

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. ALSTON, Pastor.

Local News.

Republican candidate for Sheriff, T. K. Samond.

Overcoats and wraps are in demand as well as fires.

Rowland and Jones will speak here next Tuesday night.

Biddle University will open next Wednesday. A good many of the students are in already.

Mr. Z. Houghton, Jr., opened a school in Ebenezer Baptist church last Monday morning with an enrollment of 50 pupils.

The circus is coming next week. Have the preachers all notified their members? If not, let them do so, as many want to go.

It is said, by some that the firemen's excursion to Salisbury cleared about \$200. If so, they ought to have a full treasury now.

Zion Wesley College, Salisbury, opens next Tuesday and the outlook is flattering. All students should try to get in as early as possible.

Marriage notices and death notices will be published free of charge when limited to five lines. Extended notices must be paid for.

Miss Sallie Hall has about 130 scholars enrolled in her room. She had an average attendance of 94 last week and 104 present Monday. The teacher that has that number of little chaps around her has no time for idling.

It was Grier's quartette that furnished the music at Zion church on Thursday and Friday nights not Gray's as was published last week. The quartette is composed of Messrs. Richard Grier, Guy Wright, Richard North and Thomas Wade.

Festivals don't make much money now-a-days. The Odd Fellows in a grand rally failed to realize more than \$15 or \$20, while the firemen in their last effort cleared \$1.18.

Who are the candidates for constables in this township? Since the Knights of Labor have expressed a preference for two gentlemen we say support them. They are R. C. McGinnis and Cato Thomas.

A mass meeting was held in Ward 4 last night and the mongrel Democratic ticket was denounced and Republican voters of that ward signed a call for a mass Republican convention to give the Republicans a ticket.

Senator Blair, Hon. J. M. Langston, Mr. T. Thomas Fortune and many other distinguished gentlemen are expected to speak at the colored fair. This certainly will be the grandest fair we have had yet.

All colored teachers in the State and friends of education are invited to meet in Raleigh on Thursday of fair week to take some steps to have established a training school for teachers and high school for our youth.

The concert in Zion church last Thursday and Friday nights was a decided success. The essays and recitations were excellent, and the music was simply grand. Grier's quartette was on the stage several times and surpassed expectations. There were also some good solos by young ladies. Refreshments were served in the school room, and good order was observed.

There seems to have been a very unfortunate and serious misunderstanding at the fire last Thursday. A difficulty arose between the members of the white and colored reel companies as to which should connect their hose to the nearest plug. Result, one colored man had his nose broken and another was summoned before the Mayor. This shows a dreadful need of discipline among the firemen, and all things taken into consideration, colored men may come to the conclusion that their noses, skulls, &c., are worth more to them than other men's property. It is said at one time a serious row was feared.

When petroleum was discovered the whales did not weep. They saved their blubber.

These little upstart, self-constituted leaders, &c., are bad fellows to fight sometimes; but then any man can make a good fight who can go back home for his record.

After this issue we hope to turn our attention to matters worth noticing. In politics we are square and want no bartering, such as has been going on. Let Means and McEchen come down and we will support McGinnis and Thomas for constables.

The reason some people don't educate their children, it will make "young fools" of them and they will have to be "kicked out of the Republican party." But, by the way, which is the worse, an educated fool or an illiterate fool?

We learn the bishops were very pleasantly entertained by a number of ladies and gentlemen at the parsonage, on Thursday night of last week. We are informed that there were some very fine literary productions rendered, also music and a good social time generally.

The Winona literary circle held a meeting on Friday night of last week. Officers were elected and the reunion was very pleasant. There were some distinguished visitors present and the society was very agreeably entertained by Bishop Hood and Rev. C. R. Harris.

Prof. Atkins went for us last week, and still insists that our school is second to his. We took our facts and figures from the Star, but as we have accomplished all we desired, we will let the matter rest till we show them what we will do on next Children's Day. We may here adopt Col. Chas. R.'s expression and say we are "skun" again. We have no disposer to provoke a continued discussion.

It is believed that Mr. R. C. McGinnis and Mr. Cato T. Thomas can get the full Republican vote of this township, and these "young educated fools" will pledge them the votes of the "better class" of colored men of the city. Let those gentlemen announce themselves and they shall have our hearty support. McGinnis and Thomas for constables.

Combinations brought about by disaffection in one party sometimes results in good to the party accepting the disaffection. Good should be accepted coming in whatever shape it may. Men differ in their views, and it is very foolish to abuse a man because he disagrees with you in policy. Either one or both may be wrong. Why all this fuss and disagreeing between colored men when not a colored man is to profit in these elections?

