

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. M. ALSTON, Pastor.

The Winona Literary Circle was entertained last night at Mr. Joe Smith's by Miss Victoria Richardson.

Bishop J. J. Moore, the senior of Zion's Bishops, preached at Clinton Chapel last night.

Miss Addie McKnight is expected to leave us to-night to join her class at Zion Wesley College.

A distinct earthquake shock was felt in this city yesterday morning between 4 and 5 o'clock.

Senator Vance spoke to a very large crowd on Independence Square Thursday night.

We had a pleasant call from Rev. J. A. Wright, of Monroe, yesterday morning.

The Orpale Literary Society will meet next Tuesday night at Bishop Lomax's. The election of officers will be had, and all members are requested to attend.

We have been shown a letter just from Mr. Lewis Jones, who formerly worked for Mr. J. H. VanNess. He is now in Quitta, West Coast of Africa. He is taking pictures over there, and we are glad to hear is getting on nicely.

Rev. Mr. McMannaway of the white Baptist church will occupy the pulpit at the First Baptist church to-morrow afternoon. Rev. Powell is visiting his family in Greensboro.

Rev. S. M. Haines of Graham street M. E. church has been made Presiding Elder over this district and is succeeded by Rev. E. M. Collett in his pastoral work here.

Rev. G. L. Blackwell one of the most promising young ministers in Zion passed through our city last Monday for Z. W. College, Salisbury.

Bishop Lowmax is again in the city after an absence of several weeks holding conferences in the South and West. The Bishop has been sick, but we are glad to know is much improved.

The Chronicle is now a morning paper instead of an evening journal as heretofore.

The lady members of one of our best benevolent societies gave a possum supper at Hargraves hall last night.

On last Tuesday Mr. F. C. Cantey was informed by telegraph that his brother Elo was dying. Mr. Elo Cantey was married in Knoxville Tennessee six months ago, where he had lived about two years.

The citizens of this city are requested to meet on next Tuesday night at Zion school room to make arrangements for emancipation celebration.

The cotton compress was started up last Monday morning and is now running at the rate of nearly a thousand bales per day.

We learn from the State Press that Mr. Emmett Kyle of Fayetteville has been promoted General Freight and Passenger agent for C. F. & Y. V. railroad. A better selection could not have been made.

A Quaker gentleman from the far west preached at Ebenezer Baptist church last Monday night and at Zion church on Tuesday night to a very large and attentive audiences. His talk was very interesting each night.

Mr. M. P. Pergram Jr. has opened a gent's furnishing store opposite the Buford House. Everything in stock is new and first class. And he has from a cuff button to a \$10 hat. Call and see him.

The county candidates are out day and night begging the people to vote for them. There is also a crowd of men following them around whose occupation is to misrepresent and lie on men who honestly differ from them.

An entertainment will be given at Rockwell church on next Thursday night. A good time is anticipated and it is hoped many will go out from the city as it is a pleasant drive, and will benefit the church.

The space in our columns is too valuable to waste on the "dependent." We did hope the little thing would say something for us to notice—that it would tell the voters the reasons why our republican friends should vote for any particular democrat selected by the bosses. But, Mr. Independent, will you tell the people whether each of your county candidates are going to vote our republican State ticket? Then, sir, it may benefit you to see that we devote your very little space to fighting the democratic party instead of lying on us, while you are supported by democratic and bar-room money. Get somebody to correct your grammar, &c.

They call them "yelpers" now. Their stock in trade is falsehoods. They get free rides through the country—generally at night. "Men love darkness rather than light." Why? They say they can prove Smith has sold out. Show the proof, for nobody believes it. Why does Smith sell to the old solid republican principles? and why has he not changed, as you?

The opening at Zion Wesley College is said to be encouraging. Many new students are in and it is expected the most of the old students will be in soon. Biddle opens with about eighty.

Our friends from this city will be specially cared for in Raleigh at the fair. Let all try to be there on Wednesday and Thursday, if no longer. The MESSENGER will be glad to have the names of any persons expecting to attend the fair, especially if they are strangers in Raleigh.

Remember the time for the fair is drawing nigh. Prepare to go and take somebody with you and something to show. It will be a pleasant trip, cheap—and you will have an opportunity to visit the Penitentiary, the Deaf mute institute, the capitol and other public places of interest. Prepare.

That good man Rev. Wm. Johnson was on Tuesday night of last week surprised by a number of the sisters of Little Rock church headed by their chairman Mrs. Mary Hunter, and agreeably stormed with many of the good things of life. He and his good lady were provided with comfortable garments, groceries and other useful articles. His people are determined that he shall be returned to them another year.

