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An Emperor's Awful Diet.

The recent improvement in the Emperor William's health is due to the fact that since his return to Berlin he has become much more amenable to the wishes of his physicians. He does not now expose himself to cold weather as he has hitherto insisted on doing; he sleeps in a warm room instead of having his apartments arranged as if he were a robust subaltern in a barracks; and he no longer lives by clockwork. The emperor till recently neither ate or drank except at certain specified hours, when he indulged his appetite in a very reckless way. But now his majesty takes some kind of food every two hours, such as a very strong beef tea, eggs beaten up with wine, tokay and cream, coffee and isinglass.

The emperor's great meal had always been supper till this autumn, and most of his recent illnesses have arisen from indiscretions at table. He delighted in lobsters in every shape and form, especially hot, with a rich sauce, and washed down by copious draughts of Rhine wine. Another favorite dish was crayfish soup, and also the Russian batwinia, a cold fish soup, in which beer, cider, rancid herrings and salt cucumbers are ingredients. The emperor was also fond of veal stewed with cloves and cinnamon, and of pork stewed with nutmeg and marshmallow; while a frequent sweet was a large sponge-cake steeped in rum. The physicians are of the opinion that his majesty may now live for some years longer, unless there should be very cold weather.—*London World.*

Very Long Waits.

A pause of a week in an interesting story—especially when the words, "To be continued in our next," come in the middle of a thrilling incident—is aggravating, but even this one becomes accustomed to in time. Such pauses, however, as a year and six years are really too long for mortal endurance.

A story is told of a man of a very silent disposition who, driving in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs.

The man replied, "Yes, sir."
Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when, driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir."

This, however, as an instance of long intermission of discourse, sinks into insignificance beside an anecdote of a minister of Campsie, near Glasgow. It is related that the worthy pastor, one Archibald Denniston, was deprived of his ministerial office in 1655, and not replaced till after the Restoration. He had, before leaving his charge, begun a discourse, and finished the first head. At his return in 1661 he took up the second division of his interrupted sermon, calmly introducing it with the remark that "the times were altered, but the doctrines of the Gospel were always the same."

A Sailor Describes a Ball.

The Bucksport Clipper's nautical editor went to a New-Year's ball. He says the ladies "had pennants, burgees, and pilot flags all over them and a heavy cloud of light, good setting sails. A breeze sprung up," says this nautical man. "First four right and left" was the order. The inshore craft hove up, struck a choppy sea, and sailed back and forth, passing each other with their port tacks aboard. Then, catching a flaw of wind, they bore away down outside the lines with an eight-knot breeze, rounded to, and came back before a ten-knot southerly. The old salt says he did not quite understand all the manœuvres, but he considered them an improvement on the old-time fore-and-aft breakdown in an old barn.—*Lewis and Clark Journal.*

Managers say that it is only a question of time when Italian opera will be revived in all its glory.

The World.

The world is a queer old fellow. As you journey along by his side you had better conceal any trouble you feel, if you want to tickle his pride. No matter how heavy your burden—Don't tell him about it, pray; He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder. And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully cover your sorrow. And the world will be your friend. If only you'll bury your woes and be merry. He'll light you close to the end. Don't ask him to lift one finger. To lighten your burden, because He never will share it; but silently bear it. And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow; You must laugh at his sallies of wit. No matter how brutal, remembrance is futile. And frowns will not change him one whit. And since you must journey together. Down paths where all mortal feet go, Why, life holds more savor to keep in his favor, For he's an unmerciful foe.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE END OF A JOURNEY.

The Houghton landau drew up at the station and Louise alighted with her friend, Sybil Travers. The latter young lady, clad in a gray Mother Hubbard, and wearing a pretty poke bonnet piled high with ostrich feathers, was the very picture of elegance. Louise was a little, insignificant thing, and she appeared less attractive than ever as she made her way to the waiting-room alongside of her distinguished-looking friend.

