The Weekly Messenger.

Published Weekly

—AT—

St Martinsville, L a.

—BY—

EASTIN & BIENVENU.

According to the latest reports the survey of the projected Nicaragua Canal is nearly completed, and dredging will soon begin.

Baltimore has passed an ordinance against the playing of hand organs on the streets, and Memphis has prohibited peanut stands on the streets.

Haruko, Empress of Japan, will visit America next winter, traveling in state with a dozen maids of honor, numberless officials, and every incident of luxury.

It is estimated that at least 500 counterfeit pictures of the old masters, each of which has been purchased at a big price, are hanging in the art galleries of the United States.

Mrs. John Sherwood, who is a mistress of deportment, repudiates the etiquette which demands that a lady should bow to a gentleman before he can presume to bow. She says it is an English custom which has no rights that society in America is bound to respect.

A curious inquiry that has been made to learn the actual expenditure required to convert the average sinner in Chicago, shows that it costs the Methodists $25 to make a convert, Baptists $30, Congregationalists $45, the Presbyterians $60, the Episcopalians $300 and the Catholics and Luthereans $360.

The latest style of cane is owned by a Portland (Me.) physician, who uses it for three purposes—as a cane, as a protector and for professional purposes. It consists of a bamboo rod, into which fits a long steel receptacle shaped like half a tube, in the concave side of which are springs holding in place small vials of ammonia, morphine and needles and surgeons' thread, and in fact all antidotes and surgical appliances necessary in cases of emergency.

The passion for opium is reported to be rapidly destroying the native population on the Marquesas Islands, where the women even more than the men are said, by the London News, to be addicted to this fatal indulgence. According to the English consul at Tahiti, the French authorities are afraid that the result will be the same in the Society Islands, where, in spite of the stringent orders issued to the police, the Chinese persist in selling opium to the natives.

The Brazilian Senate has ratified the emancipation bill recently passed by the Chamber of Deputies, and it now goes to the imperial authority for final action. And as the Senate is practically chosen by the Emperor and thus may be assumed to be in full accord with his views, and, furthermore, as the anti-slavery movement has always had the Emperor's favor, we may take it for granted, declares the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the day of slavery in Brazil is come to its close.

The newest British iron-clad, the Nile, which has recently been launched, is three hundred and forty-five feet long, is of eleven thousand nine hundred and forty tons, has engines of twelve thousand horse-power, is expected to steam nineteen miles an hour, has steel armor from fourteen to twenty inches thick, carries twenty-six guns, four of them sixty-seven ton fellows, capable of throwing shot weighing one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds each, carries also eight torpedo tubes, and cost five million dollars.

If the phonograph has been improved as much as Mr. Edison claims it has, asserts the Brooklyn Citizen, it may do away to a great extent with the stenographers in business offices and increase the demand for typewriters. When a man can talk into a machine at any moment when he has leisure, and some one else can afterward reproduce the exact words in the same tone of voice, there is no telling, however, how many men, who neither employ a stenographer nor a typewriter now will be induced to transact their correspondence by means of the new device. The history of all analogous inventions shows that instead of anybody being thrown out of employment by them, occupation is furnished for any number of others. This is most likely to be the case with the phonograph.

Dream-Love.

There's a mate for every heart
That throbs beneath the sun,
Though some by fate are kept apart
Till life is nearly done;
Where is the loyal heart and hand
Shall make my life complete?
God bless my Love, on sea or land,
Until our paths shall meet!

My faith is sure
And will endure,
Till that glad hour shall be;
Sweet moment haste
Across the waste
And bring my love to me.

The glow of morn is in her face,
Its dew-lights in her eyes,
Amid her hair the peerless grace
That tints the morning skies;
And, oh, her feet, her little feet,
They are so lithe and small,
I dream I catch their rhythmic beat
Whene'er the rose leaves fall.

Yes, oft in dreams
With sunny gleams
Her winsome smile I see,
Sweet moment haste
Across the waste
And bring my Love to me!
—[Samuel Peck in Times-Democrat.

LOCKED IN.

Lucy Hutton turned pale. She was locking the school room door, when, under the shade of the trees outside, she saw a man stand watching her.

She turned pale, but showed no other sign of emotion. Without turning to look again at this man, she drew her shawl about her, turned, came down the steps, and walked homeward.