The MESSENGER acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to witness the marriage of Miss Rosa D. Bailey of Lillington N. C. to Prof. Geo. H. Williams of the Fayetteville Normal school, on the morning of the 21st inst. at Lillington. Miss Rosa was one of the best, prettiest and most intelligent young ladies of Harnett county and George has worked his way up to first assistant in one of the leading schools of this State. They were both educated at St. Augustine, Raleigh. They have our best wishes for a long, prosperous and happy life.

The Truth About It.

MR. EDITOR: I see a little dirty sheet thrown around the gutters, barrooms and such places bearing the names of Mr. J. W. Brown an Mr. T. A. McEachen. I know it does not deserve notice in your paper, and that they are very glad to have you give them publication; yet, pardon me for expressing through your columns, my sympathy for Will Brown. He was once a nice young man, and for the sake of his surroundings I hoped to hear better of him.

I see he says you lie when you say the Independent is published by the Daily Observer, I know this little sheet is set up in the Observer job printing office and is printed on one of the job presses in said office and that the most of the reading matter in the little sheet comes from the Daily Observer. Will Brown admitted himself to you that his paper was printed in the Observer office, and that is what we understood you to mean when you said it was published by the Daily Observer. Will Brown further told you that he and McEachen were to be paid for editing the paper and he had up to the time received no money. How can he be so base and void of honor and truth as to say you are not truthful when he cannot successfully deny anything you have said of his dirty little sheet. Brown knows the money of his campaign comes from the barrooms of this city.

But oh, he would have some one believe you are not true to the republican party and goes so far as to say you never were. Now, Mr. Smith, is not this the same Will Brown who, four years ago stuck by you as one of the straight-out republicans? And is he not the same poor fellow that you took to Washington and gave a nice place under Col. Canaday that paid him \$60 a month, and which put him in the mail service that fitted him for the post-office here? I say Mr. Smith, is not he the self same serpent, warmed in your bosom and brought to what he is by your kindness that now turns and bites you?

We should all join you and say, "where will he be next." Base ingratitude is the worst of sins. He intimates (though he dare not say so) that you are hired by democrats. The good people of this city will believe nothing of the kind and would burn his dirty little sheet should it find its way to their doors. We like the MESSENGER because it gives us news and tells the truth. We like a man of principle and hope you will not notice such a thing as the independent or its so-called editors.

Pardon me for taking so much of your space upon so small a matter, but as it is doomed to die so soon I wanted to speak before the bar-room money was all gone.

Very Truly,
A WITNESS.
Charlotte, Oct. 19th.

Political Gas and Windbags.

Charlotte is seriously afflicted at the present time by an overflow of political gasbags, who are busy saving the country. These poor fellows have an idea that all the county needs is their help to lift the gloom of agony and despair, which they imagine hangs over the land. They feel their importance so much, that they think when they laugh all must laugh, or when they take snuff everybody must sneeze. These political parasites claim that they are the Republican party, and propose to lead the honest men of the party by the nose into any dirty political trade they can make, they have joined a wing of the Democratic party, and are mad at every Republican who refuses to sell his political birth-right for a consideration.

The Republican party of Mecklenburg has been in the hands of these political slysters for these many years, and what have they accomplished? Nothing. With dissension rampant they have driven off a large and useful element of the Republican party, who while they remain good Republicans, will not train with a gang whose sole capital is abuse and moon shine, and, who now to crown the last act in their besmirched career, are trying to carry the Republicans into the Democratic ranks.

A committee of disappointed democrats met some time ago with a few equally disappointed Republicans, they made up a Democratic ticket which we forced down, the throats of Republican Convention, gentlemen the ticket was evidently greased. What evidence have the Republican party, that if these men are elected that they will work for the good of the Republican party? None whatever. They have no interest in the party, only to get the votes of those who have been deluded by them. It is only the selfish desires of a disappointed ambition to accomplish a selfish purpose, at the expense of the people. Their minds have become muddled with the insane idea that the people want them, and with no pledges to the people they expect to be supported. The Republican party is evidently hard-up when it goes into the Democratic party for its candidates, and the grand old party of principle and honor, is being set upon by a set of political jackals, who would tear away the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in.

ANBURN.

Street Politics.

Mister president is he a Jimerocrat or a publican? Dats all I wanter no.

