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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

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 in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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The farmer's hired man who has been getting out of bed every morning at four o'clock to feed the stock will be mad all over when informed that actual experiments prove that a horse can live eleven days and a cow nine without food. As a hog can live for twenty-nine days there is no use in feeding him but once in two weeks, according to the lightning calculator of the Detroit Free Press.

Of Oscar Wilde it is related that at the christening of his infant son, he was called on to furnish the baby's name, but for some reason or other he felt such a responsibility to be greater than he chose to assume, and declined responding to the parson's appeal. The latter, in no wise disconcerted, promptly took the matter in his own hands, and declared "John" to be the boy's name. Roused from his indifference by his offspring's deadly peril, Mr. Wilde found strength to rush forward and murmur softly: "Cyril," and then fall back exhausted from the intensity of his emotions. The baby is saved, however, and John is not his name.

The Dry-Goods Chronicle reports that a noble minded merchant of world-wide acquaintance, long years of experience, and vast wealth honorably accumulated, was asked how many dishonest men in mercantile life he had met with during his long and varied career. Said he: "I have traded with most all the civilized races of the earth, and in all my long and varied commercial experience, in which more often than otherwise the honor of the man was my only protection, I found but two or three men whom I considered innately dishonest. These men would have remained the same in principle had they been engaged in any other vocation of life."

A remarkable discovery has been made in Springfield, Ill., by Dr. G. N. Kelder, a local physician and surgeon. The case in question is called actinomycosis hominis, or lump jaw, in the human being. The disease infects cattle and other animals, and was first discovered in a human being in Berlin in 1839, and in the present case is thought to be the first in this country. The Medical Record of May reported a case in Montreal of a young lady who, it was thought had died of phthisis, a form of consumption. In speaking of the case the Medical Record said it was a rare and interesting one, there being few, if any, authenticated cases reported in this country. The subject of the present case is a young lady employed in a Springfield manufacturing establishment, who, about a year ago, was operated upon for tumor of the left jaw, which was extirpated. It grew again, and she went to Jacksonville to consult a physician. By accident the physician was absent, and the case came under the notice of Dr. Kelder, of Springfield. He secured some of the fungus, and when placed under the microscope it developed the disease with which the doctor is familiar, having seen it in the old country a year ago while pursuing a series of studies of medical science. It is a fungoid growth, and one of the proofs of the germ theory. The fungus is a mass of yellowish pus containing small plaques resembling seed, mingled with long filaments. The disease invades the lungs, intestines, and general system, and is not interrupted in its course, invariably results in death, but if taken in its primary stage, as in the present case, it can be cured. Dr. Rausch, of the Illinois State Board of Health, examined the fungus, and confirms the diagnosis made by Dr. Kelder.

IN EXILE.

I see a fireside far away;
I count each dear, accustomed chair,
The gentle glance, the faces gay—
I see it all, and would be there.

The children climb their father's knees;
The mother strokes her baby's hair;
In happy groups of twos and threes
They laugh and chat—would I were there!

The lamp its mellow radiance sheds;
The firelight flickers softly where
Two little brown and golden heads
Are lowly bent at evening prayer.

What of the lonely leagues between?
I see it plain—I see it fair!
I see, who am myself unseen—
For oh! my homesick heart is there!

—Anna F. Burnham, in Good Housekeeping.

A CALICO FROCK.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

It wasn't a hot day, nor a cold day, nor a damp day, but it was an atrocious day, a clammy day, an unbearable day, a day that made your clothes stick to you like poor relations, that brought out cold sweats on pitchers and goblets, that made your back a race-course for contemtable little chills and the rest of your body a target for a thousands invisible pins and needles, that made the grasshopper a burden and the dusty, begrimed city a pandemonium, that made Solomon Griggs, bachelor, of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co., the great clothing merchants, shut up his ledger with a bang and start for the country by the next train, remarking to old Grimesby, the head clerk, "that the city was stifling." To which that worthy replied: "So it is, but how about the feller that can't get out of it and must stay to be choked?"—a problem which I suspect our friend of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co. troubled his head very little about, being just then busy in looking into the dusty recesses of that picture gallery which memory furnishes and arranges for us all, as a single landscape hanging there. A low house, with mossy, overhanging eaves, standing on the slope of a green hill, shaded by branching elms, with level fields stretching off in the foreground toward the sparkling water on one side and dusky woods on the other, and there, dusty, sweating and tired, Solomon found himself just about sunset. Out came a ruddy-cheeked, smiling old lady in a cap and apron, that had attained a state of snowy perfection unknown to city landresses.

