should like to know what you propose to do with me; for it is quite natural that I should wish to be prepared to receive the grim stranger to whom you are about to introduce me, in whatever guise he may come."

"The villagers of Blakeville will find you on the sands in the morning." "So you intend that the sea shall throttle me?" "Ay!" "So be it. I am in your power and you are able to work your will as far as I am concerned. May you sleep as soundly as I to-night."

An involuntary exclamation broke from one of the smugglers—an exclamation of admiration at beholding one face death so courageously, but a scowl from Chief Coram silenced him.

"McOrnville, Hewett, Burchard, lead this man out into the night," he said, sternly; "and see to it, my men, that he does not bear you company when you return."

Three men started to fulfill their chief's murderous behest. Two of them took firm hold of Corliss' arms and the third lighted a dark lantern and led the way.

Two minutes afterward the four were out in the night, which had set in very dark, with a high wind and threatened rain.

Surely it was a fitting night in which to hurl a man down from towering Cape Zoar into the hungry man of the sea, which thundered at its base; and Charles Corliss had reason to regret the day, when, with his commission from the department safely hidden on his person, he had started forth alone to gain the all-important clue to the stronghold of Chief Coram, a smuggler, whose repowen extended along the whole coast.

Cool of head, strong of nerve, with a large frame and great strength, Chief Coram's career had been one continuous round of daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes.

Hitherto he had chuckled mightily over the many failures of the sharp-eyed officials to discover the spot he had selected for his rendezvous.

But this beardless stripling, in the character of a half-idiotic fisherman, had fooled him completely for a time; had supped with him in his cunning

retreat among the rocks, had marked the almost imperceptible entrance to the little deep basin that cradled so securely his swift and sharp-stemmed craft—a thing that hid herself in the elements, that haunted the horizons and mingled with the tints of evening—a night bird of the waters.

When, therefore, the disguise of the young revenue officer was torn from him, the natural vindictiveness of the smuggler was augmented by a flaming wrath because of being so cunningly tricked, and he had assigned a terrible fate to his prisoner with as little mercy as one would place his foot on a serpent's head.

But the man who had hazarded his life in the discharge of his duty was not one to give it up without a struggle. A seemingly ornamental buckle was on the back of the belt which girded Corliss' waist; but its edges were sharp as razors. Across one of these edges he stretched his hempen bonds. Strand after strand snapped in twain, and at last his hands were freed. Then he tore his arms loose, dealt a couple of powerful blows which felled his would-be executioners to the ground, and then fled away in the darkness.

Of course he was pursued by the smuggler who acted as guide, but he cared little for that, as he found it tolerable easy running. He had acquired, like most men who live much in the dark, that cat-like perception of obstacles which is due rather to increased sensitiveness of touch than increased sensitiveness of vision. His feet accommodated themselves to the inequalities of the ground; his hands instinctively outstretched themselves toward the overhanging boughs; his head ducked of its own accord to any obtrusive sapling which bent to obstruct his progress. But his pursuer was not so fortunate.

Thrice did the young revenue officer laugh mentally at a crash and a scramble that told of a fall. At last, on reaching a little rise, Corliss doubled his efforts, trusting to his superior muscular energy to shake off his pursuer. He breasted the rise and paused to listen. He seemed to be alone.

He was at the edge of the cliffs of Cape Zoar. Below him lay the sea. Out of the black emptiness came puffs of sharp, salt wind. The tops of the rollers that broke below were blown off and whirled away into the night—white patches swallowed up immediately in the increasing darkness. At his feet arose a frightful shrieking and whistling, broken at intervals by reports like claps of thunder. What could it be?

All at once, on the track over which he had passed, he heard a sound that chilled the blood about his heart—the bay of a dog. The whole smuggler force was on his track.

The dog, crashing through the underbrush, gave one short, sharp howl, and ran mute. And Corliss stood for a moment chained to the spot.

The shrieking which Corliss had heard but a moment ago had ceased, but every now and then dull but immense shocks, as of some mighty bird flapping the cliff with monstrous wings, reverberated around him, and shook the ground where he stood. He looked away from the ocean, and a tall, misty form—white against the all-pervading darkness—beckoned and bowed to him. He saw it distinctly for an instant, and then, with an awful shriek, it vanished.

"Oh, heaven!" ejaculated the hunted man. "That bloodhound is almost upon me," and he bounded forward.

Again, at his feet, in his face arose that misty form, breathing chill warning as though to wave him back. The terror at his heels drove him on. The column disappeared; and in a lull of the wind arose such a medley of shrieks, laughter and exultant wrath, that Charles Corliss paused in horror. Too late! The ground gave way beneath his feet. He was falling—falling! Thank heaven! A friendly tree met his frantically clutching hand.

A groan was cast up to him from the depths below him—a groan that changed into a roar as of tortured water being forced upward—and Charles Corliss knew where he was.

