

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

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**Charlotte Messenger**  
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In the Interests of the Colored People  
of the Country.

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It takes 1,300,000 barrels of flour yearly to supply bread for the people of Philadelphia. Besides paying nearly \$8,000,000 a year for this flour they also pay over \$10,000,000 annually for having it made into bread by the bakers. In other words, says the *Record* of that city, the staff of life is more than doubled in value because women at home cannot make light, wholesome loaves.

The news that the Mikado of Japan has become addicted to alcohol, while the Emperor of China is devoting most of his time to opium smoking, is not satisfactory. Kalakaua is still playing poker with disastrous results to his National Treasury. Really, observes the *Graphic*, these remote potentates seem to deride the services of an all-round reformer.

An article in the North China *Herald* upon Chinese benevolence shows that it is very generally practised. Whenever great floods or famines occur great soup kitchens are established. There are societies to provide coffins for those who cannot buy them, for gathering human bones which have become exposed and giving them suitable burial, for distributing plasters and drugs, and for presenting "virtue books."

North Carolina can lay claim to the President's earliest namesake, asserts the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. Northampton, in that State, has a Grover Cleveland, now a sturdy lad of twelve, and whose father, upon going to Buffalo, N. Y., for medical treatment shortly before his birth, heard a speech from Mr. Cleveland, then almost to fortune and to fame unknown, and was so impressed with it that he gave the speaker's name to his next boy, prophesying at the time that he would be a President's namesake.

A Brooklyn man has originated an enterprise by which the community is to be supplied with trustworthy eggs. His plan, relates the *Chicago Herald*, is to inclose hens of ascertained diligence as egg producers in caged-up nests and leave them at the homes of customers, the latter to pay a rental of so much per hen, and take their chances of getting more or less than one egg from each fowl. It is stated that the company which has been organized for this purpose will not be responsible for the failure of any particular hen to perform her duty, but will spare no effort to employ reliable hens that will maintain a reasonable average. It is a great enterprise, and the public is certain to take to it kindly. The cackle of a hen in city homes, with its refreshing suggestions of country life and rural barnyards, and the warm, white egg fresh from the nest, will be attractive novelties.

## Dishonest, But Clever.

Frederick, the Great, King of Prussia, one day sent a basketful of beautiful cherries to the Queen. The messenger, a page, was unable to resist the temptation to taste them, and ended by eating them all.

Some days afterward, when the King discovered the boy's theft, he called the page to take a note to the guard-house and wait for a reply. The boy, suspecting there was trouble in store for him, sent the note by a banker who happened to be crossing the courtyard. When the officer opened the note he read as follows: "Give the bearer twenty-five lashes, and take a receipt for the same." In spite of the banker's protests he was seized and flogged. Then he was compelled to sign a receipt for twenty-five lashes. When the King heard of the affair, he laughed most heartily, but was compelled, nevertheless, to apologize to the poor banker, from whom he frequently received considerable loans of money.

## IMPORTANT ITEMS.

### THE LATEST NEWS OF THE DAY

Boiled Down for Our Readers at Home and Abroad

General Harrison, President elect, will visit New York shortly.

Ex-Mayor J. A. Cochran, of Staunton, Va., died Thursday of typhoid fever.

The Eastern Field Trial club are at High Point, N. C., with their Bird Hunting Dogs.

Senator Gorman is endeavoring to arrange matters that President Cleveland will in June next be made President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

At Waterloo, N. Y., Chas. Johnson, a horse thief, was hanged for the murder of John Walters, a jail warden, whom he killed in an effort to escape.

During the first ten months of 1888, 200 miles of new railway were built in South Carolina, which passes all previous records.

President Inman, of the Richmond Terminal has signed a check for \$3,950,000, being the last payment on stock of the Georgia Central Railroad.

The East Tennessee road yesterday ticketed a party of twenty-five white emigrants to Tipper county, Mississippi. They were from King's Mountain, N. C.

Benjamin Harrison will be fifty-five years, six months and fourteen days old when he is inaugurated President of the United States.

