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WAITING.

I wait,
Till from my veiled brows shall fall
This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Until my spirit sight shall see
Into all Being's mystery,
See what it really is to be!

I wait,
While robbing days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my spring,
And life flags on with broken wing;
Believing that a kindlier fate
The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait!
The summer of the soul is long,
The harvest yet shall round me throng,
Its perfect pomp of sun and song.
In stormless mornings, yet to be,
I'll pluck, from life's full-fruited tree,
The joy to-day denied to me.

—Mary Clemmer.

LIKE A MAN.

There is something sublime in a Niagara of trouble that roars and crashes through the world with a heroic fuss that one can brag about—but this constant drizzle of petty annoyances, drip, drip, drip!

To begin with, I am a long, young person, with big bones, and plenty of them, and I don't care a button if my hair is red!

I have good reason to know that I am not considered beautiful; that my nose, for instance—but there's really no need for such distressing details.

My father, Peter Brown, the best farmer in all Fairfax, be the dead one who he may, is the unfortunate possessor of thirteen children, every single one of them girls—and the married ones, too, for that matter.

Of course, girls are all very well as far as they go, but one gets too much of a good thing sometimes, and so when poor pa takes a notion to upbraid Fate about all his boys turned out girls, I must say I rebel against the decree that condemns me to slavish frocks and frizzes.

Most good folks sing out that they want to carry harps and be angels, but I—if only I were Peter Brown, junior, and had a farm like pa!

I don't blame ma, of course, but I really do think the even dozen ought to have contented her—and, what's more, I say so, when pa and I get beyond the subduing influence of her eye—for there's nothing trifling about ma's eye!

When pa and ma's love was young, and their future a rose-colored rose—there! I've heard pa say it a dozen times, but when a girl happens to be shackled with a memory like a boy's pocket upside down, and the middle nowhere, and gets that memory from her ma, I suppose there's to be allowances—anyhow, the first girls got the benefit of it all in the way of mugs, and corals, and names as fine as fiddies; then there came such a disastrous lull in pa's enthusiasm that ma says, when he panted up from the fields one hot noon and found our dear old twin waiting in teardrops of his dinner, it set him so frantic that he threatened to bunch the whole family together like a string of fish and do a dark and desperate deed.

But ma just kept on having her own way—which meant girls—until by the time she wound up the home circle with me—at your service—she had so worn her intellect down at the heels thinking up double-barreled names for the other dozen, that she handed my christening over to pa, and pa everlastingly disgraced himself, in my estimation, by heartlessly calling me Sis—absolutely nothing but Sis.

If I had been a boy this indignity, at least—but there are some wrongs so great that the only thing one can conveniently do is forgive them.

But, though pa has been cheated of his bishops and senators and things (poor dear, he never dreams that sons of his might have turned out farmers like himself, only not half so good) the girls have certainly made up his loss in husbands. Indeed, pa seems to have more sons-in-law than he quite knows what to do with—and as to grandsons!

"If one could only feed them like chickens!" sighs poor ma, plaintively. "If one could only kill them like chickens, you mean," I retort, vindictively.

After that little business talk pa and I had behind the barn, I've settled in my mind that the Browns have got to economize—and I mean to start with the grandchildren, by way of a noble beginning.

"Now, look here, ma," I say to the

dear old soul who is already staring at me with big, anxious eyes, like a hen with her feathers ruffled, "this thing has gone on long enough, and I just mean to hitch old Calico to the cart and dump every scrap of grandchild at his own lawful door—I do! It's downright mean in the girls to impose on us in this everlasting way—as if there wasn't work enough of our own."

"There, there, sis," interrupts ma, pathetically, "they only mean to please pa."

"And a nice way they take to do it! Pa's an old man now, and after pinching and slaving all his life for us army of girls, what right have they to keep him pinching and slaving to the last? Oh, you needn't look at me like that, ma, dear; children, like good manners, ought to be found at home—hi, you Tom, Dick, Harry, etc., etc.," and when at last I have packed them in the wheezy old cart, and we go laughing, scratching and squalling down the road, I feel like the pied piper of Hamelin, only there's no hill with wide, greedy jaws waiting at the end of the trip—more's the pity!

When I have impartially divided their howling household gods between the eight sisters who live so uncomfortably near, the sun is sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glorious yellow. There is a long reel with many leafy turnings, that Calico knows as well as I, and while she dawdles along it with a languid elegance that suits us both, I sit, tailor-fashion, in the bottom of the cart, thinking, thinking, heedless of whip or rein.

