

**The Sea Shell**  
 My love o'erflows with joy divine  
 The ocean-girdled hills  
 And with my breath each blowing pine  
 And combing breaker hills:  
 The shadows of my spirit move  
 The far, blue coast along  
 Where of wild beauty first I rove  
 The rainbow woad of song:  
 On these great beaches of the North  
 My voices shoreward roll,  
 And when the blessed stars come forth  
 All heaven is made my scroll.

I take the wings of morn; I soar  
 Above the ocean plain;  
 From fountains of the sun I pour  
 My passion's golden rain,  
 And when black tempest heaven shrouds,  
 On eastern thunders far,  
 I show the thunders of the clouds,  
 And give the West her star:  
 Soft blow the winds o'er fallen shores,  
 And, cool with fragrance, sleep  
 Lies breathing through the chambered  
 hours:  
 I only wake and weep.

O mystic Love! that so can take  
 The bright world in thy hands,  
 And its imprisoned spirits make  
 As if, in truth, this orb of law  
 Were but thy reed-hung nest,  
 Woven by time of atoms and straw  
 To house the summer guest;  
 And so the mad starry sphere  
 Is but Love's frail shell;  
 Oh, might she press it to her ear,  
 What would its murmurs tell!  
 G. E. Woodberry, in Atlantic Monthly.

**ON THE SEA SHORE.**

**How Uncle Sam's Men Live While Doing His Work on the Seashore and What Sights They See.**

Hotel de Harris,  
 By the Sea, June 11.

Editors Messenger:  
 If the pleasure seeker should look through a list of the summer resorts he will not find this hotel mentioned. Really it is not a summer hotel for pleasure at all, and the general style or tout ensemble not specially grand or attractive. In the northwest it would be called a "shack," in the south a shanty and its guests are a party of employes of Uncle Sam, looking after certain public works, on Oak Island, in the immediate vicinity of Fort Caswell. By the way, I never could quite understand why people should be called guests of a hotel, if they are paying for their entertainment. Our hotel is not an airy or graceful structure, though it might claim some distinction in the former quality, from the fact that the atmosphere has free access through it in every direction. In this respect it greatly resembles the house of the famous stinky man, who would put no glass in his windows, alleging that the sash would keep out the coarseness of the cold.

Our shack, dignified by the ambitious title above, will in the same way keep out the coarsest of the weather, though it does not keep but the myriads of uninvited guests, in the shape of sand flies and mosquitoes, who keep us constant company. These persistent little tormentors can make an hour's quiet reading around the evening lamp a more lively and active performance than elsewhere.

Within a stone's throw of our front door roll the sea waves, singing a constant strain, which drag on the wild waves are saying I have never yet ascertained.

Some times they seem to say "come in and have a swim," an invitation we are not slow in accepting, especially on hot afternoons. On our beach the gorgeous and costly style of bathing toggery of Cape May or Long Branch is conspicuous by its absence, as most of the bathers disport themselves "in puris naturalibus" or something very near it.

In front of our door pass all the craft going into or out of the Cape Fear river, while the big suction dredge, popularly called the sand sucker, is constantly in sight. This staunch steamer is provided with large pipes, one on each side, which drag on the bottom. Through them powerful pumps suck up a torrent of water, sand and mud and so keeps the channel open and deepens it. When its bins are full, the vessel steams out to sea and dumps the sand into deep water and returns for another load.

The tugs and pilots, towing in or out the various schooners, barks and other craft, are a frequent sight and they often do a lively business. One of them lately acquired the reputation of doing a little business on the city, but with what truth I do not know.

Across the inlet the tall, white tower of Ball Head light house is a prominent object by day and its regular flash, every thirty seconds by night, tells that Captain Doshier is faithful to his duty. Ships that pass in the night have a faithful friend in this beacon which warns them of the hidden dangers of Cape Fear.

The Oak Island life saving station is near by, but the crew are now enjoying their annual holiday. Captain Davis is at the station and his hardy crew are within call, should their services be needed. The wreck of a large bark still lies in plain view on the bar, a witness of the dangerous shoal and the work of the station men, who rescued it from certain death.

A pilot well acquainted with the bar pointed out the other day the remains of eight vessels which came ashore during the war, attempting to run the gamut of the blockading squad. It is interesting to hear the reminiscences of some of the older resident pilots, who had much active service during the war and the recollection of those lively times seem to stir their blood in telling of R. One of the oldest of them, now perhaps 75 years old, asserts that he is still able and ready to take the wheel and steer through a hostile fleet on a dark night. Those were exciting times and the lucky ones made money rapidly. The risk was great, though many made trips with great regularity and without loss.

The only obstruction now is the bar, made visible by the great semicircle of snow white breakers embracing the mouth of the river and several miles off shore. Through this the sand sucker keeps a constantly deepening channel and a vessel drawing about twenty-two feet can pass safely through.