"It is too absurd, Sybil," she said as they sat together in a remote corner, enjoying a last confidential chat before Miss Travers left for the West. "The idea of your posting off to San Francisco all alone, simply because a harmless youth promises to come this way, and to act as your escort!"

"It is only three weeks earlier than I meant to go, anyhow," said Sybil, stoutly. "You know why I prefer to go alone, Louise. You see Uncle Jerry has made up his mind that propinquity is the only thing necessary to make Mr. Vallean and myself fall madly in love with each other. He fancies that a trip across the continent is especially well calculated to bring about that much-desired result. But I don't see it that way. I know very well that I should hate Mr. Vallean from the outset. I should feel bound to do it just for contrariety. So, you see, I prefer to go home a few weeks earlier, and to go alone; for if I did wait for Mr. Vallean, as Uncle Jerry wished me to, and if I failed to fall in love with him, you know very well that it would be impossible for me to explain the phenomenon satisfactorily. As it is, I can smooth matters over easily."

"How far-sighted you are, Sybil," Louise said, laughing. "Mr. Vallean will be terribly disappointed though, I fear. But there's your train, dear. Good-by. Write to me as soon as you arrive."

Then followed considerable girlish demonstration, which provoked a smile on the lips of a nonchalant young traveler who reclined at his ease before one of the windows of a parlor car, and who had been watching Louise and Sybil with interest.

"A very handsome girl, by Jove!" was his mental comment as Sybil took her seat just behind him, and the mirror at the end of the car enabled him to command a full view of her face. "I wonder how far she is going."

There was no means of ascertaining just then, but when the conductor came through the car, and the young man presented his ticket, to which was attached a long string of coupons running all the way from New York to San Francisco, he noted with satisfaction that Sybil had one like it.

"A through passenger," he observed. "I wonder who she is? Traveling alone, too; but evidently a lady. She must be a Californian, but she looks like a New-Yorker," etc.

The young man's fancy ran riot, and all the while he kept his eyes fixed on the mirror in which was reflected Sybil's lovely face, with its rich, warm coloring and its beautiful frame of rippling hair. Very often their eyes met, as was only natural; but Sybil had wonderful composure for so young a girl, and the look of serenity she continued to wear rather chagrined the handsome stranger, who had entertained a hope, innocent enough in its nature, that the long ride over the plains might be enlivened with piquant flirtation.

"Pallas Athene," he said, regretfully. "Beautiful, but susceptible of no passion that is not animated by reason."

Such a conclusion might have been rather hasty, but it appears that this aggressive young man in an ulster and traveling-cap made some pretense toward being a reader of character.

Meanwhile Sybil, constitutionally opposed to "ogling," as all sensible, womanly girls are, formed a pretty severe opinion of the stranger who took such a mean advantage of the power of reflection. But she scorned to change her seat. Her policy was one of complete oblivion, and, settling herself comfortably, she soon forgot all about the handsome pair of brown eyes so deliberately fixed on the telltale mirror.

The other passengers were pretty well acquainted by the time they reached Chicago, but Sybil, naturally reserved, and becoming more so through the protective instinct which prompted her to make few friends when traveling alone, had not joined the little coterie which soon establishes itself in every

westward-bound train. Her neighbor had been baffled in several attempts to make her acquaintance, but difficulty only fired his determination.

"She's something new in the feminine line, by Jove she is!" he remarked, when one of his dearest-laid schemes had been overthrown by Sybil's courteous but unapproachable dignity.

It appears that this handsome stranger had been a "lady's man for many a day." He was of a peculiar temperament. When he made up his mind to anything he usually accomplished it, and in accomplishing it was quite willing to relinquish all subordinate interests. He, too, held himself aloof from his fellow-passengers, and so it was that when they reached Council Bluffs not a soul was on board the train who could have told who the lady and gentleman were that traveled alone and were so very exclusive.

