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In the Interests of the Colored People
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ABLE and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolines.

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There is a hint for smugglers in the trick just played by some Prussians, who wrapped \$1,000 worth of lace around a strong ten months' heifer, and tied a false skin over the whole so successfully as to defy detection. They passed the heifer very easily at the customs office, the excise commissioners admiring her size and beauty, and some of them offering her feed.

The Rev. A. L. Hillman, of Atlanta, owns a farm in Taliaferro County, Georgia, on which is a big alum rock. He decided to dig a well beside the rock in hopes of getting an alum spring. A shaft twelve feet deep was sunk, and then a niche was cut in the rock that water might collect there. The hole, or well, or shaft has now developed remarkable curative powers. It has cured several persons who suffered from rheumatism, and all they did was to go down in the hole. Mr. Hillman thinks it is full of electricity. Others think the alum does the business. Alum is so strong in the shaft that it is tasted with every breath inhaled.

A carpet merchant in Vienna has a curious collection of ancient woolen and linen cloths, including more than three hundred specimens. Many of them have been taken from tombs and are stretched on folios of cardboard to preserve them. Some of the fragments are only a foot square, but the larger ones make up an entire Roman toga, which is said to be the only one in the world. There are a great many embroidered dresses and a deal of knitting and crewel work. Double chain stitch seems to have been as familiar to the Egyptian seamstresses, sewing with bone needles, as it is to modern women. There are some very quaint and unusual designs in the old collection of cloths, but there are also some very common things. It is curious to find that the common blue check pattern of our dusters and work house aprons was in general use among the Egyptians more than a thousand years ago.

It is stated by Frank Leslie's that "the crowded quarter of New York city, of which East Broadway and Hester, Ludlow, Baxter, Mulberry, Bayard, Mott, Division, Essex, Chrystie, Elizabeth and Cherry streets are the main arteries, is picturesque, but undeniably dirty. It is the region of swarming tenement-houses, sidewalk booths and stands, and cellar grocery stores where unwholesome food and decaying vegetables are the staple articles of trade. The population consists chiefly of Hebrews, Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Italians, Irish and Chinese, and is, as a whole, both poverty-stricken and filthy in its modes of life. In these breeding places of disease, unusual vigilance is required on the part of the Board of Health Inspectors, particularly during the summer and autumn, when fruits and vegetables are abundant, and fish and meat will not "keep." All the refuse provisions and over-ripe or unripe fruit of the city seem to gravitate towards these districts, where the poor people swarm about the markets or vendors' wagons to get bargains—taking no matter what, so long as it is plentiful and cheap. The Inspectors have to make wholesale seizures here, carrying off wagon-loads of villainous trash at each raid. Of course the dealers stand in mortal terror of these officials, and many of them have their malodorous stock in-trade ready to be boxed up or bundled into a dark cellar at a moment's warning. Rotten tomatoes and bad eggs being plentiful and cheap, they are not infrequently employed as missiles when the dealers venture upon war with the guardians of the city's health."

NO TIME FOR HATING.

Escape with feud! away with strife!
Our human hearts unmatting;
Let us be friends again! This life
Is all too short for hating!
So dull the day, so dim the way,
So rough the road we're facing—
Far better wend, with faithful friend,
Than stalk alone, uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,
Are types of selfish living;
But souls that give, like thine and mine
Renew their life by giving.
While cypress waves o'er early graves,
On all the way we're going,
Far better plant where seed is scant,
Than tread on fruit that's growing.

Away with scorn! Since die we must—
And rest on one low pillow;
There are no rivals in the dust—
No foes beneath the willow.
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,
Our earthly way dis-lose,
Far better stoop, where daisies droop,
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

WHAT THE TIDE DID.

Jessie Burke, the heroine of my story, sat, on this warm summer afternoon, in a small, plainly furnished room, in the dwelling house of old Cap'n Benson, the keeper of "Shining Light."

