

Charlotte Messenger.

Published every Saturday at

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

-BY-

W. C. SMITH.

Subscription Rates.

(Always in Advance)

1 year,	\$1.50
6 months,	1.00
4 "75
3 "50
2 "40
Single copy,	5

Notify us at once of all failures of this paper to reach you on time. All money must be sent by Register, Money order or Postal note to

W. C. SMITH.

Short correspondence on subjects of interest to the public is solicited; but persons must not be disappointed if they fail to see their articles in our columns. We are not responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

Republican Ticket.

Chief Justice: Ralph P. Buxton.
For Associate Justices: John W. Albertson, Virgil S. Luske.
For Superior Court Judges:
Third District:—W. F. Bullock.
Fourth " T. P. Devereux.
Fifth " W. S. O'B. Robinson.
Sixth " D. M. Furches.
Ninth " A. E. Holton.
Tenth " J. W. Bowman.
Twelfth " Perry A. Cumming.
Senate: E. C. Hinson.
For Sheriff: T. K. Samond.
For Constables Charlotte Township: C. T. Thomas.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

The question of county government has been a main issue in all the campaigns for the last several years, and now the Independents, so-called, are crying aloud on that subject. Late in life finding it out, but can you place any reliance in what they say, when it is patent to all that the very man who is now managing the campaign in their interest and attending all the speakings and hooping up the strikers, holds his office as Justice of the Peace or Magistrate, under this odious county government system which he is trying so hard to have abolished? The strongest argument in favor of the change of the system is to give the people the right to elect their magistrates and give the colored man a chance to relegate to the shades of private life, Justice McNinch, who has for many years fattened upon the misfortunes of the colored race. There is no reliance to be put in their pretensions. They want our votes on election day; that is all. We can expect nothing from them.

When a colored man raises his voice and protests against their methods to deceive our race, they cry out: He is bought. It will be a cold day when the MESSENGER sells out the colored race. Mr. T. K. Samond is the only Republican candidate before the people now, for the office of sheriff, and he ought to receive the votes of all true Republicans on the 2d of November. Mr. Cooper is the ring candidate that the strikers are trying to force upon the colored people for their suffrage—they get the money.

The only act of his that looks like being in affiliation with the Republican party, is the fact that he has had his shaving done in a barbershop patronized exclusively by colored people. Mr. Cooper must give better evidence of change of heart than this before he can expect the colored vote. True Republicans must vote for Republicans whenever they are in the field. This is the true test of party loyalty and true party principles. Mr. Cooper is now supported by the discordant element of the Democratic party who have always been the chief challengers at the ballot box, and the regular bull-dozer of colored people during elections. Colored voters behold them! Juror, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the juror. Do you like him? No. Let that be your verdict on the day of election. If we believe in a free ballot and a fair count, let us forever silence all bull-dozer challengers and bribers at election.

W. E. MAYO, ESQ.

The gentleman whose name heads this article has been presented to the voters of this, the 6th Congressional District, as the labor candidate to represent them in the 50th Congress. He does not only accept and fully endorse the platform and principles of the Knights of Labor, but he is himself a laboring man and a Knight in good standing—all false reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

If the time has come for a break in the old party lines, why not let all good people join in with the Knights of Labor and vote for Mayo, who is neither a Democratic nominee nor a demagogue. Many of us do not want to vote for a Democratic lawyer, yet we cannot consistently vote for a man with the record Col. Jones has, while he so persistently declares that he has nothing to regret or apology to make for his past record. Thinking colored men who have read

the *Observer* the last two or three years, cannot and will not vote for Jones.

The common argument is "anything to beat the nominee." Are we to continue to throw off our own best men and every good chance to elect decent men of our own party? Are we to forsake all principle and go blindly to the support of any poor fellow thrown aside by his own party? No. It is true we are poor, but there are a few of us yet who are not for sale and intend to vote blank tickets or stay at home rather than sell ourselves for a few dollars or be led by a few hired men calling themselves Independents.