Any one who has made a trans-continental trip will appreciate the desire to take a turn on terra firma that seized Sybil's peculiar vis-a-vis when he reached Council Bluffs. He was a lithe, athletic fellow, and during the hour and a half that the train halted he made a pedestrian tour into the surrounding country. Unfortunately, he prolonged his walk beyond a desirable limit, and when he reached the station again the train had already begun to move slowly. Many a time he had boarded the train when it was going much more rapidly, and with a moment's hesitation, he ran for the rear platform of his car, making a spring and catching at the iron railing.

As often happens, he had not calculated on the full speed of the train. He missed the step and fell backward, striking his head on the platform, and only escaping a terrible fracture by the presence of a pile of empty mail-bags, which broke his fall.

The train stopped, and the injured man was taken aboard. He was wholly insensible, and the blood gushed freely from the wound in his head. A skillful surgeon who happened to be among the passengers was summoned at once, and, having seen the young man made comfortable in a sleeping-car, he examined the contusion.

"Will some one please help me with these bandages?" the doctor asked. "No, thanks," he added as a gentleman offered his services. "A lady, please."

He glanced around the car and his eyes fell on Sybil's calm face, on the slim white hands that looked so deft and agile, and he noted the composure with which she bore herself, while the rest of the ladies were nearly all in a semi-hysterical state.

"Will you hold these bandages, miss?" he asked, kindly. "Do you understand how to do it?"

"O, yes, sir," said she, promptly. "My father was a doctor. I am used to such work."

The wound was shortly dressed, but it was a whole day before the young stranger awoke from the stupor occasioned by his fall, and then it was only to pass into a state of delirium.

"Do you know who he is?" the doctor asked Sybil, who had been installed by common consent as the sick man's nurse.

"This dropped out of his pocket," she replied, handing him a business-card. "I think that is his name, as his baggage is marked with those initials."

The doctor read: "Robert Vincent & Co., commission merchants, New York."

"He had a narrow escape," he observed, handing the card back to Sybil. "A little more force would have crushed his skull like a nutshell."

A new interest suddenly awakened for Sybil.

"I wonder what Louise will say when she hears that I have been playing nurse?" she pondered the day following the assumption of her new duties. "Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him."

At Cheyenne, happily for the sick man, the train was delayed two days by a landslide. During the interval of quiet and rest the doctor succeeded in breaking his fever, and on the fourth day after the accident Mr. Vincent opened his eyes in weak astonishment as his returning consciousness discerned in his faithful attendant the handsome young lady with whom he had tried so assiduously to flirt.

He felt too weak from the shock and from the loss of blood to ask any questions, but Sybil divined his wonder, and she explained to him the details of his accident, with a gentle grace as charming as her former reserve had been admirable.

Nothing could have been prettier than Sybil's devotion to the unfortunate stranger, and the other passengers seemed to appreciate it, for they held aloof and were content with being merely spectators. She waited on him with persevering devotion. It was Sybil's will to do that. She read to him, or, when he wished it, talked to him. The presence of an invalid seemed to infuse a home feeling into the life aboard the train, and when the week's journey was protracted by various obstacles to ten days no one complained.

Before they reached San Francisco Mr. Vincent was able to sit up. It would take some time for the wound to heal, but he had recovered pretty well from the shock. In the opinion of some of the passengers he was not al-

together anxious for immediate convalescence, which was hardly to be wondered at; and really I think Sybil felt a twinge of regret as she sat the last evening beside Mr. Vincent's couch and listened to a party of gentlemen warbling a Swiss air out on the front platform. It was twilight, and the porter had not yet come in to light the lamps.

"Don't you think, Miss Sybil," Mr. Vincent said in a low voice, "that some acquaintances ripen very much faster than others? I feel as though I had known you for years, yet I cannot tell what your last name is. The doctor calls you just Miss Sybil."

"I thought you knew," she said, simply, ignoring his first question, which had sent a strange thrill to her heart. "My name is Travers."