It was a pretty sharp trick by the Democratic party, organize a branch party, to catch the colored vote so that, They are all Democrats any how.

The colored voter is no longer afraid of the Democratic party, why? because the bosses of the Republican party has forced the Independent ticket down their throats so much that they have lost all fear.

The hit dog yelps, and when you hear a fellow yell at the "MESSENGER" you know we have hit hard.

Poor little "Independent" it needs gruel. It was "still" born, and is too weak to have the colic, and its nerves are too young to manage its swaddling clothes, bye bye baby.

There are a hundred colored families in Mecklenburg county preparing to leave soon, for Africa. They have probably been scared out of the county by hearing some of Dave Gray's and Green Henderson's speeches for the Independent Democratic party. That affliction is enough to run 'em crazy, much less run 'em to Africa.

Gas, wind and money is running this campaign. Boncombe and personal abuse is the capital, while the white bosses draw the strings, the colored political Silhotes dance to the tune of "Good Bye Lizer Jane."

Hon. H. B. Metcalf, of Pawtucket, R. I., in a recent address concerning the enforcement and results of prohibition in Rhode Island, says: "To me the progress in every direction seems truly wonderful, and I am full of gratitude."

Let Him Down.

A few weeks ago this paper endorsed and put at the head of its columns the names of R. C. McGinnis and C. T. Thomas for constables for Charlotte township. We endorsed them because we then believed them both to be good men, and because they were endorsed by the Knights of Labor in this city.

By the request of many friends, presented with certain facts, we are compelled to drop from our columns the name of R. C. McGinnis and retain C. T. Thomas. We hope all of our friends every colored voter, and especially every Knight of Labor, will vote for Mr. C. T. Thomas, and select any other man they choose and put on the ticket with him.

Praise Meeting.

A protracted meeting has been going on at the Presbyterian church, which closed last Tuesday night. On Wednesday night a praise meeting was held. It is what Methodists call general class meeting, and the Baptists, we think, call them covenant meetings. The meeting lasted an hour or more, and the brothers and sisters spoke freely of their spiritual works and prospects. It has been said there is not much life in the Presbyterians; but this meeting at the Seventh Street Presbyterian Church exhibited about as much life as the ordinary Methodist class meeting. We learn they have these meetings only once a year, while Methodists have theirs once a month or oftener.

Blacking Shoes vs. Selling Newspapers.

EDITOR MESSENGER: I write to ask why the Board of Aldermen of the city of Charlotte should levy a tax of three dollars on the shoe blacks of the city and allow the news boys go free of tax? The shoe blacks are all colored, while the news boys are all white. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and where, oh, where, were our colored aldermen at the time?

Respectfully,
JOHN W. WILSON.
Oct. 20, 1886.

Will Mr. Brown Tell

Where his paper is published? What is the difference between the daily Observer office and the Observer job office? Whether or not they are both owned and controlled by Chas. R. Jones, and come under the same roof?

Give the name of the Democrat who writes for the MESSENGER, and his evidence that the MESSENGER is hired?

"Who does the Messenger support for Congress, or who will he vote for?"—The Independent.

Well, since neither of the candidates is a republican, and neither puts himself on the republican platform, and we are not hired by either of them, we are not particular to worry our brain about them. But, since Mr. Mayo is a poor man, a laborer, and an initiated Knight of Labor, put out for the office by that Order, we would rather vote for Mayo as a compliment to the Knights of Labor.

W. C. Smith has at no time, in any way, identified himself with this independent faction of democrats. He did not vote in convention for any one on the ticket, but did offer Eli Hinson and a colored man. We support Hinson. We have not changed, neither do we expect to change between this and 1888. Eh!

Rev. A. F. Graham left last Tuesday for Davidson College to officiate in the marriage ceremony of Miss Mary McFadden, of Davidson College, to Rev. A. E. Torrence, of Manning, S. C., on Wednesday evening.

The MESSENGER is under obligations to Mr. John Nichols, Secretary and Treasurer, for a complimentary ticket to the State Fair to be held in Raleigh next week.

The Talker.

The talker is just as positive a force in civilized life as he was in the old savage life. The earliest fragments of history we have tell us of the talkers whose words rallied men around them to go on the war-path. Later on we find the Athenians obtaining all their culture from their talkers, and at the present time we see that, where the book or newspaper claims only a few moments of a man's time each day, the talker is on dck all the time, day and night, putting in his work without any letting up. It is useless to shut our eyes to the facts. If the Man Who Talks wants the earth I am in favor of letting him have it, in order to avoid a controversy. If we come to words about it he will get it anyhow.—Atlanta Constitution.