We have had told us the amount paid or promised nearly every colored man canvassing for the Independents in this county. Some of them have received only two dollars, some four dollars and others have offered to sell their influence to the Democratic party. A few cheap leaders are responsible for this low condition of affairs. What right has any man to sell you or deliver your vote to an unfit man without consulting you?

We appeal to the sober, calm judgment of thinking colored men. What is best for you to do? Listen not to hirelings, but think the matter over to yourself, with God as your judge, make up your mind and vote once in your life for men upon merit; for all are Democrats on the liberal ticket except Hinson, says the *Observer*.

DR. MOTT AND THE TICKET.

Dr. J. J. Mott, ex-chairman of the Republican State Committee is out again in a long letter advising against the support of the Republican State ticket. There are only two tickets in the field: Democratic and Republican. If we don't vote the Republican ticket we must either vote the regular Democratic ticket or not at all. What can Dr. Mott mean! He must have lost his mind. Col. Tom Cooper ex-collector is fighting Mott and favoring the State ticket. Dr. York whose county would not send delegates to Raleigh is supporting the ticket. All the Republicans in the State except Dr. Mott are supporting it because the men on it are of the ablest and purest in the State.

We have contended all the while that Dr. Mott was not the proper person to lead. His actions in matters certainly ought to satisfy any thinking man that he has not the interests of the party at heart, but only acts from malice to spite those who try to keep up the organization of the party. Every prominent Republican in Western North Carolina is supporting this State ticket except Mott. All factions have united, and now Dr. Mott throws in his spleen by advising us to vote the regular ticket nominated by the Democrats or not at all, when we have a regular Republican ticket made up of the best men in the party, headed by Judge R. P. Buxton. What does Mott mean? We expect him to be squarely in the Democratic party next, where he properly belongs, or in the insane asylum.

A PERSONAL CARD.

Seeing that much of the *Independent* of last Wednesday is devoted to personal matters relative to myself, I beg my patrons to allow me to pay some attention to it through these columns.

I admit the article in my paper was personal, but it was entirely truthful and not at all abusive. Brown does not deny any part of it. I admit that Brown and I were for years close personal friends, and naturally I confided in him. I at times borrowed money from him and loaned him money whenever he asked for it if I had it for we were friends. He had two revolvers and I borrowed one. Some way or other each of us managed to pay back all we borrowed, except his revolver. His lover and mine were also close friends and one may easily understand that part. I never was in the habit of visiting bars, but joined Brown on corner of 9th and F streets one night in company with others, and later entered a saloon over a bar, the whole party being Brown's guests. That was my first and last. Brown may tell who his company was if he chooses, and how he attempts to keep in mind that name.

Now how can a sane man face decent people after betraying the confidence placed in him by a friend. I did secure the place for Brown from Col. Canady without the knowledge or aid of his brother-in-law. I also gave my second place to my stepfather by the kindness of Col. Canady, for which I shall ever feel grateful to Mr. Canady. The statement that I, in any way tried to get the place back from Brown is false and as black as the hinges of midnight. Col. Canady repeatedly asked me to take it, and I told him I would return home before I would take it back. Col. Canady's address is "U. S. Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C." let any one ask him about it. All this stuff about my loafing around Washington, taking my fathers money, leaving his bills unpaid, &c., is false and unworthy of notice.

I have been better bred than to try to expose a friend and show myself unworthy the confidence of any per-

son in the future. The ladies of this city know me, but none of the courts of this or any other State known me. I owe the *Observer* and have been asked repeatedly by Col. Jones to take my work there now and pay as I please. But that is personal business and shows an emptiness in the upper story of the man who offers it for argument. The facts published against Brown last week by "A Witness," are true and undeniable, and they cause the young man to smart awfully. For the sake of Mr. Brown's family, &c., and for many other reasons I will not pursue the course he has, for I have and hope to retain the confidence of my friends.

W. C. SMITH.

CHAS. R. JONES.

