

Charlotte Messenger.

Charlotte, N. C., November 18, 1896.

OUR CHURCHES.

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

Local Matters.

The fair is over, and it was a success.

The Governor and others spoke on Tuesday.

Prof. Langston spoke on Wednesday, and it was a big day.

Senator Blair spoke on Thursday, also O. Hunter and E. L. Thornton, the coming orator.

Mr. Johnston White left last Monday night to enter the medical school at Raleigh.

Miss Delia Toole returned to St. Augustine last Monday night.

Miss Mary Barner and Mrs. Della Evans left on Monday night for the fair at Raleigh.

Revs D. J. Saunders and W. A. Alexander, of Wilmington, passed through our city last Tuesday en route to the Synod in Abbeville.

The sheet music composed by our Miss Lucinda Bragg was greatly admired by all.

Mr. David McCame's pencil drawings attracted the attention of all visitors of the fair.

Friends, please pardon all defections in this paper. We spent all week at the fair. That is why we are late and have so little news.

Mr. R. E. Grier, of Matthews, has entered the medical department of Shaw University.

It is reported that Rev. J. A. Wright of Monroe will soon resign his charge there for a new field in Virginia.

The oil paintings on exhibition at the fair by Miss Libbie Leary, were simply grand. They will fittingly grace the reception rooms of the United States.

The crayon drawings by Mrs. Geo. T. Wassom were in our judgment the best on exhibition. They were as perfect as life.

Mrs. J. A. Tyler has just spent a week with her husband out upon his work. She seems to have enjoyed it and probably would make a very good traveling minister.

Ebenezer Baptist Church is advancing with the times. A basement has been dug under it and heaters added and stoves dispersed with. Brother Haughton will not be left.

Mrs. Geo. T. Wassom had composed a piece of sheet music for the Industrial Association, in honor to Senator Blair, entitled, "Coming to the Fair." Our knowledge of music would not allow us to pass on the merits of this piece, but from the reputation of the lady all are ready to pronounce it good. She had also a poem.

Governor Scales said in his speech last Tuesday, if you have a home of your own, your debts all paid, you can defy the world, the flesh and taxation. Let all try to get a home, for there is no place like home.

Our colored graded school building is about completed and as soon as the new furniture arrives and is properly fitted up, teachers and scholars will "move over to their winter quarters."

We regret to learn of a very serious accident that occurred last Monday morning in the family of Mr. R. T. Weddington. His oldest child, Annie, in some way caught fire in the absence of its mother and was severely but not dangerously burned.

Mr. J. P. Murphy of Statesville is well known throughout western North Carolina. We are glad to say he worked nobly for the State ticket on election day, while Mott tore them up and filled his pockets with them. Messrs Murphy, Chambers, Murdoch and others deserve credit.

Mr. A. P. Trantham and Misses G. D. Johnson, Sallie Hampton and Mary Massey left Monroe last Monday night to enter the Normal at Franklington. Mr. William Davis had preceded them while Miss Jessie Houston had entered Scotia. All these are sent out from the little Presbyterian church in Monroe.

The exhibits in the fair from Hampton, Va., Normal School were conspicuous. Tin ware, wooden ware, shoes, harness and clothing were among the articles made by the pupils of the institution.

Rev. R. H. Simmons, Prof. J. C. Price, Col. Wassom, Maj. Lane, O. Hunter, Jr. and Hon. J. S. Leary all setting around Prof. Langston make a picture calculated to cause one to desire to be good looking.

We are informed that Biddle has the most prosperous opening this year of any in its history. Its new president and colored professor are to be congratulated.

Rev. E. H. Collet, of the Graham Street Church, has just returned from a two weeks visit with his family in Raleigh.

The mushroom politicians have gone into their holes, to remain till the "flowers that bloom in the spring." Then they will come out to air their political nonsense in the Mayor's election.

When political discussions enter in the church or a secret organization, trouble may be expected. Any church or organized society that allows these things will find that its usefulness will be impaired. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

There has been a general increase by the Republicans in all parts of the United States. Republican members of Congress have been elected everywhere, and the next election will give us a Republican President.

As we have not seen the "Independent" lately, we guess she is dead. Poor little thing! Its little rag fluttered in the breeze; but when the cold winds of defeat struck her, she faded like a tender blossom. Here is a tear for its untimely end, and may the grass always be green over the grave where it is buried.

"Not a sound was heard.
Not a funeral note,
As the paper to its grave they hurried,
Not a mugwump wumped
As the paper they dumped
In the grave where the 'Independent' lies buried."