"Why, bless me if it isn't little Sol! Why, who'd a thought of seeing you?" and she folded the stalwart bearded man in as warm an embrace as though he were in reality still the little Sol of former days.

"And how do you do, Sol? Come in, come in; don't stand out there, you know the little path and the way to the pantry yet, I dare say. Come in; you needn't start back—its only Rachel."

"But I didn't know you had any young ladies with you, Aunt Hester."

"It's only Rachel, I tell you—Rachel Hart, the seamstress. Are there no women in your city, that you are afraid to face a little country girl?"

"Little indeed," thought Solomon, as he acknowledged his aunt's somewhat peculiar introduction—and not pretty, either—with large eyes of that uncertain gray that sometimes beams darkly blue and then deepens into brown; with a smooth, low forehead and light brown hair drawn tightly across each ear, just revealing its crimson tips; a face irregularly featured, and rendered still more striking by the singular contrast between its extreme pallor and the intensely scarlet lips—the personification of neatness, the embodiment of reserve.

"An odd little person," thought Solomon, "but it's none of my business!" and dismissing her from his mind, he proceeded to the much more important business of making himself perceptible at Aunt Hester's tea table.

Solomon did ample justice to the snowy bread, golden butter and luscious strawberries, and later, as that worthy was indulging in a stroll across the fields, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld the little seamstress, whose existence he had quite forgotten, under a venerable cherry tree, making desperate efforts to seize a tempting branch on its lowest boughs—looking almost pretty with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Now Sol was a gallant man—decidedly the preux chevalier of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co.; so that whenever, as had once or twice happened, a petticoat ventured into the mouldy shades of that establishment Sol was the man whom destiny and the other partners selected to parley with the enemy.

Advancing, therefore, with a happy mixture of confidence and condescension, Sol knocked the cherries and was about to present them when independence in a calico frock stepped back with a cold: "Keep them yourself, sir; I don't care for them."

"I thought you wanted them!" stammered Sol.

"So I did, because they were difficult to obtain. Had they been on your aunt's table, I would not have touched them. It is the glow of triumph that gives a pleasure to its zest. Eat the cherries yourself, and good evening, sir."

"Stop a moment!" said Sol, not a little astonished; "that is—I mean—permit me to accompany you?"

"No, you would expect me to entertain you, and that would be too much trouble."

"But if, instead, I should entertain you?"

"You cannot."

"Why?"

"You could tell me nothing new. You are only a creature for converting bales of cloth into the precious ore that all the world goes mad after. No doubt you are all very well in your way, but there

are alchemists who could transmute our humdrum daily life into golden verse or heavenly thought. To such a one I might listen; but you and I have nothing in common."

"Not even our humanity?" asked Solomon.

The stern face of the young girl softened a little, but only for a moment. "No!" she answered, angrily, "not even that. I, you know, am made of the inferior clay—you of the pure porcelain. Do you not remember how even good, kind Aunt Hester told you there were no young ladies with her, only the seamstress. You are slightly bored already, and think me odd enough to amuse you for a while; but if some of these gay ladies—among whom I hear you are such a favorite—were to come here, you would not even know me. Good evening, sir."

"What a furious little radical," thought Sol, with an uneasy laugh, as he watched her retreating figure. After all, he was not quite sure that she had not spoken the truth.

If the calico frock had been a flounced silk, for instance, how many degrees more deferential would have been his manner in presenting the cherries?

Query the second:

If the calico frock had been walking down Broadway about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, would he, Solomon Griggs, of Griggs, Makem & Co., as willingly escort it as across those green fields where, if the robins and bluebirds did make remarks, it was in their own language?

Sol couldn't answer the questions satisfactorily, but he went to bed and dreamed all night of the little Diogenes in her calico frock.

That week and the next week he waited patiently for the first glimpse of that remarkable garment coming around the corner, but in vain. And when, in such a very careless manner that it was quite remarkable, he wondered audibly "where that odd little girl lived whom he saw on the eve of his arrival," Aunt Hester answered, dryly: "Away up—thereabouts," pointing, with her hand, She bearded, she believed, with some queer sort of folks there; though, for that matter, she was queer enough herself. And this was absolutely all she would say on the subject.