The house was attached to the lighthouse tower, and the whole structure was situated on a sandy belt of land, projecting out into one of our well-known harbors on the Atlantic coast. Jessie was sewing, and occasionally she would glance up from her work, and look out of the small window and across the shining water; at these times she would sigh as her eyes scanned the far horizon, and as she turned back to her sewing, a tear would fall upon her work. She was a small, slight figure, with clear cut features, dark brown eyes, and soft golden hair; and looking out of place in the grim old lighthouse and uncivilized surroundings.

Jessie was out of place—and to explain how she had come to be there, I must go back a year, to the time when Jessie Burke, as happy and fortunate a young lady as we often see, lived with her parents and young brothers and sisters in a large Eastern city of these United States.

Mr. Burke was apparently a well-to-do and highly respected gentleman, blessed with a loving wife and a family of fine looking, happy children; for beside Jessie, who was then twenty, there were fifteen-year-old Margie, Robert, and Justin, respectively eight, and six, and lastly "Baby Rue."

But alas for the short lived prosperity of our happy family! That fatal bubble of stocks which so many of our citizens have cause to remember in the summer of 18—, and which when it broke reduced so many hundreds of men from affluence to poverty, fell heavily—how heavily only he himself knew—on our good friend, Mr. Burke. Subject as he had a ways been to heart disease, he was unable to survive this last shock, and died one August morning about a week after his misfortune, leaving his sorrowing, and poverty-stricken family dependent upon their own resources. Deeply as this combined catastrophe affected Mrs. Burke, who had naturally rather a delicate constitution, poor Jessie had even more to bear than her mother, for beside her keen and despairing grief at parting from her father, with whom she had always been the favorite child, she had the anguish of another, even harder parting to endure—a parting which at any time, had she known it as she did now, to be forever, would have broken her heart, but which now, with her other troubles, was almost too much for her slender strength. For Jessie had for the past six months been engaged to a young gentleman of fine physical and intellectual qualities, and to whom she was devotedly attached.

The Burkes themselves had been prevented from going to the country early in June, on account of the illness of "Baby Rue," and after her recovery they had put off their trip until business affairs should allow Mr. Burke to accompany them.

Now, alas! they were going to the country, but under what altered circumstances, and without the father for whom they had waited!

A small, very small, income had been left to Mrs. Burke after the settlement of her husband's property, and with this, and Jessie's earnings as a dressmaker in their small village, they were able to live on quietly for a year when something occurred which again changed the current of their lives.

Over in the lighthouse pretty Mollie, the daughter of the old Cap'n and his wife Martha, was going to be married, and she had sent for Jessie, who was a great favorite with the country belles, to come for four days and help her make her wedding outfit.

"I hate to leave you mother," Jessie had said, "and particularly at this time," for it was near the sad anniversary of her father's death. But unselfish Mrs. Burke had replied that Jessie was to go by all means, for it would be a change for her, and besides it would be a pity to disappoint Mollie Benson.

So Jessie went, and it is on the afternoon of her second day at "Shining Light" that we saw her in the beginning of our story, sitting by the window and dropping stray tears on Mollie's brown merino.

Leaving her there, we will return to Reginald, who, when he came back from his trip, a year ago, had gone straight to his rooms, and finding two letters on his table, had carelessly taken up the upper one and found it to be an announcement of his uncle's death and a copy of his will leaving him \$100,000. Mingled with his grief at the death of his kind benefactor, who had educated him, was a feeling of freedom and the thought that now he could marry Jessie; and taking up his hat he was about to seek her, and confide in her grief and good fortune, when his eye fell upon the other letter, which he had not noticed until now. Opening it he found it to be from Jessie, telling him the circumstances of her father's death, and of their poverty, and finally bidding him "good-bye" for ever.