I read a story once of a devil-fish crawling over the roof of a pretty cottage by some southern sea. I don't suppose there was a word of truth in it; but, some way, ever since pa made a clean breast of his troubles, I can't get that shiny black monster out of my thoughts night and day. I should say, indeed, that a mortgage like ours was a trifle the worst of the two, because there's only one weapon to fight it, and where in the world is pa to get the first red cent of that terrible \$3,000.

Echo answers—where? If pa had only told me in time, perhaps I might have done something heroic with my poultry—a flock of gray geese did grand things for history once on a time—but no, he kept as dumb as Cheops, until I found it all out for myself, and no thanks to anybody.

The way of it was ma started me down to the meadow one evening last week to see what pa meant by keeping supper waiting, and when I found him leaning against the barn there as quiet and gray as the shadows, I think the One who doeth all things well must have put it into my heart to wake him up and tell me the matter.

There is no woman in all this big, glorious world so weak as Samson with his head shaved, and so he told me between sobs—I don't ever want to see my father cry again—how the big family had gobbled up the small earnings, how at last there was nothing to do but to borrow money on the dear, shabby, old place, and now a villainous bill of some sort was coming due.

"Never mind, dad," I said, "come along to supper; I'll get you out of your fix."

I don't think pa realized at the minute—and I am sure I did not—that I had never seen so much as a hundred dollars in all my life together, for he followed me home contentedly, put his head under the spout while I pumped, and then, with his hand on my shoulder, went into the house and eat supper enough for two.

The next day pa was out of his head with a fever, and now to see him prodding about the farm with a stick in his hand and a pain in his back—poor, dear pa! Of course, the first thing that suggested itself at his bedside was blood, and plenty of it—and I did saddle Calico and race off to murder the mortgage man—but I might have saved myself the trouble, for the vile creature wasn't at home; then I turned the old mare's head toward the family sons-in-law, but there wasn't a husband among them who had the cash to spare—they don't seem to spare anything quite so conveniently as children! I even decided to—

"Say, young woman!"
I am not a coward, but the creature who has brought the cart and my thoughts to such a sudden halt looks so like some great famished wolf, standing there at Calico's head, that I shiver from head to foot, and heesee it. "You needn't be afraid," he gasps, in a rasping sort of whisper. "I haven't the strength to harm you if

my will was good for murder—look at this!"

His eyes turn toward his breast—his right arm lies stiffly across it clotted with something that must be blood, and the fingers look like the flesh of a dead man.

I think he understands that I am sorry for him, for before my heart can jump back to its right place again he drops the reins and touches his mane cap.

"I've been skulkin' in these 'ere woods, mis', nigh onto a week, and what with starvin' and the pain of this, I'm most about dead pliyed out."

"If you will cut across the fields to that house over there," I say, kindly, I am sure—for God knows I pity him from the bottom of my heart—"I will see that you get a good supper."

"I couldn't crawl there, much less walk, and my time for suppers is over for this world, I reckon."

I am so sorry for the poor, misery-ridden creature standing there in the summer twilight, with the fragrant woods all around him, and the birds chirping sleepily in the trees—so very sorry, and I tell him so.

He tatters as I say it, and I am just making up my mind that Calico and I have a disagreeable job before us when he lays one miserable hand on the wheel, and, drawing his face near enough for me to see the ghastly seams that want has seared there, cries imploringly:

"There's them that's hunting me to my death; for God's sake, won't you help me?"

All my life I have wanted to be a man, and now the time has come to act like one. I am rubbing Calico down in her stall—pa and I being the only men—I mean pa being the only man about the place, we do this sort of thing ourselves—when the dear old fellow hobbles down the pathway and puts his head in the door.

"Sis," he begins, with wide, excited eyes, "did you meet a big fellow down the road—a dark chap with lots of bumps and black, frizzled whiskers?"

I had not and I said so.

"Well, he came by here hunting up some scamp who robbed a bank in Richmond and got down to these parts with the money in his pocket and a bullet in his flesh. I started him down the main road. I wonder you didn't see him."

"I drove round by the mill," I answer, quietly enough, considering I feel like a tornado; "but he won't catch his scamp to-night, dad."

"Think not? Why?"

