

THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 35

CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1887.

Terms. \$1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

THE
Charlotte Messenger
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday,
AT
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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.

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 Carolinas.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

(Always in Advance.)

1 year	\$1 50
6 months	1 00
4 months	75
3 months	50

Address,

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte N. C.

An Iowa punster is to be punished on account of a legal complication with his word play. The punster's name is Steers and he owns a farm in Iowa. A few days ago he obtained a loan of \$100, and gave as security a mortgage upon "five white Steers on his farm." Then he went to Kansas, and when the holder of the mortgage went to the farm to look at the five white Steers Mrs. Steers showed him her five children. The outraged mortgage-holder has secured a requisition from the Governor, and the old Steer will be brought back to Iowa and punished.

Spain, which is not usually reckoned among the first of European nations in naval matters, at present possesses the fastest steamer in the world. The name of this smart vessel is El Destructor, and she is a torpedo cruiser which can steam, with her full armament on board, at the rate of twenty-three knots, that is, almost twenty-seven miles an hour. Among her other accomplishments she is able to turn quite round in a space of four or five times her own length while going at full speed. The Spaniard can run 700 miles at full speed without requiring fresh coal supply. This formidable racer was not built in Spain, but on the Clyde. She is only the first of a fleet of similar cruisers ordered for Spain.

Quail have multiplied so in California that they are a nuisance. When the game law was being discussed in the Assembly the other day Assemblyman Young said that there "was a revolution" in his county (San Diego) against quail, which come down in swarms upon vineyards and destroy them. Owners of vineyards have persons employed to do nothing else than kill these birds, which he declared have become an intolerable nuisance in this county. He recited an instance where a swarm of these quails ate up the pasture that cattle fed upon. His constituents demanded that a remedy be provided. The bill was so amended that quail may be killed between March 1 and September 10, while during the grape season they may be also trapped.

The son of a prominent man in public life has just returned to Washington from a year's experience in the cattle business in Utah. "I raised a company here, mainly among my friends, and we invested \$50,000. It took \$30,000 of that to buy our range, \$5,000 to get me out there, and buy our outfit, and the rest we put into cattle and expenses, principally expenses. My cattle men got into a row with a neighbor and his men ran our cattle down into the canyons. Then our foreman took it into his head to sue us for his pay, and although I had made an excellent report to the company, somehow things went wrong. My report stated that we had enjoyed an increase in our herd of 120 per cent., and that was the case. I don't know that any of our men stole any calves from our neighbors. I don't know that our cows had more than one calf apiece, but somehow we found on our round-up that we had 130 per cent. increase. This is what broke us up. Cattlemen are used to 80 and 90, and in rare cases 100 per cent. increase, but they could not stand 120. The cattle association in that district held a meeting and passed resolutions that it was impossible for any herd to increase at such a rapid rate, and, calling upon the delegate in Congress from Utah to investigate the case, wound up by giving me three days' time to get out of the Territory. I am now going down to pass a civil service examination."

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down

With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;

And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,

Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face was broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,

The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse and rough;

But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,

And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line,

His apples and potatoes were fresh, and fair, and fine.

But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,

Save the black-eyed rebel watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now, who will buy my apples!" he shouted, long and loud;

And, "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;

But from all the people round him came no word of reply,

Save the black-eyed rebel answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day,

Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,

Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;

And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them! crept the question through her mind,

Since long enemies were watching for what prizes they might find;

And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;

Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red,

"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;

And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,

And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.

"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;

And she clambered on the wagon, minding not those who were by,

With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,

And then whispered: "Quick, the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!"

Carry back again this package, and be sure that you are spy!"

And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Long the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak;

And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak.

And "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;

But she answered: "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,

Searching those who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street;

"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try."

Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

Mrs. Hyde kept boarders. Mrs. Hyde was a little, dried up widow, with a constitutional toothache and a mild, meek way of taking the world as it came to her. For fifty years she had battled against misfortune, until the warfare had become second nature to her.

"But there's one blessing I have to be thankful for," she would say. "Mr. Marvell has kept true to me through it all as the needle to the pole."

From this it need not be inferred that Mr. Marvell was a lover of the little widow. Far from it. He was only her best boarder—the boarder who for half a score of years had occupied her "first floor front," and paid his bills as regularly as the Saturday night came around.