Since that day, Reginald had been continually searching for his lost love, but as yet had passed and he was no wiser concerning her; and at length, almost despairing he had started in his yacht, with only his skipper for company, for a cruise along the shores of Maine and Massachusetts. They had been out some days, and the vessel was drifting along near a sandy belt of land, in a little Massachusetts harbor. It was almost a calm, and on the water lay great flocks of sea-gulls, which rose and new away in every direction as the yacht approached, filling the air with the fluttering of wings, and their little hoarse cries. At the end of the belt of land, along which they were sailing, was a lighthouse, and they were rapidly approaching this point, when Reginald was aroused from his reverie by an exclamation from the skipper, who was unaccustomed to this locality, and had carelessly allowed the vessel to drift upon a sand-bar, near the main strip of land. No damage was done, but as the tide was rapidly receding, the further progress of the yacht was stayed, until such a time in the night as the tide should be sufficiently high to allow the vessel to float off.

Being in this predicament, Reginald decided to wade to the shore and go up to the lighthouse in search of adventures. So leaving the skipper in charge of the vessel Reginald started for the shore, promising to return within an hour or two; and if he did not keep his promise he surely is not to be blamed. Reginald had not got far in his ascent of the sandy hill, which separated him from the lighthouse, when he encountered an elderly man, who, seated upon the sand, was engaged in mending a net. He explained his presence there and related his accident to the man, who he ascertained was the light-keeper, and who pressed him cordially to come up and take supper with him, saying: "The old woman'll be glad 'nough ter see ye, 'ur strangers is few an' far between at the light; and she won't be a bit put out at yer stayin' 'ur supper, 'nuther, for she's got a lot of stuff corked up a purpose for company, fur our darter Molly's goin' ter be married, an' the dressmaker's over from the village a helpin' of her sew."

Hoping for amusement and really pleased with the old man's cordial hospitality, Reginald followed him up toward the lighthouse, listening to Cap'n Benson (for of course it was he) as he told of Molly and Mo'ly's man, who he said was "as kely a young chap as I care ter see, and he and Jim (my son, Jim) owns a schooner, the Molly Benson, and they're up ter the Banks now fishin', but comin' home soon for the weddin'." He concluded contentedly, as they arrived at the kitchen door, where Reginald was warmly welcomed by "Mother," who brought out fresh doughnuts and sweet cider for his entertainment. Shortly after Mrs. Benson entered the upper room, where Jessie and Molly, who had no need here, were sewing busily. "Come, gal," she cried, "put up your work, fur I want yer to be an' he p me with the supper, Molly, fur we want ter kind o' fix up fur the young gent, yer know; and yer," turning to Jessie, "had better run out on the beach an take a breath of fresh air; you look so kind o' pale an' tired. Yer needn't be afraid o' mee in' nance," she added, not ing Jessie's reluctance—for she had a morbid dislike to meeting strangers ever since their misfortune—"fur Pa tuck the young man over 't'other side ter get clams, so you just run out, Miss Burke, an' yer can hev yer supper up here quiet, if yer ther."

Thanking her gratefully, Jessie went

out into the soft warm air, and sitting down on a great rock, looked over the water to the village where her mother and the children were. And as she sat there thinking, she did not notice how fast the sun was disappearing below the water.

In the meantime Reginald had come back from the clam digging and was sauntering slowly down the beach; he turned a corner suddenly and came upon a great rock with a girl sitting on it, her head slumped against the red glow of the setting sun.

For one moment his heart seemed to stop beating. He had found her at last, after this weary year of vain search and trial. She did not see him yet, and coming up close beside her he said softly: "Jessie!"

She turned quick'y, her face as white as death, and in another moment she was in his arms. "Oh, how could you leave me so cruelly, darling, without any hint or clue? You must have known I could not live without you, lo e!"

"I—I thought it was best, then," she whispered softly, her head on his shoulder; and as they stood there with the incoming tide rippling softly at their feet, the departing sun sent its last ray across the water, and above them, bright and gleaming, burst forth the Cap'n's light.

