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THE  
**Charlotte Messenger**  
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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

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A correspondent says that Ireland has more than twice as many policemen as England, in proportion to her population, and nearly three times as many as Scotland. It costs \$7,500,000 every year to keep the peace in Ireland, as against \$1,700,000 in Scotland, and \$17,000,000 in England. The Irish police, as a rule, are very tall men. They wear helmets and clothes of olive green, and are armed with rifles, short swords and clubs.

Country people can make their own barometers if they have no other use for their wells. In the Swiss village of Meyringen some disused wells have been hermetically sealed to serve as barometers. On a fall of atmospheric pressure air escapes through a small hole in the well cover, blowing a whistle, and thus giving warning of a coming storm; but when the outside-pressure is increasing, the air, being forced into the well, causes a different sound, and announces the probability of fine weather.

The cotton goods industry offers, perhaps, as striking an illustration as any of the apparent displacement of labor, a Delaware house considering that the displacement has been seventeen per cent. outside of motive power. By a hand loom a weaver used to weave from sixty to eighty picks per minute in weaving a cloth of good quality, with twenty threads of twist to each one-quarter square inch. A power loom now weaves 180 picks per minute of the same kind of cloth. Even in power machinery a weaver formerly tended but one loom. Now one weaver minds all the way from two to ten looms, according to the grade of goods. In a large establishment in New Hampshire, improved machinery, even within ten years, has reduced muscular labor fifty per cent. in the production of the same quality of goods.

Dr. Burggraeve, a learned professor of the University of Ghent, has just published a remarkable work in which he endeavors to prove that anybody who will take the trouble to follow his instructions may become a centenarian. His system is merely a system of renovation, and is simplicity itself. The great panacea for all ills which he professes to have discovered is salt, the rational use of which, he says, is a sure preserver of life. He affirms that good health is not a matter of chance or constitution. The laws which regulate human life are calm and regular phenomena, and all we have to do is to take care that they shall develop themselves without obstruction. According to his theory, salt is the great regularizing agent. If the blood be too rich, salt will clarify it; if the blood is poor, salt will strengthen and furnish it with the necessary elements. Dr. Burggraeve quotes several examples in support of the sovereign virtue which he attributes to salt. Formerly, in Holland the greatest punishment which existed for offending soldiers was to give them unsalted bread. After a few months of this regime the culprits almost invariably died. In Saxony, at the end of the last century a terrible epidemic reigned solely through the want of salt. The Dutch savant furthermore assures us that salt is an infallible cure for consumption and cholera. (The Russian peasants once saved themselves from a plague by putting salt in their milk.) He estimates that the quantity of salt which every adult in ordinary health should consume daily is two-thirds of an ounce. In conclusion, he asserts that if the world would only take salt, centenarians would become almost as common as new-born babes.

## THE REAPERS.

When the tired reaper, with fragrant sheaves,  
Come out of the corn, as the sun goes down,  
And the sky is rich as the falling leaves  
In crimson and purple and golden brown  
Laid in the mellow and marvellous eyes  
And watch, as the loom of the sunset weaves  
Its cloth of gold over country and town.

And I think how the summers have come and gone  
Since we saw the shuttle across the blue  
That wove the colors of dusk and dawn  
When the music of the sleeping roses flew  
On the wings of the south wind over the lawn,  
And the evening shadows were longer drawn  
And the sun was low, and the stars were few:

When Love was sweet in the lives we led  
As the leaven that lives in the latter spring  
To grow in the flowers, the books we read,  
The romp and rush of the grape-vine swing,  
In words and work, to be filled and fed  
On brooks of honey and wasted bread,  
And sung in the songs that we used to sing.

And cut of the shadows they come to me,  
As flowers of the spring come, year by year,  
The lovers we had when to love was free  
The stars were few and the skies were clear.

And we knew it was happiness just to be,  
Through the sheaves of the cloud-land fall to see,  
While the weary reapers are drawing near  
Though the red and white roses have lost their leaves  
In the ashes of summers of long ago,  
They come, through the mellow and marvellous eyes,  
With the harvest of love that we used to sow,

As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves  
When the tired reapers with fragrant sheaves  
Come out of the corn and the sun is low.