"Because I've got him snug in the barn!"

"Goodness, gracious! then I'll just—"

He is making his way to warn justice as fast as his weak legs will let him, when I steady him against the stable door and take away his cane.

"Dad," I cry, savagely, "I adore you, but if you take another step to harm that man, why—you've only got a dozen daughters to go through the rest of your life."

"You!" gasps pa—and I wonder the wisp of straw he has been chewing does not strangle him black on the spot—"a child of mine help a thief—"

"Exactly! and she means to make you an accessory after the act. Now, see here, pa, I don't set up to be a clerub, but when a fellow-creature, starved and bleeding, asks me to help him in the name of God, why I mean to help him if I break every law in Virginia to atoms—so there!"

Pa looks stunned a bit—as I knew he would—wavers a bit, and then laying one big brown paw on my head, as I likewise expected, knowing pa's ways as I do, cries stoutly:

"Spoken like a man, Sis; and now let's have a look at your villain."

When we stand at last before the poor fellow, he looks so pitifully helpless stretched out there on the friendly straw, that pa's loving heart gets the best of his law-abiding principles, and he bathes the hurt arm as tenderly as if it had never been raised in crime.

When pa first notices the jug of water I have brought from the spring and the carriage-robe rolled up for a pillow with the rough side in, he looks at me wonderingly for a second, and then ejaculates with most contented happiness:

"Thank God, Sis, you are only a woman after all!"

cheerily. "Right or wrong, here you stay until—"

"It won't be long—I feel it comin' fast—and hard—I would have died out there on the black roadside except for her, God bless her! If you—don't mind"—and here he looks at me like some gaunt, faithful dog, that I lean over him by pa to catch his dying words—"if you don't mind—will you take this bag from—around my neck? It chokes me—it chokes—"

"There, there," says pa, tenderly, "and now, my lad, before you go to—sleep, tell me, does this money belong to the bank?"

"Yes, yes," cries the dying man, with an imploring glance at pa while he tries to touch my hand with his own poor, feeble fingers; "take it back, pa, and tell them—tell them—that the—reward—belongs—to—her—"

Yes, that is the true and simple story of my fortune, no matter what the papers said. For a long time pa would not let me touch a penny of that five thousand dollars, but the people at the bank insisted that business was business, I had earned the money and there it was.

Preparing Rice for the Market.

The following is an account of the method of milling rice, or preparing it for market: The rough grain is unlike a grain of wheat, with this exception, that the husk is tough, fits more closely, and is not detached by the thrashing process. On its arrival at the mill it is "backed in" by negroes and thrown into a hopper from which it is elevated to one of the upper stories and stowed away to await its due course of milling. When this time arrives the grain is fed on to the stones. These consist of two horizontal stones, the upper one stationary, the lower one being run with great velocity, causing the grain to end up, when it is caught between the "upper and neher millstones," and the husk split off. As can be easily seen the setting of these stones is a matter of great nicety, for if they are set too close the grain would be crushed; on the contrary, if too far apart, the rough kernel would slip through unhusked. The chaff is then blown off and the grain conveyed to the mortars. These are iron pots, egg-shaped, through the bottom of which the rod of the mounted pestle is operated up and down. The friction of the pestle, and of the rice on itself, in a few minutes wears away the inner skin, after which it is screened in order to cleanse it from the meal. The grain then passes into the final act of dressing, to wit, through the polisher. This is a round, horizontal screen, inside of which is a closely-fitting drum covered with baile skins, which is rapidly revolved and gives to the grain the glossy polish peculiar to American rice. From this the grain goes over the screen, which separates the broken kernels, while the whole comes forth bright and beautiful, "pleasant to the eye and good for food."

Married According to Shakespeare.

A Tennessee lawyer, in a law book recently published in that State, recommends for solemnizing marriage the use of the form to be found in Shakespeare's "The Tempest," and declares it to be perfectly legal. The lines begin:

"A contract of true love we celebrate;
May you find that she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her; and may you
Bond all limit of all else in the world
Forever love, praise and honor her.
She, with a heart as willing
As bondage or of freedom, gives her hand,
And your wife, in plain, holy innocence
So perfect and so peerless—shall not wish
Any companion in the world but you—
Nor in imagination for a shape
Besides yourself to like of."

After this follows the benediction bestowed upon Miranda by Prospero.

Scaring the Wolves.