The captain of a schooner remarked the other day that he regarded the deepening of our channels and harbors as a misfortune, because it allows the big tramp steamers to come in and get the most of the carrying trade. The big fish generally manage to gobble up the small ones and it is about the same way in trade. The days of the sailing ship, as a freighter, seems to be numbered, for steam power is rapidly pushing them out of existence. Occasionally we see a big tramp steamer which will carry as much as half a dozen schooners. One of this sort went aground on Frying Pan Shoals last January. She was finally pulled off by the Southern tug, after throwing overboard a large quantity of kelp, which proved the bulk of her cargo.

The empty bags of that which was thrown overboard still strow the beach, their contents having long been dissolved.

The turtle hunters are now getting in their work and the beach is rarely without one or more in search of the eggs. The great sea turtle comes out on the sand to deposit her eggs. She usually chooses the night time and selects a spot a little above high water mark. Here she scoops out a hole, about a foot and a half deep, into which she places her eggs, neatly packing the sand over the spot. The cunning creature appears to know that her brood may be followed and her nest despoiled, and to throw such enemies off the track she usually makes one or two false nests, near the real one. The eggs are spherical, about the size of a hen's egg, but instead of a hard shell they have a soft, jelly case, greatly resembling parchment. The yellow part of the egg is the edible part and may be prepared in many ways. The white part does not appear to be of albumen, as in other eggs, but a watery substance which will remain liquid, no matter how long they be boiled. Some times several hundred eggs are found in one nest and the lucky hunter often has to improvise a means of getting them home. It is not uncommon to hear of a hunter returning with his trousers filled like a bag, his lower extremities being tied with strings and the bifurcated bag, so made, astride of his shoulder.

To any one instructed in natural history the beach is always interesting. New and curious forms of animals and plant life are constantly thrown up by the surf. Large schools of mullets and menhaden are frequently seen, and the porpoise is everywhere.

Some times a big shark will cruise along near the shore, his tall back fin cutting the water like a knife, and seeking what he may devour.

This would be a fine place for fishermen if they had a rapid means of transportation to the interior. When Southport becomes connected with the outside world, by railroad, the fishing and numerous other industries will flourish.

T. C. H.

**He Was Disturbed**

A Chicago novelist who lives in a south side flat building has recently been pressing hard by his publishers, who have been clamoring for the concluding chapters of a story whose publication has been postponed for several months and is a matter of the future, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

A few days ago the author sent his wife and children into the country for a week or two in order to secure absolute quiet and a chance to work undisturbed. The first night he went to bed, but in this respect it greatly resembles the house of the famous stinky man, who would put no glass in his windows, alleging that the sash would keep out the coarseness of the cold.

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**When Did John Cabot Discover America?** (M. Henry Harrisse, in the June Forum.)

Extensive preparations are being made at Bristol, England, in Canada and Newfoundland to commemorate on the 24th of this present month, the landing of John Cabot on the coast of the North American continent. The intention is praiseworthy; but it is well to recollect that we do not know exactly when and where he first sighted the New World. Nor do we possess means of ascertaining these two points, admittedly of paramount importance in a celebration of this character. We must assume that Cabot and his small crew of eighteen men, after a voyage said to have lasted more than fifty-two days (they had left England early in May, 1497), rested awhile, and devoted some time to refitting or repairing their diminutive craft, as well as taking in wood and water, and renewing the stock of victuals, which could be done only by hunting and salting game on shore. To these necessary delays must be added the time spent skirting to and fro along three hundred leagues of coast, North and South, in the hope of finding an unknown and dangerous shore, only a moderate rate of speed could have been maintained. How could all this have been accomplished in the limited time which the alleged landfall on June 24 leaves to Cabot before his return to England? If we suppose that, owing to westerly winds and the Gulf stream, he effected the homeward voyage in one-third less time than is stated to have been required, he would have returned to Bristol on the date June 24, therefore, is highly improbable.

**Take JOHNSON'S**

**CHILL & FEVER**

**TONIC.**

**Mr. Eustis' Candid Critic**

James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, who is returning from France to practise law in New York, had an amusing experience the time he left the senate, which he relates with much relish. He had received an invitation to deliver a political speech in an eastern state, and, having to have a few copies made for the use of the press. When he called for the printer, he was congratulated by the printer on the honor of the office, whom he knew very well, congratulated him on the effort.

"I'm glad you like it," replied the senator in a little tart way, "but it's to be delivered before a popular audience, and I want to make the boys feel good."

