

Charlotte Messenger.

Published every Saturday at CHARLOTTE, N. C.

W. C. SMITH.

Subscription Rates.

Table with 2 columns: Duration (1 year, 6 months, 3 months, 1 month) and Price (\$1.50, 1.00, .75, .50).

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All money must be sent by Register, Money order or Postal note to W. C. SMITH.

Short correspondence on subjects of interest to the public is solicited; but persons must not be disappointed if they fail to see their articles in our columns.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

To Our Exchanges.

Our exchanges will please direct to "CHARLOTTE MESSENGER." There is a Church Messenger published here.

Our Industrial Fair.

On Wednesday last Col. George A. Wasson discussed the "industry of the colored people." The court house was well filled, a large number of ladies were out and all were well pleased with the speech.

He argued that the colored man is a producer and an inventor. That it is to our interest, educationally to exhibit our products to the world.

Col. Wasson's course has created more interest and enthusiasm than has ever been shown. A local organization was formed and the people took hold of the work and so far as possible have

farmer only knew what a hydra-headed, deathless monster crab grass is to a Tar Heel, and how the use of guano proves a feather to break the camel's back

HUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

Like snowy lilies fleet as fine, Whose fragrant course is run, Like dew drops on the eglantine,

Of friends whom ruthless time destroys, We're, day by day, bereft: The spectres of our perished joys,

THE COLLIER'S HUT.

HOW SYLVIA SAVED HER GRANDFATHER.

"Grampa!" Sylvia began, bending over to comb his hair with her fingers. His head rested—where old heads had been pillowed a hundred years before—on the high back of the splinter green arm-chair.

It was a weatherworn old head from its storms had swept all the thatch from its roof, except two tangled wisps that hung over the eaves, one above each ear.

They wouldn't curl, and Sylvia didn't care; but she did care very much, she said, about something else.

She lived in Cornwall, among the hills, and old Litchfield Hills, that stood sternly and think still stand—in the northwest corner of Connecticut.

"Well, he asked, pinching her leg, 'what does missy want out'n Grampa now?'"

Freckles.

Freckles are annoying and are often apparently very disturbing to those who see much store by their complexion. These peculiar pigment deposits are usually confined to the parts of the person which are exposed to the light—the face and hands, namely—and are therefore not easily concealed.

The causes being thus a peculiarity of complexion and exposure to light, it is impossible to do much for them without doing harm to the general health.

"No, Grampa," Sylvia arms around his neck and fingers in a chubby knot and says, "No, I want you to rent to them and let us camp hut."

"I want t' know!" Grandpa, astonished that he nodded to sleep.

When he awoke the word of fingers was still under the warm pressure of lips head.

"I knew you would!" she said, "Knew I would! Bless me, I would!" he replied.

But it came to pass, he got to get "that notion out of his head, seemed like nice in the way out."

The next Tuesday morning, up with tenne a hitched to the big wagon went boxes and bundles and Grandpa and Tower, Sylvia and Mouser, the kitten, to the mountains they went for the summer.

They were poor and lived alone; housekeeper and maid of all work, times making baskets to sell. Heby all Druggists, is the best tonic; oaken-limbed man of nearly earned their living by chopping for charcoal.

At last they came to the old standing on a "pit"—a wide on the mountain side—who had one; been burned.

"Safe! Yes, little one, and asleep now, in yonder," replied Mrs. Marsh.

"Now take some o' this broth, an' keep quiet, that's a dear."

"Safe! The ice broke from about her heart, and it beat warm and full again. Safe! And she saved him.—Independent.

"Queens don't wash dishes, and darn stockings, and—"

"I don't know," he answered. "Yes, I guess some queens'd want to darn 'n' iron."

"The dishes washed and house tidied, Sylvia took her pitcher to go for the milk."

"Mr. Marsh," she said, when she had written him milk, "plase let me try to milk?"