When Lieutenant Schwartka started on his arctic expedition he took a lot of the Coston night signals of various colors, such as are used by vessels on our Northern lakes. One night, while the men were sleeping in their snow houses on the icy coast of Labrador, an immense pack of wolves surrounded them and threatened to destroy the whole party. Knowing the uselessness of trying to kill them with the rifles, they lit one of the lights and threw it out. The glare was so blinding that the wolves were dumbfounded. The growling stopped, and in less than two minutes not one of the pack was in sight.

"I wouldn't mind going up so high," said the hotel guest, "if the bill was not made out in the same way."

WILLOW.

Oh, slender willow, that beside
The meadow brooklet leanest here,
Sad, in this joy-time of the year,
Dost cast gold catkins on the tide,

As strips the widowed Hindoo bride
Her jeweled arms, with grief austere—
Oh, slender willow?

Or makest fickle haste to hide
The pale young sunshine's gifts, once
Dear,
Ere beam more splendid shall appear,
To clothe thee all in verdurous pride—
Oh, slender willow?
—C. E. Sutton, in Atlantic Monthly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early spring—Jumping out of bed at 5:30 A. M.—Siftings.

Should music be sold by the chord?
Drum music might be sold by the pound.

Any raw recruit can write about
Fare by preparing an essay on cheek.
—New York News.

From the way in which the bruisers
stick to their business, it is evident
that this is the muscle-age.—Yonkers
Gazette.

Pugilists are generally considered
plucky fellows, but none of them get
through with a sparring match without
fainting.—Boston Commercial.

Let those who fish with patent flies
The small boy's bait of worms despise;
The chances are as ten to one
The small boy has the greatest fun.
—Richmond Baton.

The mill owner who turned the fire
hose upon one of his disorderly em-
ployees explained his conduct by say-
ing that he was only washing his
hands.

Teacher: "Can you tell me which
is the olfactory organ?" Pupil
frankly answers: "No, sir." Teacher:
"Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown
study.—Boston Transcript.

Mulcahy says the statement that
Roach's ship is the first iron vessel
launched in America is a mistake, as
Mrs. Mulcahy frequently launches iron
vessels at him.—Boston Bulletin.

No matter how glad
Man may be, he is sad
And angry and mad
When the bone of the shad
Makes him wish that he had
Ordered liver, behead.—Puck.

"What can a boy do?" asks an ex-
change. We are just Yankee enough
to answer by asking another: "What
can't a boy do?" Parents who have
brought up male offspring will at once
see the force of the reply.—Lowell
Citizen.

A young lover in Iowa paid \$40 for
a locomotive to run him thirty-five
miles to see his girl, and when he got
there the family bulldog ran him
miles and didn't charge him a cent.
Corporations have no souls.—Daily
Triune.

Much of the trouble in married life
originates in disputing who shall carry
the pocketbook. A young Philadel-
phia husband got around this trouble
by letting his wife carry the pocket-
book while he kept the money.—
Chronicle-Herald.

A young lawyer appeared before a
Washington judge with his umbrella
under his arm and his hat on, and in
his agitation he forgot to lay either
as he when he began speaking.
"Hadn't you better raise your um-
brella?" the court kindly suggested.—
Baltimore News.

"Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwe-
gian poet, is soon to visit London."
Bjornstjerne could have a good deal
of fun now if he only knew it. He could
have his name printed on cards and cir-
culated through the streets of London.
The frightened inhabitants would think
it a Fenian cipher dispatch, and it
would create a panic.—Puck.

"Father," said Johnnie, "this paper
says that 'many prominent citizens
are now ill with pneumonia and kindred
diseases.' What is a kindred dis-
ease, father?" "Why, my son," said
Smithly, "a kindred disease is—is—
why—yes, yes! a kindred disease is
one that runs through an entire family."
—Kindred relatives, you know. Sur-
prised you didn't know that, Johnnie.

A Juvenile's Query.

On a Boston street car the other day
a half dozen happy fathers were match-
ing babies. To the anecdotal of a
child, a listener whose offspring had
grown to the age of talkativeness con-
tributed an account of his boy's ex-
perience in peeling an orange with his
thumb. With great difficulty the rind
was taken off, but to remove the inner
lining or film with out breaking into the
pulp was still harder. Finally, in-
vexation, the little fellow cried
out: "Papa, what makes oranges wear
dannels?"