—Will Wallace Harney, in Harper's.

## LOVE CONQUERS DEATH.

BY JENNIE F. ARNOLD.

"Cholera," says Ziemssen in his "Cyclopedia of Medical Practice," "is as old as the human race in India." From its birthplace at the mouth of the Ganges and Brahmaputra it has marched forth with giant strides to the four quarters of the habitable globe, leaving desolation and sorrow in its track.

The first world-wide epidemic started in Jessora, India, in 1817, and having slain over 600,000 victims in that country alone, it marched slowly through China, Persia and Arabia, through Russia, Prussia and Germany, gaining new territory each year, until in 1831 it crossed to England and overleaping the sea appeared June, 1832, in Montreal and Quebec. Before the end of that summer it was claiming its victims by hundreds in all the principal cities of the Eastern and Middle States.

During the prevalence of the epidemic in Boston occurred the incidents I am about to relate, all of which are well-known to persons now living, the only change being in the names of the principal actors, the circumstances being personally known to me. James Ammerman was the junior partner in a well-known Boston dry goods firm. He was twenty-eight, with a wife but no children. Each of his partners had families of three children, and when, in the first few weeks of the epidemic, all who possessed sufficient means fled from the plague-stricken city, he felt it was but doing his duty to urge his partners to leave with their families, while he remained for a week or two to attend to the closing up of business.

He tried to induce his wife to accompany them, or go to her own home away among the New Hampshire hills, but she persistently refused to go.

"When you can go, James, I am ready," was her firm answer to all his persuasions, "but not until then." So they remained a week or more until their friends had left.

The death-rate increased rapidly, and on the tenth day the cholera flag waved its dread signal from the house opposite James Ammerman's home.

"Pack everything necessary for our journey," he said to his wife the morning after the flag appeared. "I will close up business to-day, and to-morrow morning we will take the first train for New Hampshire."

All of Mrs. Ammerman's servants, except her chamber girl, had fled at the first approach of the dread disease, but faithful Kate Sullivan was bound to her mistress by strong ties of affection and would only leave when the family did.

"An' sure it's meself," she said, "as will stay with ye until ye're out o' the city sure."

By night everything was packed, the upholstered furniture covered and all in readiness for the journey in the early morning.

Mr. Ammerman returned at 6 o'clock as usual, but the quick eye of his wife detected a change in his appearance.

"I have not been feeling well all day," he admitted in answer to her anxious questioning. "Someway I feel weak and stupid and a little chilly. 'Tis nothing serious," he added, reassuringly. "I'll lie down for a while and I presume I shall soon feel better."

Mrs. Ammerman hastened him to bed, made hot applications and administered warm stimulants, but the chilliness increased and soon sharp, agonizing cramps seized him.

Kate was hastily dispatched for the family physician, who was soon by the sick man's bedside.

He made his examination with a grave

face, but one that betrayed no emotion of hope or fear to the anxious wife. "Is it cholera!" she asked at last, pronouncing the dread word with a shudder and waiting in an agony of suspense for the doctor's reply.

"It may be only cholera," was the guarded answer, as Dr. Tyler dealt out his medicine. "Give him this every half hour and I will call again in an hour or two."

When he made his next visit at 10 o'clock there remained no longer a doubt of the nature of the disease.

The wife needed only the evidence of her own senses to convince her that the dreaded foe had entered her household.

All through the long hours of that sad night she watched beside her husband, fighting the advance of the destroyer with every means at her command; Katie, in her faithful devotion, standing ready to second her every wish.

But notwithstanding their united effort the work of death went steadily on. As the morning began to dawn his hands grew icy cold, the pulse became weak, thready and hardly perceptible at times, his breath short, confined and incomplete, the respirations increasing to over thirty a minute.

Occasionally, when she could raise him for an instant from his semi-unconscious condition, he answered her inquiries in a voice so weak and hoarse that she hardly recognized it.

