

# CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 31

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., <sup>Feb 3</sup> ~~JUNE 24~~, 1882

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

## At the End of the Journey.

We're most to the end of our journey,  
My darling, and isn't it true  
That 'mid all our losses and crosses  
There's always been plenty for two?  
And though of the dower of fortune  
We've had but a niggardly share,  
Our cupboard was never so empty  
We hadn't a loaf we could spare.

It seems like a dream that I ever  
Had courage to seek and to woo  
For my wife such a beautiful blossom,  
So fair an exotic as you.  
'Twas part of the dream that you chose me  
From others—you bade them depart—  
Preferring to riches and station  
The wealth of a true, loving heart.

How little we thought of the future,  
Or grieved of the trials we'd meet  
As out on life's journey we started  
That morning so tenderly sweet!  
And some of our comrades, my darling,  
Whose prospects were brighter than ours,  
Have broken their vows, and love's altar  
Is hung with funeral flowers.

But we have been true to each other,  
My darling, and never a word  
That might sever the bond of affection  
From your lips or mine has been heard.  
The love that we've cherished so fondly,  
Has kept our hearts faithful and warm:  
Has strengthened, sustained, encouraged,  
And sheltered from many a storm.

And now that our journey's most over,  
We've nothing to mourn or regret,  
For love—our dear, constant companion—  
My darling, abides with us yet.  
E'en death has no power to part us,  
So long as our friendship endures;  
Your heart would be seeking for mine, love,  
And mine enters heaven with yours.

## MISS HAGGERTY.

The two stood face to face in the splendid drawing-room of a palatial mansion—one, the patrician mistress of this home of luxury and splendor, a leader of society, the very *creme de la creme* of the richest upper-crust—Mrs. Augustus Lord; the other, the governess whom she was just in the act of engaging for her two young daughters—a lady more aristocratic in bearing, more attractive in person, than herself, and not one whit behind her in the quiet, highbred elegance of her manners.

Her references were of a character to satisfy the most fastidious, while her accomplishments, which Mrs. Lord tested for herself, were assured beyond that lady's criticism. Such music as thrilled the chords of the grand piano under the touch of her small white hands was rarely heard, even in that centre of fashion and culture; while as to French—Mrs. Lord, who had lived in Paris and who flattered herself that her own rendering of that language was beyond reproach, now found herself out-Parisianed by this would-be-governess whose smoothly-flowing accents were the purest of the pure. Therefore, Mrs. Lord had nothing further to do but to engage her valuable services forthwith, and thank kind fortune for having sent her such a rare exponent of grace and perfect breeding.

Reclining upon a sofa at the further end of the long drawing-room, and smiling with amused interest over the pages of his novel, was an almost unnoticed spectator to this interview, to whom the singular gifts and graces of the governess appealed with a power as strong as it was new.

This was Fred. Marburg, Mrs. Lord's handsome, insouciant brother, so cool and unimpressible that she had long despaired of ever getting him settled in life as a respectable Benedict. And little wonder that she held that opinion, in view of his past career of indifference to the fair sex. But the story had not been told her of his last summer's romance among the New Hampshire hills, where a lovely image had been so strongly outlined upon his careless heart that it was even now dividing his attention with one of the most charmingly impossible heroines of 'Ouida's spages.

Yet, even with this double entertainment for the diversion of his mind, the wondrous power of the stranger's music had sent an unwonted thrill through his cool pulse, and impelled him to cast more than one furtive, scrutinizing glance at the interesting woman who had called it forth.

There she stood—Miss Haggerty—a slender, creature of medium height, her dead-white complexion giving strange intensity to the expressive dark eyes, with their level, delicate brows, and to the mobile lips whose low-toned Parisian accents came to his ear with an undrill of passion in keeping with her music and her face.

Yet, more than all else, was he struck with the singular ease and elegance of her manner, which had so perfectly

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.  
That calm, serenity which Flora Blake, with all her innocent loveliness

and all her sweet girl-woman ways, had not. And if Fred. Marburg had any special weakness for certain attributes beyond womanly purity of character, it was that one held in common with his lady-sister for high birth and aristocratic 'repose' of bearing. These had far greater value in the eyes of both than mere vulgar fortune, and they would more readily have welcomed to their exclusive circle a lady in Miss Haggerty's position than the purely monied scion of a "hobby" millionaire.

Therefore, in this patrician family Miss Haggerty was in no danger of slights or insults because of her inferior station. On the contrary, she was the instructress of Mrs. Lord's children, and treated more as a delightful guest than as a hired dependent.