He was a bachelor, as may be supposed—a man who was as full of whims and caprices as an egg is of meat, yet who carried a kindly heart in his bosom beneath it all.

But on this especial Friday morning his eyes blazed wrathfully—the tip of his nose hung forth a crimson flag of indignation, as Mrs. Hyde came meekly into his presence.

"A month's warning, ma'am," was all that he said.

Mrs. Hyde caught at the nearest chair or support.

"Mr. Marvell!" she gasped.

"Now, ma'am, it isn't at all worth while to go through any scenes," said the bachelor, callously. "I am a practical man, as you ought to know by this time. And I'm not in the habit of wasting words. Put up a bill. Advise me, let your room as soon you can, for I move out to-morrow, although as a token of respect for your many good qualities, I shall pay my bills up to the first of June."

"La, Mr. Marvell!" faintly ejaculated the widow. "How can I possibly have offended?"

"Ask your own conscience, ma'am!" sternly retorted Mr. Marvell.

"Because if it's on account of Patty and her babies—"

"It is precisely on that account, ma'am. I was waked last night by the screaming of a child."

"It's cutting eye-teeth, poor dear," interposed Mrs. Hyde.

"And this morning, on making inquiries," relentlessly went on the bachelor, "I learned that you had actually taken in your widowed niece and her twin babies. Twins, ma'am! One would have been enough—too much, in fact—but when it comes to twins—"

"Patty had nowhere else to go, sir," said Mrs. Hyde, apologetically. "and she'll be useful about the house. Patty's a good girl, sir!"

"I dare say," said Mr. Marvell. "But I can't stay in the same house with twins—so, as I before remarked, put up a bill as soon as you please."

"Please, sir, I'll put Patty and the children on the top floor, where they can't possibly disturb you, if—"

"I tell you once for all, ma'am that I can't tolerate children, and I won't. Will you be kind enough to leave me now?"

So Mrs. Hyde went down-stairs to burst into tears, back of the pantry door, where Patty Smith, with one twin tied in the high chair and the other swarming over the floor, like a magnified beetle, was beating eggs for the dinner custard.

"Aunt, what's the matter?" demanded Patty, still whisking vigorously away at the custard.

"He's going, my dear."

"Who? Mr. Marvell?"

"Yes."

"Well, let him go, aunt," said Patty, cheerfully. She was a dimpled, pretty, little lady, with pleasant, black eyes and black hair, parted low on her forehead—not quite twenty, in spite of her widowhood and her twins! "It's a cheerful room—you'll soon fill up the vacancy."

"But not with such a man as Phineas Marvell," groaned Mrs. Hyde. "Oh, Patty, you don't know him!"

"I know he must be a crusty old piece, aunt, or he never would object to the dear, darling little babies," said Patty, with a loving glance at the twins.

"Don't fret now, there's a dear! I'll write an advertisement myself, and take it down to the newspaper office this very afternoon!"

So Mr. Marvell packed up his goods and left and Mrs. Hyde cried.

"It seems such a pity," said she, "after ten years!"

"Don't mind it, aunt," said the courageous Patty. "I'm sure he must be a selfish creature, or he never would serve you so."

Hardly a month had elapsed when a sour-visaged woman came to the Hyde house and requested an audience with the mistress thereof.

"You know old Marvell, I suppose?" said she.

"I know Mr. Phineas Marvell," answered Mrs. Hyde, with dignity.

"Well, it's all the same," retorted she of the acidulated countenance. "He's boarded at our house three weeks and four days. He's down with the small-pox."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Mrs. Hyde. "Poor dear soul. And who takes care of him?"

"That's just the very question," said the visitor. "I can't. I've got my own family, as never has had the small-pox, to think of—and the other boarders has all cleared out, and the doctor don't know of no one as would be willing to undertake the risk. P'raps you could care?"

Mrs. Hyde visibly recoiled.

"No—no!" she answered. "I would rather not. As you say yourself, it's a great risk to run, and—"

But Patty Smith, who had listened in silence heretofore, stepped forward.

"I'll go, aunt," said she, "if you'll take care of the twins. I have had the small-pox. I am not afraid of it."

"But, Patty, I thought you disliked Mr. Marvell so much?"

"I did," said Patty, with a smile and a shrug of her shoulders. "But it isn't worth while to think of that now. He is sick, and solitary, and he is a fellow creature. That is enough."