The next day Sol took it upon himself to wander up that way, "thereabouts," and was rewarded with a glimpse of the calico frock going through a broken gate; and, following it closely, came up with the wearer as she was about to enter the dilapidated front door, at which piece of impertinence she was so much incensed as to turn very red, while tears actually started to her eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked, sharply enough.

"To see you!" replied Sol, who, taken by surprise, could think of nothing but the truth.

"Well, you have seen me—now go?"

"But it's a warm day, and I am very tired!"

"I can't help that. It's not my fault—is it?"

"You might ask me to walk in and sit down, if you were not as hard headed as a Huron!"

"This is not my house."

"You would then, if it were?"

"I don't say that."

"Well, then, I am thirsty—give me a glass of water."

"There is the well, and an iron cup fastened to it by a chain, help your self."

"You inhospitable little misanthrope!"

"But she was gone; and the next time he inquired for her, Aunt Hester told him, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, that she was gone to the city."

Perhaps the good soul had been troubled with visions of a future Mrs. Griggs, and was not altogether displeased that an insurmountable barrier was placed between "that odd Rachel Hart and her nephew Sol, who was a good boy, but didn't know the ways of women."

Be that as it may, her joy was shortly turned into mourning, for Solomon received dispatches requiring his immediate presence in the city. At least so he said, for Aunt Hester was immovable in her conviction that "that Rachel was somehow at the bottom of it." She even hinted as much to Solomon when he bade her good-bye; but he only laughed, and told her to take care of herself.

After all, business could not have been so very pressing, as he spent the greater portion of his time wandering through lanes and back streets, not unfrequently dashing down alleys with the inexplicable exclamation of "That's her!" from whence he always returned very red in the face and sheepish in expression.

Three months had passed away, when he nearly ran against a little woman, who looked up in his face with a sardonic smile.

"Your eyesight is not so good in the city, Mr. Griggs. You don't know me here."

"Rachel!—Miss Hart, I have been looking for you everywhere. I—I—where do you live?"

She hesitated a moment, then said shortly: "Come and see." And turning, led the way through narrow streets, reeking with filth and teeming with a wretched population, up a flight of broken stairs, into a dingy little room, whose only redeeming feature was its perfect cleanliness.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Griggs?" she asked with a scornful smile. "Now that you know my residence, I trust that I may have the pleasure of seeing you frequently."

"And you live in this den?" asked Solomon, heedlessly of her sarcasm.

"How do you support yourself?"

"By my needle."

"And how much does it take to keep up this magnificent style of living?"

"By unmitigated exertion I can earn two dollars a week."

"Great heavens! why didn't you come to me?"

"For two excellent reasons: First, I should not have known where to have found you; second, I should not have come if I had."

"Of course not. Your pride is to you meat and drink. Still you might have come. We are in want of hands."

"I do not believe it. You wish to cheat me into accepting alms."

"There is our advertisement, read it for yourself!" pulling a paper from his pocket.

The sunken eyes gleamed eagerly—she was human after all, and was even then suffering the pangs of hunger.

"Mr. Griggs, I believe you are a good man," she said, bursting into tears. "I will work for you gladly. I am starving."

And she did work, early and late, spite of Solomon's entreaties, refusing to accept anything but her wages, declining to receive his visits, sending back his gifts, steadily refusing above all to become his wife, though she softened wonderfully toward him.

"You are rich—I am poor!" she said, in reply to his passionate arguments. "You are handsome—I am ugly; the world would laugh and your family be justly offended."

"I have no family, and as for the world, let it laugh; I dare be happy in spite of it."

"I will not have you."

"Do you not love me?"

"I will not have you," and with that answer Solomon was obliged to rest contented.

Time passed on—a financial crisis came, and with hundreds of others down went the house of Griggs, Makem & Co. Solomon sat in his office gloomily brooding over his ruin, gloomily thinking of the woman whose love he had so long and fruitlessly striven to win, darkly wondering if he were not better to cut short an aimless, hopeless, blighted life. In the little drawer on the right lay a brace of pistols, a present from young Makem when he went to California. Solomon took them out—they were loaded—it was but to raise them so, adjust the trigger so, and—

"Lady wants to see you, sir."

