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## PENRHYN'S WARD.

"I don't want to seem impertinent, old fellow, but I should really like to know how you happened to do it? I should, by Jove!"

"Got married, you mean?"  
"Why, yes; you were old enough—"  
"To know better, eh?" interrupted Larry Penrhyn, knocking the ashes off his cigar.

"Precisely," answered his friend; "and you see, nobody expected it of you, because you were always so certain of remaining a bachelor, and gave everybody your word for it."

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I would live to be married," quoted Penrhyn, yet with a reflected cast in his eye to satisfy one that something more rational was to be expected.

It was a cool night, and there was confidence burning in the coals upon the hearth, and the two men sitting beside it, with the tobacco between them, were old cronies. Time and circumstances had drifted in between them, but for this one night, at least, they were together again, and sat talking as women are said to talk to each other of the hidden life, but as only men can, because of common morals, common manners and common follies.

"I really could not help it, Tom," said Penrhyn, looking hard into the fire. "It really seemed the only thing to do at the time!"

It was rather a strange reason to give for so grave an event, but looking into the calm, strong face of the man—taking into consideration the massive, intellectual brow, the firm, yet tender mouth, one might know that it could be nothing less than worthy a true and honorable gentleman, however anomalous in form.

"You want to know all about it?" at last, he said, with a laugh, and blowing up a fog of blue smoke around him he settled deeper in his armchair as if the story were not a short one. "Well, to begin with, my wife is the daughter of Halstead Scot, whom you doubtless remember."

Now, indeed, did blank surprise sit upon the countenance of Penrhyn's friend, who did remember Halstead Scot, whose stupendous rascality and breach of trust had convulsed a city, and of whose miserable self-murder the world yet talked about.

"I do not wonder that you are surprised that I should have married the daughter of such a man, especially as that man was not supposed to have a daughter up to the hour of his death; but hear the story, and reserve your judgment until you get the case."

About six months previous to Scot's suicide, when his irregular practice was only being hinted at, softly, among the knowing ones, he came to my office one day and wanted me to join him in the prosecution of some cotton claims against the government.

"I thought it rather queer that a man in his position should approach me—scarcely a full-fledged barrister—with propositions of such magnitude, but, more out of curiosity than any actual idea of taking hold of the matter, I asked for time to look into the case."

The papers were old, yellow, apparently without a flaw, and involving millions of dollars, yet I concluded that, in justice to my own clients, I could not undertake to work in the case. The next thing that came was Scot's suicide, and the papers rang with his attempted fraud, his forgery and the complaints of the people whose moneys he had held in trust and speculated away. At this point in the unhappy man's history, my real connection with him began. The morning following his death there came to me, through the mails, a letter reading something in this wise:

"LARRY PENRHYN—I believe you to be an honest man. I therefore give the inclosed papers into your keeping, feeling sure that the secret they contain will be safe with you, and that you will protect from all painful knowledge the being whose life they so vitally concern."

(Signed), HALSTEAD SCOT.

"Now comes the most singular part of the story. The papers inclosed were a certificate of marriage between Halstead Scot and Gabrielle Wyndham; government bonds to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, registered in the name of Gabrielle Scot, and the necessary directions for finding that person."

"Two days later there came to me another letter, written in a cramped, old-fashioned and feminine style, from which, as I opened it, there fell out a printed slip cut from some newspaper, and giving an account of Scot's un-

happy end. The letter itself was scant of words and ceremony, and briefly stated that Scot had informed the writer that in case of his death I was to act as Miss Gabrielle's guardian, and requesting earnestly that I would see my ward at my earliest convenience, and this letter was signed—Patience Wyndham.

"Fortunately for my curiosity and the exigencies of the case, I could get away from town just at that particular time, and as there really seemed no way of decently abandoning the trust without betraying the dead man's confidence, I started off at once."

"It was a romantic little country place at which I found them, with mountains all around the half-hundred of houses; the church, the store, the tavern that formed the village, and near a little waterfall, that was a waterfall, not because some fellow with an eye for picturesque effect had built a dam across its course, but because there was an abrupt descent in the rock at that point, I found Miss Patience Wyndham's house."

