

# Charlotte Messenger.

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—BY—

W. C. SMITH.

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W. C. SMITH.

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## Republican State Executive Committee.

State at Large—R. E. Young, J. H. Harris, G. T. Wasson, A. V. Dockery and T. L. Hargraves.

- 1st Dist.—G. C. Pool.
- 2nd Dist.—H. E. Davis.
- 3rd Dist.—G. C. Scourlock.
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- 6th Dist.—W. C. Coleman.
- 7th Dist.—H. C. Cowles.
- 8th Dist.—W. G. Boyle.
- 9th Dist.—V. S. Luske.

## COUNTY POLITICS.

Our Republican county convention will convene next Thursday in the court house. It cannot be said that there is perfect harmony in the party here and we would not dare predict the result of the convention. Some of us are disposed to reaffirm the principles of the Republican party, take the example of the convention and go forward and elect a ticket that will do credit to the party and the county.

Others are disposed to anything from anybody who say they are opposed to the Democratic ticket—not once taking into consideration the causes of this dissatisfaction and their departure from the Democratic party. We hold that the principles of the Republican party cannot be set aside and forgotten, to please a few dissatisfied men. Men who are displeased simply because they failed to control their own party. Men who want to dictate our party actions to carry their points, but so arrange matters with us, that if they fail again in that, the regular Democrats will succeed. In other words we regard these independent Democrats as more dangerous enemies than the regulars. They come to accomplish personal ends and to make Republican success impossible. What are we to gain by throwing off fair chances for our own success when there is nothing in sight for us to gain?

We meet as a Republican convention. Let us put out a Republican ticket composed of men whose ideas are more in accord with these displeased Democrats and let them vote our ticket or vote against their own interests or stay at home and not vote at all. If we cannot fill a ticket with such men, let us leave certain places blank as we have done before, and let independents come out and run on their merits, but let us not pledge ourselves as a party to vote a Democratic ticket. We want no prohibition agitators; we want the law to remain as it is in that respect. Charlotte says we want whisky, then let us have it till the people are tired of it. We want men who will try to fix it so we can elect our own magistrates, commissioners and the like. We want men of sound sense and character. The sentiment of the thinking Republicans of this county is in favor of a Republican ticket.

## The Republican State Convention.

The Republicans of the State assembled at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday, the 22nd. There was a very large attendance from all parts of the State.

James E. Boyd was elected president of the convention and F. M. Sorrell and John C. Dancy secretaries. The executive committee elected Col. T. L. Hargrove chairman. The judicial ticket appears in another column.

James E. Boyd, James H. Harris, Jesse F. Hoskins and others made speeches which were enthusiastically cheered. The ticket nominated for Judges is one of the best that could have been formed. The nominees for the Supreme court are among the ablest jurists in the State. They are young men as compared with the "old bench." For intellectual vigor and legal learning they are foremost among the leaders of the bar. The Superior Court nominees are also men of fine legal ability and attainments.

If Republicans will now take hold and work earnestly the Republican ticket will be elected. When we read the assaults made by the leading Democratic papers of the State on the homestead it is time to look into the composition of the highest Court of the State. The Republicans gave our people a homestead, and a Republican Supreme Court construed that law favorably to our people. Had it not been for this, what desolation and hardship would have fallen us during the days of reconstruction.

It was pleasant to see the earnest men of the Republican party once again in Raleigh. No revenue machine to grind out the prepared nominees of a ring. There was a great demand for a ticket and a new organization. Both were provided.

It has been intimated that some of the

nominees will not accept. We trust this is not so. When a convention, such as met in Raleigh yesterday, calls on a citizen to stand for office he should do so. The ticket can be elected. It is the duty of every member of the party to do what he can to achieve success. We feel certain the eminent men whom the convention named will not hesitate to consent to the use of their names for the honorable positions for which they are put before the public. Democrats are already saying that the Republican ticket for the Supreme Court is far ahead of the "old bench" in every way.