"What?" he almost shouted. "What did you say?"

"Travers," she repeated, looking at him surprised.

He sank back on the cushions helplessly, and, turning his face toward her, he murmured: "Kismet!"

"Do you know," he continued, after a pause which Sybil felt to be pregnant with meaning—"do you know we have been as badly mixed up as to our identities as the people in a play. I had no idea you were Miss Travers. Your Uncle Jerry—"

"Do you know my Uncle Jerry?" she cried in surprise.

"I ought to," he replied, with an odd smile. "I am—Sybil, do you ever forgive people who practice little deceits upon you?"

The familiar manner of this address did not offend her, strange to say.

"That depends," she said softly.

"What would you say if I were to tell you that my name wasn't Vincent at all?"

He had contrived to get hold of her hand, and he felt it flutter slightly, but she made no response.

"I do not know what led you to believe that my name was Vincent. At first, I could not correct the impression, and, when I was able, I didn't care to, for I was so pleased with our relation that I feared to do anything that might jar upon it. It is all the worse for me now, for I fear this deceit may have prejudiced you. I am your uncle's friend, Sybil. I am Royal Vallean."

It was her turn to start in astonishment. She snatched her hand away from him, but he secured it again.

"Forgive me! You have made me love you and you must not be so cruel. You will at least forget that I have deceived you at all?"

Sybil gave no spoken reply, but her hand was still clasped in his, and before the porter lit the lamps she suffered him to carry it to his lips.

This story was detailed in a letter to Miss Louise Houghton the following week, with the appended comments:

"And just think of it, Louise! I have actually engaged myself to him. I mean to hate him so, too! Uncle Jerry is delighted of course. For myself, I can only say that I am perfectly happy, and leave the rest to your imagination. Wasn't it funny, though? He left New York three weeks before he had intended to, because he didn't want to be bothered with looking after me; and I ran away from him in the same unceremonious style. Yet we both got on the same train after all. It is quite like a romance, isn't it, dear? But I must close, as Roy is begging me to hurry and finish. I will write you more again. Your loving friend, SYBIL."

Lincoln's Father's Arithmetic.

Mr. William G. Greene, an early friend of Mr. Lincoln, relates that in 1836 he was going to Kentucky, and "at the request of Abe Lincoln I carried a letter to his father, who lived in Coles county, Illinois, at the head of the 'Ambraw' river. When I got to the place the old man's house looked so small and humble that I felt embarrassed until he received me with much heartiness, telling me what a handy house he had and how conveniently it was arranged. It was a log house, and some of the logs stuck out two or three feet from the wall at the corners. He said that he could dress his deer as he killed them, and hang them on the projecting logs, and could tie his horse to them. The old man inquired how his son was getting along. He said Abe was a good boy, but he was afraid he would never amount to much; he had taken a notion to study law, and these men were generally 'dedicated' to do wrong. 'Here now,' he said, 'I cannot read or write a bit; but I can beat any book-keeper I ever saw at making my accounts so easy and simple that anybody can understand them, just by taking my forefinger and rubbing out that black mark.' In the little cabin where he was living, the joists were about seven feet from the floor, and were of course unfinished. The old man had taken a fire-coal and drawn four black marks on the face of a joist, something like the four bars of music. He then explained that he had been 'tending mill' for a man down the river; and when he sold a customer a peck of meal he simply reached up and drew his finger through the lower line. For two pecks he rubbed a hole through two of the lines, for three pecks three lines, and for a bushel four lines were erased. He put a mark to indicate the customer right over his dues. 'The simplest thing in the world,' said he, and added: 'If Abe don't fool away all his time on books he may make something yet.'—*Brown's 'Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln.'*

MISSING LINKS.

A Stockton, Cal., bootblack carries a box that is covered with silver plate.

During the past year thirty-one murders occurred in San Francisco, Cal.

