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The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day,
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow and sinewy hand,
All showing his work for the good of the land;

For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her husband's band;

For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the sake of the home.

So shines bright when the farmer goes out,
Birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about,
The brook bubbles softly in the glen,
While he works bravely for the good of men;

For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within—
The dishes to wash, and the milk to skim,
The flies go out, flies buzz about—
For dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;

There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and the evening has come,
The creatures are fed and the milking is done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;

Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes the burden up that's never done:
There is no rest, there is no pay,
The household goods she must work away;

For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crops at last,
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he never hath care;

While it blows,
And it snows,
Till the winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's, the husband's stay,
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;

For after the test
Comes the rest,
With the best,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

A REVERSED DECISION.

"Of course he's very nice and agreeable," said Alice Safford. "And handsome, too, if one fancies that dark, escaped-brigand style. But I don't think I like him."

"Alice, how can you?" indignantly remonstrated Emmeline, the eldest sister.

"And when things are all but settled between you!" groaned Althea, the second Miss Safford.

Alice was undeniably the beauty of the family. Emmeline was hard-featured and practical, and occupied the post of vice-principal in a neighboring primary school. Althea was short and stout, with filmy, gray eyes, and brows so light that they were scarcely perceptible on the level plain of her face.

She was housekeeper and performed marvels in the pie and pudding line, beside making the family income go twice as far as it would otherwise have done.

But Alice—fresh-cheeked, rosy-lipped little Alice, with the straight, small features, and the liquid, sapphire-blue eyes—she had always been the family baby.

She practiced a little, sometimes, on the cabinet-piano, which was hired at four dollars a month; she made up frills and laces for the other girls, embroidered pretty trifles on plush, and took care of the canary and the geraniums. Nobody dreamed of setting Alice to perform any of the harder, more menial duties of the household.

And great was the family satisfaction when Frank Kingsdale fell in love with Alice.

"Now she will have the home she deserves," said Emmeline.

"And a husband who will worship her!" added Althea, who, alas! had never had an offer in her life. Perhaps if Mr. Kingsdale had not

d'splayed his infatuation so plainly, Alice Safford would have accepted him.

As it was, she did not. She believed in the old proverb about the over-ripeness of the apple which fell too readily from the bough.

She was slightly fastidious and very capricious. And she made up her mind, after much deliberation, that Mr. Kingsdale was not "her ideal!"

"It's of no use," said Mrs. Safford; "she won't have him."

"Is the girl crazy?" said Althea, dolefully.

"She must have been," said Emmeline, who, as a full-fledged vice-principal, believed in the efficacy of strict discipline.

"I don't love him," said Alice. "Am I to fall in love with every gentleman who chooses to take a fancy to me?"

"Love don't signify so much—not if you like and respect him," sighed poor Mrs. Safford, who had eloped at sixteen and had led a sorry life of it for thirty odd years in consequence thereof.

"Oh, mamma," said Alice, "I never could marry a man if I didn't love him."

"You're a silly goose!" declared Althea.

"I'm not an old maid, anyhow!" retorted saucy Alice.

"It would serve you right if Frank Kingsdale went and married Hippolyta Danesbury," asserted Emmeline.

"He will not do that," said Alice. "You will see that he will never marry anybody."

"Then you have blighted his life," said Althea, in accents of reproval.

"That isn't my fault," said Alice.

Mr. Kingsdale accepted his dismissal. Contrary to Alice's expectations, he came to the little hearthstone in the "Montefiore Flats" no more. The bouquets, new books and boxes of French chocolate ceased to arrive by special messenger.

There were no more private boxes at the opera; no pleasant drives in the park. It was a little dull.

But Alice Safford felt that she had vindicated herself, and when he had overcome his first chagrin she was certain that he would come again—of course he would come again.

Old Mrs. Wyndham Jones called one day—a powdered, overteethed old hag, with false hair, false teeth, false everything, who believed herself still to be as beautiful as Venus. She went everywhere and knew everybody and was as good as a newspaper.