The icy chill spread gradually over face, body and limbs, and when Dr. Tyler came at 7 o'clock he found his patient lying with collapsed features, hollow cheeks, deeply sunken and closed eyes, giving no evidence of consciousness save a groan of pain from time to time as the sharp spasms seized him.

The doctor's quick eyes detected the signs of speedy dissolution and gently broke the dread intelligence to the anxious wife.

"But I will never give him up until death is really here," she said resolutely, though her heart grew heavy with the terrible fear that all her efforts would be in vain.

With renewed energy she chafed the ice-cold limbs, applied, anew hot water bottles to sides and feet, but all in vain; he limps grew colder, the features, the whole body, more collapsed and the eyes more sunken; the weak pulse crept slowly up the arm to the vitals; the heart beats grew fainter and fainter, the breath shorter and more labored, until at 1 o'clock it stopped, and the devoted wife was alone with her dead.

As the sad truth was forced upon her she sank upon her knees by the bedside, her head resting upon the cold, lifeless hand of her husband which was clasped between her own. For a few moments she lost sight of everything save the sense of terrible desolation which filled her heart. At last through the open window was borne to her ears the rumble of a cart down the deserted street, and the call of the dead-bearers: "Bring out your dead!"

The sound roused all her dormant energies, and a wild hope sprang up in her heart that life might not be quite extinct in her husband. Springing to her feet she rang the bell for Katie, who responded to her summons.

"Don't let him in," she cried, excitedly. "Tell him he is not dead. I know he is still alive, and they shall not take him. I can revive him if they will only give me time."

Katie looked from the cold, rigid body of the husband to the white, agonized face of the wife, and feared that grief and driven her mistress insane, but she obeyed the request, and the death cart passed on its rounds.

Mrs. Ammerman had by this time become thoroughly possessed of the idea that there was life still lingering in the apparently dead body of her husband and the thought of having him taken away for burial was too terrible to contemplate. If she could only gain time she felt sure she could revive him, though why she should so strongly hold to such a belief she could not have explained; but hope she did, and proceeded to renew all the efforts which had previously proved in vain.

With the energy of despair she worked on, and again the dead bearers entered the room.

"We must take the body now, madam," the man said who appeared to be in authority. "We can only hope to stay the epidemic by the prompt removal of the dead and a thorough disinfection of the houses."

"But he is not dead," she persisted. "See!" holding a hand mirror over his lips, "there is a little moisture."

The man looked closely and shook his head.

"Your hopes deceive you," he said kindly; "he is surely dead, and we must take the body."

With a wild cry of agony she fell on her knees, beseeching them with tears to give her just one half hour more.

The men gently put her aside, trying to reason with her on the necessity of their course, but she only pleaded the more earnestly. At last, finding reasoning vain, they attempted to lay hands upon the body, but thrusting them aside she threw herself down beside her husband, and clasping him in her arms declared, with an agonized vehemence that awed the men:

"If you take him you shall bury me with him. I will not let him go!"

As the men stepped back she renewed her pleadings.

"Give me only one-half hour. If there are no signs of life then I will ask no more."

Reluctantly the men yielded, and left her alone once more to her hopeless task.

This time she saturated flannels with hot mustard water, and enveloped both body and limbs; then commencing with the purple nails she rubbed each finger vigorously downward to start the congealed blood. Every few moments she put a few drops of brandy in his mouth, and raising his head applied his strong harte-

horn to his nostrils. Five—ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed. One ten minutes left of that precious half hour which meant life or death to her. She redoubled her efforts. Another five minutes passed—still no change; the face seemed even more death-like, the icy limbs more rigid. She raised his head upon her arm and administered more brandy, then applied the bottle of harte-

horn to his nostrils. She glanced anxiously at the clock—only two minutes more, and far down the street came the rumble of the death-cart, and like a death knell rang out the solemn cry: "Bring out your dead." She raised her pallid face to Heaven with an agonized cry.