The sixty-fourth annual convention of Chi Phi fraternity met at Richmond, Va., Thursday with delegates present from twenty chapters. A Banquet was held in the evening.

It is rumored that in Christian county, Mo., the home of the famous Bald Knob King, Dave Walker, five of the witnesses who testified against him in his trial for murder have been lynched by Ex-Bald Knobbers.

The present Legislature of Georgia is remarkable because of the youthfulness of its presiding officers. The President of the Senate, Mr. Fleming du Bignon, and the Speaker of the House, Mr. A. B. Clay, were both born in the year 1853.

Hon. James Hunt was stabbed to death at Atlanta Thursday night by H. S. Moore, a railway mail clerk. Mr. Hunt was a member of the Georgia Legislature from Catoosa, and a young man and was very popular.

At the Knights of Labor Convention, at Indianapolis, Master Workman Powderly and Secretary Litchman made long reports attacking each other, but afterwards the two leaders made friends and the savage parts of the reports were stricken out.

Thomas Branch, a well known banker, died at Richmond, Va., in the 86th year of his age. He was a union man before the war, was a member of the secession convention and spoke and voted against the ordinance, but afterwards signed it.

Richmond and Danville system—W. A. Walden has been appointed master mechanic of the Atlanta and Charlotte division, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., vice Mr. A. W. Gibbs, transferred. Mr. S. J. Neale has been appointed foreman at Charlotte, vice Mr. W. A. Walden, transferred.

## They Ate Their Crow.

A novel wager on the result of the Presidential election made at South Chicago, Ill., has been settled. A number of guests at a hotel were about equally divided on the political question. In conversation one day the subject of a meal of crow was discussed, and the result was that a wager was made that if Harrison was elected the Democratic boarders should eat a mess of crow, and that in case of Cleveland's success the Republicans were to dine on the succulent black bird. One dozen crows and a dozen jackknives were purchased, and at dinner, the Republicans and the Democrats faced each other across the table. At the appointed time the waiters brought in the crows, which had been roasted and in all respects nicely prepared. Amid a continued roar of laughter on the part of the Republicans and their friends who had gathered to see the fun, the victims ate with a good grace their meal. In the meantime the other side of the table feasted on jackknives.

## The Judges Puzzled.

A curious complication has arisen in regard to the official returns from one district of Prince George's county, Maryland. After the votes were counted one of the judges, through ignorance, put the tally sheets into the ballot box and locked them up. The law forbids a box to be reopened unless there is a contest, and how legally to secure the official returns the judges of the district are puzzled to know. Judge Stone has been appealed to, but it is feared he may decline. He has no jurisdiction and cannot order the ballot box to be reopened. In that event there is only one course to be pursued. Fortunately the new boxes are transparent. The judges will probably meet and while one of them shakes the box up, the other will watch until the tally sheets fall on top with the figure side up. They will then carefully read the returns, make a correct copy and send it to the secretary of State. While the official returns from the fifth district are incomplete, owing to the above cause, the figures, as far as known, give a complete democratic plurality of seven votes.

The convict lease system prevails in ten Southern States.

## THE DURHAM FAILURES.

Many of the Leading Business Houses Assign  
--The Want of Ready Money the Cause--

Thursday morning of last week all Durham was taken aback upon reading a notice posted upon the doors of the Bank of Durham stating that Mr. W. T. Blackwell, the proprietor, had made an assignment.

Soon it was ascertained that Capt E. J. Parrish, Mr. J. W. Blackwell, Messrs. Muse and Shaw, Mr. W. F. Ellis and Messrs. Robbins & Stone had also made assignments.

The failures were not due to the lack of assets but to the want of ready money to meet pressing demands.

W. T. Blackwell assigns to V. Ballard and W. S. Halliburton.

E. J. Parrish assigns to W. W. Fuller and J. M. Whitted and conveys all his available property.

W. F. Ellis, dealer in dry goods, assigns to W. S. Halliburton.

Charles Robbins and W. H. Stone, composing the firm of Robbins & Stone, dealers in dry goods, assigned to Lucius Tiley.