"Well, I declare!" cackled this venerable interpreter of society. "Miss Alice has gone off in her looks, hasn't she?" And that accounts for it.

I told Mrs. Fitz Arbine that Frank Kingsdale never would have thrown her over unless there was some good cause. Did you know that he was becoming quite devoted to General Salsify's niece, Miss Maugenet? Everybody's talking about it."

Emmeline looked grim. Alice blushed scarlet. Althea observed, tartly, that "they didn't take much interest in drawing-room gossip."

"No; of course no," said Mrs. Wyndham Jones. "Being so entirely out of society, all these things are new to you. But it's a pity about young Kingsdale, isn't it? He would have been such a catch for Miss Alice, there!"

Alice's cheeks flamed deeper than before.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones!" said she, purposely omitting the Wyndham, on which the old harridan especially prided herself; "I am not in a hurry to be married."

"That's what all the girls say," chuckled Mrs. Wyndham Jones. "But, good gracious, they can't deceive me! And Frank Kingsdale is one in a thousand! They say Miss Maugenet's tresseau is to come direct from Paris. Oh, well, it's dress that makes her! She isn't pretty, only stylish. And she must be full five years older than Frank."

Alice said nothing after Mrs. Wyndham Jones had taken her departure. She busied herself with practicing a new "Nocturne," and gave the double chords with great spirit.

The next day, at breakfast, Mrs. Safford looked very worn and haggard.

"Girls," said she, "I've ill news for you. I'm sorry I ever invested in those Tennegriddie mining bonds. Ten per cent. in gold seemed very attractive, but I ought to have followed your Uncle Cannaby's advice and let them alone. The whole thing has exploded. We've lost the \$6,000, and what's worse, we're liable to the stockholders!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Alice; "what are we to do?"

"We must all go to work," said the widow, piteously. "I will take a few boarders—Althea can help me; and you, Alice, do you think, darling, you would mind a genteel place in a millinery or dressmaking establishment—something that was light and lucrative."

"Mamma," said Alice, clasping her hands, "I would go as a common servant maid, if only you will not look so white and terrified?"

"Oh, if only you had married Mr. Kingsdale, sighed Emmeline, wringing her hands.

"It isn't worth while to talk about that, now," said Alice, quickly.

Mrs. Stitchall, on Fourteenth street, agreed to initiate Miss Safford into the art of first-class dressmaking. The girl was pretty and stylish. Her customers liked to be waited on by just such dimpled young hours; and, beside, on account of her inexperience, Miss Safford came cheap.

But poor Alice was indescribably shocked on the second day of her apprenticeship, when Miss Maugenet swept into the show-room, with Mrs. General Salsify and half a dozen fashionable friends in attendance on her.

"My niece has countermanded her Parisian order," said Mrs. Salsify. "She thinks that Pingat and Worth charge a deal too much. What we want to know now is whether you, Mrs. Stitchall, can undertake to have her dresses ready for the thirtieth of March?"

Mrs. Stitchall beamed and said "she thought that she could. For a wedding outfit, of course, all other things must give way."

Miss Maugenet smiled, loftily. She did look old and ball-worn, Alice thought, for all her eyes were so large and her figure so imperially developed.

"Yes," said she, "I am to be married on the thirtieth of March, and I don't care who knows it. I am not one of your green school-girls who want to involve everything in mystery."

And then she fell to turning over the stuffs and criticising the fashion plates, as a fashionable lady should.

A strange pang rent poor Alice Safford's heart as she stood there, arranging imported costumes on their frames. Her eyes brimmed with tears. How could Frank ever have fancied such a bold, showy, loud-voiced votary of fashion as this?—Frank, who was so fastidious, so refined, so all that a man should be.