"I ought to be frank, senator," replied the manager, "and tell you that I haven't had time to read the speech myself, but I can testify to its qualities. I can effect it had on the young woman who made the copies. She is an ardent republican, and was in high dudgeon all the way through. When she finished the copy on the machine a resounding thump, and gathering up the sheets, said to herself, 'This is a string of the biggest lies I ever read in my life.' So, judging by the opposition, sir, you have scored heavily."

Mr. Eustis enjoyed the story greatly, left his compliments for the young woman and his regrets for having given her so annoying a half hour.—New York Tribune.

**THE WEEK AT CHARLOTTE.**

**Closure of the Woman's Exposition of the Carolinas**—Hon. M. W. Ransom in the City—A Fine Game of Base Ball—Compliments to the Messenger.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)  
 Charlotte, N. C., June 11.

The Women's Exposition of the Carolinas closes its doors to the public tomorrow, and it is a matter of general regret that this is to be done so soon. The exposition has been a great success, and it is believed that it could be kept open another month on a paying basis. The women of Mecklenburg certainly deserve the greatest possible praise for the complete and successful way in which they have managed the whole affair and they can now rest from their arduous labors of the past month secure in the knowledge that their work has been highly appreciated by the general public, and that the exposition has been the great source of delight and gratification to the people of Charlotte. Several special features have been given at the exposition during the past week, the most novel and interesting of which were two old-fashioned spelling bees, given by The Evening News, and the city. Webster's old blue back speller was used, and the fun was something worth seeing. The building was packed on both nights, and the spellers were legion. It was truly amusing to watch the match going on. Some of the best spellers played for several months and is a young man of half his years, and looks as if he would live to honor his state for many years. The general is the same gracious, polished gentleman as he has always been, and as he will always be unto the end. It is said that General Ransom has always been pointed to as a model of graciousness and gentlemanly consideration, and there is no question but that he deserves to be honored with these terms.

He said he was out of politics and did not care to discuss the subject, but would leave the field to the younger men.

The greatest event of the week has been the base ball game which took place this afternoon between the Charlotte and the University of Virginia teams. This game was one of the prettiest ever seen in Charlotte. Both sides "played ball" from the start and the game was intensely interesting from the beginning to the end. The game closed with the score 10 to 7 in favor of the university team. Charlotte lost the game in the third, fourth and fifth innings, in which the university team scored nine runs. The feature of the game was Charlotte's good playing from the sixth to the ninth innings in which the university team was shut out. The university boys are certainly a fine looking set of young men, and they clearly demonstrated their ability to play a good, first-class game of ball. Charlotte fell in love with them, and trust that they will come again. They will always be given a rousing reception.

About 75 to 100 people will leave here tomorrow for Wilmington. The \$200 rate is becoming more and more popular as it becomes better understood. General Ransom has ever been inaugurated that will please the people better during the summer than will this. It gives every one, he means ever so limited, the opportunity of spending three days by the old Atlantic, and there is probably nothing that will do a person, tired out with heat and dust of an inland town, so much real good as the bracing and refreshing breezes to be found at Wrightsville and Carolina beaches, to say nothing of the health giving property of surf bathing.

In closing it would certainly not be amiss to say a few words in praise of last Sunday's Messenger. It was indeed a wonder in North Carolina journalism, and was a paper that would do credit to or four times as large as Wilmington. If the people of Wilmington knew how highly The Messenger has been spoken of by outsiders during the past two months they would hasten to show to a greater extent than ever before their appreciation of such commendable enterprise. The last Sunday's Messenger was, truly, a literary feast, and a person who could not find something therein to please his fancy much, indeed, be hard to suit. A prominent newspaper man of Charlotte, who knows whereof he speaks, said to your correspondent, in speaking of The Messenger of last Sunday, that it was the best paper that had ever been issued in North Carolina.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthier vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c per bottle at R. R. Bellamy's Drug Store.

**PEOPLE ALL ABOUT.**

Conan Doyle, after having had his first novel rejected by eleven publishers, sold it for \$125.

Richard Le Gallienne, the essayist, recently appeared on a bicycle in London in a blue and white costume trimmed in cream colored lace.

Three of the most noted women novelists of the day are still at work. Miss Braddon is 60, Mrs. Oliphant is 68 and Ouida is 66.

Twenty-two thousand and odd citizens of San Francisco have asked President McKinley to make his uncle, Benjamin McKinley, postmaster at San Francisco.

The pope will present to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her jubilee anniversary a sedan or portable chair, similar to the one in which the pope is borne to the great religious functions of St. Peter's.

**FUN**

"There's one thing in Harold's favor that even father must admit," exclaimed Mabel warmly. "He hasn't any expensive habits."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, gently, "but perhaps that is due to the fact that he is getting only \$8 a week."—Washington Star.

"Back up your judgment, if you think that's the horse that will win out," jeeringly remarked the dirty, greasy speculator at the races. "Money talks, and I'm mighty rich made of money today."

