

Charlotte Messenger.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug., 21, 1888.

OUR CHURCHES.

St. Michael's (P. E.) church, Mint St. Services at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 4 P. M.
Rev. P. P. SUNDAY, Pastor.
M. E. Church, South Graham St. Services at 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.
Rev. S. M. HAINES, Pastor.
First Baptist church, South Church St. Services at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. Rev. A. A. POWELL, Pastor.
Ebenezer Baptist church, East 2nd St. Services at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. Rev. Z. HAUGHTON, Pastor.
Presbyterian church, corner 7th and College Streets at 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Rev. R. P. WYCHE, Pastor.
Clinton Chapel, (A. M. E. Z.) Mint St. Services at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. Rev. M. SLADE, Pastor.
Little Rock (A. M. E. Z.), E. St. Services at 11 A. M., 3 P., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M. Rev. Wm. JOHNSON, Pastor.

STATE POLITICS.

Republicans Disorganized and Freed From Party Obligations.

Now, that Dr. J. J. Mott and his associates—the Republican State Executive Committee—have decided to hold no State convention, every Republican voter is left free to act and vote for any party he chooses. The Democrats are all broken up throughout the country by partisans dissatisfied with Cleveland and the manner the offices have been given out; labor candidates, prohibition candidates and independent candidates are springing up all over the State and drawing heavily from the Democratic party. There never has been a time since 1872 when a Republican organization with a solid front had such a flattering promise of success. But what can we do with no organization, no head, no leader—nothing.

The Republican party has no leader and has not had since Tom Keogh gave it up. Selfish men have dictated its policy to their own advantage, and today reorganization is put off two years, when we might this year have a new chairman, a new deal and a successful campaign that would put us in good trim for 1888. We are all told to go and do as we please, independent of all party affiliation, and so help us the MESSENGER means to do so, so far as the old leaders of the North Carolina Republicans are concerned, and we advise the colored Republicans to vote for pure men every time, regardless of the manner in which those men are put in the field. It matters not if they are nominated by Democratic conventions, prohibition conventions or nominated themselves, if they good men vote for them. We advise you to sacrifice no principal, but you have no party claims upon you now; the great chiefs have said it is best to go free, unfettered by party organization.

The prohibition party, in our judgment, have come to stay. We have not a word to say against it. We trust their actions will be such that in the absence of a Republican party we can join in with them to fight against the Democratic party, which has not changed a single idea or principle only as it mimics other party in bidding for votes.

The people want to make a straight fight, believing they will win and at least get into position to win in 1888. We see what abandoning party organization has done for South Carolina, Georgia and other States with overwhelming Republican majorities. We see what keeping up organization has done for the Democrats in this State and other States. What will our district committees do? Are they instructed by the bosses or will they act as the people want them to? A Republican can be elected in the 6th Congressional District. All we need is a man who can unite the Republican vote. Not a man to draw Democratic voters, but a good, popular and able Republican who can carry his own party strength. What will you do gentlemen? If we are to vote for a Democrat we shall advise every voter to select the best of the Democrats presenting themselves for election. This county is also a good field for a Republican fight. Where is our county committee? You are free, gentlemen; Dr. Mott has nothing to do with you. Go to work and let us hear from you.

MR. DOUGLASS' SCHEME.

It is reported that Hon. Fred Douglass and Senator John Sherman are interested in a scheme to take the colored people from the Southern States to the far West. We long respected and admired both these gentlemen as true friends to the negro, but as they are yet infallible we may expect them to go wrong some time. We are much younger than Mr. Douglass though we are no less negro than he, have lived with and among the Southern negro much longer than he and knows much more about them than he. Therefore we take it upon ourselves to say, if this report be true, Mr. Douglass makes a damaging mistake in this movement. Many of our neighboring counties were almost depopulated of colored laborers two or three years ago, and continually they are returning and writing back to their friends. They went to Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, Indiana, Kansas, California and other States and Territories.

For the negro to keep pace with other races he must be educated up to industry, economy, morality and the proper training of their children, &c. To do this they need more intelligent men and women of our race among us. Let Mr. Douglass take his family and come in the South among us and advise his Washington city friends to do the same, and he will find himself in a better position to help this poor debased race. If he can't stand the South, then let us see his sincerity by the moving of his own family and city people to the West.

We admit the chances for any man are better in the West than here, provided a man has money and intelligence enough to lookout for himself, but the negro in the South is in no condition to move. Thousands of them have made good starts, have comfortable little homes, farms, stock, &c. These should not be broken up from their pleasant homes. Let every man go where he pleases, but we are opposed to packing people up and sending them off to strange countries by hundreds. Let every man take his own family and his own money and go as he pleases, but when people are transported as cattle they may expect the treatment of cattle.