Mecklenburg county gave the Democratic judges nearly eighteen hundred majority, or six times as much majority as the legislative ticket. Why was that? Because Dr. Mott turned traitor to his party and his county chairman here refused to distribute the Republican judicial ticket in the county. Is Mott the right man for chairman? Is Gordon, his pimp, the right man for county chairman?

Strange to say, our reply to Bishop Jones' letter appeared in the *Star of Zion* last week. It did not follow his letter, as we desired, neither did Mr. Dancy's correction of his unfair and unjust insinuations come at the proper time. We would not have said so much, had he made the necessary correction. The amount of space taken up in the *Star* last week concerning us was about five columns. It has previously devoted several columns to the same subject. If Zion can afford so much space in its organ to the personal flings of two or three individuals, we can afford to keep three or four of the same calibre writing a month longer, and then they will dodge our points and never try to meet our arguments. If all are satisfied with the matter, then let it drop.

Magio Lantern Professors.

Several times a year, for years past, Charlotte receives visits from colored gentlemen calling themselves "Professors." They carry with them a little trunk or box containing a "show." They generally make the rounds of the different colored churches, where they show their "show." As an inducement to the churches, they give a portion of the proceeds to the church.

Now, this is all very well so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. In the first place the church is not a theatre or show house, but for Divine worship.

In the second place, these men are here for the purpose of filling their pockets, and not for any good they can do the church. In many cases we find them loud mouthed, bragging on the money they make, and to hear them blow off, one would think it was a ten cent show turned loose.

They only secure a church because they wish to avoid taxes, and they also know that if they did not get a church they would not get a crowd.

They show a few religious pictures, then a whole lot of funny ones to make people laugh. The religious pictures are only to catch the church people.

I have no objection to any one making an honorable living, but when men go into the churches with a show, and a mighty poor show at that, I think it is time to stop.

These magio lanterns are getting to be a nuisance, a hum-bug, and a delusion.

The iron-front buildings in Charleston resisted the earthquakes much better than those with stone fronts.

The Hesperian.

The grand social feature of this week in Raleigh was the Hesperian entertainment on Wednesday night at Briggs' Hall. The Hesperian is a literary and social organization that has been in operation several years, and is composed of the best colored citizens of Raleigh. The annual address was delivered by Mr. Wiley B. Hunter. It was a master piece of composition, and most excellently delivered. Mr. Hunter is a young man of fine talent and culture, and bids fair to reach high up the ladder of fame.

The recitation by Mrs. Ada A. Harris captivated the hearers and held them enraptured from the beginning to the end.

Music was rendered by the harpers of Raleigh.

After the literary feasts, all present enjoyed the evening socially. Some where in the neighborhood, some of the young folks present indulged in "tripping the light fantastic toe," but this was after many of the guests were gone home, especially some of our good Baptist and Methodist friends.

The society was honored with the presence of Hon. J. M. Langston and wife. We noticed present also the following visitors: Prof and Mrs. E. E. Smith, Fayetteville; Mrs. C. Randolph, Mrs. Emma Cooper, Miss Oleona Pegram, Miss Hattie E. Randolph, Newbern; Mrs. Della Evans, Miss Bonner, Charlotte; Miss Ursula Williamson, Louisville; and Misses Libbie Leary, Mary Pearce, Hettie McNeil, Fayetteville, Messrs W. R. Davis, J. B. Hyman, A. T. Jackson, W. H. Goins, G. Hunter, Jr., Dr. Fizer, Washington City; Prof. J. C. Price, J. L. Battle, S. G. Atkins, J. C. Dancy, Salisbury; J. S. Leary, J. F. K. Simpson, G. C. Scurlock, Fayetteville; J. H. Hanna, Halifax; G. H. White, Newbern; Mr and Mrs Geo. T. Wassom, Goldsboro.

At the meeting of the Emperors recently held at Gastein the German Princes wore the Austrian uniform. They have been in the habit of doing so now for many years. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the origin of this custom dates from the courtesy of a monarch whose life is more associated with feats of war than with the scrupulous observance of the details of a chamberlain's office. In 1770 Frederick the Great had to pay a visit to the Emperor of Austria. The visit, which was rather a critical one, was paid at the castle of Neustadt, in Moravia. It was only seven years before that Prussia had been engaged in her great struggle with the Empire, and had thoroughly beaten Austria. Frederick feared that the too familiar blue uniform might now awaken unpleasant memories. He did not, indeed, wish to discard the costume which belonged to his country, so he discreetly adopted a compromise. He and all his staff appeared at Neustadt, not, indeed, in Austrian uniform, but in colors that were not far removed from it. The coats were white, the ornaments and facings of silver, and there were no epaulettes. If it were not Austrian costume it certainly was not Prussian. That was the precedent for a rule that now obtains, at least on the continent, that when a crowned head visits a brother sovereign's court, he and his suite wear the uniform of the country in which they are guests.