"I want t' know!" he exclaimed. "Lemme see your fingers. Oh! them little things. They—why old Gem'd think they wuz fly legs, and kick."

"No, please let me try," she replied. She tried, and succeeded so well that next Tuesday, Mr. Marsh said, she could do her milkin' right at her own do."

So, every morning, when she heard the tinkling of the bell, she went out with a carrot for old Gem and milked her yellow pitcher full.

Happy wood life! But it came to an end one night in this way.

Supper was ready, puffy white biscuits from Mr. Marsh, and brown slices of ham on the table, the tea simmering on the stove.

Sylvia went to call her Grandfather, who was hard at it felling a tree that seemed in danger of falling on the house; but he could make it fall away from them.

"Supper's ready!" she called. "Don't say 't' me!" he replied. "Well, can't say as I am, quite; 'd like to get this tree down a first, missy."

"Please come now, an' finish choppin' after supper," Sylvia answered. After supper he sat down in the red fire-light, "for just a minute," he said.

But soon—nod, nod, nod—he was fast asleep. In an hour he started up with wild eyes, declaring that he had "nigh about got asleep," and pinching Sylvia's lips when they smiled.

When Sylvia awoke in the night the wild howling of the trees and the hard beating of the rain told that it was storming. She listened a while in a little dread, but soon slept calmly again.

A frightful crash awoke her. She started up. A falling timber had struck her leg. With heart choking with fright she sprang from the bed.

During the afternoon I called. A very kindly welcome was given by both the invalid and her mother.

The poor sufferer was just twenty-one; had been married about a year; but was now evidently in the last stage of consumption, apparently with only a few days to live.

I took a seat by her bedside, and after waiting a little while, asked: "Are you happy?"

"I am waiting for the angels to take me to heaven," she replied. "What about your sins?"

Looking at me surprised, and evidently alarmed, she said, "I never thought of them!"

"Heaven is a holy place," I added, "and God is a holy God, and you can never go to heaven unless your sins are washed away. No angel can take you there; there is but one way. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin."

Gazing at me with the earnestness of a soul on the confines of eternity, only just awakened to the fact that she was a sinner, she asked, "Is that true?"

I replied, "It is the Word of God, and I will read it to you of His own Book."

Turning to I. John i., 7, I read, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

She said, "Will you read it again, and read it slowly."

I read it again and slowly. "Blessed Jesus! precious blood!" she exclaimed.

The Holy Spirit, when "her sins" were mentioned, had shown her guilt, and reached her conscience, and without hesitation she owned her lost state. Then the "Blood" and the One who shed it, relieved her conscience of its load of guilt, and instead of trusting to an angel to carry her to Heaven, from that afternoon until she departed to be with Christ, four words constantly fell from her lips—"Blessed Jesus," "Precious Blood."

Tom Beasley, who lives near Texas Postoffice, Marion County, Ga., is the owner of a sheep with three horns. The sheep has a horn on each side of the head and one just below the eyes.

Better results are derived from Hall's Hair Renewer than from any similar preparation. If you suffer with chills and fever, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will cure you.

HEALTH HINTS.

To stop the bleeding of cuts, bind on fine powder of tea, or use a cobweb.

Drink sassafras instead of tea and coffee to cleanse the blood.

Soothing mixture for a cough: Two ounces of figs, two ounces of raisins, two ounces of pearl barley, half an ounce of licorice root; boil in a pint and a half of water until reduced to a pint, strain, add two ounces of new honey, and drink a wineglassful night and morning, or when the cough is troublesome.

If vaseline or butter be applied to the skin immediately after a blow of any sort there will be no discoloration. As little time as possible must be allowed to elapse from the accident until the application of the remedy. Only recently a person came in violent contact with a projecting iron rod, which caused great pain and a large red spot on the cheek.

Vaseline was applied instantly, and at the end of an hour there was no trace of the injury. The bruised feeling was relieved by wash.