"I had fetched her letter with me, and upon sending it in with my name, I was immediately admitted to the presence of a stately dame, whose attire was copied from some Quaker ancestress, and whose very countenance and manner bespoke her name—Patience. She asked me a great many questions about Halstead Scot, which I could but answer with the meager, unpleasant truths that formed my stock of knowledge respecting the man, and then it came her turn to talk. She told me that years ago, when she was but eighteen, her mother died, leaving her at the head of her father's household. In one year after her father married again, and fifteen months later both he and the new wife had gone the way of all flesh, leaving Patience, at twenty, alone in the world, with an infant sister three months old to care for, and an income that only, with the strictest economy, could be made adequate to their needs."

"Well, for twenty years this woman, putting her youth and everything that is natural to it under her feet, was mother, sister, everything to Gabrielle, who grew from babyhood into a lovely girl, doing only 'her duty' with unconscious heroism, and giving me the record as if it were something scarcely worth the telling, only that it was necessary to explain."

"As I said before, the child grew up to be a lovely girl, fair and graceful, pure and good, and the faithful sister found all recompense now for what at first must have been all sacrifice, in this only thing of kindred blood left her."

"At length there came a young lawyer one summer-time to fish and hunt in that quiet country place, and before Miss Patience quite came to realize the danger the heart of her sister-child was won from her, and the couple were married."

"To make a long story short, this young lawyer was Halstead Scot. Six months he spent happily with his young wife, then he went away, and, although he wrote her occasionally, he forbade her always to join him, and so the fair, frail creature faded day by day, until the hour when her baby came struggling into life, and then shut her weary eyes for ever on a world wherein she had grown so sadly tired—wherein she had learned the bitterness of unfiled graves, and death that renders not unto dust—and Patience Wyndham was once more left to fill the mother's office to a worse than orphaned child."

"Fifteen years passed, and, stirred by a feeling of remorse, by a remembrance of his old romance or what not, Scot came once more to the little village under the mountains. He refused to see his daughter, and told Miss Wyndham enough of his own career to satisfy her that it was wisest so, but the week following his visit, a pure white monument, in form of a broken column, was erected over his wife's grave, and every six months during the remainder of his life there came regularly a certain sum of money to Miss Wyndham for the support of the young Gabrielle."

"This was the whole of the story, as that sweet old saint told it to me, and naturally I grew extremely anxious to see the child of romance, over whom I was so singularly appointed guardian."

"The child does not know her father's history," said Miss Patience, "and I could wish she might remain always in happy ignorance of it," and then the child came in.

"She was fair-haired, slight, blue-eyed, graceful, shy, with nothing of her father about her in appearance or

characteristics, and after a few days I came home, not in love with my ward, as you suspect, but thinking her a pure, innocent child, wonderfully born of such a father, and really not dissatisfied with my guardianship."

"In fact, my charge was no burden to me while Miss Patience lived, and the thirty thousand dollars made all clear for the future, I imagined; with a man's wonderful understanding of a woman's needs; and so for three years, placidly the time went on; then there came a note from Gabrielle herself, announcing the serious illness of her aunt, and I went hastily away into the country."

"I found Miss Wyndham dying; her noble sands of life were almost told, and there will be few whiter robes in heaven than that she wears. She had no fear for herself in that passing away; only a great thought, reaching out into the future, for the young girl whom she must leave alone in a world where even her saintly eyes had seen much neither good nor true."

"I promised all that I could, and while the dying woman seemed to trust me, she understood better than I how little equal to the protection of a young girl's life an unmarried man can be, and was but half-satisfied when the final moment came."

"Poor Gabrielle was distracted; she clung to me as to a brother. I pitied her, but I pitied myself more, because she took no thought, and I did, of the future which now loomed up before me like a terrible problem, to which the thirty thousand dollars offered not the slightest clew of solution."

"What to do with her now I did not know. I had no near female relative; I had not even the traditional old nurse to help me out of the dilemma. My business was suffering from neglect, and yet I could not leave this clinging grief-stricken girl alone and unsettled in this first space of her desolation."

"I finally determined to ask a widow lady, who was a distant relative of Halstead Scot, to take immediate charge of his daughter, but before writing to her I thought it would only be kind in me to consult my ward in the matter, and learn if there were any other arrangement possible more congenial to her own mind."

"She came to the interview looking most fair and fragile in her black dress, and listened attentively to my proposition. Then the tears which lay very near to her eyes in those sad days pushed their way from under the farse-drawn eyelids, and rolled heavily over the white young cheeks, and she said, in a trembling, pitiful way:

"Then I cannot live with you, Mr. Penrhyn?"