As to the "delightfulness" of her society, there could be no question. Who but Miss Haggerty could evoke such soul stirring harmony from those responsive keys? Who, so well as she, could grasp the most subtle thought of poet or philosopher, and give to it its finest interpretation through the medium of such a low and thrillingly modulated voice? Who else could possibly be so useful to Mrs. Lord when giving entertainments to her "dear five hundred friends" as this accomplished governess, with her high-born, easy grace, gliding from room to room, from guest to guest, with her brilliant powers of entertaining, and ever-ready tact in using them.

"Blood will tell," declared Mrs. Lord, for, at least, the hundredth time. "I never saw such perfect charm of manner as Kate Haggerty possesses. There is something in it more suggestive of the court circles of Europe than of a poor, obscure governess. I am sure I shouldn't know what to do without her!"

Perhaps it never occurred to Mrs. Lord to dream that her cool-headed, unimpressible brother might come to have the same opinion; or quite likely, if it did, the idea would not have troubled her, since Miss Haggerty, in all save wealth, which Mrs. Lord was too thoroughly well-born to care for, was unexceptionable as any lady in the land.

At all events, as time wore on the governess became more indispensable to both sister and brother, and her quiet, gliding grace and singularly fascinating countenance came slowly to usurp the place in the latter's heart hitherto held sacred to the memory of Flora Blake.

Fred. Marburg, being a man of the world, was not likely to pledge himself too hastily to any one of Eve's beguiling daughters; yet, like all men who reverence the sacred name of "mother," he had his womanly ideal, and Flora Blake had come nearer to filling this than any other woman he had ever known.

Had she been here now her lovely character, shining forth in every lineament of an innocent, and winningly-fair face, might have held his heart against the dangerous charms to which he was hourly exposed. But far away, as she was, in her quiet home among the hills, the memory of the past summer and the part her sweet face had in it was gradually fading like a dream from his mind in the warm dawn of a new experience.

Before Fred. Marburg knew it, his long-unyielding heart had surrendered to this graceful siren and was beating with a quickened pulse at the lightest sound of her low thrilling voice. But what wonder? She was one of those rare women who, apparently unconscious of their own magnetic power, seem born to exert it with strange success over all with whom they come in contact.

It was a warm, lovely night in October when Fred first seriously admitted to himself that he was conquered. His sister was away, giving herself and the children a late holiday at the old family homestead in New England, so, for a week past, Miss Haggerty's only task had been the pleasant one of making home attractive to the lonely young bachelor who was left in her charge.

No ode understood that art better than herself, and the highest proof of her success lay in the fact that at this very moment the handsome object of her tender care was restlessly pacing his chamber-floor, trying manfully to put away a temptation that was tugging at his heart—the temptation to ask her, at once to become his wife.

Life with her would be sweeter than the poems which she read to him, with such a world of meaning in her flexible liquid tones—he had no doubt of that. And the question of her poverty he never thought of—for he had wealth enough for both. But somehow Flora Blake's sad eyes arose before his mind to-night and he felt strangely troubled by them.

To be sure, there had been no direct pledges of love between them; only those sentimental drives and strolls so common at a summer-resort; that half-tender interchange of words and

glances which may mean so much, or nothing; no tangible sign of its being anything more than a summer's flirtation. But he had meant more, and she knew it. Even now he could fancy that earnest, loving little face sad with "hope deferred." Yet he knew that he did not now love Flora Blake as he loved this other woman into whose sweet thralldom he had drifted half-unconsciously. And Fred Marburg, who believed himself to be a man of honor, felt his cheeks flushing painfully in the darkness, as he threw himself into a chair beside the open window and tried to think it out.

As he did so, he observed two figures entering through a side-gate into the grounds, having just turned off from the street, and half-mechanically, he watched them steadily approach, too busy with his own thoughts to notice who they were. But as they came nearer he became aware that the lady was Miss Haggerty, for there was no mistaking that graceful, gliding figure, partially disguised, though it was in a long, dark cloak which completely enveloped her. He saw with surprise, that she was in the company of some strange man at that late hour of the night when he had supposed her to be sleeping the sweet sleep of innocence at home. They were speaking rapidly, and in low tones, the Italian language, but he could distinguish nothing save the fervent "addio," which the man muttered as he left her.

A jealous pain shot through Fred's heart at the sight. What could that strange Italian be to the woman whom he wished to honor with the proffer of his own name and fortune? Forgetting Flora Blake entirely, forgetting, also, that he had no right, as yet, to question the actions of his sister's governess, he ran swiftly down the staircase to meet her at the side door as she entered.