Dr. S. A. Brown, United States Navy, states in the Medical Record that he has found a specific to the troublesome eruption produced by the poison oak or poison ivy so common in our woods and along old fences. This specific he finds in bromine, which has used with unvarying success in at least forty cases. He uses the drug dissolved in olive oil, cosmetic or glycerine, in the strength of from ten to twenty drops of bromine to the ounce of oil, and rubs the mixture gently on the affected parts three or four times a day. The bromine is so volatile that the solution should be renewed every twenty-four hours. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, and it promptly disappears within twenty-four hours if the application is persisted in.

Veteran and Cripple.

A Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader describes the following incident: A slender, white-whiskered, brave-eyed man sat near the fare-box in the upper end of an F street car this afternoon.

He wore a high white Derby hat upon his head and his clothes were of black broadcloth. A high Henry Clay collar grasped his neck and a pair of black-rimmed spectacles hung by a string upon his vest.

He was chatting to a lady at his side and his black eyes sparkled and a most winning smile beamed over his weather-beaten face as the conversation went on. The car stopped and I was surprised to see him jump to his feet and walk rapidly to the door.

As my eyes followed him they rested upon a little fair-faced hunchback on crutches who was trying to get into the car. She had the face of a child and the body of a mature woman, but that body contorted and twisted and dwarfed out of all human proportion.

I saw this slender man while the car was under its influence all nourishment is organized and assimilated. It thus controls cough, expectation, night-sweats, hectic fever, and all other characteristic symptoms of Consumption.

Many physicians are now using this medicine, and all write that it comes fully up to its recommendations and makes Consumption one of the diseases that can readily cure.

The forming stage of a disease is always the most auspicious for treatment. This fact should induce persons to resort to the use of Pisco's Cure when the cough is first noticed, whether it has a consumptive diathesis for its cause or not, for this remedy cures all kinds of coughs with unequalled facility and promptness. In coughs from a simple cold, two or three doses of the medicine have been found sufficient to remove the trouble. So in all diseases of the throat and lungs, with symptoms simulating those of Consumption, Pisco's Cure is the only infallible remedy.

The following letter recommending Pisco's Cure for Consumption, is a fair sample of the certificates received daily by the proprietor of this medicine:

ALBION, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1885. I had a terrible cough, and two physicians said I would never get well. I then went to a drug store and asked for a good cough medicine. The druggist gave me the Pisco's Cure, and it has done me more good than anything I ever used. I do not believe I could live without it. LEONORA VERMILYEA.

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A gold mine is said to have been discovered near Lexington, Ind.

DR. KILLMER'S FEMALE PILLS. Ladies! These dull tired looks and feeble speaking volumes! This remedy corrects all conditions, restores vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Prepared at Killmer's Dispensary, Birmingham, N. Y. Address of inquiry answered. Guide to Health (Sent Free).

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Red Fair.

concerned they intend to make a success of the fair. The large number of our best ladies being out gave much life and encouragement to all.

On behalf of our citizens we tender thanks to the sheriff for the use of the court house, and to Mr. E. M. Andrews for a number of chairs.

The male quartette, Messrs. North Wade Wright and Grier, would have enlivened the occasion with music, but Mr. Wright was sick and could not be out.

They have our thanks for so willingly consenting to be out.

A canvassing committee will be appointed to solicit donations and premiums. It is hoped that every colored person in the State will consider this his fair and do all in his power for its advancement and begin now to make arrangements to spend about two days in Raleigh city, "Bobby" in October to witness the wonderful parade of the bands and intellects of our people.

Mr. Editor of the Messenger:

Please allow me space in your journal to speak of my recent visit to Texas. After an extensive travel through the Northern and Western States, visiting the most important cities in the Union, and also schools and colleges and places of historical note, I purchased a ticket for Dallas, Texas. Dallas is situated on the northern part of the State, on the Red River.

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