It is a mistake if any one thinks we in any way oppose the Knights of Labor. We condemn their men for going back on their own candidates when one is put up for an office. It is right for mechanics and laborers to organize and understand each other and if they would elect legislators from their ranks, the laws and the administration of the laws would be much more to the interest of the poor laborers.

The colored people of Charlotte know whether or not they need a paper and want the MESSENGER. If the MESSENGER displeases any one, we are sure it is a person who has never paid 50c. to its support and has always talked against it. We do not intend to do any one an injustice, and if we do, we will gladly make public apology, for we intend to deal fairly by all. The trouble with some now, they get too much justice.

Queries.

If young ladies allow young men to smoke in their presence, how can they expect the respect of gentlemen or any one else?

If a man wants to live easy and have a good time, and he is allowed to try to preach though it is known he has none of the qualities of a preacher, who must bear the blame when he disgraces the ministry, church and the race.

If a brother falls out with a fellow for holding his sister's hand on the excursion train, what was the proper attitude for that sister and other girls to be in on the way home with other boys while in the cars?

If a benevolent society gives a dance on one street and a Methodist church gives one on another the same night, what would that society do with a brother for extravagance or that church with a member for going fishing on Sunday?

If a society young lady meets a married man in a public hall with a kiss, what should said married man do if his own daughter smokes cigarettes and plays cards?

If a stranger comes to town without letters and should find favor with the ladies of our first circle why should any young man believe this stranger had ever been irregular and a short-haired, fancy dressed —?

Cocanut culture is growing rapidly along the lower coast of Florida. The Keys from Biscayne Bay to Key West contain many thousand new trees, and there are tens of thousands from one to five years old.

Republican State Executive Committee.

State at Large—R. E. Young, J. H. Harris, G. T. Wasson, A. V. Dockery and T. L. Hargraves. 1st Dis.—C. C. Pool. 2nd Dis.—H. E. Davis. 3rd Dis.—G. C. Scurlock. 4th Dis.—J. H. Williamson. 5th Dis.—R. M. Douglass. 6th Dis.—W. C. Coleman. 7th Dis.—H. C. Cowles. 8th Dis.—W. G. Boyle. 9th Dis.—V. S. Luske.

If it were true that any man aspiring to lead the Republican party was ever guilty of voting a Democratic ticket, or assaulted for doing so, or had ever gone into private rooms with Democratic committees, &c., or was guilty of business or social shortcomings which disqualified him for leadership, it might be cruel in us to publish his name. We have come here to stay; have been here nearly seven years. If the people think we have or can do them good we mean to stay here.

Our Sabbath School.

Last Sunday was grand rally day at Zion church. The Sabbath School took part and helped to the amount of \$44.16. The members of classes two and three were conspicuous in their absence, though those present did well. We had two weeks notice of the collection and are glad to say there was none of that boisterous rivalry witnessed on previous occasions, but the collection was taken up as usual and each class quietly submitted to the verdict.

Class 11, taught by Mr. W. R. Moore, received the first prize as it gave \$6—the largest amount of any class competing for the first prize. Class 13, taught by Mr. W. W. Smith, received the second prize; it gave \$1.65. Class 20, taught by Miss Lucy Neeley, got the third prize by contributing the sum of \$1.57. The collection amounted to \$34.83, and to this was added \$9.33, collected for the Sunday School in the church service which made in all \$44.16. Will the Star of Zion please make note of this!

The County Conventions.

Mr. McNinch's convention met last Tuesday and nominated a ticket. We call it McNinch's ticket because his convention would not likely endorse a ticket that he himself had not fixed up for them. It was his convention, because he (McNinch) appointed every man of the delegates from the different townships. The ticket is before the people. So far as we know they are all Democrats on it except Col. Myers. Mr. Cooper for sheriff, is a countryman we don't know. Captain Rosser, for clerk, is a wholesale dry goods merchant, and up till very recently, was chairman of the Democratic township executive committee. J. A. Johnson, for register, is a marble cutter. H. A. Deal, for the House, is book-keeper for the Observer. Dr. Bruner lives at Matthews. That is about all we can say of them now.