J. W. Blackwell assigned to S. E. Watts and J. M. W. Hicks. He conveys all his personal property and twenty tracts or lots of land.

Another big failure is reported. John L. Markham, a leading wholesale merchant, assigned for \$90,000. The failure was caused mainly by Markham giving accommodation paper to the Bank of Durham, which assigned Thursday, amounting to \$30,000, and which due in about 90 days. A few other assignments are anticipated, and these with the six reported, will probably swell the liabilities to \$1,500,000.

## The Amount Made Good.

The responsibility for the \$1,400 in standard silver dollars recently shipped from the United States mint at New Orleans to the United States Treasurer at Washington, delivered in the form of bird shot, has been practically established by the payment of the amount in question to Treasurer Pyatt by the agent of the express company. While thus tacitly admitting its responsibility for the money, the express company has, so far as known, been unable to discover how and by whom the boxes containing the silver were tampered with while in transit. The matter is still under investigation, and may yet be unraveled. Officers of the company are somewhat indignant over what they regard as the premature publication of the discovery of theft, on the theory that if the persons concerned in the matter had not been informed of the discovery of their operations they might have easily been detected trying to repeat the act of exchanging shot for the silver contents of bags in which money is transmitted.

## Gen. Harrison's Correspondence.

Since the day of his election General Harrison's mail has steadily increased until it has now reached mammoth proportions. This morning it required an express wagon to haul the bundles of letters and bags of newspapers that had arrived since Saturday. About fifteen hundred letters and several bags of newspapers comprised today's. Something like eighty telegrams were also received today, most of a congratulatory character, as are also his letters. Heretofore General Harrison has aimed to reply to every letter, but with such an extraordinary increase, he now finds that the task of replying to each letter will be too great to undertake, as it would more than occupy his entire time.

## The Farmers in Convention.

The twenty second annual convention of the National Grangers Patrons of Husbandry commenced in Topeka, Kan., last week. Delegates are present from every state in the union. Acting Worthy Master James Draper, of Massachusetts, presided.

Memorial services were held in honor of deceased Worthy Master P. D. Dorden, of Mississippi, who died in July last. Standing committees were then announced.

The eighth annual convention of the farmers' congress of the United States also met in this city. R. F. Kolk, of Alabama, presided. The call of the roll showed thirty states represented.

## A Lynching in Louisiana.

A special from Donaldsonville, La., says that on Tuesday afternoon on a plantation near that town, a negro seized an eleven year old child of respectable parents who at the time was playing with her younger sisters. Flourishing a knife, he took her into the cane field. The screams of younger children brought a number of plantation hands to the spot and the wretch was caught in the act of outraging the child. He was taken to jail, but so great was the indignation that about two hundred persons attacked and overpowered the jailer at night and took the prisoner and hanged him.

## A Piute Ballot-Box Stuffing.

The Sacramento (Cal.) *See* says: Captain Sam, leader of the Piute Indians, who have been gleaming hops along the American river of late, says that he was once a candidate for Chief of the Piutes. His opponent was Captain Jim, and the Piutes agreed upon a date for the election. The balloting was to be by means of small pebbles, to be deposited in a box, Sam's ballots being white pebbles and Jim's black. The night before the election some of Jim's adherents dropped a bucketful of black pebbles into the box, and, of course, when the pebbles were counted Jim was elected.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Beneath the homestead's sloping eaves,  
We gather round the board,  
And for the golden harvest sent  
Give thanks unto the Lord,  
But from the bursting barns and bins  
Oh, spare a thought I pray,  
For those who kept in wintry woods  
The first Thanksgiving Day!

The face of heaven was veiled and dark,  
The fields and fells of home,  
And all the world beneath,  
Of withered wood and wold, lay hid  
Within a snowy sheath.  
They shivered in the bitter blast,  
For thiner clad were they;  
The pilgrim fathers long ago,  
Who kept Thanksgiving Day.

