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TO-DAY.

Oh, heart, tired out with pain to-day,
A thousand years to come
Thy pain will all have passed away,
Thy crying shall be dumb:
As gayly bird-wings o'er the river
Shall gleam with life that once was thine,
As if this pulse, with pain a-quiver,
Still leaped, with gladness half-divine:
To thee, to all, it is as one
When once thy restless years are done."

Oh, vain to turn upon your heart,
And think to still it so!
It cries o'ck unto all your art,
With pleading, "Ah, no, no!
For gladness dies as well as sorrow;
Then let me live, since I must die.
Ah, quick, for death will come to-morrow—
Quick, ere my years in vain go by!
Because to-morrow I am clay,
Give me my happiness to-day!"
—Millicent Washburn Shinn, in the Century.

DAISY.

A clear and ringing whistle rose and fell and rose again, a pleasant sound to hear, upon the evening air; but the girl who stood knee-deep in clover beside the meadow fence looked somberly down as the joyous notes struck upon her ear.

"Poor fellow! dear fellow!" she said to herself. "It is so hard to go against him when he is as light-hearted as that."

A moment more and Ralph Armstrong, her lover, vaulted lightly over the intervening bars and stood beside her.

Straight, sturdy, brown, something of the contrast between himself, with his superabundant life, and the wee woman waiting there, seemed to strike him.

"Why, my little Daisy," he said, with a playful touch turning up her chin until he could look into the soft eyes, that straightway filled with tears. "Why, Daisy!" he repeated, in an altered, vexed voice, "I thought when I saw you out here that you were glad to have me come. Never mind; you will be when I tell you the news. I have paid off the last installment on the farm, and there's to be an end of your drudging your life away. No more cooking for lodgers, or sitting up half the night to look out for Rick. Is he up to his old tricks again? Is that what has taken the color all out of your face?"

"He was away all night," said Daisy, in a low voice. "He never got home until noon to-day. He is asleep, and, oh, Ralph! I am afraid to have him wake. It is so much worse now that Miss Winter is here."

"Didn't I tell you how that would be?" reminded Ralph, not very kindly. "But, luckily, it don't matter; you can get rid of her as soon as you please, and we will have the wedding—when? I won't be put off very long, my dear." Daisy turned her face away to the gathering dusk.

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, piteously. "Be contented to wait."

"To wait! What for? For Rick to drink himself to death? For you to grow old before your time with the hard work of taking care of yourself and him? Daisy, once and for all, you'll have to choose between your sot of a brother and me. If you are bound to put him first now and forever—"

The unfinished threat fell upon other ears besides those it was intended to reach. A dogcart rolled almost noiselessly past on the thick green turf of the lane upon which the meadow bars gave, and Dr. Lloyd, lifting his hat to Daisy, shot a keen glance at the young fellow standing sulkily at her side. He was gone in a moment, but somehow Ralph Armstrong experienced a feeling of shame which kept him for the time from pressing what he had been about to urge. He turned and walked toward the house with Daisy.

It was a shakily, tumble-down cottage, with moss and lichen breaking out in patches over the decayed weatherboarding, and a creaking porch from which the rustic benches had long ago rotted away. The picturesque aspect of the old place had taken Miss Winter's fancy, and so little, fair-faced Daisy had found the weekly addition to the sum which she earned with her dressmaking was all that now went into her shabby purse.

There was a muffled cry of "Daisy! Daisy!" as those two approached together; thence once, twice, the report of a pistol, together with the sound of shattered glass, was borne to their ears.

"It's Rick," cried Daisy, breathlessly; "I looked for him in his room."

Do go and talk to Miss Winter, Ralph till I get him quiet again."

She was off as she spoke. Miss Winter had come to the door, half in alarm, and looked inquiringly at Ralph as he approached.

"Do you think he is doing anything reckless?" she asked.

"Nothing worse than smashing a window or two; it's his favorite way of calling his sister. Pity he can't put his balls to better use."

"I wonder that you leave her to be the victim of his whims," said the lady, with a straight look at him.

"I?" said Ralph, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

Perhaps he did not mean to disclaim such an intention on his part, but it looked like it. How could he tell Miss Winter that the only reason he had not taken Daisy away months before was because Rick had outweighed her liking for him? It was a sore subject with Ralph at the best, not one he would choose to parade to the world at large.