Miss Haggerty looked pale and worried, and met her lover's questioning look, he almost roughly seized her by the wrists, with eyes that showed astonishment and fear in their dark depths.

"My brother, signor," she said quickly, without waiting to be catechized, and as if dropping unconsciously into her native tongue, "he has led a wild life and given me a world of trouble. I hoped that I had escaped him when I came here."

"But you were conversing in Italian, Miss Haggerty," he said, with almost a fierce suspicion in his tones. "I had no idea that you were not a countrywoman of my own."

"You understood what we were saying, then?" she asked, with a quick, searching glance into his face.

"No."

At this unexpected answer a sudden look of ineffable relief swept over her features. "Our mother was Italian, Mr. Marburg," she said, "and Antonio prefers her language to our colder English. Though, save in conversation with him, I rarely use it myself." Then, with a sorrowful look of wounded pride that went straight to his heart, she added: "I am pained to read in your face, Mr. Marburg, that you think some evil of me."

"I do not—Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Fred, fervently, ashamed of his brief suspicion. "I was startled out of my senses by seeing you out when I thought you were in your room, asleep—that is all. And, Kate," he went on, the passion in his heart surging up in hot words to his lips at sight of her beautiful, pained face so near him. But something—his better angel, perhaps—checked the wild words ere they were spoken. "I beg you to forgive my rudeness," he ended, in a different tone, letting go her wrist and turning hastily away. "Good-night!"

Perhaps Miss Haggerty wondered at his sudden change of manner, but she only looked after him with a quiet smile.

Mrs. Lord had returned, and was once more "at home" to a select company which filled her lofty rooms, resplendent with jewels, dreamy with German waltzes, and heavy with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Yet among all that brilliant crowd none was so distinguished for rare attractiveness as the poor governess, Miss Haggerty. Fred Marburg meant to speak this evening, for the ghost of that October midnight and the low-spoken *addio* wafted to his jealous ear, which haunted him often enough, had not had power to break her spell.

He watched her moving about, with her striking beauty and unconscious ease, as much at home in that polished company as the hostess herself, and felt a sort of pride of ownership already in his heart. He believed that she loved him, for there had been moments when those white cheeks had crimsoned, and those dark, impassionate eyes had drooped, beneath his gaze. And he was now only awaiting his opportunity to ask her for the sweet assurance in words. At last he believed that it had come,

for he missed her from the parlors, and hoping to find her in the conservatory, he rose and bent his steps in that direction, with a suppressed eagerness in his eyes which told her how deeply his heart was involved in the power of this woman.

He had not more than half made his way thither when a servant touched his elbow and delivered a whispered but imperative request from his sister to meet her instantly in the library. There was something in the messenger's manner which convinced him that the business, whatever it was, could not wait; so, with a muttered imprecation under his mustache, he turned on his heel and retraced his steps to the library. It seemed that fate was bound to thwart him in every attempt he made to declare his passion.

When he stepped within the library, what a scene met his gaze! His proud sister lying in an attitude of despair upon the sofa, weeping as if her very heart would break, and, under the gaslight, in her tasteful evening toilet, with white face and blazing eyes, closely guarded by two officers of the law—Miss Haggerty.

He stood like one suddenly turned to stone. "O, Fred!" cried his sister, hysterically, "there is some awful, awful mistake! I sent for you to explain to these officers who she is, and how—O, Fred! why don't you say something?" she implored, as her brother stood speechless, looking from one to another of the strange group.

"There is no mistake sir," said one of the officers, stepping forward, respectfully. "You and your sister have been imposed upon by a notorious adventuress. This woman is Madame Arditi, an Italian, and the wife of a ruined Italian count, and together they have been engaged in several noted robberies. She has made use of her beauty and talents to gain a foothold in wealthy families whom they intended to victimize. In one case, at least, she went so far as to actually marry her victim, in order to rob him to better advantage. It is lucky for you, sir," significantly, "that we have traced her up so soon."

"Which we did," added the other officer, "by shadowing her husband, and following him, last night, to this very house. Now we have got them both."

"Miss Haggerty—Kate—can this be true?" Fred fairly gasped, with a face as death-like as her own. She did not speak, but the white face and the glittering eyes told their own story. Heart-sick and faint, he turned away. "I did not mean to rob you," thrilled that low, unspeakably sweet voice in his ear, unheard by any other. "I could have done that long ago. I meant to have married you, if I could have escaped him," and Fred shuddered, as his thoughts went back to that dark-browed Italian, "for I love you, and I know that your heart is mine this moment."

