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ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH.

IN NOVEMBER.
Dead sienna and rusty gold.
Tell the year on the marsh is old.
Blackened and bent, the sedges shrink
Back from the sea-pool's frosty brink.
Low in the west a wind-cloud lies,
Tossed and wild in the autumn skies.
Over the marshes, mournfully,
Drifts the sound of the restless sea.

IN JUNE.
Fair and green is the marsh in June;
Wide and warm in the sunny noon.
The flow'ring rushes fringe the pool
With slender shadows, dim and cool.
From the low bushes "Bob White" calls,
Into his nest a rose-leaf falls.
The blue-flag fades; and through the heat
Far off, the sea's faint pulses beat.
—Miss A. A. Bassett, in Harper's.

OUR HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

"Come," I said, rising and throwing aside my book—"come, Traverse, we have had work enough for one day. Let us take a sunset walk on the old ramparts, and have our tea at that charming little restaurant under the beeches."

Traverse took a last lingering look at his sketch, then carefully set back the easel against the wall, and we descended the stair from our apartments on the upper floor, where we enjoyed a view of the housetops of the quaint little town of Neureide, on the banks of the wide and winding Rhine.

"Stop a moment," Traverse said, as we reached the first floor. "We will see if there are any letters. I desired the Frau Hansing not to bring them up hereafter, for, good woman though she is, her talk is rather overpowering."

We had been recommended to Frau Hansing's lodgings by a fair cousin of my own who was visiting some half-English, half-German relatives near Bonn.

"If you stop at Neureide," she wrote, "my relative, Madame Estorf, desires me to say that you will find excellent lodgings with Frau Hansing, an old and faithful servant of hers, who will make you very comfortable."

And, despite Frau Hansing's love of talking, of which Traverse mildly complained, we had found the promise amply fulfilled, and had so far no cause to regret our choice of lodgings.

The old lady opened the door in answer to Traverse's light tap, and her plump, rosy face assumed an expression of commiseration and sympathy.

"Ah, mein Herr, so sorry! No letters to-day—though," she added, cheerfully, in her broken English, on which she prided herself. "Likely there will be some much letter's one day, to-morrow, and then the Herr shall rejoice to his full contentment to hear from his home."

Over her shoulder I saw that she had decorated her little sitting-room with flowers and evergreens.

"You are expecting company, Frau Hansing?"

"Ah, yes, mein Herr; but it is only my little Bertha—my daughter, who is my companion to Madame Estorf. A nice, dear little girl, and my only one."

And the old lady's eyes shone with pride and delight as she thus spoke of her daughter.

"She is with madame, who is now at Rudesheim, on a visit; and, its being so near, madame has kindly consented to her coming to us for one week. She is very clever and pretty, is my little Bertha, though it is I who say it; for, was she not brought up by madame, and in great part with madame's own granddaughter, the Fraulein Estorf? It was very kind of them to treat my little Bertha so well; but, then, I myself was nurse to the poor little granddaughter when her own mother died. Well, she is a great heiress now, as the Herr knows."

It was true that my Cousin Julia, in describing the family in which she was now staying, had more than once alluded to this Fraulein Estorf. She was granddaughter of the old madame of the same name, and was the real owner of the estate on which they resided near Bonn, with the handsome chateau and the valuable vineyards adjoining. Beyond this, I knew nothing of the Fraulein Estorf; though the probability was that I might some time meet her, as in this our summer's holiday-trip Traverse and I were slowly making our way up the Rhine toward Bonn—which was, in fact, the objective point of my travels; for I must let the reader into the secret of my engagement to my fair English cousin Julia.

That evening, returning rather late

from our al fresco tea, we observed Frau Hansing's door half open, and the tall, graceful figure of a young girl standing under the hanging-lamp reading a letter.

"That must be Bertha," said Traverse, his artist's eye instantly attracted. "Let us see what she is like."

"Any letters yet, Frau Hansing?" he inquired, peering into the room; and the girl turned around quickly, displaying a lovely, piquant, brunette face, with dark eyes and delicate cherry-red lips.

"Frau Hansing is out," she said, modestly.

"I beg your pardon. You are the Fraulein Bertha?" said Traverse, resolved, as it seemed, to make her acquaintance, and at the same time lifting his hat with graceful courtesy.

"Yes," she answered, with some surprise and also a certain reserve.