Republicans in the State have reason to be proud of the action of the convention, and especially so of the distinguished gentlemen who have been named for the judicial positions. Onward to victory should be the watchword.—North State.

The Republican State Convention on last Wednesday nominated the following judicial ticket: For Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, W. P. Bynum, of Charlotte; for associate justices, John W. Albertson, of Elizabeth City, and R. P. Buxton, of Fayetteville; for Judges of the Superior Court, B. A. Bullock, 3rd District; T. P. Devereux, 4th; D. M. Furches, 6th; W. S. O. B. Robinson, 8th; A. E. Halton, 9th; John Marsh, 10th; Perry A. Cumming, 12th. The committee further recommends that the Republicans of the State vote for these gentlemen whether they accept the nomination or not.

## From North Carolina to Texas.

Mr. Editor: On the 4th of August I went on board of the excursion train at Charlotte en route to Atlanta, Ga. The excursionists were orderly, no drunkenness, no swearing, no smoking in the cars in the presence of ladies. We were provided with ten coaches, nine of which were for the colored and one for the whites. You see we had plenty of room. The mountain scene stretching along the Air Line is sublime. As one passed in sight of these mountains the thought of the historic deeds of valor that had been commemorated burst upon his mind; that many brave and good men of revolutionary days had dared and even died with no monument erected to their memories save these pillars of natural structure.

We reached Atlanta, the "Gate City," at 5 P. M. This city is noted for her commercial intercourse, railroad connection, her great and increasing population. I stopped here nearly three weeks and had an opportunity of gaining some information concerning the colored people. The colored people, as you know, possess considerable property in Georgia. They are industrious and economical; proud of their sons and daughters, while they spare no means to have them educated. They are in splendid condition in Atlanta, own handsome residences and other property. Atlanta can boast of twenty-one colored churches, five chartered institutions, namely: The Atlanta University, Clark University, Spellman Seminary (for young ladies, 555 were enrolled during last session), Atlanta Baptist Theological Institute, and also the Morris Brown Institute of the A. E. M. church. The city provides good graded schools for them. I met several of the teachers among whom were Prof. L. M. Kershaw and Carter Wilson and their efficient associate teachers, Miss Georgia Mitchell, Miss Baker, Miss Rosa Morehead, Miss Pope and Mrs. Turner and several others. Among other refined ladies I met Miss Celia White, Miss Baxter, of Jacksonville, Fla., the two Misses Hall and also Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan to whom I am indebted for many hospitalities; also met Profs. Wright and Walker, of Augusta.

Atlanta is called the centre of education for the South. In four of the colleges (colored) were enrolled during the last session 1,307 students of all grades. All of these institutions have industrial departments connected with them. The industrial department of the Atlanta University has an engine of fifteen horse power. Here the young men are taught the useful trades; also a domestic department where young ladies are taught to cook, &c. The industrial department at Clark University is doing a good work. A young colored man, Mr. McDonald is at the head of the industrial department there, that is the harness department. I also attended the Teachers' State Institute and met many of the leading teachers of the State. I wish especially to mention Mr. O. A. Combs, the accomplished penman, and out of the nine instructors of the institute he was the only colored.

Sunday, August 22, I left Atlanta for Chattanooga, Tenn. In passing through the country between these two cities one has to pass through almost an unbroken battle field, for here it was that the "mountain campaigns of Georgia" were fought. "But turn the page, let war's dread name be buried with his dead."

Chattanooga is a city built among the mountains, and is also noted for schools, railroads, and for her war record as the "bone of contention." Before reaching this city the sun is just receding behind the Western mountains, throwing his golden rays upon the surrounding country, the bespangled heavens, the golden tint upon the trees, the tintured mountain brow kissing the heavens in their golden hue, was picturesque and sublime. The sun sets, night pens her sable curtains, and behind them I rush on to

Memphis, Tenn. Memphis is a grand old city, situated on the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi river. It is here where the yellow fever spread death and terror a few years ago, but no mark of its ravages can now be seen. I wish to mention, in passing, that in this city I saw one of the finest churches I have seen anywhere among the colored people, and that is the Beal Street Baptist Church. It is a large brick structure neatly built, at a great cost of \$125,000. It has a membership of 2,000, or 2,000 members answer to the roll call. This building reflects great credit upon the race.