"You do seem to be a rather filthy looking," assented the other man, looking him over.—Chicago Tribune.

We are really going to wear the same style of skirt that was popular from 1850 to 1860.—N. Y. Letter.

To the skirts of our ancient grandmothers.

Dame Fashion is coming around; And we'll say for 'em still; If they don't "fill the bill," They will certainly "cover the ground."

—Atlanta Constitution.

Still Greater Odds—"How foolish!" said the good old minister. "Do you not realize that the chances are 99,999 to 1 against you?"

"Of course, I do," answered the young man who had bought a lottery ticket. "And yet my hopes are not half as ridiculous as those you raised in the hearts of the Sunday school boys when you told them that every one of them had a chance at the presidential chair."—Indianapolis Journal.

"The doctor says I have tobacco heart."

"Nonsense."

"Don't you believe there is such a thing?"

"Oh, of course, there is such a thing, but, if any doctor tells you that you have it, you can put it down as a dead certainty that he doesn't know what you smoke. If he'd said cabbage heart it would have been different."—Chicago Post.

She had been looking over a prayer book and had come upon the marriage service, which she read with considerable interest, as was natural in view of her sex, although she was still too young to have that absorbing interest in it that comes to a girl well along in her teens.

"Mamma," she said at last, "what does it mean when the bride promises to obey?"

"Mean?" exclaimed her father, before his mother could reply. "What inspired idiot ever said it meant anything? It's a cold, heartless bluff."—Chicago Post.

**A Modern Lazarus.**

Inherited blood diseases are much more difficult to cure than those which are acquired. One of the most common hereditary diseases is Scrofula, which the medical profession admit is most obstinate and deep-seated, and their efforts to cure it meet with little success. A child afflicted with Scrofula is always puny and sickly, and can never grow into healthy manhood until the disease is eliminated. Scrofula leads into consumption nine times out of ten, so that it is important for this reason that immediate attention be given to all children who inherit the slightest taint.

Mrs. S. S. Mabry, 360 Elm St., Macon, Ga., writes:

"My boy, Charlie, inherited a scrofulous blood taint, and from infancy was covered with terrible sores, his sufferings being such that it was impossible to dress him for three years.



**CHARLIE MABRY**

His head and body were a mass of sores, and his nose was swollen to several times its natural size; to add to his misery he had catarrh, which made him almost deaf, and his eyesight also became affected. No treatment was spared that we thought would relieve him, but he grew worse until his condition was indeed pitiable. A dozen blood remedies were given him by the whole sale, but they did not the slightest good. I had almost despaired of his ever being cured, when by the advice of a friend we gave him S.S.S. (Swift's Specific), and at first the inflammation seemed to increase, but as this is the way the remedy gets rid of the poison, by forcing it out of the system, we were encouraged and continued the medicine. A decided improvement was the result, and after he had taken a dozen bottles, no one who knew of his former dreadful condition would have recognized him. All the sores on his body have healed, his skin is perfectly clear and smooth, and he has been restored to perfect health."

Mr. A. T. Morgan, one of the prominent druggists of Macon, and a member of the board of aldermen of that city, says: "I am familiar with the terrible condition of little Charlie Mabry, and the cure which S.S.S. effected in his case was remarkable, and proves it to be a wonderful blood remedy."

S.S.S. is the only cure for deep-seated blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Cancer, Eczema, Catarrh, etc. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed.

**Purely Vegetable**

and contains no potash, no mercury or other mineral, which means so much to all who know the disastrous effects of these drugs.

Valuable books mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

**SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA**

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA**

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The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

**WOOD DROPS**

Acceptable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Invalids.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness, and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. No NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness, and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* NEW YORK.

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**CHLORO-NAPHTHOLEUM!**

THIS WONDERFUL DISINFECTANT AND DEODORIZER IS SOLD ONLY BY OURSELVES. READ WHAT OUR SUPERINTENDENT OF HEALTH SAYS ABOUT IT:

"We have been using Chloro-Naphtholeum since its introduction here and find it efficient as a Deodorizer and Disinfectant."

Signed, WM. D. McMILLAN, Superintendent of Health.

ALL MACHINES ARE PUT UP FREE OF COST. THEY ARE NOW ON EXHIBITION IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT, AND WE WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU CALL AND HAVE THEM EXPLAINED TO YOU.

**OWEN F. LOVE & CO**

**BUCK'S WHITE ENAMEL**

**BUCK'S OVEN DOOR**

BUCK'S STOVES & RANGES

If these goods do not surpass anything on this market prove it, and we will present you with one of them for your trouble. We know just what we are saving.

**Wm. E. Springer & Co. Sole Agents**

PURCELL BUILDING, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS**

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies.

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