A new sect has appeared in Michigan, one of its tenets being that a paid ministry is ungodly.

It is said that "Lotta" is making a new venture. This time in the literary world as the author of a novel.

Georgia prohibitionists want the state to pass a law to require a \$10,000 license fee on "family wine-rooms."

Sarah Bernhardt, while in Buenos Ayres not long ago, was presented with the title deeds for a tract of land ten miles square in the Argentine Republic.

Up to date the state capitol at Albany has cost New York taxpayers \$18,000,000, while the national capitol at Washington has cost but \$13,000,000.

Frank Hickey, of Ogden, Utah, forged a dispatch to stop shipments of oysters to his rival in the oyster business, and is now held for trial in bonds of \$1,000.

On a street in Bluehill, Me., less than half a mile long, live fifteen widows. No man has ever been bold enough to pass along that street after dish wash-up.

Until the publication of his divorce notice the other day, nobody knew a certain socially accepted man in New York city was married, and my! how the people talk now.

In the lower Brule agency in Dakota the Indians have a church and four chapels. One hundred of their number are members of the church, in which they take great pride.

William Tabor, a Pennsylvanian, made fun of the big trees in the Yosemite Valley, and John Ashton, a guide, felt it his duty to stab the scoffer twice in the right arm.

The superintendent of the public schools at Buffalo has been censured by the New York civil-service commission for appointing teachers without a competitive examination.

The number of weekly and daily newspapers in the United States amounts in round numbers to 12,800, exclusive of a vast number of monthly and quarterly publications.

Owing to ill-feeling growing out of a suit at law the chief of police at Tombstone, A. T., searched most of the men in town for concealed weapons and found only one toy pistol.

A man in Ontario can repeat perfectly 166 chapters of the bible, fifty-eight psalms, and every collect, epistle and gospel in the ecclesiastical year, according to the English church prayer book.

When asked his opinion about legislating against the liquor traffic, Francis Murphy, the blue ribbon temperance evangelist, remarked: "If legislation would save people, Moses would have been Christ."

This is the way that a New England lover of winter sports announced the new year: Eighteen hundred eighty-six toboggans slide down the slide of time to-night at 12 o'clock, and 1887 begins its flight down the steep declivity.

Dainty cards announcing new arrivals in fashionable families are now sent out to those supposed to be interested in the event, and from whom a silver cup, coral beads, spoon, or an amber necklace may be expected, perhaps.

President Arthur used to say that the first money he ever earned was \$20 or \$25 for writing the biography of a temperance lecturer. He had forgotten the name of the lecturer, but the *Troy Budget* has recently discovered that it was Hamilton.

The telephone is put to a new and convenient use in Brussels. Gentlemen who wish to rise early, but don't like to, can have a row of little bells along the edge of their beds, which ring viciously, until they rise and stop the disturbance.

New York heirs are taking steps toward securing the English estate of John Sands who died in this country some time during the eighteenth century. It is valued at \$75,000,000, and if not claimed before January 1, 1889, it will escheat to the crown of England.

The difficulty of sighting rifles in the dark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore-sight and another over the rear-sight when used at night in reply to an enemy's fire, forming two luminous sights.

Senator Hearst, of California, owns a fine ranch of 48,000 acres at San Simeon. It formerly belonged to the great Mexican Castro family, but the senator loaned the Castros \$15,000 on the property at the merely nominal 5 per cent a month, it is said, and as a natural consequence owns it now.

A gang of colored boys in Indianapolis have been making considerable money by furnishing a fur dealer there with cat skins. He pays them 25 cents for a Maltese skin, 15 cents for a well spotted skin and 5 cents for the average every day cat skin. The dealer says that Maltese cat skins make the finest of gloves.

A gentleman, who afterward became a celebrated lecturer, described to a friend his dismay when he was first asked to speak for three-quarters of an hour. Said he: "I got on very well for a quarter of an hour, and in that time I told all I knew in the world. Then I amplified myself, and that is what I have been doing ever since."

