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THE MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A practical, plain young girl;
Not afraid of the rain young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl,
At-home-in-her-place young girl;
A never-will-laze young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl;
A wear-her-own-hair young girl;
A free-from-a-stare young girl;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl,
Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl;
No indulgent-in-bites young girl;
Not a bang on her brow,
To fraud not a bow,
She's a just-what-she-seems young girl,
Not a reader-of-trash young girl;
Not a cheap jewel-flash young girl;
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum,
A marvel-of-sense young girl,
An early-retiring young girl;
An active, aspiring young girl
A morning riser,
A dandy despiser,
A progressive American girl,
A lover-of-prose young girl;
Not a turn-up-your-nose young girl;
Not given to splutter,
Not "utterly after,"
But a matter-of-fact young girl,
A rightly-ambitious young girl;
Red-lips-delicious young girl
A sparkling clear eye,
That says, "I will try,"
A sure-to-succeed young girl,
An honestly-courting young girl;
A never-seen-flirting young girl;
A quite and pure,
A modest demure,
A fit-for-a-wife young girl;
A sought-everywhere young girl;
A future-most-fair young girl;
An ever discreet,
We too seldom meet
This queen-among-queens young girl.
Virgil A. Pinkley, in Cincinnati Enquirer

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

"A literary man, eh?" said Octavia Glenn. "Author of 'Stray Leaves' and 'Floating Fancies'! Then why in the name of all the muses and graces isn't he about his work?" Little Fernanda drew herself up with some excitement. "He is having his spring vacation," said she. "He is resting his over-wearied brain a little, before the public shall become clamorous for more writings from his pen." "Oh!" said Octavia. "Yes," nodded her younger sister. "And, oh, Octavia, you can't think how charming he is! I have always liked to know an author. And he isn't a bit conceited or set up!" "Isn't he?" "Not a particle. He has written his autograph in my album, and given me a copy of 'Floating Fancies.' And Mary Martinez is quite wild about him. And, Octy—" "Well?" "Please don't say anything about the store," coaxed Fernanda. "I have given him to understand that you are taking a course of lessons in music and thorough bass. It isn't genteel to be a shop-girl, you know, and—" "Hoity toity!" said Octavia, with a toss of her really handsome head. "This is a pretty state of things, and all about a man who writes books. Isn't it just as genteel for me to sell buttons and coogne and lace bobbles as it is for him to sell his writings? And haven't I a right to earn my own living in any way that I choose? Fernanda, I didn't think you were such a goose!" "He is very particular about such things," said Fernanda. "He didn't want an introduction to Melissa Plumb after he heard that she worked in the factory." "More fool he!" said Octavia, crisply. "He is a gentleman, you know," pleaded Fernanda. "Pshaw!" said Octavia. "Octy's right—Octy's right, my dear," said old Grandfather Glenn, who had been sitting still in his arm-chair near by that neither of the girls discovered that the subject of their discourse was known to him. "A true gentleman honors the woman as earns her own bread. There's a deal of electroplate in this world, and some of it is laid on so skillful you can't distinguish it from real silver. But the silver's silver for all that, and the other's only humbug!"

Having uttered which oracular sentences old Mr. Glenn once more relapsed into silence.

"Grandpa is so queer!" said Fernanda, with an injured expression of countenance. "But you'll promise me, won't you, dear?"

But Octavia only laughed, and went out into the kitchen to see if the bread was light enough for the oven.

Mr. Fitz Arragon was certainly rather handsome. He was dressed very elegantly, also; he wore what was either a diamond or a very excellent imitation of one on his finger, and his cravats were simply superb. He looked at Octavia Glenn with some interest when they were introduced.

"You are fond of music?" he said, in that soft, insinuating way which Fernanda found so irresistible.

"I don't object to it," said Octavia, bluntly.

"It's a divine gift," said Mr. Fitz Arragon. "May I ask if you are taking lessons from Ferrani or Agramonte?"

"Neither one of 'em," said Octavia. And at that juncture Fernanda hurried the literary man away to look at a beautiful cluster of trailing arbutus which some one had just brought in from the woods.

"There's no telling what Octy would blurt out if you once gave her the chance," said she.

And she did not breathe freely until Octavia had left the old farmhouse and gone back to her duties in the big fancy store on Twenty-third street.

Octavia herself felt as if some disagreeable pressure were removed from her existence. She was a frank, noble-natured girl, who was saving up her earnings to pay off the mortgage on old Grandfather Glenn's farm.

She delighted in work, not only for its own sake, but for the beneficial results it could produce; and she had sufficient of courage and self-denial to live plainly until her object was attained.

She occupied a fireless hall bedroom in a shabby little downtown boarding house, patronized mostly by the guild of working people, whose only recommendation was its scrupulous neatness.

She wore cotton gloves, dyed-over gowns and the plainest of plain bonnets, and through it all she respected herself.

Stay, though—we have not told it all! There was one extravagance in which Octavia Glenn occasionally indulged herself—that of charity. She had a cress of innocent-faced children in the mission school, of an evening, and she was a diligent worker in the ranks of a quiet benevolent society, which wrought a great deal of good without any blowing of trumpets.