Two hours after that Daisy stole out into the moonlight, utterly wearied with the scene through which she had passed. All her efforts had been fruitless to entice Rick back to his bed. He sat on a bench in the kitchen, limp and stupid after that fit of violence, and Daisy stole out, as I have said, to breathe the heavy sweetness of dying roses, and brush their dewy leaves with her face. The shadows lay thickly upon the porch, but there was a stir there, and Miss Winter's voice said softly:

"Good-night!"

"Good-night," returned Ralph. "I'll show you to-morrow where the maiden-hair fern grows."

He came whistling down the path to find Daisy standing by the gate.

"Well, little one, have you made up your mind which one of us you'll take?"

"Ralph, you know that I can't leave Rick."

"It's he or I," said Ralph, stubbornly.

"He has no one else," pleaded Daisy.

"Have I? There's no use arguing, it's got to be one thing or the other. I want a wife in my home, and if you won't have me maybe there are others that will. Sweetheart, say that you care too much for me to send me away."

"Oh, Ralph, you must wait."

Ralph muttered an unpleasant word, and flung away without a good-night.

An unsteady step came down the path.

"Looking for me, Rick?" Daisy tried to speak cheerfully.

"No; get away!" Rick spoke wildly. "You've been out with Ralph; you'll go off with him next. You're tired of me, and I can't do better than to make an end of myself. I'm going the straight road."

Daisy threw herself before the gate; she clung to him, pleaded with him. Half crazed as he was, Rick was in no condition to go back to the village inn and the rough crowd which would be gathered there at that hour. But all of a drunken man's obstinacy was aroused, and while they stood thus there came again the roll of wheels that were checked suddenly, and Dr. Lloyd sprang down as he took in that scene at a glance.

"Go into the house, Richard," he commanded, and Rick, without a word, obeyed. "I'll give him a powder," said the doctor to Daisy. "You must sleep yourself to-night." He stood talking with her after he had seen Rick safely in his room. "So he has had the pistol again. Well, I don't think that need alarm you; Rick isn't one to do himself any harm. He has been sly enough to hide it again, or I would take possession of it. He is never violent toward you?"

"Oh, no, never."

"Not quite brute enough for that," muttered the doctor, as he took his leave, and Daisy slept peacefully after her trouble.

She did not really believe that Ralph meant what he said, but he seemed determined after that to visit his displeasure upon her. Miss Winter came back from her walk next day with her hands full of ferns.

"So Mr. Armstrong isn't your engaged lover after all?" she remarked to Daisy. "I would have been flirting with him before this if I hadn't supposed he belonged to you."

"Flirting! Oh, Miss Winter!"

"He isn't a bad hand at the pastime himself," remarked Miss Winter, coolly. She understood the situation much better than she pretended, and fixed Ralph none the less because he seemed on the point of deserting his little white Daisy for her.

Rick had avoided the lodger from the first. It was a revelation to Daisy when she came upon him one day holding a crushed flower which Miss Winter had worn. He had not been near the village for days. Languid and spiritless he had crept about the house or lain in the long grass with a look on his face which went to his sister's heart. She understood it now as she saw him lift the fallen flower and just touch it with his lips.

"I have been mad enough for that, Daisy—to fall in love with her. And if I had not thrown away my own manhood I need not now be in despair. That is the bitterest thought of all."

"It is not too late to be true to yourself yet, Rick."

She had a little hope that this new feeling might work some good in him, but before the week was over he had broken bounds again, as if determined to bury regret in oblivion.

Meanwhile the time came for Miss Winter to return to the city, and she sent for Ralph, who had promised to drive her to the station. He came with his light carriage and mettled horse, looking neither sorry nor cast down, Daisy observed with a throb of the heart.

"He isn't false, then; he'll come back to me again when she is gone."

Rick had been at the village. He was on his way home when, at some distance away, he saw the carriage standing at the parsonage gate. Ralph and Miss Winter were just taking their places in it, the minister stood on the steps, and the curious face of a servant looked down from a garret window. As Ralph settled down in his seat his glance fell upon that shambling figure by the roadside, and he gave a vicious cut with his whip. The spirited horse started with a plunge, a buckle snapped, and then the next instant his driver had lost all control over him.

Rick had taken in the scene which his eyes rested on, and a sudden stillness went over him.

"They've been getting married!" he said to himself, aghast. "Been getting married, and he has cheated Daisy. But he shan't get away so easy as that."