This is the gentleman, who is exceedingly anxious to go to Congress on the Independent Democratic ticket. His sole opposition to the regular Democracy is the fact that they did not nominate Chas. R. for Congress. That he is a Democrat, is well known, and he glories in the fact, his paper, the *Charlotte Observer*, is devoted to Jones and the Democratic party. Just now his paper is in disfavor with the Democracy, but Jones claims he is a Democrat just the same. Listen at him on Oct. 27. In speaking of the county ticket he says: "With the exception of Mr. Hinson (who is a Republican, on the Independent ticket), all the men on both tickets are good Democrats." Honest Republicans of Mecklenburg county, Jones says all the men on both tickets are good Democrats. Mr. Jones has never said a good word for the Republicans in his life, and men, now he is engaged in abusing Blaine, he says Blaine is bellowing around the country. Then he publishes a piece of poetry on Blaine in order to ridicule him, yes he (Jones) expects to have Republicans vote for him. It would be a sight to make the angles weep, to hear Chas. R. in the marble halls of Congress, singing Good-bye Alf, Rawland G.-oo-dee bye." If this would not make Logan, Sherman, Edmonds and the other big Republicans take to the woods, then set me down for a singed tailed Independent.

ROOSTER.

NOTICE.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
Oct. 25th, 1886.

SANCTUARY, LOCAL ASSEMBLY, NO. 6827.

To all whom it may concern:

We the undersigned officers and members of the various Assemblies of Knights of Labor of the city of Wilmington having heard with regret that brother William E. Mayo is reported in Charlotte as an expelled Knight and for drunkenness, we do hereby declare such report to be false and without foundation. Brother Mayo, now being a member and in good standing, there having never been any charge against him for any offence. Nor has he ever been under the influence of intoxicants in assembly to our knowledge, and we further state that he is not an habitual drinker.

Respectfully,

W. E. KING, 6827, M. W.
COLEMAN YUMING, V. S., 6828.
VALENTINE HOWE, M. W., 6866.
L. G. RUSS, A. M., 6828.
C. J. HOPKINS, Delegate to G. A.
C. H. CAPPS, F. S., 6827.
GEO. C. WALSH, R. S., 6828.

A Malicious Lie.

"Some malicious person, or persons, have seen proper to set afloat and circulate a report in Charlotte to the effect that Mr. W. E. Mayo, the Workingman's candidate for Congress from the Sixth District, is an expelled member of the Knights of Labor—expelled for drunkenness. This is the furthest from truth of any lie that could have been circulated against Mr. Mayo, who, be it said, is not only a member in good standing, but an officer of Southside Assembly No. 6827, and does not indulge in the intoxicating cup. It is plain to us where this rumor found birth and for what purpose it was circulated, and if Mr. Mayo doesn't make some one smoke ere the matter is ended then we are somewhat mistaken, that's all.

Such lies as the above are not worthy of a chronic politician, and that is saying considerable, according to our way of thinking."

The above is from the *Wilmington Daily Index* of last Tuesday. The *Index* is the Knights of Labor organ, adopted at the State Assembly, August 11th, 1886, as the official organ. It has at the head of its column W. E. Mayo for Congress, for the 6th Congressional District. Let true Knights read and reflect over their obligation.

That Ticket.

This is what last Wednesday's *Observer* says about the Independent ticket:

"With the exception of Mr. Hinson, (who is a Republican, on the Independent ticket), all the men on both tickets are good Democrats." Republicans, does Col. Jones know? Do you like the ticket?

Capt. Rossler is one of the bitterest negro haters in the county and since he has been named as a candidate, told a friend of ours that he didn't want to be seen on the streets talking to Republicans. Can thinking colored men stomach such things? If so, we are deceived.

A genuine Chesapeake Bay Spanish mackerel was recently caught that measured two and a half feet in length, was seven inches broad, and weighed eleven pounds. Baltimore never saw its like before.

There are still enough Indians left in the West to be often a decided nuisance. A large flock of sheep which were being driven from Montana into Canada were surrounded by a band of Indians on the Belly river, and urged over its precipitous banks until they piled up, one on another, twenty-five feet deep. In this way 172 sheep were killed, and afterward skinned, cut up and carried away by the redskins.