"Oh, my God! my God! save him! I cannot give him up."

The head resting on her arm fell backward—the bottle shook in her trembling hand, and a quantity of the harte-

horn was spilled on the deathly face; a portion of the fiery liquid penetrated the nostrils. There was a sudden, sharp, convulsive movement of the dead man's limbs, a cry of pain, and as the dead bearer's entered the room he sprang to a sitting posture, gasping for breath.

The wife turned to them a face transfigured with joy. "See!" she cried excitedly, stretching out her hand toward her husband. "I have conquered death!" and fell unconscious across the bed.

The reaction in the sick man's case was complete; a speedy convalescence followed, and a week later, with his devoted wife, he was safe among the New Hampshire hills—saved by a love stronger than death.—Detroit Free Press.

## Some Anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson.

In the *October Century* is a collection of "Personal Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson," from which we quote as follows: "Talking with him once about some subject of casuistry or prevarication, I put the question direct to him: 'Did you ever tell a lie?' Pausing, as was his invariable manner before giving a categorical answer, as if for an introspective review of his consciousness, he said:

"Yes; but only once, so far as I can remember. I was leading my men through a rank chaparral, infested by Mexican guerrillas. The balls were flying incessantly, and the broad leaves of the tropical plants were being riddled through and through. They became panic-stricken, and, notwithstanding my repeated order for advance, they hung back. Stepping some distance in front of them, into a narrow pass, where the bullets were whizzing round my head, and the foliage was being cut to ribbons, I called out:

"Follow me, men! Don't you see, there is no danger!"

"He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its place of destination, and if so, he would not mail it till Monday morning. Still further did he carry his Puritanical observance. Unnumbered times have I known him to receive important letters so late on Saturday night that he would not break his fixed resolution never to use his eyes, which were very delicate, by artificial light; he would carry the letters in his pocket till Monday morning, then rise with the sun to read them.

"In the winter of '61-'62, while Jackson's forces were at Winchester, he sent a brigade to destroy the canal leading to Washington. The expedition proved a failure; and he attributed it, in some measure, to the fact that Sunday had been needlessly trespassed upon. So when a second expedition was planned he determined there should be no Sabbath-breaking connected with it that he could prevent. The advance was to be made early on Monday morning. On Saturday he ordered my husband (Colonel Preston, at that time on his staff) to see that the necessary powder was in readiness. The quartermaster could not find a sufficient quantity in Winchester on Saturday, but during Sunday it was procured. On Sunday evening the fact in some way got to Jackson's ears. At a very early hour on Monday he dispatched an officer to Shepherdstown for other powder, which was brought. Then summoning Colonel Preston, he said, very decisively:

"Colonel, I desire that you will see that the powder which is used for this expedition is not the powder that was procured on Sunday."

The Edible Snail.

The "poor man's oyster" is so appreciated by our neighbors that Paris alone consumes some forty-nine tons daily, the best kind coming from Grenoble or Burgundy. The finest specimens are carefully reared in an *ecargotiere*, or small park, such as the poor Capuchin monks planned in bygone days at Colmar and Weinbach, when they had no money to buy food, and so cultivated snails. But the majority are collected by the vine dressers in the evening from the stone heaps where the snails have assembled to enjoy the dew. The creatures are then starved in a dark cellar for two months, and when they have closed up the aperture of their shell are ready for cooking. According to the true Burgundy method they are boiled in five or six waters, extracted from the shell, dressed with fresh butter and garlic, then replaced in the shell, covered with parsley and bread crumbs, and finally simmered in white wine.—Chamber's Journal.

In 1824 1,000 men formed the Old Defenders' Association of Baltimore, and on September 12 of each year celebrated the battle of North Point, fought in 1812. Three years ago the association expired because the five resident members required by the constitution could not be present at the meetings. Of the 1,000 men but four are alive—George Boss, aged ninety-two; James C. Morford, ninety-one; John Pettecord, ninety-one, and Nathaniel Watts, ninety-one.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Experiments to determine the depth to which light penetrates the water of the sea have been made during the present year by MM. Fol and Sarasin in the Gulf of Nice. The limit of the daylight about midday during fine weather was found to be 1,300 feet.