A representation of Marshal Bazaine as a stage villain has nearly caused a riot in Paris. What long memories those Parisians have! If Marshal Bazaine had been an American, says the *New York Graphic*, he might have created and lost a dozen governments and been forgotten in five years. The Mexican "expedition," on which the play is founded, has more of romance in it than anything else in the continental or international politics of the last thirty years. It has material for an excellent play. It has not been half written up for books. There was never a more interesting character than Maximilian, the only imported Emperor that Mexico has had; and the heroism attending his execution has not been half celebrated. His wife, Carlotta, still lives in one of the sequestered establishments of the Hapsburgs, hopelessly insane. The Princess Salm-Salm, originally a circus rider, was one of the most brilliant members of the Court at Queretaro. The misfortunes of the last Napoleon as a ruler began in Mexico, to be ended at Selan. Marshal Bazaine led the French force that were to establish a French foothold in Mexico. His Emperor was exiled. Maximilian was shot. The Prince Imperial died with a spear in his side in the country of the Zulus. Of that imperial establishment only Eugene remains, heart sore and old. The only victory of Marshal Bazaine in Mexico was winning a young Mexican woman, who accompanied him to France as his bride. In the war with Germany that followed the loss of Mexico, the death of Maximilian and the end of our Civil War, the Marshal was hopelessly disgraced for military incapacity and sentenced to confinement for a term of years. The Mexican lady helped him to escape, and since then he has passed out of the memory and interest of this busy world.

It is estimated that 150,000,000 tons of matter in solution is annually poured by the Mississippi in the Gulf of Mexico.

FUN.

The Postmaster is about the only one-price dealer.—*Danville Breeze*.

"That's what sticks me," remarked the fly, as he gazed at the fly-paper.—*Tid-Bits*.

An advertiser wants "a strong boy for bottling." It occurs to us that it would be easier to bottle a weak boy.—*Philadelphia Call*.

An English physician says short hair deprives the brain of electricity. There are lots of people who need long hair.—*Hartford Post*.

More than four thousand couplers have been patented in this country, and yet there are hundreds of thousands of men and women yet unhitched.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A correspondent writes: "I am in love with a young lady, but too bashful to propose. Who can help me out?" We should say her father could; that is, if you happen to stay too late.—*New Haven News*.

Small coins are said to be coming into prominence. We are glad to hear it. Heretofore they have had a mean kind of way of getting down in one corner of your vest pocket and staying there.—*Rochester Post Express*.

It is the moon with a voice like a fog horn and a nose like the rising sun on a misty morning who is generally tame enough to put out the clothes line while his wife is having her breakfast in bed.—*Fall River Advance*.

Two little boys were discussing the strength of a bee. "He can pull more'n a fly," said one of them. "Well," said the other, "I dunno how much he can pull, but when he backs up to you and pushes, I guess you'll fall back every time."

Editor, (tapping bell violently)—"Where's that boy?" Enter office boy, who stands a full minute at the editor's elbow, awaiting orders. Then, at length—"Here I am, Mr. Blank." Editor, (without taking his eyes from his manuscript)—"Well, what do you want?"—*Boston Record*.

Down-Town Clubs in New York.

There are more down-town clubs in New York now, says Blakely Hall, than there are general clubs in nearly any other city in the country. The expenses are not heavy, despite the high rents, for there is only one meal of consequence a day, and it is not necessary to have two sets of servants in the business clubs. The prime object of all these institutions is to supply an eating place, where men of position in the business and financial world may meet for a midday meal without being wedged into stuffy and ill-smelling restaurants along with a lot of office-boys and small clerks whom they don't care to come in contact with socially. The average New York business man, if his interests are large or if he presides over an extensive establishment, is a very autocratic and exclusive sort of person. He may be pleasant enough up-town, but to his employees he is a very great man indeed. There are more men of the Dombey stripe in the commercial world than people imagine. Anyone who thinks that it is not so should go to one of the big down-town clubs and observe the solemn, reserved, trimly-dressed, and, indeed, rather arrogant-looking men who float into the club at the luncheon hour, and bow with great dignity and stateliness to one another. The entrance fee to the down-town clubs ranges from \$40 to \$75, and the annual dues are low. As a rule the restaurant supports the club. The cuisine is always excellent, and the furniture solid and substantial. Down-town clubs never go through the experiences with delinquent members that rack the managers of the up-town clubs, for no man is admitted to the clubs below the city hall whose business integrity is not above reproach, and accordingly the widest credit is allowed to all members with entire safety.