"Excuse me; but I knew you were expected. And since the Frau Hansing is absent, will the Fraulein be good enough to give me my letters, if there are any?"

I had passed up the stairs, and it was fully five minutes before my friend joined me.

"What a charming little creature is our landlady's daughter!" he said, quite enthusiastically. "Such lovely features, and so much expression! And then one can see that she has been brought up with cultured and refined people. Really, there is something about her quite magnetic."

So indeed it appeared, judging from the frequency with which, on the following day, my friend journeyed up and down the stairs, at first anxious to receive letters and then on some newly-discovered business which necessitated frequent inquiries at the door of Frau Hansing's rooms. More than once, in passing this door, I beheld him seated on our landlady's horsehair sofa, engaged in an animated conversation with Bertha.

"Do you know," said he, with the air of one communicating an important discovery, "that the Fraulein is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful? What a pity that she is only our landlady's daughter!"

Thus the week passed. For myself, I only saw Bertha in the evenings. She certainly was a charming girl, refined and ladylike, though dressing in a simple bourgeoisie style, and engaging, as we had opportunity of observing, in occupations not above her station—such as knitting stockings for her mother and assisting the old lady in household duties, even to cooking and cleaning. That she did not do this at the chateau she acknowledged. Her business there was to walk out with and read to the old madame, even to sing and play for her; and she played uncommonly well, as we had opportunity for observing.

"It is unfortunate," I remarked, "that the girl has been educated above her station. She is superior to marrying a common bourgeoisie, and is not yet fitted for a higher rank by reason of her family."

"That is true," said Traverse, slowly. "Now, for instance, if I were to think of marrying Bertha, charming and ladylike though she is, my whole family would be down upon me; and, in fact," he added, hesitatingly, "I don't think I could bring myself to take such a step. I shall require good birth in the woman whom I marry."

"Then hadn't you better break off at once with the Fraulein Bertha? It seems to me that you are carrying this matter too far not to give it a serious ending."

"She is going away in a day or two," he answered, rather dejectedly.

And she did go. We saw her back into the stage which was to take her back to Rudesheim and Madame Estorf, and, judging from her bright face and laughing adieux, she carried away a heart as whole as she had brought to Neureide. But with my friend it was different, and from the hour of her departure he became restless and dissatisfied. We consequently soon resumed our pilgrimage up the Rhine, stopping here and there wherever we found anything specially picturesque or interesting to afford a subject for our amateur pencils.

It was on September 1 that we reached Bonn. Leaving my friend at a hotel, I lost no time in making my way to the Chateau Rotherberg, about two English miles from the town, where I had the great delight of being greeted by Julia, looking fairer and sweeter, I thought, than I had ever before seen her. Madame Estorf also accorded me a most kindly welcome, and on learning that I was accompanied by a friend, insisted upon our both dining with her on the following day.

When I mentioned to Julia our

meeting with Madame Estorf's pretty companion at Neureide, she laughed merrily.

"She is the most arrant of little coquettes, that Bertha Hansing," she said. "My cousin has quite spoiled her, and so indeed has the Fraulein Estorf. But she is a good girl, nevertheless, and I don't wonder that her mother is so proud of her."

"Where is this Fraulein Estorf?" I inquired.

"I will introduce you to-morrow. She is not nearly so pretty, in my opinion, as little Bertha," she added, lightly, "but then she is an heiress, and I confess that were I not so certain of your not being of a mercenary nature, I should be afraid to expose you to such a temptation. As it is, I shall insist upon your bringing your friend, since you describe him as so handsome and fascinating. That will deprive you of all chance of making an impression upon the heiress," she concluded, mischievously.

On taking leave, Julia and Madame Estorf's nephew, a youth on a vacation visit, accompanied me on a private path through the grounds. The scenery was lovely and the view from the highest point of the shaded terrace-way fine beyond description, and so I told Traverse on my return to the hotel.

"I will accompany you to-morrow as far as that point," he said, "as it may add a subject to my portfolio; but I must decline the madame's hospitable invitation. To tell you the truth, Elliott, I don't dare expose myself to the possibility of again meeting Bertha Hansing."

I rather approved of the resolution; so on the following day we left our conveyance at the entrance to the grounds and proceeded along the terraced pathway toward the chateau. At the point of view already mentioned was a little round, open pavilion, upon reaching which, I imagine our surprise to behold seated there, in a comfortable wheel chair, old Madame Estorf, and by her side our landlady's daughter, the fair Bertha, reading to the old lady from a French novel.