Crossing the Mississippi I am in the State where so many colored people emigrate every year. My curiosity is aroused, crops are watched, the forest scanned, notes taken, questions asked. From Memphis to Little Rock is a checker-board country, from the sterile prairie to the most fertile land. The best crops are along this line, the full golden ears of corn bending down the stalks upon which they hang; the fine fields of cotton, whose plants are from six to seven feet high, with cotton pods from top to bottom, brought the writer to the conclusion that there must be some reality in the emigrants rallying to Arkansas in such great numbers. The land is level, well timbered and well watered by good streams crossing their way through it. Farmers do not pull fodder in this State, but it dries on the stalk.

Little Rock, on the Arkansas river, has a population of 25,000, and shows that the spirit of industry and thrift is up to the times, having good schools and colleges, also churches among the colored people, several lawyers and strict business men. I met several of the prominent men of the city, and upon being introduced to Dr. J. H. Smith, a dentist of ability and reputation, the following interview followed, which I took in short hand notes:

Harlee—How long, Doctor, have you lived in this State, or is this your native city?

Doctor—I have been in this State (Arkansas) sixteen years. My native State is Illinois. I came here from Chicago.

Harlee—What is the number of colored inhabitants in the city of Little Rock?

Doctor—8,000.

Harlee—What proportion of that number own property or homes?

Doctor—Two-thirds of them own the houses they live in.

Harlee—Can you give me any conclusive information concerning the colored people who emigrate to this State (Ark.) every year?

Doctor—Yes, sir. I was at Moreton a few days ago and there I saw a large number of emigrants; I say, I saw 1,000 colored people, and they own every foot of land ten miles around, and from their surrounding circumstances there was very substantial proof of their having bettered their success. This colony is about a dozen miles from Fort Smith. These people follow farming and they have good crops, in fact, the best for ten years.

Harlee—What about churches, schools, societies, &c.?

Doctor—Well, sir; they have good churches and still using efforts to improve them. They have the advantage of the public schools. Colored teachers find ready employment, who are paid as much in proportion to the grade of their certificates as is paid the white teachers with similar grades. The usual societies prevail.

Harlee—What wages is paid 1st grade teachers?

Doctor—1st grade teachers in our city schools are paid \$100 a month the year round. I mean the principals. The 2nd principals \$75 a month all the year round, while public school teachers in the country are paid from \$40 to \$50 a month.

Harlee—Well, I am interested in the laboring man; what is the average wages paid to the man who is dependent upon his bone and muscle?

Doctor—Farm hands average, the year round \$15 and board a month. When they rent land they furnish the stock, the implements, &c., and give the owner of the land one-third of the crop, or the renter pays from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

Harlee—Do you think the colored people are deceived by coming here from the older States as it is currently reported there?

Doctor—I do not. There may be some cases, however where they are. Of course they do not find the road to wealth and success without great labor, industry and rigid economy.

Harlee—Do you think they are influenced to come here for political purposes?

Doctor—I say emphatically no. They come here to improve their condition, to take up the public lands, to get homes, and a good home is the best political boon or public honor.

Harlee—But what about the colored mechanics out here? Can they secure ready employment?

Doctor—Yes; good mechanics find ready employment here. Colored contractors employ white mechanics, and good mechanics find but little trouble in getting employment.

Harlee—What is the relation between the white and colored here with regards to the treatment of the former to the latter?

Doctor—It is good; I think the best of any Southern State. A proof of this: I have a large practice as any dentist in the State, and in my practice some of the best white families in the city. We have a number of colored men who are worth \$20,000. Mr. Wiley Jones is building a street car line and is worth \$75,000, while Judge Gibbs is worth \$100,000.