Japanese Papers.

The papers manufactured at the government paper-mill, Oji, Tokio, Japan, are composed of the bark of a tree indigenous to that country, the fibers of which, being compact, are tough and strong like vellum, beside possessing luster. Not being liable to swell or shrink when damped, the most delicate designs can be executed upon them with perfect distinctness. For the above reasons they are specially adapted for paper currency, government bonds and other documents, valuable books and important ledgers. These papers possessing special qualities, there is no fear of their becoming musty, although stored for many years. Imitation leather papers are also manufactured from the same material.

A "careful observer" has discovered that during the winter months a radial sweep of one hundred miles, described from the city of Philadelphia, and touching the cities of New York, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, will include in the daytime, in its western semicircle, fully two thirds of the crows inhabiting North America, and at night an equal proportion in its eastern half. The eastern area of this circle, with the exception of more fertile portions of west and north Jersey, is as notably devoid of them by day as it is infested with them by night.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

"Red alcoholic noses cured in a week" is a new and odd London advertisement.

As for "Le Pere Mustache," who died in Algeria lately, he was "the oldest man in the world"—how old no one knows, but he helped to build the Arache bridge in 1769.

It was a common practice among the Romans to recline at length while writing, the tablet being placed against one knee, which was raised up as a support for the purpose.

The monks of Westminster in Chaucer's time in the middle ages had special rules for their behavior at dinner, forbidding them to stare or put their elbows on the table, or to crack nuts with their teeth.

Several fine specimens of "masked" quail or Arizona Bob White have been received at the Museum of Natural History in Central Park, New York. This species has long been known in Arizona, but until recently was mistaken for the Bob White of the East.

The falling-off in the average size of families in France, as shown by recent statistics, has induced the enactment of a decree reaffirming the law whereby every father of a family having seven living children may have one of his sons educated at the expense of the State.

When Brodie, the New York newsboy, jumped from the East River Bridge, some of the newspapers said that he was thirty seconds in reaching the water. The *Manufacturer and Builder* has figured it out exactly, and demonstrates that he dropped from the bridge to the water in just 2.8 seconds. In thirty seconds he would have fallen 14,753 feet, if there had been room to fall so far.

A silver dollar was received at the Boston Sub-Treasury recently that evidently got there by mistake, for some skillful worker in metals had hollowed out the centre so that it could hold the photograph of a child, while the face of the coin formed a cover, fastened by hinges and clasp. So excellent was the work that the changes in the piece would not be detected at a casual glance.

Ericsen and Ole Bull.

In conversation a distinguished chemist and physician, who is also an enthusiastic and critical lover of music, told an interesting story about Ole Bull and John Ericsen, the great inventor.

It seems that they were friends in early life, but drifted apart and did not meet again until each had become famous. Bull had charmed the ears of admiring thousands all over the civilized world, while the part the great mechanician played in naval warfare during the war roused the North to enthusiasm and startled the world.

When taking his leave Bull invited Ericsen to attend his concert that night. Ericsen, however, declined, saying he had no time to waste.

Their acquaintance being thus renewed, Bull continued to call on his old friend when visiting New York, and usually when taking his leave would ask Ericsen to attend his concert, but Ericsen always declined the invitation.

Upon one occasion Bull pressed him urgently, and said:

"If you do not come I shall bring my violin here and play in your shop."

Ericsen replied gruffly:

"If you bring the thing here I shall smash it."

Here were two men the very opposite of each other. Bull an impulsive, romantic dreamer; Ericsen stern, thoughtful, practical, proving every movement with mathematical precision.

Bull's curiosity was aroused to know what effect music would have upon the grim, matter-of-fact man of squares and circles. So, taking his violin with him, he went to Ericsen's shop. He had removed the strings, screws and apron, so that the violin would seem to be in bad condition.

As he entered the shop, noticing a displeased expression on Ericsen's face, Bull called his attention to certain defects in the instrument, and speaking of its construction asked Ericsen about the scientific and acoustic properties involved in the grain of certain woods. From this he passed on to a discussion of sound-waves, semi-tones, etc.

To illustrate his meaning, he replaced the strings, and improvising a few chords, drifted into a rich melody.

The workmen, charmed, dropped their tools, and stood in silent wonder.