Cold-air machinery has been successfully used in the construction of a tunnel at Stockholm by freezing the gravel before the excavation and keeping it in that condition until the lining was in position. In this way several large buildings have been undermined.

The "pinhole camera" is a novelty in photography. It is a little tin box, two inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch deep. Simple as the construction is, with paper instead of glass for the negative, and a pinhole in the cover for the light to enter, some interesting work may be done with the instrument.

Sugar can be made from any description of vegetable fibre, such as sawdust, rags or tow. The process is to digest for several hours in sulphuric acid; then to dilute the mixture with water and boil for some time, when the rags or what not will be found to have undergone a magical change, and to have been converted into sugar. A curious fact is that 100 parts of rags will yield 115 parts of sugar, the increase in weight being due to the elements of water absorbed during the change.

What promises to be a useful light for industrial purposes, where work has to be carried on in the open air or in large covered spaces by night, is described by an English paper. The light consists of a cylindrical vessel capable of containing thirty gallons of heavy hydro-carbon oil. Air under a moderate pressure is conducted to the cylinder, which is fitted with a special burner having two tubes, one within the other, leading up to it. Such an affair would be useful for night work on the decks of steamboats.

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, we should see nothing but an intense and sharply-defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no diffusion of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for it to act upon; but if the air about us extended to a height of 700 miles, the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we would be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through only seven feet of the purest water.

Professor Baird says there is nothing to prevent a fish from living indefinitely, as it has no maturity, but grows with each year. He is authority, likewise, for saying that carp have attained an age of 200 years. He also says that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age, according to tradition, dated back to the fifteenth century. The Russian Minister says that in the Royal Aquarium in St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been there 140 years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as when they were captured, while others have not grown an inch in length.

A considerable foreign industry has sprung up, consisting in mixing the dust of coal with an extract obtained from boiling ordinary seaweed or other similar vegetable matter, producing, when boiled, a mucilaginous or adhesive solution. In the system of manufacture pursued, the plan is to first boil seaweed or some other vegetable product capable of yielding, when boiled, the desired mucilaginous or adhesive solution; with the latter there is then mixed a certain proportion of coal dust, in the same manner in which cement, mortar, or other materials of that nature are treated. The combined substances are subsequently molded to any required shape by hand or by means of a brick-making or some similar apparatus. By combining the solution with sawdust, filtering blocks are formed.

## A Story of \$100.

The following story was vouchsafed by the "urbane and gentlemanly" clerk of an uptown hotel. By the way, why are hotel clerks invariably urbane and gentlemanly? Why don't some enterprising young man, with a contempt for monotony and a disregard for tradition, get up and immortalize himself by being suspicious and disagreeable? One good ill-bred and offensive hotel clerk would relieve the public strain immensely. The story is this: *si non e vero e ben trovato*. A country guest at a certain uptown hostelry, having a dread of pickpockets and bunco steers, went to the clerk and handed him a \$100 bill to be put in the safe. Asking for it next day he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to the clerk for your mistake; say it was a defect of memory; attribute it to drink or absent-mindedness; deposit the second \$100 in the presence of your friend, and come back to me." The mystified ruralist obeyed instructions to the very letter. "Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for the \$100. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it he will give back the second \$100 bill. Then take your friend with you next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that \$100, and as there was no witness to your receipt of the second bill he will be forced to return the first also." The ruse proved completely successful. The lawyer sent his bill next day. It was for a fee of \$100.—New York World.

A sturgeon eleven feet in length, weighing 500 pounds was caught near Southampton City, Ore., by one Indian.

## MIDNIGHT AT THE HELM.

I.  
"What seest thou, friend?  
The frail masts bend.  
Thy ship reels wildly on the tossing deep;  
Thy fearless eyes  
Regard the skies,  
And this broad waste where through white  
chargers leap;  
Seest thou the foam?"  
Pilot—"I see my home,  
And children on a white soft couch asleep."