I reached Dallas, Texas, August 24th, and had a grand reception with the teachers of neighboring towns. Miss Mary J. Hayes is doing well on a salary of \$550 a year. Chestnut Bros., D. R. Stokes, H. H. Martin, Rev. Alfred Stokes are doing well.

N. W. HARLEE.

## The Wizard of the Treasury.

In all the departments there are employees who hold their positions, not on the strength of their political influence, but upon the strength of their peculiar abilities. Among these is Patrick Byrnes, of the Division of Loans in the Treasury Department. For a dozen years not an interest check has left the department that has not passed through his hands. The interest on the bond is paid quarterly, and, to insure absolute certainty that none of the checks go astray, it is absolutely necessary that they should all be sealed by one individual. As the holders of bonds are represented in number by many thousands, it would take three ordinary clerks to do the work, but Byrnes does the mailing single handed. The checks are brought down from the Loan Division and piled on his desk in stacks like cord wood. Each one must get in its right envelope, which has been previously addressed; then Byrnes begins.

With no mechanical assistance except a wet sponge he starts in to do the sealing. Those who have seen Blitz or Hermann handle a pack of playing cards before a wonder-stricken audience might have some idea of the way that Byrnes rifles the checks into the envelopes. Fifty a minute. How he does it no one knows. It is a sleight of hand, but so rapidly performed that the eye cannot follow the movement. Thump, thump, thump, all day long, and at the close of the departmental day he has filled three store boxes with sealed envelopes. Does he ever make a mistake? Well, no. The checks vary from \$50 to \$5,000, and a single mistake on his part might cost him a year's salary. It is safe to say that he never makes one. Of the thousands of people who quarterly receive these interest checks, few know of the wizard through whose hands they have passed.

Louisville Post.

## Some Profitable Silver Mines.

The Ontario Company, Utah, reports \$450,000 in dividends.

The Idahoan mine, Idaho, has divided \$60,000 among its owners.

In Arizona, the Silver King Company has declared six dividends, amounting to \$150,000.

Dividend-paying mines in the country paid to the owners during the past six months \$4,351,107.

Nevada's six months' profit was \$337,300, an increase of \$155,820 over the same period last year.

In New Mexico, the Peacock Mining Company paid its first dividend of five cents per share, amounting to \$10,000.

In Dakota three mines have paid fourteen dividends, aggregating \$395,000, as against \$35,000 for the corresponding period of 1885.

On July 15, the Montana, formerly the Drum Lummund mine, owned by London parties, paid an "interim dividend" of \$207,600.

The Colorado mines declared an aggregate of thirty-four dividends, amounting to \$1,007,616. The amount reported for the corresponding period last year was \$698,550.

In Montana eight mines have yielded twenty-eight dividends, aggregating \$1,016,750. The amount reported for the corresponding period last year was \$510,000.—Omaha World.

## A "Game" Flavor.

The flesh of animals used for food is said to be high in the first stage of alteration which occurs when it is left to itself. Pasteur does not believe that this effect is produced by the intervention of the ferments of the air, though this is the case with the putrefaction which follows. He thinks that it merely results from the action of what are called soluble or natural ferments in the serum of the meat, and that there is a chemical reciprocal reaction of the liquids and solids which are withdrawn from the normal action of vital nutrition. This explanation is adapted to satisfy those epicures who have a taste for high game, and not for microbes. Yet it is certain that this condition passes into true putrefaction without any abrupt transition, and we know that immediately after death the microbes, which penetrate everywhere, take possession of the animal tissues and begin their work of destruction. When flesh is high, it is therefore probable that it is in the first stage of putrefaction.—Trousseau.

A new species of wild pig has been discovered in Guinea.

## GRIP TIGHT.

Earl Roy lay dying one summer eve,  
He lay at his casement wide;  
He looked at the green and fertile lands,  
And said with a flash of pride:  
'Son Robert, this lordship fair is ours;  
If any dispute thy right,  
I have but two words to say to thee,  
Grip tight!'