The Republican convention met on Thursday, and as was expected, a majority of the delegates voted to endorse the McNinch Democratic ticket put out on Tuesday. Col. Myers will not run, which will leave the ticket full fledged Democratic. As there are now two Democratic tickets in the field it is left to us now to select the man of character or by the influence that backs them. Republicans have made serious mistakes in adopting this course, and it comes from ignorant leadership. This ticket should not and will not be supported by the Republicans of this county who think for themselves. A number may be led to support it, but it will suffer worse defeat than the liberal ticket of 1882. We will rejoice in the defeat of this county ticket (Col. Myers will not run), and we propose in a short time to tell the public something of these men and the influence running them.

A Cape Breton newspaper says that the fishermen of Gabarus have seen a mermaid. While Mr. Bagnall, accompanied by several fishermen, was out in a boat, they observed floating on the surface of the water, a few yards from the boat, what they supposed to be a corpse. Approaching it for the purpose of taking it ashore for burial, they observed it to move, when, to their great surprise, it turned around in a sitting position and looked at them and disappeared. A few moments after it appeared on the surface and again looked toward them, after which it disappeared altogether. The face, head, shoulders and arms resembled those of a human being, but the lower extremities had the appearance of a fish. The back of its head was covered with long, dark hair resembling a horse's mane. The arms were shaped like a human being's, except that the fingers of one hand were very long. The color of the skin was not unlike that of a human being. There is no doubt in the minds of the fishermen, that the mysterious stranger is what is known as a mermaid, and the first one ever seen in Cape Breton waters.

The people in the far North eat candles when they can get them. This is one way of making a light meal.

Wealthy Journalists.

Mr. Junius Henri Browne, who seems to be somewhat soured with the world, asks in the Forum if anybody knows of a solitary journalist who has gained even the most modest competence in his profession. Conundrums, as a general thing, the Record does not care to answer, but this is one so likely to deceive young aspirants for journalistic fame on the prospects before them, that we hasten to set the matter right.

Yes, there are some journalists who become independent. There are a great many of them. For instance, in New York there is Charles Nordoff, of the Herald, who has grown rich on \$10,000 a year. There is 'Joe' Howard, of every paper which is willing to take any of his products, on \$15,000 a year. There is Edmund Hudson, the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, who is a rich man while yet young. We could name Mr. William B. Shaw, Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript, who, on a modest salary, has accumulated a very handsome fortune. And take Eugene Field, the funny man of the Chicago News, who lives in great style and spends money like water, and Mr. McClellan, the editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, one of the most thriving gentlemen of that prosperous city.

We might speak of Whitelaw Reid, who has made his everlasting fortune in journalism, and Charles A. Dana, with his \$20,000 a year salary. In fact, the woods are full of them; and coming nearer to Boston, there is our general friend, Colonel Taylor, of the Globe, and Police Commissioner Smart, late of the Post, and Editor Ernst, of the Beacon, and numerous others who on their journalistic salaries have laid the foundation of wealth.

Young friends seeking a place on a newspaper, do not be deterred by any such yarns as this of J. H. Browne's. There is wealth in journalism. It may not come right off, but sooner or later a good journalist is bound to be rich—at least in a good constitution and a consciousness of upright deeds well performed.—Boston Record.

A Russian General's Superstition.

Verechagin, the distinguished Russian painter, in the course of some reminiscences of his friend Skobelev, notes that the General was very superstitious. Skobelev had made him a present of the flag under which he had gained twenty-two victories. It was made of red silk, with a yellow cross embroidered in the middle, and it was worn by many bullets. On leaving for his last Turkestan expedition Skobelev remembered the flag and asked his friend either to give it back to him or to send him another in exchange. Mme. Verechagin made an elaborate new flag, which was greatly admired on its arrival in the camp both by the General and his men. But Skobelev was just then unsuccessful. The enemy made a sortie from Gook Tepe, took a number of arms, a cannon and a flag. Skobelev was in despair. "Give me the old flag back, the new one is unlucky," he wrote to me. I gave nothing back. Another sortie, another defeat and considerable losses. Another appeal: "Give back, give back, my lucky flag; take the one away which has no luck." Still, I'd not give it back. Finally Gook Tepe was taken. Large numbers of the enemy were killed and an abundance of arms and baggage fell into the triumphant General's hands. A flag regained its favor, Skobelev and his Turkomans were never tired of admiring it. To-day this "lucky" flag rests on the tomb of the General.—Pitt Moll Gazette.

"Dog-Days."