Thanksgiving Dinner in 1633.

Thanksgiving meant much in the early time of New England, when the very life of the colony might depend upon a shower of rain. On all the coast of New England there is pretty sure to be a period of drouth in the summer, and this drouth caused the first comers extreme apprehension.

The soil was light, the sun was burning hot, and the discouraged farmers saw the corn upon which their existence depended withering day by day. One of the old ministers of 1633 wrote in the quaint manner of the period, and not without a touch of Yankee humor:

"The chiefest corn the people planted before they had plow was Indian grain, whose increase is very much beyond all other, to the great refreshment of the poor servants of Christ in their low beginnings. All kinds of garden fruits grew very well, and let no man make a jest of pumpkins, for with this fruit the Lord was pleased to feed His people, to their good content, till corn and cattle were increased."

But even pumpkins will not grow without rain. In the summer of 1633 there was a dry time so prolonged and so alarming that the people gathered together to pray for a saving shower. As the writer already quoted records, "they fell down on their knees," and urged it as "a chief argument that the malignant adversary would rejoice in their destruction."

The answer promptly came: "As they poued out water before the Lord, so, at that very instant, the Lord showered down water on their gardens and fields, and, as the drops from heaven fell thicker and faster, so the tears from their eyes, by reason of the sudden mixture of joy and sorrow."

To crown their happiness, "whole shiploads of mercies" arrived from beyond the seas. In gratitude for this torrent of blessings, the seven churches of New England appointed the 10th of October as a Day of Thanksgiving and Praise. Thanksgiving was no mere form. "They took up the cup of thanksgiving, and paid their vows to the Most High."—*Youth's Companion.*

War Elephants in Burmah.

Attached to the British Indian army, which is now in Burmah trying to wipe out the murderous bands of dakoits that are raving the country, is an elephant battery. Seven-pound guns, including their carriages, are fastened to framework and fastened upon the backs of the elephants. In this way the troops are able to transport their artillery through long stretches of country where there are no wagon roads, and where they would not be able to take their cannon if they did not have beasts of burden strong enough to carry the artillery on their backs. When the troops meet the enemy the gun are quickly unladen by means of a tripod, to which is attached a swinging arm and tackle.

The elephant takes a more humble place in war than formerly. He used to be one of the combatants, but in these days of gunpowder and bombs he has been reduced to the transportation department. Centuries before the Christian era the rulers of Egypt maintained stations as far south as Khartoum for the sole purpose of collecting wild elephants to be trained for war purposes. They were used not only to carry archer and javelin hurlers into the field, but were also trained to rush upon the enemy and trample them under foot. While opposing warriors on their elephant fought at short range the elephants themselves would fight each other. It is said that the notion that the Asiatic elephant is superior to his African brother dates from the time when, in a battle between Antiochus III., king of Syria, and Ptolemy Philopater, in 21 B. C., the Asiatic elephants in the army of the Syrian monarch killed every one of Ptolemy's African animals. This idea of the superiority of the Asiatic elephant is still held by many, though it is probably groundless.

Area of Important Islands.

The table below gives the size of the most important islands on the globe:

Sq. Miles.		Sq. Miles.	
Azores.....	990	Madagascar.....	232,315
Bahamas.....	5,422	Natal.....	95
Borneo.....	104,000	New Zealand.....	94,000
Ceylon.....	24,700	andwich.....	6,000
Crete.....	2,200	San Domingo.....	18,000
Cuba.....	42,380	St. Jago.....	400
Cyprus.....	9,000	Staten Island.....	113
Haiti.....	11,000	St. Helena.....	47
Long Island.....	1,080	Vancouver.....	12,000

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

CELEBRATING THE CLOSE OF THE HARVEST IN GERMANY.

Lord and Peasant—Drawing the Festooned Wagon—The Pastor's Blessing—Merry-making.