Some oak timber, which in 1824 had served for 364 years for roof beams in an English church, is still doing duty as a seat in a farmer's kitchen.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Hidden Sweetness.

We need no special graces to see The sweetness that around life In homes where happy children be, In birds and brooks and summer siles; Even where sorrow folds her wings In dumb persistence by our hearts, Still we can feel what blessed things Make beautiful the earth, And thrill responsive to the sense Of every lovely influence.

But ah! how faintly we are stirred By things divine, whose voices seem As ineffectually heard. As voices in a dream! We praise Thee with our lips, and yet The while we cry, "How sweet Thou art It is as though a seal were set Upon our eyes and hearts. Too sweetness that we might possess We see not, and we feel still less.

Lord, unto whom our du'l desires Are known, and every hindering sin, Kindle anew the fervent fire; That ought to glow our souls within; The sorrowful days are here again When Thou wert in the lonesome wild, In prayer, in fasting, and in pain For us unreasoned.

Gives us now, O Christ, to see How wholly sweet Thy love can be. Mary Bradley.

The Great Guide Book.

The tourist in a foreign country finds a guide book well nigh indispensable. It must be written in a language he can understand, and the directions given in it must be plain and specific. If besides this it contains maps of the particular routes, with descriptions of various places and friendly cautions as to the positions that may be practiced upon an arduous traveller, it will be still more valuable.

The Bible is the great guide-book. In it the highway of holiness is so plainly marked out that assurance is given us that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." Many "worldly wise men" claim abundant competency to be the leaders of others, and insist on our taking their morality or their philosophy as a substitute for Bible-teaching. But God's book alone dispels our ignorance about man's duty and destiny, and gives us the clew by which to make our way through labyrinthine mazes of error to the land of perfect light.

As the pilgrim to Zion is pursuing his way thither he feels the need of guidance in things temporal as well as things eternal, and the sacred pages abound in proverbs and in precepts and in incidents and examples which are just suited to his needs in all secular affairs. Rulers and subjects, buyers and sellers, parents and children, teachers and taught, are all amply as well as particularly instructed. There is not a foot of the way where one need go amiss. The Christian religion is not a mere Sunday religion, and so the Christian's Bible is not a mere Sunday book, but a book adapted to every day of the week. Make it the man of your counsel, then, in the everyday events of life. Start on no journey, undertake no business, enter on no relationship, begin no day, end no day, in any manner contrary to the revealed will of God.

But the greatest mountains to be climbed and the deepest and darkest alleys to be threaded as we pass through the world are the moral crises we have to meet, the terrible temptations, the conflicts with the devil and his seed and with our own souls. Here the great guide book, if we will only give heed to it, will assist us to the hill. There is no unforeseen emergency for which it has not provided aid, no poison for which it has not an antidote, no darkness or shadow of death on which it cannot cast lights. Hence the wisdom and necessity of obeying the apostolic injunction, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." Read your Bible regularly and prayerfully and thoughtfully through, and you will be astonished at the amount and variety of practical religious knowledge you will have acquired. When you have read it through once read it through again and again, and so continue to do through your lifetime. At the same time read those select Scriptures which you have found most helpful to you over and over again with ever-growing faith. With every new look into your well-worn guide-book your path will be more brightly illumined and your steps firmer the higher you mount up the hill of God.

I hear many mourning their lack of opportunities for education. Be it remembered, any and every one that can read the Bible has within his reach the means for the best education, yes, the very best. The Bible read in the manner above recommended will furnish and polish the mind as no other book can, as all other books indeed will fail to do; and while it enlarges and improves the intellect, it will at the same time enlarge and improve the heart.

A Christian physician of my acquaintance, on account of the demands of his profession, finds his opportunities for attending public worship much less frequent than he could desire; but he carries his New Testament in his pocket just as regularly as he carries his case of medicines, and whenever opportunity offers he does not fail to consult its pages. Thus he holds on his way as one of Zion's pilgrims and grows stronger and stronger.

Very different from the views of this pious physician are those of a certain young man who said to me not long since, referring to his Bible, "I never have time to read it." He could find plenty of time for foolish talking and jesting, but none for talking with God. Do you treat your Bible and your God thus?—Dr. Comalin in Madagascar.