"The appellation of dog-days, as applied to August's heated term" said a prominent dog-fancier recently, "probably originated hundreds of years ago, when droves of dogs were kept in Oriental cities, with the idea that the animals were a sanitary necessity, as they consumed a large portion of the household refuse. These dogs being unsheltered during midsummer were subject to intense heat, which affects a canine's brain very quickly, and sends him off into a mild sort of fit. The animal then dashes around frantically, making a great deal of noise, and attracting considerable attention, but usually doing no harm what ever. In years past it was no uncommon sight in Philadelphia for a dog to dart through the city, alarming the residents on every side; but now it is a very rare thing, as all superfluous dog-flesh is disposed of by the dog-catchers, and those puppies that are unmolested are generally thought something of and well cared for.

"A man who knows anything about dogs can detect one of these spells, and can check it quickly. The animal will stick his tail between his legs, whine piteously, and act as if startled. The only remedy is to hold him under a hydrant, allowing the stream to flow over the head, thereby cooling the brain. All dogs are liable to be attacked, particularly fine-bred dogs which have been overexerted and overheated."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster recently addressed the National Teachers' Association at Topeka, Kansas, on the subject of scientific temperance instruction.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HABITS OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Courtyards in the Houses—The Alameda, or Public Park—Belles and Beaux on Sunday Evening—Priests and Churches.

A letter from Zacatecas, Mexico, to the Detroit Free Press says: Every city in Mexico has its plaza and alameda. The former corresponds to our square and the latter to the driving park and promenade, and in every fine house and hotel we find a courtyard. This is simply a square yard in the center of a very large building in which the tiers of rooms and elevated porticoes on the four sides form the wall of the inclosure. Among the more wealthy there is a vine-covered piazza leading down to a hewn stone or marble fountain. Close by there are cosy seats under the spreading branches of evergreen tropical fruit trees. In the rear there are winding walks encircling beautiful flower plats and shell-covered rockeries. Under the wide, frescoed veranda there are numerous antique flower vases. Some are filled with delicate and fragrant flowers, while others are entirely hid by overhanging ivy and flowering vines. The niches in the wall are set with air plants and creepers. The grand entrance is closed by a large double door made of hewn timber and put together with heavy bolts and iron bands. These doors are about fifteen feet high, by twelve feet wide, and swing to and fro under the wide arch that unites the second stories over the passage-way. The center of this arch is sometimes adorned with the statue of the patron saint of the family, at other times we see a rude image of an ancient Aztec, while among the more modern we see the Spanish coat of arms or the present emblem of Mexico, a spread eagle perched on a cactus plant and devouring a snake.

When night comes the Don, his family and retinue of servants are gathered into the courtyard, after which the great doors are brought to by main strength, then locked and fastened by an extra bolt and a long bar across the top and bottom. Among the very ancient structures there is a deep moat surrounding the building; this is crossed by a draw-bridge, and when drawn in is used as a portcullis for the door.

The alameda, like the courtyard, presents a picture of perpetual springtime. Each are the breathing places of their respective surroundings, and usually possess all the beauty of landscape gardening known to the people. Here we find a reservoir, but no water works, a few neat flower plats and long rows of stone seats in the form of our old-time, high-backed benches. On either side of these there are smooth drives and walks, between long lanes of overlapping shade trees.

In the early morning the students and all classes having leisure come here to walk or drive. The invalid of wealth is here in a carriage or on horseback, while those among the poor may be seen contentedly seated on a chair that is strapped to the back of a cargador, thus all are having their morning ride. Many of the peons and pealos, wrapped in their blankets, are seated in the sunny places, apparently for the purpose of thawing out. The water carriers, like a nation of ants, are passing each other to and fro with their morning supplies of water. On Sunday evening Mexico turns out in her best. The dulle of the day, clothed in goat skin and tinsel, is here with his horse. He wears a silver mounted wide sombrero, and carries a long lasso and large revolver on one side and a dangling sheathed sword on the other. Of course there are no cattle to catch, or men to carve an l shoot, but this is the cavalier style, and the poor creature would feel it a burning shame to be out without his accoutrements when there were so many beaux and belles to gaze upon him. When he meets a lady friend he lifts his hat high in air and says: "Buenos todas, para server." (Good evening. I am at your service.) To which Dona Luisa replies: "Muy bien, gracias." (Very well. Thank you.) If he is on foot, he takes her hand and says in Spanish grandiloquently: "I place myself at your feet, Miss." To which she answers by saying: "I kiss your hand, sir," after which they begin a conversation composed of terms equally extravagant. When particular friends meet they often fail to shake hands, but will give each other a close embrace. The ladies usually begin by kissing the right and left cheek, next they embrace a few moments, after which they finish their verbal greetings and proceed to exchange the latest neighborhood news.