Suddenly she started. Her own heart lay before her, easy to be deciphered as an open book. Was she in love with another woman's affianced lover? And the deep color glowed on her cheek and her lip quivered. Oh, why—why had she not comprehended her own nature before? Now it was too late!

It was a raw, snowy twilight when she started to return home, with a sad wail wailing through the streets and the gas jets flickering behind their misty glasses.

Never before had Alice Safford been out so late unprotected, and a drunken man, just arrived at the gleeful stage of inebriation, who staggered down the street, made her heart beat with terror. She uttered a little scream as she stepped hastily aside, and walked nearly into the arms of a tall pedestrian, wearing a seal-trimmed overcoat.

"Why, Alice!" he called out, cheerily. "Is this really you? Alone, and at this time of night!"

"Frank!" was all that she could gasp.

"If you don't want to walk with me," he said, "I will not inflict my presence upon you. But I will keep a little behind, so as to make sure that you reach home safely. Dusk is the worst of all times for a young girl to be out in the streets of New York without an escort."

She looked at him with eyes of mute pleading.

"What is it, Alice?" he asked. "Why do you look so strangely at me?"

"Because you speak so coldly. Because you are so changed!" she cried out, resolutely repressing her sobs.

"Oh, why don't you speak to me as you did once?"

He drew her arm under his.

"Alice," he said, "if I thought that you cared for me—"

"I do!" she exclaimed, passionately. "You know that I do. But, oh! what am I saying to you, the betrothed husband of another woman?"

He looked puzzled.

"This is quite new to me," said he. "Whether I marry or whether I die single, my heart will ever be true to one woman, and one only—and she is Alice Safford!"

And Miss Maugenet?

"Didn't you know? She is to marry my cousin, Colonel Kingsdale, who is the general's aid-de-camp. Miss Maugenet, indeed! Why, she is almost old enough to be my mother."

"I am so glad—I am so glad!" was all that Alice could say through her sobs.

Mrs. Safford was patching some muslin curtains, to make them do for the second-story hall bedroom, Emmeline was writing out an advertisement "Boarders Wanted!" for the next morning's paper, and Althea was preparing a frugal bread pudding for the economical dinner, when Alice and Frank Kingsdale came in.

Mrs. Safford dropped her needle, Althea set down the pudding on the table, and Emmeline sat with her pen suspended in mid air.

"It's all right," said Frank, shaking hands all around, "We're engaged. We're to be married next week. Lest Alice here should change her mind, you know!"

"I shall never change my mind," said Alice, almost indignantly. "I have always loved Frank—always! Only I didn't know it until I thought I had lost him."

They were married very quietly; and old Mrs. Wyndham Jones protested that she had known it all along.

So the Mrs. Wyndham Jones of the world never like even the appearance of being taken unawares.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

The Philosopher's Advice.

A Merchant who found that he must either increase his sales or close his doors and beat his Creditors, hunted up a Philosopher and asked him what course he should pursue.

"Have you lived long in the Town?" asked the old man.

"Yes, for years."

"And you know everybody?"

"Every man, woman and child."

"Are the people all at peace with each other?"

"They are, oh! wise man. There has not been a word between families for years."

"Then you must return home and slyly provoke quarrels and hard feelings. Do as I say and your trade will increase four-fold."

The Merchant wonderingly obeyed the injunction, and in a week there were scarcely two families in the Town on speaking terms. Mrs. A. gave a card party and did not invite that stub-nosed Mrs. B., and Mrs. B. gave a coffee and left Mrs. A. to drink cold tea at home along with her monkey-faced daughter. Mrs. C. suddenly ceased to loan to Mrs. D., and Mrs. D. discovered that Mrs. E. was wearing dresses sent by a rich sister in Boston.