With all his train of feathered dames  
Behind him in a row,  
They saw a lordly bird with plumes  
Like polished metal go,  
The aim was sure, the bullet true,  
In throes of death he lay;  
And feasting on his dainty flesh,  
They kept Thanksgiving Day.

The graves wherein their fathers slept,  
The fields and fells of home,  
Were leagues beyond the forest dark,  
Across the wintry foam.  
Thought wand and fear abided there,  
And peril barred the way;  
Yet, lonely in a lonely land,  
They kept Thanksgiving Day.

In all the pleasant fields about,  
Upon the frosted vines,  
Sweet Cinerella's fairy coach,  
The yellow pumpkin, shines;  
And still with all his train of dames,  
The turkey struts away;  
As in the winter-whitened woods,  
That first Thanksgiving Day.

Our fathers' graves are on the hill,  
The children at the knee,  
The storehouse full of goodly things,  
How grateful they should be!  
They thanked the Lord for perils passed,  
And for the right to pray;  
Then let us doubly thank Him now,  
For this Thanksgiving Day.

—Minnie Irving.

## THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,  
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,  
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,  
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home—  
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,  
For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,  
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,  
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—  
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,  
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,  
For our country extended from sea unto sea,  
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—  
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

## HOPE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CLARA DAVIS.

"THERE is nothing left in my life to be thankful for," Hope Grey felt, as she climbed up the stairs that led to her mite of a room on the top floor of the tenement she called home.

All day, with a choking sob in her throat, she sat in a damp, cheerless room trimming hats until her fingers ached, and then, at night, to be discharged because a tiny drop of blood from her pricked fingers fell on a bit of velvet! To the friendless orphan

girl it was a bitter misfortune and her whole nature rebelled against the injustice.

Poor Hope! The past ten years had been to her a continual struggle for existence. In this time she had seen her mother laid in the grave and herself left alone in the world, with only her own labor between starvation and life.

She was a slender, graceful girl, whose resolute, cheerful spirit shone through her clear, brown eyes; but to-night the brown eyes were dim with unshed tears, and as she sat by the window and gazed out into the drizzling twilight she gave herself up to the memory of the past.

Far back in that past she was a child again, surrounded by all that loving parents could provide, and as she dreamed of these days the tears rolled down the pale cheeks and the sensitive mouth quivered with emotion.

A few years had brought great changes. The precious loving mother had slowly died of want and sorrow, and the helpless child could only weep in

bitter anguish at the loss which left her utterly friendless. From the day the earth hid her mother's tender face from view, Hope knew she stood alone in the world.

Slowly and painfully the terrible dark days came back to her as she sat in the deepening gloom.

The father had liked the social glass, and then followed an unconquering thirst that had literally drank up business, home and manhood.

Again Hope could see the sad pleading eyes of her mother and the growing poorer and poorer until the deepest poverty was coupled with the keener anguish of disgrace.

Then followed the secret hurrying away of the husband and father, who in an hour of terrible temptation had thrown away his honor and principle.

Branded with the crime of forgery the poor wreck of humanity fled to a distant State, and nothing was heard of him for two long agonizing years. At last came the tidings that he had been killed in a drunken brawl in San Francisco. The shock was too much for the feeble wife, and Hope saw her mother laid away in her last sleep, a young woman yet, but with hair as white as the purest snow.

The poor, red body had found rest, but for Hope there was no such escape. She was young and strong, and must live on in a continual struggle for a life that was filled only with bitter memories.

As it grew darker she arose from the window and, lighting her lamp, she began counting the money in her purse. It was a little sum, and it brought more vividly before the lonely girl her forlorn situation.

"Oh! what will become of me when this is gone?" she asked herself, as she walked nervously up and down the room.

Suddenly she stopped before a little stand, as though some plan had come into her busy brain.

"If I could only sell it!" she said aloud as she took up a small, unframed painting. It was a bit of lowland, with the sea shimmering in the distance, on which could be seen the white sail of a ship homeward bound.