And Patty packed her little bundle, kissed the peachy, unconscious cheeks of the twins, and went on her mission.

What a disconsolate scene was that in the midst of which Mr. Marvell, tossing on a bed of sickness! A fireless grate; undraped windows, through which the sun beat with merciless brilliance; dust in every spot on which dust could possibly light, and pillow and bed linen a week old.

"I'll soon set all these matters straight," said Patty, moving around with the quick decision that was natural to her. And within half an hour the scene had assumed a more home-like look, even to the staring, unconscious eyes of the delirious man.

"Who are you? An angel?" he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"No," she answered, smiling in spite of herself. "I'm Patty."

"Don't leave me," he urged. "It's so dreadful to be left alone."

"No," she answered. "I won't."

Phineas Marvell lay ill for a month—and with slow recovery came a sense of all that Patty Smith had done for him.

"I'll tell you what," said the doctor, on the day that he made his last professional visit, "if it hadn't been for Mrs. Smith you would have been snugly stowed away between four mahogany boards by this time, my friend."

"I know it," Mr. Marvell answered.

"Well," said Mrs. Hyde, when at last Patty returned home and hugged the twins within an inch of their lives, "I hope the poor dear gentleman is better."

"Oh, he's all right now!" said Patty. "He's coming back to-morrow or the next day. Is the room all ready?"

"All ready," Mrs. Hyde answered.

Mr. Marvell returned the next day and once more took possession of his old quarters.

"Mrs. Hyde," said he, with a little embarrassment, when that lady came upstairs to inquire his wishes in regard to any early tea, "there's something I, perhaps, ought to mention to you."

"Indeed, sir!" said the wondering Mrs. Hyde. "What is that?"

"I'm going to be married!" announced the bachelor, with infinite sheepishness.

"Married, sir! You? Dear, dear! Then you'll be leaving me, again, I shouldn't wonder."

"Not necessarily, Mrs. Hyde. I dare say you and my future wife will get along very comfortably together."

"Indeed, sir!"

"For I'm going to marry—Patty."

"Patty?" echoed Mrs. Hyde.

"Yes, Patty."

"And how about the twins?" demanded the amazed matron.

"The twins, Mrs. Hyde, are the dearest little creatures in the world."

And, improbable as it may seem, Mr. Marvell really looked as if he believed what he said!

It was all true. He did marry Patty—and he was proud of his pretty, energetic little wife, and still more proud, strange to say, of the Twins!

"I wouldn't believe it unless I'd seen it with my own eyes," said Mrs. Hyde. "He's never could endure children afore! But I'm as pleased as Punch for Patty's sake!"

And Patty and her middle-aged husband were serenely happy together.

The Orloff Diamond.

This magnificent gem, which in a rough state formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trinchinopoly, was stolen by a Frenchman, who escaped with his prize to Paris, and who, fearful of being discovered, was glad to dispose of his ill-gotten gear for a sum of about £2,000.

The man who bought the stone, a Jewish merchant, sold it to one Shafraas, an Armenian, for £12,000. Shafraas had conceived the idea that by carrying the stone to Russia he would obtain from the Empress, Catharine the Great, a princely sum for it. How to travel in safety with the stone, the theft of which had of course been discovered and proclaimed, became a grave consideration. It was too large to swallow, and no mode of concealment presented itself to Shafraas that seemed secure from discovery.

The way in which he solved the problem was remarkable. He made a deep incision in the fleshy part of his left leg, in which he inserted the stone, closing the wound carefully by sewing it up with silver thread. When the wound healed, the Armenian merchant set out on his travels quite boldly, and although more than once apprehended, rigorously searched, and even tortured a little, he was obdurate, and firmly denied having the stone in his possession. Having at length reached his destination he asked from the Empress the sum of £40,000 for the gem, an amount of money which Catharine was unable to raise at the moment. We next find the Armenian at Amsterdam with the intention of having his diamond cut. Here the stone was seen by Count Orloff, who determined to purchase it for presentation to his royal mistress, the Empress Catharine. The sum ultimately paid for the gem was about £60,000 sterling in cash, together with an annuity of £500 and a patent of nobility. Shafraas flourished exceedingly and died a millionaire.

Such, in brief, is the story of the Orloff diamond.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Jay Gould's Detective.