His brain was clouded with liquor; some blind impulse of rage and revenge moved him, and his fingers clasped and brought out the weapon which he sometimes carried. They were close upon him now; he lifted his hand and fired—at the horse, there is every reason to believe, for there was a dangerous embankment near, toward which the runaway was heading. But he missed his mark and the next instant the steelshod hoofs were trampling him down.

A little further on and the carriage was wrecked. Ralph Armstrong was picked up bruised and senseless; his newly-made bride was dead, a bullet in her heart, and further back was a bleeding, pulpy mass beaten down in the dust, that groaned when they touched it, but was beyond human aid.

The horror of that time was a year old when Ralph opened the rickety gate and made his way again to the old house. Daisy was sitting in the porch, all in white, as he remembered her so well. Then he was holding her hand and looking into her startled eyes.

"My little white Daisy," broke over his lips. "I never really loved any one but you, and I have come back to ask you to be my wife, after all."

"Oh, Ralph, don't you know?"

"Know what?" he asked.

"That I am Dr. Lloyd's wife. I was married a week ago."

"And—are you happy?"

He wanted her to say no; he thought his own misery would be easier to bear if he knew she shared it. There was a sound of wheels nearing the gate. She turned her face that way; a beautiful flush tinged it, and that look answered him without the low-spoken words:

"I am very happy."

A Stolen Throne.

Monarchs have stolen thrones, but we never knew of a throne being stolen from a ruler until the gable reported that King John, of Abyssinia, had lost his by the t— not metaphorically, but literally. He recently ordered this article of furniture to be manufactured for himself in Aden, at a cost of \$25,000, and directed it to be sent to Aden by caravan. A band of desert robbers, who make the neighborhood of Aden their field of depredation, attacked the caravan, the guards dispersed, and the throne, together with a large quantity of other valuable property, was seized and carried off.

Thrilling Fight With a Lioness.

Peter Marvin, an animal trainer employed at the winter quarters of a circus in Philadelphia, recently had a desperate encounter with a lioness named Juno in a close room filled on three sides with dens of beasts. The lion had become jealous of the attentions shown three cub lions in a den directly opposite her own. After feeding the cubs the keeper patted them for a while, which threw Juno into a violent rage.

Marvin turned to quiet her, and as he advanced toward the cage he stumbled and fell against the bars. In an instant she seized his right arm above the elbow. In order to protect his head and body the man fell and with his left hand grasped the bottom of the cage. Juno held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. A lad named Donohue grabbed an iron bar and tried to make Juno drop Marvin. The boy's efforts only increased the rage of the beast.

By this time every animal in the place was wildly excited, and their roars and cries were heard squares away. As there is a small army of workmen about the place the lioness was soon surrounded with men. In the meantime Juno had torn the flesh from Marvin's arm, struck him several wicked blows on the shoulder and then allowed him to drop to the ground and crawl away.

Just as the rescuers reached the doors they heard a sound of crashing timbers, accompanied by a series of roars. Juno had thrown her body against the bars and broken through. The interior of the building was dark, and no one dared to venture in. They heard Juno around the place and they hesitated. They supposed that Marvin was dead. He, however, managed to reach the rack in which the heavy iron bars used to clean the cages are kept. Snatching one of the irons he boldly advanced on Juno, who crouched in a corner. Above the din of the beasts within the men at the doors, to their astonishment, heard Marvin ordering the lioness back to her cage. This reassured them and they started to enter. As the doors opened Juno sprang over Marvin's head and took refuge in a stall. Marvin shouted to close the doors, and, following the now cowed lioness, struck her twice with the iron bar. Then he poked her out, and with an angry roar she vaulted back into her cage and the danger was over. Marvin's injuries were attended to by a physician, who said he would not lose the use of his arm.

The Nutritive Properties of Rice.

The increase in the consumption of rice has lately attracted the attention of several men of science in Germany, and among other investigations, according to the London *Lancet*, an attempt has been made by Professor Voit to discover the relative capacity which various forms of nourishment possess of being incorporated into the system. He has drawn up the following table of the percentage which remains in the body and of that which leaves it:

	Percentage incorporated.	Percentage which is not retained.
Meat.....	96.7	3.3
Rice.....	96.1	3.9
Eggs.....	94.8	5.2
White bread.....	94.4	5.6
Maize.....	93.3	6.7
Potatoes.....	90.7	9.3
Milk.....	88.9	11.1
Black bread.....	88.5	11.5