It was too late to retreat; so we came forward with all possible dignity, and I formally presented my friend to madame, who, in her turn, quietly remarked: "I think you and Bertha have met before."

Bertha blushed to her fair temples, but glanced up with a demure, half-roguish smile. Even to me she looked more charming than ever, being dressed more richly and becomingly than I had yet seen her.

"This is a favorite haunt of ours," explained the old lady. "But the sun is getting uncomfortably warm, and it is high time that Peter should come for me."

Peter did presently appear, and as he leisurely wheeled his mistress homeward, I walked by her side, leaving Traverse and Bertha to follow.

On arriving at the chateau, madame, accompanied by her companion, went away to attend to her toilet, she said, and Traverse and I were for a few moments left alone in the saloon.

"It is all up with me, Elliott," he said, in a low voice, but with singular firmness. "It is an unworthy pride, after all, which would lead a man to sacrifice the woman he loves to aristocratic prejudice. I now know that I do really love Bertha; and if she will have me I will marry her. She is a perfect lady in all but birth."

It was no time for remonstrance. Julia's step was in the hall, and afterward Madame Estorf again made her appearance, arrayed in grand toilet for dinner.

"Shall we see the Fraulein Hansing again?" I ventured to whisper to Julia, but madame's quick ear had caught the question.

"The Fraulein Hansing will not appear at dinner," she said, quietly; "but I will introduce you to my granddaughter, Fraulein Estorf. Ah, here she is, in good time!"

A graceful, elegant girl, richly dressed in silk and lace, stood in the doorway. Could it be possible? This young lady was certainly our landlady's daughter. There were the same regular features, the same roguish eyes, though her manner was now one of more stately dignity.

Traverse stood as if petrified. But the young lady came forward and offered her hand to both of us, with a charming air of archness and grace.

"You have known me before as your landlady's daughter," she said. "That was your own fault in the first instance and not mine. I am Bertha Estorf."

It did not take long to explain the mystery.

"The Frau Hansing is my foster-

mother," said the young lady, "and when I go to Neureide, as I sometimes do on business for my grandmother, I stay at her house. She was expecting her daughter on the occasion when I met you, but grandmamma concluded to send me and allow Bertha to visit her mother later. I did not know of you gentlemen being at Neureide, and since it pleased you to take me for your landlady's daughter, I thought it best to humor you in the fancy. Isn't that sufficient explanation, grandmamma?" she added, with a charming smile as she turned toward the old lady.

"Quite sufficient for the present. We were all in the secret, my little English cousin included," she said, glancing at Julia, whose eyes were sparkling with delight through the half-deprecating look which she cast at me.

"You will forgive my deceit, won't you?" she whispered, as we proceeded down the long gallery to dinner. "But it seemed such fun! A real plot, such as we read of in novels. And, do you know," she added, lower still, "I think it will end as novels do, in a marriage!"

"In two marriages," I corrected her. And, as it turned out, my prediction was fulfilled.

I and my wife pay a visit every summer to the Chateau Rotherberg, and admire Mrs. Traverse's embroidery and her husband's pictures. And which is the happiest couple perhaps the reader would find it difficult to decide.

The Action of the Heart.

As with each stroke the heart projects something like six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times in a minute and 4,200 times in an hour, this implies that it does the same thing 100,800 times in twenty-four hours, 30,000,000 times in a year, and more than 2,500,000,000 times in a life of seventy years. The mechanical force that is exerted at each stroke amounts to a pressure of thirteen pounds upon the entire charge of blood that has to be pressed onward through the branching network of vessels. According to the lowest estimate that has been made, this gives an exertion of force that would be adequate, in another form of application, to lift 120 tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to do this, and do it without a pause for threescore years and ten without being itself worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of flesh that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces. It is in the nature of the case, also, it must be remembered, that this little vital machine cannot be at any time stopped for repair. If it gets out of order, it must be set right as it runs. To stop the beating of the heart for more than the briefest interval would be to change life into death. The narrative of what medical science has done to penetrate into the secrets of this delicate force-pump, so jealously guarded from the intrusion of the eye that it cannot even be looked into until its action has ceased, is, nevertheless, a long history of wonders. By means of the sphygmograph—a writing style attached to the wrist by a system of levers and springs—the pulse is made to record actual autographs of cardiac and vascular derangement.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Value of a Goldsmith's Shop.