The result was as the Philosopher had predicted. There was a sudden demand upon the merchant's stock for coffee-mills, flat-irons, fluters, axes, shovels, groceries and other things and one woman ordered a set of cups and saucers, an eight-day clock and \$10 worth of knives and spoons with the explanation:

"Being that one of my neighbors has started the story that I had to hire my husband to marry me, and the other has affirmed that we are so stingy that we starve a dog to death every six months, I will now show my independence by neither borrowing nor lending. You may also send me some quilt-frames, a new teapot, two stove kettles, a steamer, a dozen fruit jars and a dishpan."

Then the Merchant had to hire two extra clerks, build an addition and speculate in mining stocks to get rid of some of his money, and drummers traveled hundreds of miles to see him, and the Commercial Agencies rated him good for a million.

Moral—The howl of a neighbor's dog is unnoticed until the owner refuses to lend his wheelbarrow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Horse Sense.

A man who owned a fine horse had him clipped in midwinter, and the shivering animal turned around and asked him:

"Why do you deprive me of my coat in such cold weather?"

"Oh, it's to make a daisy of you," was the reply.

As soon as the horse was attached to the cutter he began kicking, and did not stop until he had demolished the outfit.

"What on earth possessed you to do that?" asked the owner.

"Because a daisy of a horse would look bad before a cheap cutter," was the reply. "And I may as well smash that; if you are going in for looks you'd better get your hostler to hold the reins behind me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Humanity is the equity of the heart.
Pleasure is the reward of admiration.
The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

Bear little trials patiently that you may learn how to bear great ones.

There are more people who can forget themselves than govern themselves.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

In Palestine they say that he who first becomes silent in a quarrel springs from a good family.

Solitude is a powerful aid to reflection and imagination. The higher faculties necessarily dwindle in a perpetual bustle.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean-handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves an face our record.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Nothing is more unmanly than to reflect on any man's profession or natural infirmity. He who stirs up against himself another's self-love provokes the strongest passion in human nature.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

Two American Fables.

A Fox who was being Pursued by the Hounds came upon a Hare sitting in the bushes and called out:

"If anybody inquires for me please say that you haven't seen me for a month Past."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," replied the Hare—"that would be Lying."

"Very well, then, suppose you take a run across to yonder fence and back and tell me if there is any snow on the other side?"

"With pleasure," answered the Hare, and away she sailed.

The Hounds got sight of her as she sped along, and directly the whole pack were hard at her heels.

"That comes of being too proud," chuckled the Fox, as he saw her finally overtaken. "The skin of a Hare who died for Truth isn't half as valuable as the pelt of a Fox who lives to Lie."

A Wolf who had grown old and gray and could no longer move about like a Farmer's Boy in front of a Bumble-Bee, saw with Regret and Sorrow that his Son looked upon him as a Burden and wished him Bounced from the Cabinet. He was one day wiping his Tearful Eyes on a Sheepskin when the Son entered the Cave and remarked:

"Dear Father, how would you like to take a walk with me this fine day?"

"Do you really want me to?"

"Of course I do. Your health is very dear to me, and I have been Pained for some days past to see how pale and careworn you looked."

The Old Man felt as tickled as a hired man with the Boss gone and both Oxen too lame to Work, and the pair set out with smiles galloping across their faces. When they had penetrated the Forest a long distance a Lion suddenly appeared, and the Son called out:

"King of Beasts, I have brought you a Dinner! Eat him and tally one for me!"

"Stay!" roared the Lion. "This chap seems old and tough, and I am not the sort to eat poor meat when better can be had. You are the dinner I want to get hold of!"

"Well, well!" mused the Old Wolf as he trotted homeward alone, "if it is sad to be old and tough, it is likewise dangerous to be young and tender, and after all I will make the best of my lot. William Henry didn't get more than a rod ahead of me on that deal—not if I can see straight!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A (W)rap for Him.

Heavy swell—"I don't see anything in winter to be afraid of, Miss Montague, if one wraps up well."

Young lady (who owes him one)—"Some persons don't wait till the winter for that, Mr. Swellton. They are wrapped up all the year round—in themselves!"