"Can't see her, sir. What can a woman want here? Shut the door; if any one calls, say I'm out."

Once more he took up the pistol, but this time it dropped from his nerveless hand, for a pair of arms were round his neck and two clear gray eyes looked lovingly in his, while the voice that was sweetest to him whispered to him softly: "When you were rich, I rejected you. Now that you are poor I came to ask if you will take me?"

And Solomon, like a sensible man, put up the pistols and took the "calico frock" instead.—New York Mercury.

Old Men in Congress.

There are gray-headed men in Congress and the Indianapolis Journal thus names some of them:

There is a great deal of old material yet in Congress, despite the fact that many of the statesmanlike landmarks have been removed during the past few years. In the Senate Morrill, of Vermont, stands out as the oldest man, being seventy-six years of age, while his colleague, Edmunds, is sixty-eight. Payne, of Ohio, is also seventy-six years old, but falls short of Morrill by seven months. Dawes, of Massachusetts, is seventy, although he does not look sixty-five. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, Everts, of New York, and Sawyer, of Wisconsin, have withstood the blasts of sixty-eight winters and the heat of as many summers. Everts looks much the oldest of the trio. Conger, of Michigan, is sixty, but has worn sixty-nine years. Wilson, of Maryland, and Brown, of Georgia, are each sixty-five, while Beck, of Kentucky, is sixty-four. Pugh, of Alabama, is sixty-six, and Sausbury, the bachelor from Delaware, is sixty-nine.

There is no one in the House so old as the two oldest Senators. Judge Kelly, the father of the House, the venerable Pennsylvania protectionist, leads the list. He is seventy-two, but Eldridge, of Michigan, it is said, is quite as old. Plumb, of Illinois, is seventy, while the directory records Waite, of Connecticut, at seventy-five, which must be an error. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, is sixty-nine, Reagan, the Ex-Confederate Postmaster-General and Treasurer, the pride of Texas, is sixty-eight, as is also Singleton, of Mississippi. Barbour, of Virginia, is sixty-six, ditto Lindsay, of New York. Charles O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, is sixty-five, Wadsworth, of New York, the same, and Geddes, of Ohio, makes up a good sixty-two. The old men in the Senate seem to be much more aged in actions than those in the House.

A Curiosity in Suicides.

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, and the pangs of despised love, are among the reasons alleged by Hamlet as justifying a man in committing suicide, if he has the pluck to take his chances on "the other side." The pangs of hunger and the dread of penal servitude are in modern times even more frequent motives to felo-de-se. It has been reserved for a Manchester man to invent a new reason for self-slaughter, and to take strychnine because his wife had never given him anything on his birthday! "Had it only been a penny cigar," he wrote pathetically, "I would have prized it." He does not say that he would have smoked it, and this nice selection of terms argues a certain method in his madness. He will doubtless be received with distinction in the "purgatory of suicides" as one who has invented a novel motive for shaking the yoke of insipidous stars from his world-weary flesh.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A young lady is driving a cab in Berlin. She asks thrice the ordinary fare, because she sits by the side of her employer while she drives him.

Their First Appearance.

Envelopes were first used in 1839. Anesthesia was discovered in 1844. The first steel pen was made in 1830. The first air pump was made in 1854. The first lucifer match was made in 1793.

Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1800.

The first horse railroad was built in 1828-7.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1234.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1485.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1789.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1845.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first watches were made at Nuenburg in 1477.

The first saw-maker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

The first almanac was printed by George von Furbach in 1460.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first glass factory was built in the United States in 1780.

Percussion arms were used in the United States army in 1830.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was organized in 1693.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga County, New York, in March, 1808.

The first coach in Scotland was brought thither in 1651, when Queen Mary came from France. It belonged to Alexander, Lord Scotton.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on September 25, 1790.

The manufacture of porcelain was introduced into the province of Hezin, Japan, from China in 1518, and Hezin ware still bears Chinese marks.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first Union flag was unfurled on January 1, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red and retained the British cross in one corner.

His Little Girl.

As is known, the daughter of McVicker, the elder, married Edwin Booth, but it is not generally known that when their marital relations became strained that McVicker sided with his daughter, and that Horace McVicker (her brother) took up Booth's cause. This led to an estrangement between McVicker and his son that absolutely separated them. Time passed on without the breach being healed or overtures being made. One day, long after the first trouble, McVicker, returning on the cars, by chance made the acquaintance of a little girl—a mere child—whose beauty and winning ways fascinated him.