"I had rather pronounce the death sentence in a thousand cases than to be obliged again to meet the emergency that stared out of those innocent eyes at me; but something had to be done then and there, and I had rather have tried modern strangulation in my own person than to have explained to this pure child the reasons why she might not live in my house as my sister, when there seemed no other home—no heart in all the world that held for her kindly feeling save mine."

"So, and as I told you in the beginning, it seemed to be the only thing to do at the time, I asked her, as gently and delicately as I could, to marry me."

"It came very sudden to her, and especially so to me; but she consented, not that she was greatly in love with me any more than I with her, but because her quiet, straightforward life had taught her none of the hollow sentimentality of pride that would have led her to question my sincerity, or the prospect of forming a connection that held no romance but only the continued society and friendship of one whom her aunt had held in respect and trusted."

"Immediately, and beside Miss Patience's new-made bed, blanketed with a drift of sweet syringa bells, we were married, I feeling at last content that the sainted dead would rest now quietly from her labors, if her spirit might look down upon us two made one."

"And—I beg your pardon—but did it turn out well?" asked the listening friend, his cigar burned down within a hairbreadth of the blonde mustache, and smothered recklessly with a long white ash.

"Turn out well! Why, Gabriel and I have grown to love each other to a degree that makes the slightest separation unhappiness to both. There are two babies, and—Lord love you, man, I guess it did turn out well!" and the smoking Tom tumbled the long, white ash into the gayly-painted saucer at his elbow, and murmured, somewhat cynically:

"After all, it was an experiment!"

## THE BAD BOY ALL BROKE UP

### BADLY WRECKED BY POOLING WITH AN OLD PACER.

#### He Drives a Minister to a Funeral—The Result of Saying "Ye-up" to a Former "Boss of the Road."

"Well, what's the matter with you, now?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in to the grocery on crutches, with one arm in a sling, one eye blackened, and a strip of court plaster across one side of his face. "Where was the explosion, or have you been in a fight?"

"Oh, there's not much the matter with me," said the boy, in a voice that sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple off a basket, and began peeling it with his upper front teeth. "If you think I am a wreck you ought to see the minister. They had to carry him home in installments, the way they buy sewing machines. I am all right, but they have got to stop him up with oakum and tar before he will ever hold water again."

"Good gracious, you have not had a fight with the minister, have you? Well, I have said all the time, and I stick to it, that you would commit a crime yet, and go to State prison. What was the fuss about?" and the grocery man laid the hatchet out of the boy's reach for fear he would get excited and kill him.

"Oh, it was no fuss! It was in the way of business. You see the livery man that I was working for promoted me. He let me drive a horse to haul sawdust for bedding, first, and when he found I was real careful he let me drive an express wagon to haul trunks. Day before yesterday there was a funeral, and our stable furnished the outfit. It was only a common eleven-dollar funeral, so they let me go to drive the horse for the minister—you know, the buggy that goes ahead of the hearse. They gave me an old horse that is thirty years old, that has not been off a walk since nine years ago, and they told me to give him a loose rein, and he would go along all right. It's the same old horse that used to pace so fast on the avenue, years ago, but I didn't know it. Well, I want to blame. I just let him walk along as though he was hauling sawdust, and gave him a loose rein. When we got off of the pavement the fellow that drives the hearse, he was in a hurry, 'cause his folks was going to have ducks for dinner, and he wanted to get back, so he kept driving alongside of my buggy, telling me to hurry up. I wouldn't do it, 'cause the livery man told me to walk the horse. Then the minister, he got nervous, and said he didn't know as there was any use of going so slow, because he wanted to get back in time to get his lunch and go to a ministers' meeting in the afternoon, but I told him we would all get in the cemetery soon enough if we took it cool, and as for me I wasn't in no sweat. Then one of the drivers that was driving the mourners, he came up and said he had to get back in time to run a wedding down to the 1 o'clock train, and for me to pull out a little. I have seen enough of disobeying orders, and I told him a funeral in the hand was worth two weddings in the bush, and as far as I was concerned, the funeral was going to be conducted in a decorous manner, if we didn't get back till the next day. Well, the minister said in his regular Sunday-school way, 'My little man, let me take hold of the lines,' and like a blame fool I gave them to him. He slapped the old horse on the crupper with the lines and then jerked up, and the old horse stuck up his off ear, and then the hearse-driver told the minister to pull hard and saw on the bit a little and the old horse would wake up. The hearse-driver used to drive the old pacer on the track, and he knew what he wanted. The minister took off his black kid gloves and put his umbrella down between us and pulled his hat down over his head and began to pull and saw on the bit. The old cripple began to move along sort of sideways, like a hog going to war, and the minister pulled some more, and the hearse driver, who was right behind, he said so you could hear him clear to Waukesha, 'Ye-up,' and the old horse kept going faster, then the minister thought the procession was getting too quick, and he pulled harder, and yelled who-a, and that made the old horse worse, and I looked through the little window in the buggy top behind, and the hearse was about two blocks behind, and the driver was laughing, and the minister he got pale and said, 'My little man, I guess you better drive,' and I said, 'Not much, Mary Ann; you wouldn't let me run