He was down in a tunnel-spout, which had been bored upward through the cliff by the sea, and a water-spout was coming.

"Oh, Father Almighty!" gasped the poor fellow, as, with both hands round the tree, he clutched his sleeves with either hand, "help me! help me!"

And then the hideous, mounting column caught him.

He felt his feet rudely seized, as though by the hand of a giant, and plucked upward. Water gurgled in

his ears. His arms seemed about to be torn from their sockets. Had the strain lasted another instant, he must have loosed his hold; but, with a wild, hoarse snarl as though it were some sea monster baffled of its prey, the column sunk, and left him gasping, half-drowned, but alive.

It was impossible that he could survive another pulsation of the sea below him, and he knew it.

He loosed his stiffened fingers, and prepared himself for his fate. As he uttered a prayer as fervent as may leave the lips of one who stands on the brink of eternity, he involuntarily cast his eyes upward.

"Is the mouth of the tunnel-spout aflame?" he questioned, in amaze, as a lurid light above him caught his straining vision. "No; a lantern is being lowered into this abyss. The smugglers are taking advantage of this pause to examine the sides of this accursed blowhole. Death is on every hand!"

Down came the swinging light, nearer and nearer.

"There he is!" shouted one of the smugglers. "He's alive; but the water-spout will look after him, and it's coming now."

For a bellow which preceded the fierce belching forth of the torrent came up from the depths below.

But Corliss scarcely heard it, he was so occupied with one last desperate hope. About two feet away from him, red as blood in the glow of the lantern, a round, shining stream of water slipped out of the rock into the darkness like a serpent from its hole.

Above this stream a dark spot defied the light, and Corliss grasped intuitively at the thought that close beside him was one of those tortuous drives which had been bored by the sea into the heart of the cliff.

The bellow changed into that hideous roar, and with a gust of wind and spray the seething sea leaped up out of the gulf.

With the red light streaming from the lantern about him, and the white spume at his feet, Charles released his hold of the tree, and thrust himself forward into the black hole at his side.

The immense volume of water forced into this drive struck him and rolled him forward, over and over, and by his fury saved him from being washed out again with the recoil of the wave.

Collecting all his energies, Corliss scrambled up a little incline, and as he fell forward in a swoon, it was with the blessed thought that he was out of danger at last.

When Corliss opened his eyes a soft twilight was about him, and he knew that a calm, sweet day had succeeded that frightful night of tempest. He raised himself and stretched his stiffened limbs, for it was imperative that he should bestir himself.

Crawling as near to the edge of the orifice, by which he had been enabled to enter the heart of the cliffs, as he dared, he craned his neck forward, and saw fifty feet below him the sullenly frothing water creaming and gurgling hoarsely to itself.

"No chance to get down there," he muttered, disconsolately.

Turning his head, he gave a grateful glance at the scrubby little trees that had saved his life the night before.

As he did so, something caught his eye which caused a cry of intense surprise and joy to leap to his lips, although it was strangled before it left them for fear that unfriendly ears might hear it.

"A rope! Right here at hand, all tangled up in the branches of this blessed little tree! It must be that the smuggler, who was lowering the lantern by means of this rope, dropped it, together with the lantern, when the water-spout rose right up in his very face, and the recoil of the wave dragged it down among the branches of this little tree which caught and held it. Thank heaven! The way is clear now."

Catching firm hold of the gnarled branches which scratched the very edge of the orifice, Corliss swung himself out of his rocky refuge into the tree.

It was but a few minutes' work to disentangle the rope, and then fastening one end of it firmly to the tree-trunk, he allowed the coils, weighted with the battered frame of the lantern, to drop from his hand.

The rope was long enough to allow the lantern frame to sink below the water.

Down, hand-over-hand, went the young revenue officer, then he dashed out through the narrow arch through which the sea found entrance to the tunnel-spout.

Outside a placid ocean wrinkled all its lazy length under the soft touches of a faint breeze.

Not a soul was to be seen on the cliffs; so, undisturbed, Corliss floated around the point of Cape Zoar, and out of the reach of the men who would have sacrificed him on the altar of that great Moloch—Fear.

In a few days the revenue cutter, Osprey, swooped down on the smuggler rendezvous of Cape Zoar, and thoroughly did her blue-coated crew accomplish their mission.

The swift-sailing smuggler craft was burned to the water's edge, and thirty ironed, sullen-faced prisoners were passed up over the side of the Osprey.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### The Khedive's Wife.

The wife of the khedive of Egypt is a remarkable woman, both by descent and for her personal qualities. Her mother was the daughter of a Turkish sultan; her father, the son of an Egyptian khedive and a descendant of Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present dynasty. Tewfik Pasha, who married her ten years ago, when she was only twenty, has never given her any rival in his affections or in his household. They have four children, two sons and two daughters, who are educated by English governesses in English ways.

### Fashion Notes.

Black silk beaded jerseys are favorite waists for young ladies' black dresses.