In Germany, writes Mary Gordon in the New York Observer, the close of the harvest is celebrated by the "Erntedankfest," or harvest thanksgiving. It is not a general festival like its American relative. In New England each farmer is owner and master of the bit of land from which, by the sweat of his brow, he keeps the thorns and thistles, and thus all the little proprietors may be united and centered like a composite flower, and blossom out into one general thanksgiving. But in Germany the land remains chiefly in large estates, and the extent of these domains places the owners so far asunder that it would be difficult to unite them in one common idea.

Almost every castle has, nestled down just beyond the confines of its park, a little village or "dorf," where the people live who do the work, and help carry on the estate of the gentleman. Each village has its church, parsonage, and school-house, but the church affairs, as well as the educational, are largely in the hands of the lord. The feudal idea was long since exploded in Germany, but when the explosion took place many practices of the old system remained in the air, with something of the fabulous vitality ascribed to atoms of musk, for the atmosphere about these large isolated estates is still charged with them, and they are very perceptible to one stepping into that air from the untainted, almost irreverent atmosphere of America. Everything centres in the "Herr" or lord. The dwellers in the little village regard the dweller in the castle as a race of superior beings. Even the clergyman makes a humble classification of himself when in the presence of this representative of a long line of landed proprietors, and holds it a great honor, annually or semi-annually, to be bidden to leave his simple parsonage board and sit at the castle feast. When the noble man and his family drive out, the peasant pauses with bowed head while the carriage passes, and follows it with a look of pride at the thought that his grandfather served his master's grandfather, and so back through the respective grandfathers of generations.

Each proprietor having many people under him—often hundred—arranges the Harvest Festival as best suits his convenience. It is in reality a merry-making for his retinue of servants. When the grangeld is ready to yield up its last load of treasure a large cart is drawn into the yard of one of the peasants, and the young people gather about it and trim it with wreaths, flowers and leaf-festoons. To this are attached six or eight horses likewise decked with garlands. The cart is taken to the field, where the loading of it goes on more as sport than as work. When the last sheaf has been tossed up, a pole, surmounted by a gay wreath, is stuck in the load; and the fanciful but heavily-laden vehicle rumbles and sways on its way to the village, followed by an ever-growing crowd of women and children.

When the parsonage is reached the cart stops the pastor comes forth with his little black skull-cap on, and a lush falls over the merriest, while the good man returns thanks for the bounty of the harvest, and craves a blessing upon its use. Then the gay procession resumes its jollity, and its line of march toward its destination.

The whole day, and often two, are given up to merry-making and feasting, for which many hands have been busy for days preparing the viand. One evening at least is devoted to dancing. Some large, airy barn is selected as a ball-room. The floor is swept, the walls, the hay-mows and the stalls of the cattle are profusely decorated with boughs of the linden and oak, relieved by bouquets and garlands of bright flowers. The girls bring forth the treasures of their wardrobe, and appear with bright kerchiefs fastened tastefully over their tightly braided flaxen locks, or with an immense stiff black bow attached to the back of the head, as taste or custom dictate. Often a bodice is worn over a full, light waist, and the e, with the bright colored short petticoats, made of heavy woolen stuff, add greatly to the picturesque of the whole scene. The old village fiddler—for there seems always to have been one in every village since the time of the Nibelungen—comes with his violin, and furnishes the music with a capacity for endurance which could have been evolved only by beer and sausage. One cannot rightly say that "the light fantastic toe" grows upon such broad, practical feet as go jumping over the barn floor. Their daily walk is over the roughest paths, and that in wooden shoes; but there is a spontaneous grace to youth, wherever found, and the enjoyment of the older ones, who have grown stiff in faithful service, seems not in the least marred by a sense of the lack of it. Often the servants from neighboring estates come as guests to the festivities. The sons from the castle leave their dignity for once, and are found turning the pretty peasant girl in the dance. The ladies, who usually are present as spectators, often have a dance or two with the overseer, who is also always a person of some culture; but as he is not noble, to dance with him is a condescension for the dames, who roll their family "iron" as a sweet morsel under their tongues. Schiller refers to the harvest festival in his "Song of the Bell."