THE BALLOT AND MR. ROWLAND.

The first two issues of the *Ballot* were clamorous for Mr. Rowland to inform the public how he stood on the whiskey question, charging at the same time that he had been closeted with whiskey men in this city. It said the people had a right to know the position of the man they were called upon to vote for. That Mr. Rowland should tell the people whether he was for or against prohibition. We do not here question the wisdom of that demand upon Mr. Rowland by the *Ballot*, but we think if the *Ballot* means to "tote fair," it will give to the public Mr. Rowland's card or answer to the demands. The *Ballot* says this week, Mr. Rowland has answered and it is satisfied with his answer. Now if the *Ballot* is satisfied, there may be many others among the voters of the district who are not satisfied. We all want to know how Mr. Rowland stands on prohibition. Will the *Ballot* tell the people, since Mr. Rowland has told the *Ballot*?

Personal.

Rev. G. S. Blackwell, of Lincoln spent Wednesday and Thursday in this city.

Mr. J. F. K. Simpson passed through the city on his way to Lincoln county.

Mrs. A. A. Powell left the city last Tuesday for Greensboro after spending two or three weeks with us.

Miss Annie Wade of Winnsboro, S. C., returned home last Monday. She made many friends while with us.

Rev. Eli Walker of Fayetteville passed through our city this week. He is attending to business and visiting friends as well.

Mr. Wm. Johnson of Salisbury called on us last Wednesday. We were glad to meet him; he is a good man and a lover of the MESSENGER.

The Mormons claim that, in the face of their constant denunciation by Gentiles and Gentile publications, they are steadily gaining in numbers and strength; and that no power on earth can destroy their religion or their organization. It is impossible, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, to depend on anything that their leaders say—they do not pretend to keep faith with heretics—and their followers are so ignorant and credulous that their opinions on any subject are worthless. But there are external reasons for believing part of the truth of their statement. Their doctrines, polygamy especially, are so repulsive to Americans in general that it is perfectly natural for us to think the latter day saints are doomed to early extinction. But we should remember that the mass of them are Europeans of the lowest grade of intelligence, and that they are regularly recruited by shrewd, energetic missionaries in many parts of Great Britain, Denmark, Scandinavia and North Germany. They describe Utah in the brightest colors, as an earthly paradise, and it is not strange that the toiling poor are caught by the allurements held out to them. Nobody who has not visited Salt Lake City and studied Mormonism on its own ground can have any clear understanding of the foundation on which it rests, and the means by which it is sustained. Its agricultural and industrial position certainly looks prosperous; but the mentality of the people is disheartening. Mormon women have none of the attractions of their sex. No man of a normal pattern could be terrorized into accepting one of them; and he readily believes, from his acquaintance with masculine nature, that polygamy there must be the rare exception. The saints have no growth from within, and recruiting must come to an end. It may not be in ten, or twenty, or even fifty years; but their decay and extinction are only a question of time. He who builds on ignorance and superstition rears a structure that cannot stand.

WEATHER REPORTS.

HOW OBSERVATIONS ARE MADE AT A SIGNAL STATION.

Gathering Facts as a Basis for "Old Probabilities"—Watching the Weather and Issuing the Bulletins.

The tall tower on top of the Equitable building, where the agents of the Signal Service Bureau used to collect samples of weather, has been torn away to make room for one much taller, which is part of the plan for remodeling the building. Temporarily the signal office has been removed to another tower, perhaps not quite so tall, yet high enough to enable a keen observer to note any weather that may happen around it, on the southeast corner of that same edifice. It will be hoisted two or three stories higher over the front, after a while, and from that elevation the weatherwise young men who perch up there expect to peep over the edge of the world on fair days.

This signal station began to superintend the weather on November 6, 1870, and has had a sharp eye continuously upon the doings of the "Prince of the Power of the Air" ever since. Sergeant H. J. Penrod is in charge of both this station and the Marine Agency, at the Maritime Exchange, but occupies himself most of the time at the latter place, leaving Sergeant E. B. Dunn to rule the roost on the Equitable building. The assistants are Sergeants Francis Long (late of the Greeley expedition) and G. A. Warren, and Messrs. G. A. Loveland, R. E. Hinman, and L. F. Passalaigne. The work done at the Marine Agency consists mainly in comparing ships' barometers and receiving and forwarding to Washington observations taken at sea by shipmasters. That which falls to the share of the signal station men is much closer to the popular interest, for this is one of the principal points in the great system by which the public daily gets authoritative official information as to the sort of weather it is going to have, provided it doesn't have some other kind.