And one day when the feeble old porter at the store fell ill and his place was vacant, Octavia Glenn constituted herself a committee of one to inquire into the matter.

"Of course you can do as you like, Miss Glenn," said Mr. Idem, the proprietor of the store. "But Ferrigan lives in a most dismal neighborhood, and I'm not sure that it is altogether safe for you to venture there after dark."

"After dark is all the time I have," said Octavia, brusquely. "And it must be a great deal worse to live there than to go once in awhile. I think I'll risk it."

So she begged permission from the boarding-house keeper to make a little farina jelly over the cooking-stove when the heavy, blackberry dumplings, which were to regale the boarders for dessert, were taken up, bought a few strawberries and a small slice of sponge-cake, and set forth to visit old Ferrigan, the porter.

It was a dismal neighborhood, indeed, where the poor old man lived—a neighborhood where piles of ashes in the narrow street made a sort of model of the Rocky mountains, on a small scale, and layers of cabbage-leaves and damaged lettuce festered in the gutter; where rivulets of soap-suds trickled across the pavement; and there appeared to be more feeble groceries than there were people. The very gaslights sulked behind their cloudy lanterns, and the occasional passers prowled by like homeless cats.

"Number ninety-nine," said Octavia, briskly walking into a thread-and-needle store, where an old woman sat fast asleep behind the counter.

"Does Mr. Ferrigan board here?" The old woman roused herself and looked about.

"Second floor back," said she, and instantly fell asleep again.

Octavia smiled. "I can find my way myself, I don't doubt," she thought.

And she did. The whole house seemed to be damp.

Blotches of blue mold had broken out here and there on the ceiling, the walls felt damp and clammy to the touch, as if Octavia had put her hand by mistake on a snail; vegetable-scented whiffs came up now and then from the cellar, and the room in which old Ferrigan lay gasping with rheumatic pains felt more like a dungeon than anything else.

No carpet was there, no table, only a shelf, where a dispirited kerosene lamp had smoked its chimney into a black cylinder; no chairs, the window uncurtained; and the shabby bed-spread was tattered and soiled until its pattern was beyond all recognition.

Octavia's soul recoiled from this impersonation of hopeless poverty.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Ferrigan?" she asked, after she had tenderly administered the farina-jelly, the fruit and the sponge-cake, straightened up the bedclothes and trimmed the lamp afresh.

"It's very good of you, I am sure," said the old man, with the plaintive courtesy of his nation. "And I'll not deny it was a word of comfort and kindness that I was wearying for. But it won't be needful long, I'm hoping. I've sent word to my son—he's a bookbinder, miss, and doing well at his trade, but it is natural like, don't you see? as he wouldn't like to be dragged down by such a useless old clog as me!"

"But he is your son, isn't he?" cried Octavia; "and you're his father?"

"Faith, and that's true, miss, dear," said old Ferrigan, with a sigh. "But he's a fine, ambitious young man—a rare gentleman to look at, and of a Sunday you couldn't tell him from the gentry themselves. An' he may marry a grand lady yet—who knows?—an' he wouldn't like me to be spoiling his chances. So I just keep dark, Miss Glenn; an' sometimes I think—Lord forgive me!—that I'd be better dead an' out of the way. But I sent word to him day before yesterday. An' he'll come—I think he'll come!" the old man added, with a scarcely audible sigh.

At that moment a careless step came up the stairs—the door was pushed open and a tall figure strode in.

"Sick again!" said a petulant tone. "It appears to me, old gentleman, that it's your chief mission in life to make trouble for other people. Well, what is it now? If it's money you want, you may as well understand, first as last, that I can't let you have any. You'll have to swallow that absurd prejudice of yours against charitable institutions, or—"

He stopped short, impelled by the hurried gesture of the old man's hand.

"Somebody's here?" said he, peering through the semi-darkness. "Well, why couldn't you say so? Who is it? The old hag downstairs, or—"

"It is I, Mr. Fitz Arragon," said Octavia, quietly advancing—"Octavia Glenn."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons!" said Mr. Ferrigan Fitz Arragon, hurriedly assuming his "company" manners. "If I could have imagined that such an honor as this was in store for me—"

"I don't know what you mean by such honors," said Octavia, bluntly. "I am a working girl; you are a bookbinder. We have neither of us any reason to be ashamed of our calling; yet I see no necessity for fine language and stilted titles. Your poor old father is very ill, and seems to be in need of the commonest necessities of life. Suppose you sell your diamond ring and help him?"

That was the end of Mr. Fitz Arragon's pretensions. He never came back to the country solitudes again, to Fernanda Glenn's bitter disappointment.

But how could he face them all, after it was discovered that his "authorship" of "Stray Leaves" and "Floating Fancies" was confined only to putting the covers on the same, and that the real author was a stout, short, old gentleman in spectacles, and that even his name was a fabrication of his own ingenious brain?

Old Mr. Ferrigan died. Perhaps, as he himself had hinted, it was the best and wisest thing he could do.