Her home was but a temporary one. Lucy Hutton had come from a little farm in the country to take charge of a parish free school. She was staying at a boarding house where nearly all were strangers.

She was very pretty, with long golden hair, which she wore free upon her shoulders. Few persons had ever seen more beautiful hair.

Lucy turned pale because she had learned to be afraid of this person who was watching her. She knew his appearance well. For a time he had sat opposite to her at table, an emaciated, pallid, carefully dressed man, with long black hair, parted in the middle of a high, narrow forehead, and falling long upon his coat collar. Her first uneasiness was caused by observing that he constantly watched her out of a pair of small black eyes. His observation was so close as to be annoying. She had at length avoided it by changing her seat at the table.

He never spoke to her. She did not know his name, and none of the few persons she know were acquainted with him. Having placed herself beyond his actice at table, she congratulated herself on having escaped him, when, to her consternation and serious uneasiness, she discovered that he followed her to and from the school.

She chose to ignore this. She did not even speak of it to any one. Though a slight, golden-haired girl, Lucy Hutton was courageous, and a natural delicacy prevented her from making a fuss about the matter. But, at last, she began to be annoyed by notes, expressing this man's infatuation. He desired to make her acquaintance—to marry her.

Lucy's immediate impulse was to send his first note to her lover, Henry Grayson, and ask his assistance. Then she resisted what seemed a weakness.

"I shall avoid this strange lover of mine; he cannot do me any harm," she thought.

But she could not forget him. His eyes, his gait, the cut of his garments, became horribly familiar to her. She felt that she was constantly under his surveillance. If she walked alone, he boldly followed her at a distance. If she entered a crowd, she found him at her elbow. Once as she stood at a shop window looking at some lace, he hissed in her ear: "I love you," and slipped instantly out of sight in the evening darkness. After this she never allowed herself to be abroad after the evening's early dusk. At the man's approach she had felt him so physically powerful as to fill her with terror.

The day previous to the evening of which I write had brought a new incident. A note had been left at the school room addressed to her which read as follows:

BEAUTIFUL LUCY—I must speak to you; you must hear me. Meet me tonight at the lower end of Redmond's bridge; remember, you must come.

There was no signature, but there could be no doubt from whence it came. Lucy's cheeks flushed with indignation; but a thrill of fear went through her heart. Her pursuer's audacity seemed to have approached a crisis.

She crushed the note in her hand, for the observant eyes of her little pupils were upon her and she forced herself to go on with their lessons; but her cheek burned redly—her mind wandered in spite of herself.

Of course she did not mean to meet this man; and what would be the consequences if she did not? She began to feel desperately the need of aid in this strange matter. She wished that Henry Grayson were there; she wished most of all that she were at home.

When she locked the school-room door that night she saw, as I have said, this gaunt, black-haired man watching her under the trees. With a quick, firm step she walked down the street. At least he should not see that she was afraid of him. But she heard a step behind her; it was his. He came to her side; his detestable voice said over her shoulder: "Tonight at 8 o'clock. I forgot to tell you the time."

She never turned her head or made the slightest response, as if she had heard him. He made an effort to look into her eyes—then fell back and disappeared.

Lucy reached her room, locked the door and sat down, trembling and crying. This last encounter had been too much for her nerves. She was full of excitement and dread. Unconsciously to herself this constant pursuit had worn upon her. Her strength seemed suddenly to give way. She sat, sobbing, almost unable to stir, when there was a knock at the door.

She started at the sound as if some new summons of evil were at hand; but the person who appeared was only a young lady boarding in the house with whom Lucy had a slight acquaintance.

A note had been left at the house while Lucy was at school. It was her mother's handwriting:

Come home immediately. Your father is very ill.

Miss Burton delivered the note, but lingered, drawn to a pitying solicitude by the sight of Lucy's swollen face. As Lucy dropped the paper and sobbed more bitterly than before, Miss Burton gently approached her, saying, "My dear Miss Hutton, you have bad news?"

"My father is very ill—dying, perhaps! But how can I leave my school?"

"I will be your substitute while you are absent. I think I can. I have taught in a school before. And I will go with you tonight and see the rector."

This kindness reanimated Lucy's mind. In a few moments she had settled her plans and the two sought the Rev. John Archer and had the matter satisfactorily settled. Lucy was to start on the 9 o'clock train and Miss Burton was to enter the school in the morning.