Fred could not bear another word or glance. He went from her presence, taking with him the memory of a white, despairing face which, guilty though it was, would haunt him sorrowfully for many a day. He did not soon cast her from his heart, for her's had been no ordinary power. The process was slow and painful. But when a certain picturesque old orchard among the New Hampshire hills was again white with apple-blossoms, Flora Blake's trusting heart had its reward, for there Fred Marburg gave his own forever into her keeping, after telling her, without reserve, the whole sad, humiliating story of Miss Haggerty.

## Struck Dumb for Lying.

There is great excitement among the congregation of the Rev. John Jasper's church, in Richmond, Va., growing out of the mysterious affliction of a colored youth who was a member. The pastor is the colored preacher who has become famous for his sermon entitled "The Sun Do Move." The youth referred to ran away from home and told many lies to his mother, hoping at the same time "that God would paralyze his tongue if what he stated was not true." Soon afterward he began to talk with difficulty. He continued in this condition till the night of the church meeting, when, in as loud a voice as he was able, he made the same declaration, calling upon God to paralyze his tongue. Immediately afterward he was unable to speak, and there was great consternation. The congregation believes that the boy has been struck dumb for lying. It is said he has made repeated efforts to speak without success, and he now answers all questions by writing.

India foulards with designs that cover the ground entirely make tasteful summer dresses. They are made up with pleated skirts and panier drabery, with plain satin for facings and pipings, frills of creamy lace and flots of narrow ribbons.

## You'll Never Guess.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes,  
Two eyes as sweet and dear  
As ever danced with gay surprise,  
Or melted with a tear;  
In whose fair rays a heart may bask—  
Their shadowed rays serene—  
But, little maid, you must not ask  
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,  
Like brooklet in the June,  
That sings to please itself alone,  
A little old-world tune:  
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,  
And will not leave it free;  
But I shall never tell you, dear,  
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-headed maid  
For whom I built a shrine,  
A leafy nook of murmurous shade,  
Deep in this heart of mine;  
And in that calm and cool recess  
To make her home she came—  
But, oh! you'd never, never guess  
That little maiden's name.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Sunday after Ascension was appointed as a day of intercession for missions by the bishops of New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Long Island, New Jersey, and many other dioceses.

There are about fifty vegetable farms in the vicinity of Savannah worth \$250,000 to \$400,000. It is estimated that they shipped produce last year worth at a low estimate \$400,000.

Chicago is the greatest lumber market in the world. The single item of sawed lumber received there in 1881 would lay an inch flooring fourteen feet wide round the earth at the equator.

The burning mountain of coal in the Navajo reservation in Arizona, which has been blazing several hundred years, was visited last month by two, the first white men ever known to have seen it.

Peppermint oil, which is manufactured in St. Joseph county, Michigan, in great quantities, is now selling for \$2 per pound, and there are over 10,000 pounds of it stored in that county for higher prices.

Mountain dresses of flannel in order to be of light weight are made all in one piece without drapery. The waist is fitted like a Jersey and the box-pleated skirt is sewed to the edge of the waist with an erect heading of pleats around the hips.

Frankford-on-the-Main, containing a population of about 100,000, is said to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. If its wealth were equally divided among its inhabitants every man woman and child would have, it is said, 20,000 marks, or some \$4,000 apiece.

When a notice bearing the signature of Collector Robertson is posted in the New York Custom House the place where the name is written is studded with tacks. This has been found necessary because of the fact that hitherto the signature on notices displayed publicly has always been cut out by unknown persons, it is believed for improper uses.

## HUMOROUS.

"There is no tyranny in America," an Englishman writes home to his friends. Evidently hasn't got a hired girl yet.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

"Beef is steadily going up," says an exchange. The only way to stop that is not to allow so much of it to go down.

A Cincinnati paper puts over the account of a young man who forged his father's name this head-line: "On the road to perdition." The article shows that he took the train for Chicago.

Miss Alice Livingstone, of New York, has sued Henry Fleming, of the same city, for breach of promise, laying her damages at \$175,000. Young men come high this year, but the girls are bound to have one.

The United States Fish Commissioner has recently placed in the rivers of Arkansas and Texas 1,500,000 shad. This statement may be believed. It's not the number of fish they put into a river, but the number they take out that men lie about.

"How is the soil in Kansas?" asked one of a group, as the traveler paused. "Richest in the world, sir," was the reply. "I know a New York State man who went to Kansas seven years ago with only \$15 in cash, and he is now worth \$20,000." "Whew! What did he raise principally?" "I believe it was a check, sir—they couldn't exactly prove it on him. Think of a soil that will raise a bank check for \$190 to \$19,000, and in a backward season at that!"