Two short, strong words, like a trumpet call,  
Now listen to what they say:  
There is a tide in the affairs of men  
And it comes not every day.  
If it brings the good in some good hour,  
Take it, it is thy right.  
Would'st thou keep it thine! there is one way  
Grip tight!

And if thou hast found thy work to do,  
Then this is thy wisest part;  
Count it as one of the best of gifts  
And do it with hand and heart.  
If slack or careless others will seize  
A blessing thou heldst too light,  
The skirt of a happy circumstance  
Grip tight!

Hast thou a home, tho' humble and poor,  
If love sit down by thy side,  
Grip it so tight that nothing on earth  
Thy home and thy heart divide;  
If all gifts slip from thy heedless hand,  
Keep this with a jealous might,  
There's hope for the man who home and wife  
Grips tight.

Then here's to the man who can win and keep  
His love, his gold and his land;  
Here's to the true and steadfast heart,  
To the sure and strong right hand;  
To him who knows and can hold his place,  
Who knows and can hold his right,  
Who says to his heart in the tug of life  
The two short words of the brave old knight,  
Grip tight.

—Walter Crane, in Boston Traveller.

## The Contrabasso's Story.

BY J. WATSON STEAD.

There were just four of them—two violins, a flute and a contrabasso—and a most harmonious quartette they were. Their master, an old musical enthusiast, kept the room in which they rested sacred to the divine art. He never boxed up the smaller instruments, but left them lying around to be company for each other, as he told visiting friends.

Little did he dream how much the four enjoyed themselves, and what good company they were to each other. When the quiet hours came along they would crack jokes and tell little stories. And such stories! Many were the interesting scenes they had witnessed, and with true musical enthusiasm they wove those scenes into very romances.

One particular evening the old contrabasso appeared more than usually happy, and his strings quivered with real excitement. One of the violins inquired the reason.

"I am somewhat excited this evening, my diminutive brethren," replied the basso in his deepest tones, "because it is the anniversary of a very notable occurrence in which I played a leading part." The old basso paused to give due importance to his words and notice their effect upon his companions, and was implored to relate the story.

"Well," replied he, "my story is about the strangest you ever heard. It is now nine years since the event happened, but whenever I think of it I feel like striking up a jig-tune and dancing to it. My master then (I have been with my present owner but three years) was a young gentleman with a great love for music, but with a greater love for the dearest, brightest, sweetest little lady I have ever seen. Yes, she was little; petite is the proper word, I think, and this fact has a good deal to do with my story. My master, whose name was Walter Goodson, occasionally brought her (he called her Rosie) to the music-room, when she sang and played the piano, my master playing the violin; and they produced such lovely music that, more than once, I was so enchanted I nearly fell down. Master Walter would then say: 'See, Rosie, the old bass-fiddle; it's sliding down to the floor,' and he would take me by the neck and place me upright in the corner. But to my story. My two loving children (for I felt like a father to them) seemed to love one another very much. I must not be depended upon as a sure judge, however, for I was never in love save once, over a delicious run in one of Handel's works; I gathered this from their actions and the number of times they told each other. But the old skeleton was there. The course of their true love did not run smooth; some objection on the part of Miss Rosie's father was the rock which broke up the stream of their love. At times Rosie cried and complained of her father's unkindness, and to soothe her my master had to say many nice things. When this kind of thing occurred, I could not help groaning a little on my low C, and sorrowfully vibrating for sweet Miss Rosie.

"This mixture of joy and sorrow, harmony and discord went on for some time. Sad to relate, during one of their more than usually emotional scenes I was so overcome that I fell to the floor and cracked somewhere. This was a great trouble to me, but when I found that my fall had been the means of making Rosie forget her grief, I felt that I had not fallen in vain. On investigation, my master found that my back was broken and would have to be taken out. An expert repairer, he accomplished this successfully, but being pressed for time he left me standing in the corner without my back. I remained in this state several days, ruminating on my hard luck, when I heard footsteps hurriedly ap-

proaching the door, and in came Master Walter and Miss Rosie.