When a priest is saluted men take off their hats, often embrace him, and ladies usually kiss his hand. When the bishop is passing in the street the people take off their hats and kneel until he has passed, during which time they bless themselves, say a short prayer and invoke his blessing. The same respect is paid to a priest when he is on his way with cross in hand to administer the sacrament of extreme unction. Then all are expected to offer a prayer for the soul of the dying.

The Rufa is a neat stone church built in the suburbs of Zacatecas, on the summit of one of the highest mountain peaks in Mexico. A large cross crowns the summit, and the little church close by contains a red shrine, to which many devotees from far and near make an annual pilgrimage. Some have come barefooted over thorny any stony plains, while bearing a cross on their shoulders. Others on arriving at the churchyard gate advance to the front door on their bare knees over pebble and flagstone walks. The most of this is self-imposed penance. This church, like all Mexican churches we have seen, is without pews, hence the congregation are seated on the floor. It has many beautiful paintings and sculptures.

A Flash of Lightning.

Nothing, in the long run, commands a higher reward in the world than perseverance and thoroughness. Here is an incident in point:

A young lad in Pennsylvania who was supporting himself as a stenographer, studied in his leisure time the art of photography. Photography has been a craze for years past with American boys, and tens of thousands of young lads are going about with their cameras taking pictures. Most of them, however, grow tired of the pursuit in a short time, and give it up, without, probably, having made a creditable picture. But this boy was as anxious and careful of the amusement as if his livelihood depended on it, and studied not only the practice, but the theory of the art. An exhibition was given in Philadelphia a few years ago of all electrical discoveries and machinery. Among the exhibits was a photograph of a storm. This boy discovered that no one had ever succeeded in photographing a flash of lightning. He resolved to attempt this scientific feat, which was pronounced impossible. The lightning must paint its own likeness, hence the photograph must be taken at night. For two years whenever there was a storm he put on a waterproof and carried his camera to the roof of the house. The prepared plate was put in, and turned to the quarter of the sky from which the flash would probably come. But the lightnings, no more tamed than in the days of Job, will not come at our bidding, and say unto us: "Here we are." The lad watched, in the drenching rain upon the house-top, through every stormy night for two years, and spoiled one hundred and sixty plates in attempting to catch the evanescent flash. But on the hundred and sixty-first plate there appeared the black sky, riven by a dazzling stream of electric light! For the first time in the history of the world there was a true picture of a flash of lightning.

Copies of this picture are now to be found all over the world, and the boy received letters from all the scientific men of Europe congratulating him on his success.

Audubon, the ornithologist, spent hours every day standing up to the chin in the waters of the bayou of Louisiana, studying a certain moth. His wife complained that he had thus brought on congestion of the lungs, and permanently injured his health.

"Possibly," he said, with indifference. "But there can be now no doubt as to the species of that moth!"

We hear much complaint among young men entering life that there is no room for them in any business or profession. There is room in each for zeal and thoroughness, and they never fail to command success and recognition, even in the making of a picture or the study of a moth.—Youth's Companion.

The Great Eastern.

The lot of the Great Eastern has not as yet been marked by disaster, but she has had a peck of troubles, and has suffered more losses than Dogberry ever heard of. Owing to the breakage of machinery a couple of dock laborers were killed before she could be successfully launched. The Queen is said to have objected as too Biblical to her original designation of the Leviathan, and she was fain to change her name to the Great Eastern. Ill luck was her portion as early as her trial trip; for, while she was on her way to Portland a steam-jacket round one of her masts burst, and thirteen poor creatures were scalded to death in the engine-room. Her first commander, the gallant Captain Harrison, was drowned in a puddle, so to speak, while his ship was lying in the Southampton waters. Since that period the history of the Great Eastern has been one almost continuously dismal record of failure and mischance. She has been the property of several companies and the subject of many law-suits. She has been in pawn, and she has had, time and again, the brokers in. Highly successful in laying ocean cables, she has been on the whole a failure as an ocean passenger steamer. At one time it was rumored that the big ship was to be fitted up with refrigerators and devoted to the purpose of the frozen meat trade between the New Zealand ports and Plymouth. Then it was stated that this white elephant of the waters would steam to Gibraltar, have her engines taken out of her, and be thenceforth utilized as a coal bunker. That degradation she has happily been spared, and if she be sensibly used as a show ship and kept in proper repair, she may really in the end turn out to be not only a going but a paying concern.—New York Hour.