II.  
"What seest thou, friend?  
The tiller end  
Thou graspest safely in thy firm, strong grip;  
Thine eyes are strange,  
They seem to range  
Beyond sea, sky and clouds and struggling  
ship,  
Beyond the foam."  
Pilot—"I see my home—  
Brown cottage eaves round which the swallows dip."

III.  
"What seest thou, friend?  
Black leagues extend  
On all sides round about thy bark and thee;  
Not one star speck  
Above the deck  
Abates the darkness of the midnight sea;  
The waves' throats rear!"  
Pilot—"I see the shore,  
And eyes that plead with God for mine and me."  
—George Barlow, in Boston Herald.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A designing man—The architect.  
Large revolvers—The earth and moon.  
A cool baseball player—The ice pitcher.

The motto of the sheriff: Hold fast that which is goods—*Tid-Bits*.  
Question of the chiropodist—"Do you acknowledge the corn?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some things are most valuable when they are upside down. A figure 6, for instance.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"A handsome woman is dangerous," says an exchange. Perhaps this is the reason why so many men court danger.—*New Haven News*.

Summer boarder—"I have heard that silk tassels grow on your corn?" Farmer—"Yes, silk, regular gros grain silk it is, too."—*Lovell Citizen*.

It is stated that Henry Clay never was at a loss for a word. From this it is evident that Henry never jammed his thumb in a door.—*New Haven News*.

Mamma (to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative)—"Hush, Noel! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard?" Noel—"Yes, mamma, but you don't look at me!"

A musical composer writes: "Have you noticed my 'March for the Piano'?" We have not. When we observe any one march for the piano we invariably march in another direction.—*Texas Siftings*.

"Jessie!" "Yes'm." "What are you crying for?" "Laura hit me on the head." "Where?" "That's the matter. I tried to keep the mark till I got home to show you, and, boo-hoo! it's gone away."—*Chicago Ledger*.

Wise Matron—"Yes, my son, I earnestly hope you and Miss Blank will make a match of it; I like her exceedingly." Her Son—"But Miss Blank is such a giggler." "Oh! she will get over that after she's married."—*Omaha World*.

"What's home rule, John," asked his wife at tea.

"That the papers talk of so!" John looked as sad as he could be, and groaned in utter misery.

"I wished I didn't know."—*Tid-Bits*.

They were speaking of a Buffalo bride's trousseau. "Were her robes made in Paris?" one asked. "Oh, no," another one said; "they were made in Buffalo. She takes pride in wearing nothing but Buffalo robes."—*New York Sun*.

"Excuse me dearest," he said, disengaging himself. Then he stalked to the edge of the veranda, and fiercely demanded: "Boy, what are you lurking about the front gate for at this time o' night?" "Mornin' papers, sir!"—*New York Sun*.

## Sunken Treasures.

In the year 1749 the Lutne, a Dutch East Indianman, founder d off the coast of Folland, near Iceland, having on board twenty-five millions of guilders, almost entirely in gold coin and bars. Only one sailor escaped, and he was afterward able to point out the place of the wreck. Many proposals to raise the treasure have been since broached; and one had so far success in the early years of this century that about a fifth of the whole amount was recovered by divers. Later essays showed that either the sands had shifted, or the wreck had sunk deeper. An inhabitant of Terschilling named Ter Moulen is strongly impressed with the opinion that a continued effort must be successful. He has succeeded in forming an association to undertake the task, and two vessels specially prepared for the work have gone to Terschilling.

## Chivalry in Armor.

War is always brutal, always terrible; but there seems something almost cowardly in the custom of the brave "knights of old" in crawling for safety into suits of steel and iron. And the funny side of it all is that sometimes knights thus covered with plate, like modern ironclads, would fight all day without being hurt. In one of the Italian battles of the sixteenth century, two armies of knights sheathed in the best Milan armor fought from 8 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon without one valorous warrior being killed or even being wounded.—*St. Nicholas*.