The mingling of two kinds of lace is in good taste both for dress and bonnet trimmings.

Plaid and check goods are somewhat used, but are preferred in very dull and confused colors.

Tan-colored silk stockings are worn with the tan-colored gloves that are part of many full dress toilets.

Turbans with a fur band and gathered cloth crowns are worn with redingotes of cloth trimmed with fur.

Dashes of red appear everywhere in the toilet, from the plumes on the bonnet to the "clocks" of black silk hose.

Many of the buttoned boots are with very pointed toes and foxed similar to the laced shoes which have been so popular.

Pompon fringes are the latest, though the chenille and plain silk knotted are in steady demand and extensively used.

Out-of-door costumes, plain or elaborate, are frequently draped with a large brooch or antique silver looping the tunic or the scarf tablier.

Real bullion embroidery decorates the dog collars of black velvet which are worn with low dress waists, and which greatly enhance the fairness of the complexion.

The fashionable fan is of large ostrich feathers, mounted with shell, amber, ivory or pearl, and ornamented with a bird with long tail plumage falling on the sticks.

Gauze Balbriggan stockings are worn inside of silk and cashmere stockings, giving additional warmth, and protecting the skin from the dye or roughness of the outer stocking.

Very large masculine hats of beaver plush are revived, the favorite trimmings for them being a band around the crown and a large buckle in front or ostrich tips or plumes in a tuft on the side.

The favorite visite has square close sleeves and two thick box plaits with long fronts, tied by ribbons to form a tassel near the foot. Brandenburgs across the front and in the back are the trimmings.

Black lace flounces and a back drapery of a black lace shawl may be very effective on buttercup or jonquil yellow dresses, but none but a married woman or young lady in the thirties should wear such dresses.

The trains and tabliers of dresses of white-colored silk are embroidered with English crewels in mixed colorings, and have metallic threads introduced at intervals. The effect is oriental and very handsome.

Buttercup and jonquil yellow have been discovered to be very becoming evening colors, particularly when trimmed with tinsel and white marabout feathers, or with humming-bird and Impeyan crest and neck feathers.

The plain cloth and flannel suits are made effective by embroideries of soutache braid, which is used in several different widths for the same suit. Crochet buttons are in vogue with these costumes, and great quantities of them garnish one suit.

In London felt hats are generally adopted. Some are small, trimmed with gossamer, caught together with a bird's plumage, sometimes tying underneath the chin; or else large, turned up on one side, with an ostrich feather curling gracefully over the brim at the back and showing at one side. Folded bands of plush or velvet, fastened with a handsome buckle, trim the hat on the other side. Ladies who cannot afford many hats wear black felt, and alter the color of the folded band of plush or velvet to match that of the dress to be worn.

The value of church property in the United States at the present time is estimated at \$700,000,000.

August 12, 1878.

Sir: When a man's feelings and character are injured he ought to seek speedy redress: You rec'd a few lines from me yesterday, & undoubtedly you understand me. My character you hev injured; and further you hev insulted me in the presence of a court and a large audience I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same; and I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without equivocation and I hope you can do so without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures a man to make immediate reparation; therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day from yr. Hbl. st. ANDW. JACKSON.

Coll. Avery.  
P. S. This evening after court is adjourned.

The duel was not fought before dinner as the impetuous young advocate desired, since Colonel Avery could not immediately "find a friend." It occurred just after sunset. Fortunately neither was hit, and they left the ground as very good friends.

## Sixty-Three Indian Tribes.

The following list of the aborigines of North America is as complete as any that is at present available: Apaches, Arrapahoes, Aricarees, Blackfeet, Bloods, Brules, Camanches, Cayugas, Senecas, Cherokees, Cheyennes, Chickasaws, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Choctaws, Muncies, Creeks, Crows, Delawares, Gros Ventres, Iowas, Kaws, Kaskaskies, Weas Peories, Weas Mianies, Pian Keshaws, Kickapoos, Kiaways, Mandans, Menomonees, Miamias, Missouris, Ottos, Miancongoux, Mhuache, Utahs, Navajoes, Moquis, Omahas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Stockbridge, Oregon tribes, Osages, Pawnees, Primos, Mescaleros, Poncas, Pueblos, Quapaws, Sacs, Foxes, Sans Arcs, Seminoles, Sioux, Tuscaroras, Two Kettles, Uncopapas, Winnebagoes, Wyandots and Yanctonnais.

## Tricking Bruin.

The Laps and Fins have an idea that when they kill an animal it has the power of haunting them if it condescends to take that advantage. When, therefore, they have slain a bear, they surround the body and utter loud lamentations, expressive of the deepest regret. Presently one of them asks, in pitying tones, "Who killed thee, poor creature? Who destroyed thy beautiful life?" Another of the party replies, on behalf of the bear, "It was the wicked Swede who lives across the mountain." And there is a chorus of "What a cruel deed! What a dreadful crime!"—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*