If I, a saved, risen man, do the works of flesh, if I obey sin, I shall not escape the effects of my evil doings; but my security is, that God has promised that sin shall not have dominion over me, and he will make good his word, if not by glad consent on my part, then by sorrowful constraint. He will chasten me and bring me back. When I put myself under the dominion of chastisement. This is God's method when his children depart from him—He "will visit their iniquity with a rod, and their sin with scourges." God has said sin shall not have dominion over me. He will rescue me, tear me away from it, though it be by the rending of the heart's fibres. The separation must be accomplished. Happy for us when we voluntarily, nay gladly, acquiesce in it.

The American Exhibition, to be held in London next year, will be of great importance to this nation commercially, opening, as it will, the eyes of Englishmen to many resources of this country, and leading to an increased sale of our productions. The time of the exposition is especially favorable, as next year marks the half-century festival of Queen Victoria's reign.

An interesting calculation has been made by the New York Times, showing how the steady and rapid payment of the public debt incurred in the Civil War, combined with the reduction of the interest rate and the increase of the population of the country, has affected the debt burden borne by our people per capita. In 1865 the debt amounted to \$78,25 per capita. Last year it amounted to only \$24.14. In 1865 the per capita portion of the annual interest charge was \$4.20. Last year it was but eighty-three cents. The ratio of the principal is now but two-thirds what it then was; that of the annual interest is but a little more than one-fifth.

The world's blind are computed to number about 1,000,000, or about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants. In Austria, one person in every 1,785 is blind; in Sweden, one in every 1,418; in France, one in every 1,191; in Prussia, one in every 1,111; in England, one in every 1,037. The proportion is greatest in Egypt, where, in Cairo, there is one blind person to every twenty inhabitants; while in New Zealand it falls to one in every 3,550 inhabitants. Germany has the greatest number of Institutes for the blind, thirty-five; England has sixteen; France, thirteen; Austria-Hungary, ten; Italy nine; Belgium, six; Australia, two, while America, Asia and Africa together are said to possess only six.

What is known as the Great Southern Cross Pearl is one of the curious things exhibited at the Colinderies, or Colonial Exhibition in London. This object is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature as it is also one of the most beautiful and valuable. The jewel consists of nine pearls naturally joined together in the form of a cross, and was found at Roeburn, Western Australia, in 1884, by a man belonging to the schooner Ethel. The owner, "Shiner Kelly," and Clark, the man who found the pearl, were filled with amazement, and, thinking it was some heaven-wrought miracle and with a certain amount of superstitious dread, buried it for some time. It is valued at £10,000, and is now the property of a syndicate of gentlemen of position in Western Australia, at whose solicitation Mr. Streeter was induced to bring it to England. It has changed hands many times and each time it has done so the seller has made 100 per cent. profit on the price paid. It naturally attracts great attention at the Exposition.

Some person with lots of time to spare has figured that most of the events of President Cleveland's life turn upon the figures seven, or a multiple of seven, in which respect his career is a parallel with that of Nenni, "the last of the Roman Tribunes," who claimed that his luck turned always upon the same number. Grover Cleveland was seven times seven years of age when married; his bride, Frances Folsom, three times seven years of age, making a difference in their ages of four times seven years; the bride's age and the differences in their ages added makes seven times seven—the President's age. The bride's birth occurred seven years after the President attained to his majority. Their ages added make ten times seven, three score and ten, the number of years allotted to the age of man. Multiply the number of their added ages by seven, it makes twenty times seven, the number of times the Saviour commanded to forgive an erring brother if he repents. The President's official title, President of the United States of America, contains five times seven letters. The bride's official relation, the White House mistress, contains three times seven letters.

It is said that a person "so disposed" can be killed by the shock of good news as surely as by evil tidings. A very curious case occurred recently of a journeyman in the employment of a large firm in London being unexpectedly made manager and thereupon committing suicide. The disturbing cause seems to have been the fear of responsibility, and a sense of incompetency to fulfill the duties of a new and important office. A catastrophe of even a more painful kind took place in another great house in the same city some years ago. One of the clerks, after many years' faithful service, was offered a partnership, which he declined upon the ground of not possessing the minimum sum requisite for investment in the concern. "That shall be no obstacle," said the principal, "for I will advance it to you myself;" and so the matter was arranged. But on the very first day of the new partner taking possession of his desk, he blew his brains out at it, leaving a few written words behind him to say why. He had been embezzling money from the firm for years, though in such small sums that the whole amount was trifling, and there was no chance of the defalcation being discovered. Remorse and the sense of benefits undeserved had been, however, too much for his tender conscience.