Directly opposite Major Dougherty's front windows is the little barber shop, over the railing of which some few years ago Major Solover flung Jay Gould.

Solover is about four times as big as the little Napoleon of the Street—he is like an ear of corn to a single oat in comparison. His temper is as great as his bulk, and had been aggravated beyond endurance. The incident made the fortune of the Dutch barber, and did not, particularly damage Gould or Solover. It resulted in Jay's gathering unto himself a big private detective, who togs along close to his coat tails every time he steps out upon the street now. It is said that Gould has not spoken to this shadow since the first day he met him, and, looking up into his face, said: "Good morning, sir." But, aside from a small salary for "looking on," the man has had several successive Christmas stockings plumped with Santa Claus reminiscence plums. It is better, then, to be a protector of the Gould fortune than to dwell in the tents of the police.—*New York Star.*

The Shah's Summer Life.

S. G. W. Benjamin, our late Minister to Persia, says in the *Inter-Ocean*: During the summer from May to September, inclusive, the Shah passes from one superb country seat to another and takes long expeditions into the mountains. He is then accompanied by a number of his wives. All these resorts are beautified by tanks or artificial lakes acres in extent, inclosed by masonry and shaded by dense groves. I remember a tank that was surrounded by a line of small houses, exactly alike, and each containing one of these were intended for the favorite wives, while above towered the pavilion of the Shah in three lofty stories, elegantly decorated. When the buildings are insufficient to accommodate all the wives, whether of the Shah or his ministers, at these summer resorts, it is not unusual for the ladies to occupy tents in the grounds, while their lord reposes luxuriously under the shelter of a solid roof. Still, one rarely hears the women of Persia complain. With them ignorance is bliss.

The fastest steamer in the world is owned by Spain. The name of this smart vessel is the El Destructor. She is a torpedo cruiser and can steam with her full armament on board at the rate of twenty-three knots, or twenty-seven miles, an hour.

FISH-HOOK MANUFACTURE.

ONLY TWO PLACES IN AMERICA WHERE HOOKS ARE MADE.

Hand Work Succeeded by Machinery That Turns Out 80,000 Hooks a Day—The Process.

For many years Brooklyn was the only city in America where fish-hooks were made. In fact, to-day there is only one other place in the country. Much curious information has been presented by different writers concerning fish-hooks, tracing their use to the times of the prophecies of Amos and to the still more remote writing of the Book of Job, in both of which they are mentioned, and they cite their use by the Apostles. In Bohn's late addition of "Walton's Complete Angler" are described the nice differences of form and qualities of the Kirby, Limerick, Kendal and sneck bend hooks, and long shanks are recommended for hooks that are to be dressed with long-bodied flies, as the dragon fly, the stone fly and the spider fly, any superfluity in length being easily nipped off. The first improvement in the construction of the fish-hook from the old conventional style was made about thirty years ago.

Fish-hook making in the United States was first introduced in Brooklyn in 1844 by Job Johnson, and was carried on extensively by him until the year 1867, when the business was turned over to John W. Court. Mr. Court told an *Engle* reporter some interesting facts about the manufacture of the little instrument.

"I came to this country from the village of Reditch in Worcestershire, England. In this town there are many fish hook manufacturers, and when a mere boy I started out to learn the trade. When I had finished I came to Brooklyn and worked for Johnson for a time and then I began for myself. I hammered out fish hooks by my hands in a humble little shop not far from here, and continued to do so until a few years ago, when my inventive genius forced me to experiment. My labors were rewarded by the successful invention of a patent automatic fish hook machine, which makes eighty-five hooks, of any size, per minute from the common wire as fed from a reel. In olden times the hook had to be handled many times before completed. First the wire was cut to the right length for the size needed; then we cut the barb on, and the next thing was to anneal the hook, then forge it on a drop press, next shear it on the same press, then grind the point, shape it, and after that eye or flute it. The hook was ready for tempering. These were all done with hand machines. I came to the conclusion that it was a slow process and invented the machine I have referred to above, which combines all of these hand machines into one. I am now at work upon a machine expressly for trout hooks, that when completed will turn out hooks at the rate of 150 per minute. At present we make about 80,000 hooks per day or a total of 24,000,000 per year. The method of the automatic patent machine is about as follows: The wire is taken from the coil the same as received from the mill and run through a revolving straightening machine, composed of pieces of steel screwed in zigzag shape, which acts as a friction on the wire and straightens it. Then it is drawn on to a large wheel five feet in diameter (the process being the same as winding cotton on a spool) from the last end of the wire and is taken and put into the machine by an automatic feed by two rollers any length you want. Then it is sheared off, transferred and the eye is put on. It passes on and the barb cutter puts the barb on; then the forging dies take hold of it and flatten the point out; it still travels on and the chipping dies trim the blott off at an angle which leaves a ragged point. It still travels further in the intricate machinery, when the rotary mills take the rough edge off the hook and then the other mills, made V shape, file on the sides. After that it is transferred to be shaped and then it is finished. The machine is the simplest in construction of any in existence and the only one of its kind in the world. I make quite a specialty in shark hooks and have recently turned out the largest one ever known to be made. It was made out of 5-1/2 inch steel wire and is 2 feet in length—15 inches when shaped. The bend is 4 1/2 inches in diameter and the barb is 3 3/4 inches deep. I calculate that the hook is capable of holding four or five tons and can get away with a pretty good shark. Sailors used to visit my shop frequently and spin yarns while purchasing hooks, but now they do not buy direct from me. I ship the greater portion of the larger hooks to Glosta, Newfoundland and California.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Bill Arp and the Cow.