this funeral the way I wanted to, and now you can boss it, if you will let me get out,' but there was a street car ahead and all of a sudden there was an earthquake, and when I came to there were about six hundred people pouring water down my neck, and the hearse was hitched to the fence, and the hearse driver was asking if my leg was broke, and a policeman was fanning the minister with a plug hat that looked as though it had been struck by a pile-driver, and some people were hauling our buggy into the gutter, and some men were trying to take the old pacer out of the windows of the street car, and then I guess I fainted away again. Oh, it was worse than telescoping a train loaded with cattle."

"Well, I swan," said the grocery man as he put some eggs in a funnel-shaped brown paper for a servant girl. "What did the minister say when he come to?"

"Say! What could he say? He just yelled 'whoa,' and kept sawing with his hands, as though he was driving."

"I heard that the policeman was going to pull him for fast driving till he found it was an accident. They told me, when they carried me home in a hack, that it was a wonder everybody was not killed, and when I got home pa was going to sass me, until the hearse driver told him it was the minister that was to blame. I want to find out if they got the minister's umbrella back. The last I see of it the umbrella was running up his trousers leg, and the point come out by the small of his back. But I am all right, and shall go to work to-morrow, 'cause the livery man says I was the only one in the crowd that had any sense. I understand the minister is going to take a vacation on account of his liver and nervous prostration. I would if I was him. I never saw a man that had nervous prostration any more than he did when we fished him out of the barbed wire fence, after we struck the street car. But that settles the minister business with me. I don't drive with no more preachers. What I want is a quiet party that wants to go on a walk," and the boy got up and hopped on one foot toward his crutches, filling his pistol pocket with figs as he hobbled along.

"The next time I drive a minister to a funeral, he will walk," and the boy hobbled out and hung out a sign in front of the grocery. "Smoked dog-fish at halibut prices, good enough for company."

### Too Late.

The law of heredity, by which living beings tend to repeat themselves in their descendants, is generally accepted by scientists and physicians. Some assert that not only the physical but the spiritual traits of parents are reproduced in their children. In the matter of health and disease there is no doubt that parents transmit their physical qualities, strength and weaknesses.

One of the best-known physicians in Boston was called, not long since, to attend the bedside of a rich man who had been suddenly taken ill. The doctor felt the patient's pulse and saw that the case was hopeless. Turning to one of the family, who stood anxiously waiting to hear his opinion, he said:

"You should have sent for a physician long ago."

"But we sent at once; as soon as he was taken ill."

"Ah! yes," replied the physician, sadly, "but you should have sent 100 years ago."

The physician recognized the fact that his patient, who died that day, was in reality the victim of his ancestors' careless or criminal violation of the laws of health, years before he himself was born.

### An Epitaph.

The following is an epitaph on a tombstone in Chautauqua county, N. Y.:

"Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith,  
'Till death the sod it laid her;  
She was a worthy Methodist,  
And served as a crusader."

"Friends came delighted at the call,  
In plenty of good carriages;  
Death is the common lot of all,  
And comes more oft than marriages."

West Point, Miss., with two thousand inhabitants, has recently raised \$50,000 for a national bank. \$50,000 for a cottonseed oil mill, increased its ad valorem tax list \$100,000 in one year, established a cotton exchange, voted \$6,000 to a railroad, and is talking of a \$60,000 cotton factory.

It is said that France has 219,270 houses without a single window.