The hours of duty are divided into eight hours each, but as there are four men two are on together in the middle of the day. Seven observations a day are taken and recorded, and three of these are reported to headquarters at Washington. The hours of observations are at 3, 7, and 11 A. M., and 3, 7, 10, and 11 P. M. Those taken at 7 A. M. and 3 and 11 P. M. are the ones telegraphed on to Washington to be used with others from all parts of the country in making up the newspaper reports of weather probabilities. This explanation will, it is to be hoped, be deemed a sufficient refutation of the story that General W. B. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, guesses for those reports by the feel of his corns, shrewd observations on the habits of pigs, the breastbones of geese, and other occult sources of information.

Taking the observations includes taking the records of the automatic self-registering barometer and anemometer, reading the thermometers and noting the direction of the winds, the look of the clouds, the state of the weather, and the rainfall, if any. Another and independent observation is made at 2 P. M. each day by Sergeant Long on the temperature and depth of the North River, for which he goes down to Pier 13, at the foot of Cedar street.

Telegraphic circuits bring to this station every morning duplicates of all the reports made from the 100 or more other stations to Washington. These all come in cipher, which has to be translated. A morning dispatch, for instance, that reads: "Mocking—Finely—Gandy—Habit—III—Pintail—Vice," means "Barometer reading 29.94; temperature of exposed thermometer, 65°; temperature of dew point, 45°; north wind and clear sky; velocity of the wind, six miles per hour; three-tenths of the cloud stratus moving from the southwest; lowest temperature since last reading, 61°."

From these reports bulletins are made out and given to the public. While one man reads aloud his translation of the cipher dispatches, another puts upon a semi-skeleton map of the United States the reported figures indicating barometrical pressure and temperature at the respective stations whence the reports come. Then blue and red lines are drawn on the map, enclosing irregular sections of it, so as to mark out by the blue lines and figures where the temperature is highest and where it is lowest, and by the red lines and figures the areas in which the barometrical pressures are highest and lowest. Finally the map is adorned with many little arrows, showing, by the way they point, the various directions in which the wind has blown at the hour of making the report, in different parts of the country. That completes the map, and it is then ready for duplication and sending abroad for exposure in public places, where it can rattle citizens who try to understand it. The red marks and the arrows enable one to observe that when a storm centre is established anywhere—as shown by the lowest barometrical pressure—the winds rush in from all directions to that common centre to help the trouble along, just as a man's creditors concentrate on him at his period of greatest financial stress.

It will be seen from this description of the work done here that it results simply

In the statement of ascertained facts concerning actual conditions of weather all over the country. The proud prerogative of prognostication is monopolized at Washington, and a conscientious signal officer here, or at any other station, would as soon think of lending a dollar to a total stranger, as of permitting himself to say that "it is likely to rain," though, if the rain were actually falling, he would not hesitate to affirm the fact to anybody. —*New York Sun*.

Lincoln and the Reporter.

The only war Governors left alive, says the *Washington Post*, are: Curtin, Pennsylvania; Kirkwood, Iowa; Blair, Michigan; Ramsey, Minnesota; Sprague, Rhode Island; Gregory Smith, Vermont; Stanford and Low, California, and Berry, New Hampshire. I met some fifteen of these worthies once, all together, under peculiar circumstances. It was in 1863, and I was reporting events in Washington for a *New York paper*. Mr. Lincoln invited the Governors of the Northern States to meet him. Most of them came. That morning Governor Buckingham said to me: "Why don't you come up to the White House with us? I'm sure there'll be no objection."

I went up and asked Mr. Lincoln. "No," he said cheerily, "come right along. I haven't thing to say that I want kept from the public." So I went up with Buckingham and sat with the assembly in the State dining-room.

But I felt a little out of place, so, not to be disguised, I pulled out my note book and began to write. "Are we all Governors?" asked Governor Morton, rising, and looking somewhat severely at me.

"I am not a Governor," said I, "but a reporter."

"Well, I don't know about this," said the Indianian, and I rose to go. "I am responsible," said Governor Buckingham, "he came with me."

To relieve them and myself from embarrassment I was hurrying away, when Mr. Lincoln said: "Wait a minute, young man." And then he stated that I had applied to him in the morning as to the advisability of being present, and he had given his consent. "For I don't intend to say anything to-day that is secret in any sense," he added, "and I thought we might just as well take the people into confidence. However, it is for you gentlemen to say."