Hurriedly making other arrangements Lucy bade her new friends a grateful goodby, took a fly and was driven to the station. The train was ready; she entered. It was only an hour's ride to her home.

Suddenly, while the train was rushing through thick darkness, lighted only by a cloud of sparks, Lucy remembered her obtrusive admirer.

"I have escaped him!" she thought, with a moment's delight.

Anticipating her arrival she found her father's chase cart awaiting her, the horse driven by her little brother, Will.

"How is father, Will?"

"He is very ill, Lucy."

That night was a long and hard one for the friends of the sick man. But at dawn, to the relief of all, the physicians pronounced him out of danger.

The morning sunshine found Lucy pallid and exhausted. She was greatly unnerved. They begged her to go to sleep, but she could not rest. Her eyes were heavy, her lips pale, her hands hot. She carried some spring water, cool and sparkling, to her room, wet her throbbing temples and her thick rich hair, the weight of which oppressed her aching head.

While engaged in this she heard a knock at the door. Hurriedly coiling up her bright hair, she went down. The door was open. She did not approach it, for, standing full in the sunshine, upon the threshold of her home was the tall, gaunt, detested figure that had haunted her, like a nightmare, for weeks. Covered with dust, his lank hair straggling upon his shoulders, his sallow hands extended, and his bloodshot eyes fixed upon her face, his appearance was repulsive, his presence frightful. She shrieked and ran away.

Forgetting the invalid, she had slammed the sitting-room door behind her, when she heard her name gently pronounced, and Henry Grayson caught her in his arms.

"My dear Lucy, what is the matter?"

What an inexpressible relief was his protecting embrace, and the gush of tears which followed! She told him what had happened.

Search was made, but there was no appearance of any one near the house, and gradually Lucy became assured and composed.

It was 11 o'clock, when, full of happy thoughts, Lucy Hutton went up to her chamber.

The room was large; a window was open; a gust of air rushed through and extinguished her candle. She paused; a faint thrill of her old timidity came over her. But she summoned her natural courage, and saying, "I will not go down stairs for matches; I will go to bed in the dark," she closed and also locked a closet door which yawned behind her, drew back a curtain to let in the starlight and began to undress.

Nothing unpleasant now mingled with the girl's happy thoughts, as she softly unrobed herself. She had quite forgotten the present in thinking of a delightful future, when a strange noise startled her. It seemed like something struggling against the wall. Her heart leaped into her throat.

"Pshaw! it is only a rat!" she said, the next moment.

As she lay down, she thought she heard the sound again. But after that, all was still. She lay awake, occupied with her busy thoughts for awhile, but soon fell asleep.

It was late when she awoke; the room was full of sunshine. Remembering her father's state, Lucy overcame a feeling of languor, rose and hastily dressed. While doing so, she remembered the experience of the previous evening. A sudden thought came to her.

"I must have locked the cat in the closet last night. Poor old Prue!"

She unlocked the door. The key turned with some difficulty. Flinging open the door, a stiff, dead human figure fell upon her, crushing her to the floor.

Those who heard the noise came rushing up. Lucy was in convulsions. The frightful, distorted corpse had rolled aside and lay upon its face. The room was full of the scent of chloroform.

Lucy was finally restored, but her nervous condition was deplorable. For weeks they watched over her feverish, delirious slumbers, fearing insanity, and not without reason.

The dead man was given over to the care of the town authorities, and buried by them. It was never known who he was. On learning the story, many thought him insane. Others believed him to be a lawless and unscrupulous adventurer. In his pockets had been found a pistol, a broken vial of chloroform and a sponge. It was thought that he intended to render Lucy insensible, and carry her away in the night. But he was dead, and incapable of more harm. Probably when Lucy locked the closet door, he had been crowded in, and the vial broken. He had been smothered to death.

It took years to overcome this dreadful experience; but now Lucy Grayson tells of it, without excitement, to her children.—[New York World.

Barbers Won't Shave Barbers.

"Why don't you get shaved?" inquired a patron of the proprietor of a South C street tonsorial establishment, on whose face there was a week's growth of beard.

"Because I've got a lame arm from being vaccinated," was the reply.

"Why don't you get another barber to shave you, then?" said the inquisitor.