He played on and on, and when finally he ceased, Ericsen raised his bowed head, and, with moist eyes, said:

"Do not stop. Go on! Go on! I never knew until now what there was lacking in my life."

Late.

On every road, since railway trains To turn their wheels began, At every station you will see A solitary man.

His brow is damp with beaded sweat, His heart with woe is cleft, Most earnestly he wants to go, The man that's always left.

If the train due at one P. M. Should wait till half-past eight, 'Tis 'd be one man come down to go, Just thirty seconds late.

—R. J. Burdette.

Miss Cleveland's salary as editor of the *Literary Life* is said to be \$50 a week.

Books in Ancient Rome.

In the "Illustrated Schweizerisches Unterhaltungsblatt fur Stenographen" is an interesting account of the production of books in ancient Rome. It is stated therein that notwithstanding the Romans had no printing presses, books were at that time produced much more quickly and in larger numbers than most modern works. Paper was used which was almost woven out of the fiber of the Egyptian papyrus, which grows to a height of ten feet, and which has given its name to paper. A Roman residing in Egypt assures us that the yield of his paper manufactory would be sufficient to support an army, and whole shiploads of paper were sent from Egypt to Rome. Before books of any description were reproduced in large numbers, they were read mostly either in private circles or publicly, so that the author could adopt suggestions for the improvement of his work. Wealthy Romans used to own a large number of slaves for all kinds of services, which rendered labor cheap, as they cost nothing in many cases, and had only to be supported.

The works of authors were dictated to a number of slaves, women also being employed for that purpose. Even among freemen and liberated slaves the desire to obtain employment became so great that hundreds of willing hands could be had for writing books at a very low rate of wages. The instruction imparted in the workshops of Roman publishers necessitated a regular course of training, which was to teach the apprentices an easy and elegant handwriting. If a publisher had at his disposal say a hundred writers, and reckoning the working day at ten hours, a document which took an hour to write would be multiplied in the course of a day to a thousand copies. The writers became in time expert to such a degree that they combined quickness with elegance. It must also be added that in cases where speed was the first consideration, the use of stenographic contractions became general, and we possess illustrations of their employment in the old manuscripts still in existence. We are also informed that both readers and copyists were instructed and trained, the former in the solution, the latter in the application of contractions. Their object was to copy works as quickly as possible, the use of full words being only resorted to for the best works. The above brief account demonstrates to us the fact that the Romans made the nearest approach to the invention of printing, although they never attained it. The movable stamps of iron or other metals used by the Romans for marking earthenware vessels or other utensils also prove this. But the art of rapid writing, which was perfected by them to an unusual degree, counteracted a further development.

The Work of Beavers.

Mahlen Withars, of Wind River, Montana, tells in the *New York Sun* a story of beavers' work, as follows:

I was acting as an agent for a man who owned a large timber tract in Canada. West, and I discovered that timber thieves were cutting some thirty young cedar trees along Weifer's river. I could get no trace of the thieves, and one moonlight night I watched the timber. I hadn't been long on the spot before I saw a dark object rise on the bank of the river, and as it came up in the moonlight I saw that it was a beaver. Then I knew at once four-footed thieves were taking the cedars. As I had never seen a beaver cut down a tree, I thought I would watch the operation. This one selected a good-sized cedar near the river bank and at once began work. The rapidity with which he cut through that trunk with his great teeth is almost incredible. Almost as quickly as a chopper with an ax could have done it, that beaver felled the tree. Just before it fell the beaver gave a cry that made me jump, and he scurried down the bank and plunged into the stream. The tree fell into the river, and under cover of the noise it made I crept quickly to the bank to see what the beaver would do further. The fallen trees lodged in the water, and the beaver came to the surface and began lopping off the branches. In this work it was joined by three or four others. They worked industriously, and the noise they made with their teeth could be heard a long distance. They lopped off those branches as if they were working with hatchets and in a short time the bare trunk was stretched across the stream. Then the beavers went to work on the trunk, and they cut it up in lengths of probably four feet, and as a length was cut it was floated down the stream until tree and beavers had disappeared.

Carnegie's Castle.

Andrew Carnegie is building on the summit of the Alleghenies, near Cresson Springs, a house, or castle, which will cost \$1,000,000. The entire walls will be built up altogether of the undressed surface stone which is to be found on the place, and they are not to show in any place a single mark of the chisel or hammer. Mr. Carnegie's orders are positive on this point, he having expressed a wish to have as far as possible even the moss on the rocks used in the walls undisturbed.

Many people are busy in this world gathering a handful of thorns to sit upon.