A Minnesota man who knows the Indians of the Northwest well advances the theory that they are increasing instead of diminishing in numbers. He says that they have been steadily following the buffalo westward, gradually moving from the Atlantic coast to the Far West, and multiplying as they moved. The first government report mentions 60,000 Indians; the last total number reported was 210,000.

On the authority of the American Cranberry Growers' Association, the 1886 crop is estimated at 600,000 bushels against 750,000 bushels estimated last year. These figures may be exceeded, as the actual crop last year was about 900,000 bushels. In order to secure a market, new channels of trade must be opened. Last year no less than 150,000 bushels failed to find an outlet, the enormous quantity of 750,000 bushels being marketed only by great exertions and at low prices.

They even catch fish by machinery out West. A late traveler on the Pacific coast writes: "On the Columbia River I found a very discouraging state of affairs. The fishermen had lost confidence somewhat, though they had had two or three good days. Even in fishing I saw where machinery was supplanting the labor of men. One machine I saw caught eighteen tons, or 3,600 barrels of fish in twelve hours, and the only labor needed was not in catching the fish, but in carting them away."

An Indian, while in St. Paul lately as a witness, got roaring drunk, was arrested, and the municipal judge sentenced him to five days in the work house. He wore his hair long, and, of course, it was cut off while in the work house. He felt this as a disgrace, while the confinement had no effect on him whatever. When he returned home he was so ashamed of himself that for a week he did not leave his teepee. After that the Indians, for a long time, would not come to St. Paul for fear their hair would be cut off. Mr. Deaulieu, a Custom House official, had to do considerable promising that their hair would be safe, and finally got them started again. But a few months ago another long-haired Indian was arrested and sent to the work house. He was wanted as a witness, and on this plea the judge remitted the sentence, the Indian meantime having gone to the work house. The United States officers hurried after him, and arrived just as his hair was being unbraided and ready to be cut off. He was saved by scratch, and it was as important to the Indian as if he had nearly lost his scalp lock and just squeezed out with it on.

Out near the Nevada line some twenty-five years ago, so the story runs, a wonderfully rich mine was discovered. Its finders died, and only the news of their rich luck came to the ears of the outside world. Time and again other adventurers tried to find the long-lost spot of treasure. Several weeks ago a fresh party of wealth seekers left Los Angeles to hunt for the golden glory of the Pacific slope. Through the Cajon pass, over the Mojave desert, around the foot of the Amargosa Mountains they journeyed through Death Valley. The August sun was at its hottest, and the fortune seekers experienced every torment conceivable. On every side they saw the skulls and bones of those who had gone before them on similar errands. East of the Amargosa Mountains they lost their bearings. Their water barrels shrank and fell apart, and their thirst was unquenched day after day. They dug for water, but it was salt and made both horses and men sick. At last they reached the mountains and wearily began prospecting. No success came until, after many days, they shoveled out some gravel that abounded in coarse gold chunks worth from \$1 to \$5. Then they knew they had found the long-lost treasure ground which Goulder had found twenty-five years before. They staked their claim, gathered specimens of gold-bearing rock, silver, silver ore, galena and copper. At last a weary journey was made back to Los Angeles, 201 miles away. There full equipment was made ready to return to the famous mine and wrest from nature that which has cost so many lives and many years.

There are about 300,000 miles of railroad in the world, of which fully one-half are in America. Australia is now building at the greatest rate per cent. of any of the grand divisions of the world, partly because the mileage of that country is very small in proportion to its extent. Sixty per cent. of the railroads of the world are in the English-speaking countries. Australia has only 365 persons per mile of railroad, the United States about 500, and Canada the same. In Great Britain and Ireland there are 1,876 people per mile of road, and in Germany, France and Belgium still more. Austria heads the list with 2,786 per mile. The British railroads are very costly, the average exceeding \$200,000 per mile. The average in the United States is less than one-third as much, the difference being due not altogether to cheaper construction, but largely to the great cost of way in the more thickly populated country—about \$133 per head. Russia has spent only \$14 per head, and most of the European nations less than \$20.

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