"Don't you know that one barber will never shave another? As for myself I would rather scrape a venomous snake than a barber," said the knight of the razor.

"What is there so objectionable about it?" inquired the interrogator.

"Well," replied the chin scraper, "barbers are the most bitterly severe critics in the world, especially when the subject is one of their own trade. If I were to shave another barber, and during the process should make a single false stroke, either upward or downward, contrary to the rules of professionals, or fail to leave his face as smooth as the top of old John Piper's head, the jealous artist would gab about it among professionals and shop patrons for the next five years, the burden of which would be that I was incompetent, and he would thereby create a suspicion in the public mind that I am not a master of my business. Yes, I would rather burn the whiskers off a Bengal tiger's nose with a cigarette stub than shave a barber."—[Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

The Proper Action.

Medical professor (to student)—"In a case which you find difficult to diagnose correctly, what is the proper course to take?"

Student—"Look wise and say nothing."—[Epoch.

At Moonrise.

How hushed and quiet the gaunt pop
spring
Beside the lake,
Where the song-weary thrush, head un
wing,
Is nestling half awake!

The warm gray lights of evening lin
there
Or gently pass
Along the dappled water and the air
No voice nor music has.

Low on the night's marge yonder, a l
moon,
Cleaving the blue,
Comes up and silvers the broad shadow wa
soon
The bats flit darkly through;

And visions, born of fancy and the night
Glide to and fro—
Move with dream feet amid the solemn lig
And softly come and go.

Across the moor—else silent over earth
And sky's wide range—
Steals the low laughter of two lovers' mir
How sweet it sounds, yet strange!

HUMOROUS.

A job lot—Boils.

A writ of attachment—A love lett

The farmers' share—The plowsha

Failure in the yarn trade—Writi unsuccessful novels.

The fellow that is hard up is apt become a man of note.

Many a widow's weeds are wilted by the simple phrase, "Wilt thou?"

Why does the ocean get angry? Be cause it has been crossed so often.

The cockroach is always wrong wh he attempts to argue with a chicken.

If a young man feels that his life is blank he should try to fill it out an have it sworn to.

It doesn't matter how tough a you man may be, a good looking girl is v likely to break him up.

Mrs. Partington claims that there are few people nowadays who suffer fro "suggestion of the brain."

The average young man who go abroad "on pleasure bent" frequent comes back by pleasure broke.

The girl who recently married a you man on the strength of a poem he sc her, took him for better or for verse.

The "festive" goat is browsing
On the hoopskirt in the lane,
And the organ grinder's grinding
In the street his plaintive strain.

When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going to lea home for a while he says, "Are yo going oasis?"

McQuillen: Have you heard Hi Thumpper on the piano?" Curti "Yes." McQuillen: "How's his exec tion?" Curtis: "Deadly."

When you are at sea and ask a ma at the wheel how she heads, and h tells you, "Sou'-sou'-east-by-sou," yo get all the news there is in a small com pass.

Visitor: Your new house is ver pretty; but you will have trouble to d anything with the garden, it's so small Country Host: "Yes, it is small, bu then, I shall put in folding-beds."

An hotel located in the West, is being advertised as follows: "There is no gilt-edge business about this house, and if you want to eat pie with a knife you can do it without fear of being ostracized from society."

The pitcher had a little ball, and it was white as snow, and where the striker thought it was that ball it wouldn't go. It had a sudden in-shoot curve, it had a fearful drop, and when the striker wildly struck, that ball it didn't stop. "Why does the ball fool strikers so?" the children all did cry. "The pitcher twirls the ball you know," the teacher did reply.

"Rations of Iron."

Eiserne Portionen (rations of iron) is the name given by the Militar Wochenblatt to the canned provisions which the German soldier is now compelled to carry in his knapsack or haversack, not for immediate consumption, but for use at those times when his command is removed from the base of supplies or the quartermaster's department is short. It says: "These victuals of iron are, during war, to be used on the evening preceding a great battle, or better, when the army making a sudden change of front, the convoys are for a day or two retarded." Much of this canned provision is put up in America, and is said to be both better and cheaper than the German. The Seventh Corps (Westphalian) commanders have recently experimented with canned chocolate and cocoa, which, though seemingly light refection for a marching column, has, on the contrary, been found excellently adapted.—[Scientific American.