But Octavia Glenn's kindness and watchful care soothed his last hours, and she had the satisfaction of getting the price of a decent funeral out of the ambitious son.

"A jay in borrowed plumage!" she thought. "I never despised any one so much in my life!"

And when Fernanda bewailed her delusion, old Grandfather Glenn only smiled and said:

"Didn't I tell you that he was only electro-plated?"

THE BAD BOY AND THE BAND

HE GETS UP A SERENADE IN HONOR OF HIS PA.

The Old Gentleman Entertains the Serenaders With a Speech and Refreshments—Serious Trouble at the Church.

"What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them in to lunch?" said the grocery man to the bad boy.

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted some music, and they didn't care for expense, so they quit blowing where they was and came right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of the horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more nor a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat, and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, 'cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick house at them, but my chum and the leader kept them. Then pa sailed in. He commenced, 'Fellow citizens,' and then went away back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by saying that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile. They just reached for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? Oh, no. I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for three dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentleman who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum lit out, and the Bohemians came down the street bilin' full, with their horns on their arms, and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I will sleep at the lively stable to-night, cause pa is offal unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars, beside the champagne."

"Well, you have made a pretty mess of it," said the grocery man. "It's a wonder your pa does not kill you. But what's it I hear about the trouble at the church? They lay that foolishness to you."

"It's a lie. They lay everything to me. It was some of them ducks that sing in the choir. I was just as much surprised as anybody when it occurred. You see, our minister is laid up from the effect of the ride to the funeral, when he tried to run over a street car, and an old deacon, who had symptoms of being a minister in his youth, was invited to take the minister's place and talk a little. He is an almost-

minded old party, who don't keep up with the events of the day, and who ever played it on him knew that he was too pious to even read the daily papers. There was a notice of a choir meeting to be read and I think the tenor smuggled in the other notice between that and the one about the weekly prayer meeting. After the deacon read the choir notice he took up the other one and read, 'I am requested to announce that the Y. M. C. Association will give a friendly entertainment with soft gloves, on Tuesday evening, to which all are invited. Brother John Sullivan, the eminent Boston revivalist, will lead the exercises, assisted by Brother Slade, the Maori missionary from Australia. There will be no slugging, but a collection will be taken up at the door to defray expenses.' Well, I thought the people in church would sink through the floor. There was not a person in the church, except the poor old deacon, but what an understatement some wicked wretch had deceived him, and I know by the way the tenor tickled the soprano, that he did it. I may be mean, but everything I do is innocent and I wouldn't be as mean as a choir singer for two dollars. I felt real sorry for the old deacon, but he never knew what he had done, and I think it would be real mean to tell him. He won't be at the slugging match. That remark about taking up a collection settled the deacon. I must go down to the stable now and help grease a hack, so you will have to excuse me. If pa comes here looking for me, tell him you heard I was going to drive a picnic party out to Waukesha, and may not be back in a week. By that time pa will get over that Bohemian serenade, and the boy filled his pistol pocket with dried apples and went out and hung a sign in front of the grocery, 'Strawberries two shillin a smell, and one smell is enuff.'—G. W. Peck.

The Prevention of Insanity.

Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., in a pamphlet on the subject, calls attention to the prevention of insanity as a question which, although much neglected, is at least quite as important as that of the cure of insanity. The disease is very largely dependent on physical and sanitary conditions, and these should be studied out and brought within such regulation as will prevent its development. Since, according to the late Sir James Cox, insanity originates in some form of disease or in a deterioration of the body rather than in an exclusive affection of the nervous system, its growth should be checked by a general diffusion of the knowledge of the laws of the human organism and the use of all means necessary for the preservation of good health. So far as insanity is hereditary, its transmission should be prevented by avoiding marriage with persons predisposed to it. It should be the aim of the medical profession to become so well acquainted with the diseases of the nervous system and the brain that they could detect the first symptoms of disturbed or deranged states of mind, so as to be able to treat them understandingly, and, in all probability, in many cases successfully. —Popular Science Monthly.

There's Where He Had Her.

"Two hundred dollars for making a plain dress?" he yelled, as he saw the bill—"I'll never pay it!"

"You have been very stingy with me for the last year," she replied.

"You are extravagant!"

"No more than you are!"

"I'll never pay this bill!"

"You must!"

"Never!"

"Then I'll pawn my diamonds and pay it myself!"

"Ha!"

"Yes, ha!" He goes out chuckling. He knows her to be a woman of her word, and he is wondering how she will feel at the pawnbroker politely hands them back, with the observation:

"We never advance money on the paste article!"—Wall Street News.

Elephant's Milk.

The composition of elephant's milk, according to the analysis of Dr. Quevenne, in the *Moniteur Scientifique*, is similar to that of cream, but its consistency is different. Its odor and taste are very agreeable, and the taste is superior to that of most other kinds of milk. It is about equal to cow's milk in quality. In view of these facts, *La Nature*, of Paris, does not despair of seeing the day when an adventurous speculator shall bring a troop of elephants to be driven through the streets of the city as goats are now driven, to furnish each customer with his cup of milk direct from the teat.