Just before he left the cars he asked her her name, and she answered "McVicker." Scarcely believing his ears, the old man went to the child's nurse and inquired again as to her name. "She is the child of Horace McVicker," was the reply. Without a word the father wrote on a card: "Horace, come to me at once," signed his name to it and sent it by the nurse to his son. The child had softened his heart and brought together once for all time the father and son.

Mexico's Silver Wealth.

Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, says that the interior of Mexico is the richest known argentiferous section in the whole world. The fact was long ago established that a metaliferous vein runs without interruption through the entire length of the cordillera of Anahuac, extending from the Sierra Madre in Sonora, near the northern border, to the gold deposits of Oaxaca, in the extreme south of Mexico. This exhaustless vein traverses no less than seventeen States, and since the day of its discovery its mineral yield has been more than \$4,000,000,000 worth. And yet these valuable sources of wealth are estimated to be more than 1 per cent. of the undeveloped and unaccessed whole.—Mexico Two Republics.

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madame, and I like it still."

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"I have lost the road to happiness—Does any one know it, pray? I was dwelling there when the morn was fair But somehow I wandered away."

"I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures, And ran to pursue them, when lo! I had lost the path to happiness And I knew not whither to go."

"I have lost the way to happiness—Oh, who will lead me back? Turn off from the highway of selfishness To the right—up duty's track!"

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong, For as sure as you live, I say, The fair, lost fields of happiness Can only be found that way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the N. Y. World.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is no disputing the fact that the judge has his share of the trials of life.—Merchant Traveler.

To stand well in the eyes of the ladies, it is only necessary to give them your seat in a street car.—Life.

A poem recently printed is entitled: "Smile Whenever You Can." It was not written by a prohibitionist, we believe.—New York Graphic.

An exchange publishes a poem on "The Western Lyre." It's probably about a man who had some mining share to sell.—Merchant Traveler.

More pointed than polite. Wife—"You haven't been inside a church since we were married—there!" Husband—"No; a burnt child dreads the fire."—Judge.

The jackasses go by pre-empt, Or so his antics teach; That is to say—his argument Consists in backward reach.—Siftings.

In the country: "And the air is healthy in this village?" "Excellent, mon-sieur, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."—French Fun.

"Miss de Jauns is a very self-possessed young lady, isn't she?" replied Dickson. "Why so?" "Because I have asked her to be mine three times and she said 'no' each time."—Merchant Traveler.

Wild bachelor button is a fashionable flower for millinery purposes. We think there is something wrong about this, however. What makes the bachelor wild is that he has no button.—Tid-Bits.

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt it. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.—Burdette.

"So you think Friday is an unlucky day, do you, Edith?" "Yes, indeed, I do, ma'am. And why do you think it is unlucky?" "Well, you see, we always have fish on Friday, and I just abominate fish."—Yonkers Statesman.

Barber—"Sir, you're getting bald rapidly. I have a most excellent remedy. Old Gentleman—"Never mind. I'm just yearning to be entirely bald." "Eh? Why, that's a remarkable desire." "No, it isn't. I've got a terribly wicked son, and I'm determined that he shall bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."—Philadelphia Call.

When "woman rules the roost," good sirs Does she rule it with a pen. A pencil, chalk or crayon, sir; Come, tell us, married men!

That is a mooted question, sirs, But, midst the quarrel's din, Some rule with rods of iron, sirs, Some use the rolling pin.—Goodall's Sun.

No Great Shakes.

A Cambridge man who was traveling in the Adirondacks went canoeing with one of the most famous guides of that now famous region. In the course of the trip the guide remarked:

"You know Jim Lowell, I suppose?" "Why, no," the visitor replied, supposing some local celebrity to be referred to. "I cannot say that I do."

"What, you don't know Jim Lowell? He belongs down your way. He writes books, you know. He was in England a spell."

"You don't mean James Russell Lowell, do you?"

"Yes," the guide assented. "That's the rest of his name. He's an ignorant rascal, ain't he?"

The Cambridge man replied that such was not the generally received opinion, and inquired upon what the dweller in the backwoods founded an opinion so unusual, this being before the astounding Hawthorne alleged interview gave people ground for supposing Mr. Lowell must have taken leave of his senses.