A naturalist has satisfied himself beyond a doubt that the average cat travels a distance of eighty miles every night. Then it must be the other cat that sits on the back fence several hours every night, loudly complaining of the high taxes or something.

WAIKS OF A WORLD

Long ere Columbus in the breeze unfurled
His venturesome sail to hunt the setting sun
Long ere he fired his first exultant gun
Where strange canoes all round his flagship
whirled,

The unsealed ocean which the west wind
curled
Had borne strange waifs to Europo, one
by one,
Wood carved by Indian hands, and tree
like none
Which men then knew, from an untrodden
world.

Oh for a waif from o'er that wider sea
Whose margin is the grave, in which we
think

A gem-beebled continent may be!
But all in vain we catch upon the brink;
No waif float up from black infinity,
Where all who venture out forever sink.
—The Academy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The violinist is always up to his chin in business.—*Judge.*

It takes a handsome young bo'ler-maker to rivet himself for life.—*N. Y. Journal.*

'Tis is very annoying to have a bald-headed barber try to sell you a bottle of his hair elixir.—*Puck.*

A newspaper article is headed, "Earthquake Lora." That is right, the lower the better.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Musical-exchange has an article on "Silent Music." The worst of 't; that there is altogether too little of the article.—*Easton Post.*

Eighty-one and a quarter tons of quinine were used in this country during the past year, yet that did not prevent the shake in Charleston.—*Biting.*

"When I go to bed," observes a Boston editor, "I always try to lie still." We had a no doubt of it. He is so much practice during the day.—*New Haven News.*

"I've been digging for water to the depth of fourteen or fifteen feet, but I don't seem to get along." Well, dig forty or fifty feet, then you'll get a long well.—*Kamler.*

Creditor—"I'd like to know when you are going to pay that little bill of mine." Debtor—"See here, I'm not going into any details with you regarding my private affairs."—*The Judge.*

James Whitcomb Riley has written verses to show "What Poets Know." A great many of them do not know when the tide is high in the editorial scrap basket.—*Newark (N. J.) News.*

It makes the clothier, who sells half-worn garments as all wool, as mad as a hornet when he finds that the crocer has palmed cotton seed oil on him as the genuine olive.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

"It's got to come!" said the solemn man, solemnly straining away at the handle of a door. "What has got to come?" excitedly asked a dozen bystanders, rushing up. "Christmas!" said the solemn man, solemnly, letting go the door handle. And the bystanders rushed down again.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Is any one wifing on you?" inquired the polite salesman of a Westville maiden. "Well, I can't hardly tell," she blushing replied. "Sometime I think there is, and then again I ain't certain, but Will's so sort of funny, you know," and then she blushed again and asked to look at some lace collars.—*New Haven News.*

How Postage Stamps are Made.

The design of the stamp is engraved on steel, and in printing, plates are used on which two hundred stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy printing them on large hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing two hundred printed stamps are dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetable mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on little racks fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in two: each sheet, of course, when cut containing one hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that done by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred stamps is burned. Not less than one hundred thousand are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps to guard against pilfering by employes, and it is said that during the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost in this way.

The Great Secret of Oratory.

Demosthenes was asked: "What is the first requisite to success in a public speaker?" His answer was: "The power of moving action, but: 'The power of moving action.' He was asked: 'What is the second requisite?' His answer was: 'The power of moving others.' Again he was asked: 'What is the third requisite?' Still his answer was: 'The power of moving others.' Action often repeats others from us. Whether in a teacher or public speaker, the motto answer of the greatest of the great orators will stand as the expression of a great truth, that the great secret of success is not action, but the power of moving others.—*Bellevue Journal.*