I turned the cows out, and as old Bess was a little slow in going, I just caught her by the tail and gave her a switch with it to hurry her up a little. I've been feeding old Bess off and on for five years, and I thought that she honored me and respected me, but suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye and with malice aforethought, she raised her hind leg and let fly at me with all her might. She hit me on the shinbone, and you might have heard the collision for 50 yards. It hurt so bad I let go her tail prematurely and hollered. It was a cowardly act of hers, but nevertheless I shall ever hereafter let those cows' tails alone. I thought from the report that the bone was broken, and I took on powerful and let Carl help me all the way to the house, but when I examined I found the bone all right and only the epidermic cuticle abraded. I've lost confidence in cows. They have no gratitude and no emotions of an exalted character. They are not fit for pets. A horse belongs to the nobility, but a cow is a scrub. She has about as much affection as a mule. She is a machine to manufacture milk, and that is all.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A MIRROR.

Life's pretty much what we make it. It's only a looking glass true, And reflects back shadow for shadow, The very image of you.

The good deeds will always be smiling. The bad will look vicious and vile, The face you behold in the mirror Is only yourself all the while.

And the longer the shadow's reflected, The deeper the impress will be. It shows for good or for evil, As it sends back the features you see.

You're only to take the world easy, Mingle alone with the good to be had, And the face you see in the mirror Will always be happy and glad.

—Nora F. Higginson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The ragman's business is picking up. It only takes half a hog to make its forequarters.—*Goodall's Sun.*

If the barber stands at the head of his profession, the chiropodist stands at the foot of his profession.—*Carl Pretzel.*

"Where is the ideal wife?" asks a prominent lecturer. In the cellar splitting kindling, most likely.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth is now looking about for something to eat with the spoon.—*Lowell Citizen.*

If any dime museum wants to coin money it should exhibit a wife who can make as good pies as mother used to.—*New Haven News.*

Only one thing is needed to make the toboggan an enormous success, and that is, a patent arrangement that will cause it to gravitate up hills.—*Life.*

Sam Jones refused to address a gathering of newspaper men at Boston. His work appears to be exclusively among the sinners.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Why women kiss each other is an unexplained question. Unless the darlings would by this Give man a sweet suggestion.—*Sittings.*

There are two things in the world that I can't understand; one is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run on, it stays with you, and if you stop it, it goes away.—*Burdette.*

Henry Ward Beecher says money is not necessary to happiness. Of course not. Neither is lemon juice necessary to a raw oyster, but it adds mightily to its succulence.—*Baltimore American.*

As life is full of ups and downs, this thought Must comfort all: Who're on the ladder's lowest rung, they've not Got far to fall.—*Boston Courier.*

"There is no business in the world," says the *Bulletin*, "which can be carried on successfully in the face of a loss of 50 per cent." How about driving a water-cart, old man?—*San Francisco News Letter.*

In the opinion of scientists there will come a period when the earth will cease to revolve on its axis. To the man, however, who, on going home at night, has to wait for an opportunity to catch his bed as it passes him, it will continue to go round.—*New York News.*

Modern Miracles.