According to these results meat and rice leave the smallest amount of residuum, and occasion the smallest excessive exertion to the indigestion, and, in fact introduce the minimum quantity of ballast into the human frame. Dr. Konig, of Munster, considers that the fact, of large masses of population living on rice is easily accounted for; and in summing up the information collected upon the subject, Professor Voit remarks that potatoes, when consumed in excessive quantity, fail to nourish the frame effectively, make the blood watery, and render the muscles weak. Apart from the subject dealt with in the table drawn up by Professor Voit, the question of the relative nutritive value of rice and potatoes has been investigated by Dr. Konig, who is of opinion that if similar quantities of both articles are compared, the former possesses four times the value of the latter in really nutritive properties. It is also remarked that the introduction of rice as a substitute for potatoes is facilitated by the fact that no such variation takes place in its quality as is the case with the potato, which is liable to be materially influenced by the effects of unfavorable weather.

DIRGE AND ANTHEM.

Oh, the joys that we pass, and grasp not!
Oh, the loves that we meet, and clasp not!
Oh, the light that we fail to see!
Oh, the eyes that have plead, unheeded!
Oh, the hands we have spared, though needed!

Oh, the beauty that was to be!
Oh, the songs that have died in singing!
Oh, the dirges that will keep ringing!
Oh, the words that we leave unaid!
Oh, the hopes that were never spoken!
Oh, the hearts that are stung and broken!
Oh, the silence of the dead!

Oh, the dear ones that we keep waiting!
Oh, the trust that we pay with hating!
Oh, the weariness of years!
Oh, the leaves that are the brightest, dying!
Oh, the winds that are always sighing!
Oh, the bitterness of tears!

Oh, the future, grand and glorious!
Oh, the life, o'er death victorious!
Oh, the boundlessness of bliss!
Oh, the hands that we clasp forever!
Oh, the love that no graves can sever!
Oh, why should we mourn for this?
—Thomas S. Collier.

HUMOROUS.

Good-looking men—Astronomers and microscopists.

In the spring the trees will start a branch business.—*New York News*.

The active drummer may be regarded as a commercial scenter.—*Picayune*.

A man's tongue often betrays him, but he can always count on his fingers.

The proper place for a corner in coal—down the cellar.—*New York Commercial*.

The sheriff does not often look like a criminal, but he often takes after them.—*New York Journal*.

The success of an architect's plans depends very much upon what construction you put upon them.—*Boston Post*.

The presiding officer of a caucus is called the chair, because everybody likes to sit down on him.—*Boston Transcript*.

"'Twere better we had never met," as the goat remarked after his unsuccessful attempt to knock a cast-iron dog clear across a three-acre lawn.

"Isn't that a grand fountain over there?" she inquired, as they walked through the wood—"a grand fountain for lovers to linger near?" "No," he responded, "I think it a very cheap sort of fountain for lovers." "Will you tell me why?" "Certainly; it is not a soda-water fountain."—*Puck*.

King Theebaw's baby is rocked to sleep in a mango-wood cradle, cased inside and out with plates of gold, set with rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, worth nearly a million dollars, but it takes just as much paragon to put it to sleep as if it was rocked in a section of a flour barrel.—*Siftings*.

A Chicago clothing store gives a present of a coal stove with an overcoat. That is a great deal better than painting a fire-place on the tail of a coat or putting a coil of steam pipe in the back lining. Some of the ready-made coats need a furnace in them to keep a man warm. More wool and wadding and less coal stoves is what the boys want.—*Peck's Sun*.

The Rev. Henry Cox was secretary of the Young Men's Christian association in San Francisco, pastor of a mission church, and a United States pension agent. Thomas Hill was a blind and paralytic pauper in the county almshouse. Under the new law Hill was entitled to \$7,278 in back pensions as a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, and to \$72 a month for the remainder of his life. United States Senator Miller wrote to Cox at the suggestion of the commissioner of pensions in Washington, asking him to pay particular attention to this award, as the amount was unusually large, and the helpless recipient might fall into swindlers' hands unless protected. Cox's method of getting control of the matter was to induce Hill to sign an irrevocable power of attorney, authorizing him to take possession of all the money; and when he had got the cash he used it for a personal speculation in mining. He prayed with his dupe and sang hymns to him, but this only allayed suspicion for awhile. An investigation has resulted in an exposure, but the unfortunate veteran's fortune is probably beyond the reach of recovery.

Hills that look as if they might fall over have probably been tipped by the golden sunlight.—*Picayune*.