"Oh, what shall we do?" said Rosie, with a little sob; 'my father, having seen us, is sure to follow, and if he finds me here, he will take me away and we shall be separated forever. Oh, Walter, what can we do?'

"This is awkward, Rosie," replied my master; 'I am at a loss what to do. If your father comes we must brave it out.'

"With a little despairing cry Rosie threw herself on my master's breast and sobbed aloud.

"By jove! I have it," he exclaimed, lifting her up and looking into her face, causing her to smile through her tears; 'my old brass fiddle here shall be a refuge for you. Its back is out for repairs, and as you are a fairy in form as well as manners, we can pack you inside as neatly as china in a crate.'

"When I heard this I felt so happy that my bad back ceased to pain me."

"Now, come along, Rosie," said Walter, cheerfully, and turning me round he helped her within, bade her kneel down, and after arranging a wrap around me on the floor to prevent a glimpse of Rosie's dress, I was stood securely in the corner, with a table pressed against me to prevent me from falling.

"A knocking at the front door proved that the hiding had not been done a moment too soon. My master composed himself, took up his violin and began to play. Two men burst into the room. The elder gentleman whom I took to be Miss Rosie's father, went up to my master brandishing his walking-cane as if about to annihilate both the player and the violin.

"You scoundrel you," broke out the old gentleman to Walter, who stopped playing and looked up with a most astonished look on his face, 'what have you done with Rosie? You came here together.'

"Sir, here is the room," replied my master, coolly, 'do you see her?'

"Come, now, Walter, a little less independence," broke in the other, 'my sister is somewhere around.'

"This is my room, gentlemen, and I can show as much independence in it as I choose. You are quite at liberty to search. I have another room, the one to the right of this. Kindly examine it.'

Out went the brother, leaving the father and would-be son-in-law together.

"Walter Goodson," said Rosie's father, bitterly, 'you have secreted my daughter somewhere. I warn you not to lead her into a disobedience of her father's wishes; here Miss Rosie became excited, and had it not been for the table holding us firm, we should have gone to the floor. I wish her future to be something different than being the wife of a fiddling Bohemian.'

"Sir," said my master, turning pale, 'your age and the fact that you are Rosie's father protects you, otherwise—I will regret using those words. I have but this to say, I am determined to marry your daughter, and if you prevent it now, the next suitable occasion will settle the matter.'

"The brother now entered, saying he could find no one in the other room, and suggested their exit from such a 'den,' as he was pleased to call the music-room. The father, after peering around the room and into the only cupboard it possessed, agreed, and the two left the house.

"When my master heard the front door close, I was dragged out of the corner, and pretty Miss Rosie released from her unpleasant position. Her face was one mass of blushes. When the happy lovers had finished complimenting themselves upon the success of the stratagem, into which they introduced a large number of kisses, they turned and flattered me until I felt quite giddy. They punched my sides and Master Walter actually tried to play a tune upon me with my back out. This tickled me so much that I broke two strings.

"A few minutes later Miss Rosie and my master left the room.

"The next time I saw them I was not altogether surprised to hear my master address me: 'Dear old basso, you once sheltered my darling Rosie as Miss Fernley, let me now introduce her to you as Mrs. Walter Goodson.' Of course I was not taken back with this speech. I have a long neck, if not a very large head, and I had looked for something of that nature every day. I responded in my clearest tones and made my best bow, but the happy pair apparently did not notice for they turned away immediately. To end my story properly I must tell you that not many months after Mr. Fernley forgave his daughter and withdrew the epithet, 'fiddling Bohemian,' which he applied to my master, who is now a celebrated professor of music and composer."

"A pretty story," murmured the flute. "And you're a jolly good fellow," added the violins in unison.

The contrabasso thanked them for their kind remarks and soon the quartette slumbered.—Tid-Bits.

Ida Lewis, famous for her efforts in rescuing the drowning at Newport, is the only woman in the world who holds the position of government lighthouse keeper. Although past middle age she is always on the lookout for any unfortunate needing her help, and would go to their relief as promptly as when a lithe and active girl.