The position had become intolerable to me and I bolted. I never knew what further was said about it, but Governor Buckingham gave me a report that night.

White House Autograph Hunters.

Every day the visitor at the White House may see a pile of letters upon the desk of one of the private secretaries with the abbreviation "auto." written upon each envelope. It means that they contain requests for autographs. Thousands of these letters are received at the White House in a year.

Those that come now contain not only a request for the President's autograph, but some of them for that of his bride. The latter requests are seldom complied with, for, while the President has thought it proper to yield to the demand for accurate portraits of Mrs. Cleveland and has consented to their sale under certain restrictions, it has not been thought advisable to encourage the public in a miscellaneous demand for autographs. The President continues, however, to give a few minutes occasionally to gratifying the requests of the many applicants for this class of favors.

Charles Lester, the President's usher, is the autograph hunter's friend. The letters are turned over to him, and when he can catch the President with a moment of time to spare he lays a bundle of cards before him, and he writes "Grover Cleveland, Grover Cleveland, Grover Cleveland," until his arm gets tired or his other and more important duties take his attention. Then Charles takes the precious autographs and distributes them by mail to the applicants. Often there are personal applications by the owners of autograph albums, and they are generally directed to leave them with Charley, who presents them at the same time he does the cards for the President's sign manual. —*Washington Letter*.

Luck and Chance.

Oddly enough, the believers in luck show by the forms which their beliefs take that in reality they have no faith in luck any more than men really have faith in superstitions which yet they allow to influence their conduct. A superstitious man is an idle dream or an equally idle hope not a real faith; and in like manner is it with luck. A man will tell you that a cards, for instance, he always has such and such luck; but if you say: "Let us have a few games to see whether you will have your usual luck;" you will usually find him unwilling to let you apply the test. If you try it, and the result is unfavorable, he argues that such peculiarities of luck never do show themselves when submitted to test. On the other hand, if it so chances that on that particular occasion he has the kind of luck which he claims to have always, he expects you to accept the evidence as decisive. Yet the result means in reality only that certain events the chances for and against which were probably pretty equally divided, taken place.

On the Island of Java there are twenty enter-press printing offices.

How Gas Was First Used.
Great was the amazement of all England when, at the close of the last century, William Murdoch discovered the use of combustible air or gas. So little was the invention understood and believed in by those who had not seen it in use, that even great and wise men laughed at the idea.

"How could there be light without a wick?" said a member of parliament when the subject was brought before the House. Even Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns by gas, and asked one of the proprietors if they meant to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gas meter. Sir Walter Scott, too, made himself merry over the idea of illuminating London by smoke, though he was glad enough, not so long after, to make his own house at Abbotsford light and cheerful on winter nights by the use of that very smoke.

When the House of Commons was lighted by gas the architect imagined that the gas ran on fire through the pipes, and therefore he insisted on their being placed several inches from the wall for fear of the building taking fire. The members might be observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved hands, and wondering why they did not feel warm.

The first shop lighted in London by the new method was Mr. Askerman's, on the Strand, in 1810; and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the gas lamp on the counter that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage.

Riding Elephant Back.

We quote as follows from Edwin Arnold's "India Revisited": It is somewhat odd to hear "Hatti tayar hai—the elephant is ready," announced as naturally as though it were a cab or carriage which stands waiting at the door. Yet the least experienced might safely climb to the mountainous back of Bhairava, one of the guicowar's quietest and biggest tuskers. Caparisoned in scarlet and yellow, with a forehead cloth of kincob, which the mahout pushes aside when he desires to prod the mighty beast on the occiput with the pointed hook, Bhairava seemed grand and ponderous enough to be wholly above serving as a sort of colossal omnibus. At the word "baithe," however, he meekly folded his hind legs and stretched his front legs forward, lowering his body to the earth, whereupon a ladder of ten steps, set against his side, enabled us to climb to the silver howdah, where a party of four can be comfortably accommodated. Then Bhairava heaved majestically aloft—a movement which demands precaution on the part of the passengers—and rolled forward on a trip of circumambulation round the city and its suburbs. Behind him ran a hattiwallah, uttering gruffly many a "sum" and "chutt" to keep the monster going, and sometimes emphasizing the ejaculations with a tremendous blow upon the elephant's tailroot from a staff four inches thick, which would have broken the leg of a horse, but seemed to be regarded by Bhairava as the merest and most playful hint to "move on."

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