In twenty-three of the thirty-eight states a prior undissolved marriage sets aside a new union. In twenty insanity does the same, in seventeen nonage, and in thirteen fraud. These are grounds for declaring the marriage null and void *ab initio*. Desertion as a ground for divorce varies in length and character in many states.

A new kind of practice will be tried by Yale's crew this winter. A tank sixty feet long by thirty feet broad is now building, and will be filled with water. Then a shell is to be put in and fastened, and in this the crew are to sit and row. This plan is said to have been used by the Cambridge, England, crew with considerable success.

C. B. Galusha of Cape Girardeau, Mo., has a pair of linen sheets that have been in use for eighty years. They were made from flax grown on the farm of his grandfather, Jacob Galusha, and manufactured by him and used by him in 1809, when he was first governor of Vermont. They look as if they would last for another century.

Prince Bismarck, being asked by the Royal Library at Munich for his autograph, replied: "I fulfill with pleasure your wish, glad to have another opportunity of expressing the gratitude which Germany will ever feel for your magnanimous king and for your Bavarian bravery, in remembering the restoration of the unity and security of Germany."

The editor of the *Washington Critic*, who has evidently visited a fair, below says: "We expect to pay 25 cents apiece for one consecutive 5-cent cigar this very evening. Five cents for the cigar, 5 for the beautiful hand we take it from, 5 for the lovely eyes that look at it, 5 for the cherry lips that tell the price, and 5 for charity; isn't that cheap enough?"

Fire in the Water.

The sinking of the big gas well near the French Camp turnpike calls to mind the fact that the artesian well in Court-street, containing gas, although in small quantities, and this, by a natural and just gradation, leads to an incident which happened before the Water Works Company went to mixing the artesian with other water. When the artesian was piped the pure gas went with it; the people didn't want the gas, but they got it, anyhow.

A drunken man staggered into a saloon and called for whisky.

"Better take a drink of water first," said the smiling barkeeper; "it will straighten you up."

"A'right, Johnnie; fetch 'er out!" he said.

The barkeeper turned the faucet, at the same time slyly setting fire to the gas, and let the water run into the sink while he went for the glass.

The inebriate's eyes opened wide as he saw the blue flames playing in the falling stream. He shook. He stood silent and white. He shook again.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnnie.

"D-d-d-er think I'm goin' ter swaller hell fire?"

"Fire? Hell fire?—where? I don't see any fire."

"Why, there—right in that w-w-water!"

"Aw, you're crazy! What's the matter with you, man?"

"Holy heavens!" he yelled, jumping for the door, "I've got 'em! Gee whillikens, I've got 'em!"

And they picked him off the sidewalk and carried him home in an express wagon.—*Stockton (Cal.) Mail.*

Superstitions of Sneezing.

Most people sneeze in the course of their lifetime, and even in this country there are many communities among whom bystanders, upon such an occasion, will exclaim, "God bless you!"

This is designed to avert the evil omen. The superstition was brought here from England and from most of the northern nations of Europe.

Many of our readers will recall what Longfellow wrote of the custom in Sweden, "You sneeze, and the peasants cry, 'God bless you!'"

A writer at the beginning of the century, remarking upon the customs of Italy, says that when you sneeze, "even in the theaters, men rise and wish you 'Felicità!'" The purport of this is the same as the hearty Swedish and English "God bless you!"

The origin of this custom in the different countries of Europe was the same, just as its meaning is the same. It has been traced to those generations of fearful pestilence known as the Black Death. One will read of it in England in the time of Edward III. In 1350 this plague swept over Sweden and Denmark. Its ravages in those countries were so great that the disease gained the name of the tiger death.

The earliest symptoms of an attack by so dread a pest was a sneeze. Thereupon the pitying bystanders, with sorrowing glance, would turn to the newly marked victim and exclaim, "May God be with you!"