A pine floor laid in a gold worker's shop in ten years becomes worth \$150 per foot. A Syracuse jeweler once bought for less than fifty dollars some sweepings that gave \$208 worth of gold. A tub in his cellar, into which is blown the dust from a polishing lathe, accumulates fifty dollars a year. A workman in his shop carried off on the tip of his moistened finger thirty dollars of fillings in a few weeks. Workmen sometimes oil their hair and then run their fingers through it, leaving a deposit of gold particles, which they afterward wash out.—*Syracuse Herald.*

An indignant landlord writes demanding the name of the party who first suggested putting coils of rope in sleeping rooms as a protection against fire. He says he provided every bedroom in his house with a coil of rope, and the first night three of his guests lowered their baggage from the sixth story window and skipped, leaving several days' board bill unpaid. He allows that being burned to death is bad enough, but running a hotel for fun is a good deal worse.—*Manchester Express.*

The artist's adieu to his picture—
"You be banished!"

THE BLACK HORSES.

Have you seen the black horse
As they stand in their places,
With the steam of their nostrils
And the fire of their faces,
As they shine in their harness
For their swift, splendid races?

When they run in the darkness
How they flame in their going!
How they spurn earth behind them!
How they heat in their glowing
Leaves a trail on the night
From the sparks they are throwing?

And the hand of the master—
Perchance you have wondered
How it kept a firm rein
While they lightened and thundered
In the speed of their passage
As midnight was sounded.

Oh, grand are the horses
That whirl us, unsparring
By hillside and hollow,
Their vigor declaring:
And grand are the drivers
Who urge on their daring!

Fly faster and fiercer,
Oh, gallant black horses,
As ye sing the hot steam-fakes
Along your smooth courses;
Fly faster, for heartbeats
Shall add to your forces!

And grip the long lever,
Oh, hand of the master,
As the brass gains like gold
In the teeth of disaster—
While the black horses' snorting
Comes faster and faster!

—Samuel W. Duffield.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Georgia young lady is raising four acres of onions in order to obtain \$1,500. When she gets through she ought to be able to write a companion piece to Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears."

Mrs. Spiggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldooy.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Shall we wear a silk hat?" was the subject of a lecture by a Brooklyn divine recently. That is a question which no man can answer. Everything depends on which way the elections go.—*Philadelphia News.*

There is a young fellow in our neighborhood who has been making a daily practice of attempting to sing, "Let me like a soldier die." He seems to crave death, and they do say that one of the neighbors who has a musket is preparing to accommodate him.—*Saturday Night.*

The height of economy has been reached in Philadelphia. A woman in this city, having worn out the heels and toes of her red stockings, is going to use the upper portions for lining her bonnet. It won't be quite as showy as red satin, but just think how much it saves.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A woman has been sending bananas to her husband who is confined in jail in St. Louis. They were of a very peculiar kind, and are deserving of the attention of horticulturists. On examination they were found to contain saws and files within their pulpy bosoms. The imprisoned criminal will hereafter be known by his fruit.

"What d'ye leave that door wide open for?" exclaimed the gentleman in the office to the intruding peddler. "Oh thought surr," was the quick reply; "that ye might want to kick me downstairs, and Oi wanted to make it convenient for ye, surr." The gentleman was so taken aback that he bought two apples for five cents, passing off a bad quarter in the transaction.—*Boston Transcript.*

Charley, the three-year-old of the household, stood an attentive and interested looker-on while grandma was paring potatoes for dinner. Presently she made a sign of discontinuing the work with a single potato left unpeeled and unwashed. The little fellow reached into the pan, took it in his chubby hand, and turning his bright eyes in an appealing glance to grandma's face, exclaimed: "Take 'im coos off and give 'im balf, too!"

A gentleman, who is said to be "one of the poets laureat of the United States," has written a poem descriptive of a visit to Eg pt, in which he says: "Then to the red road we did go To take the cars for Ca-i-ro; To see the pyramids was our intent, So from Alexandria we went." We never understood before just what was meant by a "poet laureat of the United States," but it is clear from this specimen that the country is well supplied with them.—*Harrisston Herald.*