Her mother in the happier days had been skillful with brush and pencil, and had taught the little that she knew to Hope. It had served to brighten many a weary hour for both mother and daughter, and after the mother's death

Hope had gone on in her own way painting all the odd scenes she could remember, often denying herself many comforts that she might buy the few touches of color.

Youth easily takes courage, and the picture brought new life to Hope. The next morning, with the picture tied up in paper, she set out for a certain picture dealer, whose windows had often attracted her attention.

She tried to still her wildly beating heart as she entered the store and inquired if they bought paintings.

"Have you one for sale?" asked the clerk, looking curiously at the shabby, slender figure.

"Yes," returned Hope, beginning to untie her parcel.

"Mr. Darwood attends to that business," said the clerk, and before Hope could reply she was ushered into Mr. Darwood's office. A tall, fine looking man arose at her entrance and politely inquired what he could do for her. With trembling fingers Hope took off the paper and handed him the picture for inspection. After what seemed to her an age, during which time she had vainly tried to read his decision in his face, he turned and glanced at her with a look of interest. The pale, delicate face, with its look of trouble, told more plainly than words the need that had brought her there. Moreover the quick glance had shown him that the brown-eyed girl was a gentlewoman.

"The picture is well done," he said, all the while thinking what lovely eyes she had and wondering who she could be. "We are giving five dollars apiece for such painting, and I will take this at the same price if agreeable to you," he continued.

"Agreeable to her!" To Hope it was a fortune, and after being told that anything she could do in the same line would be paid for, she went home to look and look at this money, which had been earned so pleasantly and that would open to her a new way to earn an honest living.

"Jasper, where did you get this picture from?" asked Mr. Newton that afternoon of his head clerk.

Mr. Newton was the proprietor of the art store where Hope had sold her painting.

Jasper Darwood hurried to his employer's side to see which particular picture was meant.

"Oh that one," he replied as he caught sight of the one the old gentleman was looking at so earnestly. "I bought it this morning of a lady. It is a very good one," he added.

The clerk thought he was examining it as to its commercial value, but Mr. Newton's next question showed this had not entered his mind.

"Is that the lady's name or the title?" he asked abruptly.

"The title, Mr. Newton; the lady's name was Grey, and—"

But Jasper Darwood never finished his sentence, for old Mr. Newton had grasped the back of a chair and would have fallen but for the timely aid of his clerk.

As soon as he recovered he began to question Darwood. Did he know the artist's address? and question after question followed, but the clerk could tell him almost nothing.

asking every man and boy in the place if he knew any one named Hope Grey. It would have seemed ludicrous to Darwood but for the distress of his employer.

He met with no success until he came to one of the little boys who dusted the counters.

Yes, he knew a Miss Grey. She lived next door to him, and when his mother was sick Miss Grey came in and—; but Mr. Newton didn't listen to any more. Having checked the boy and found out the name of the street and number of the house, he hailed a cab and was soon on his way to the place.

It never occurred to him that this might not be the Hope Grey he sought. Some instinct told him his long search was ended.

Hope sat alone in her little room, when she was startled by a loud knock, and a moment after the door opened and the long separated father and daughter were face to face.

It took some time to tell the story of John Grey's wanderings.

He had not been killed in the drunken brawl, but it had been in this same place that he had first awakened to a sense of his terrible position.

To return home was dangerous, for the shadow of the law hung over him; but after amassing a fortune the longing for his family became so strong that one morning he set off for the East, ready to face the danger of imprisonment if he could but see his loved ones again.

There was no need to have changed his name. No one would have recognized in the fine-looking gray-haired man the forlorn creature who had crept away so miserably ten years before.

But the coming home had been almost useless except for the one result which had lifted forever from him the stain of crime. Every dollar had been paid back and he stood once more a free man, but of the wife and child he had left in poverty and shame he could find no trace.

The belief that both were dead had finally been yielded to, when Providence had placed in his way the object of his search.

The wife lay in her narrow bed, and that darkness could never be taken out of his life, but the child was left to him, and he thanked the Father of the fatherless who had protected her all these years.

The next day was Thanksgiving Day, and no three people were happier than the three who ate their turkey in John Newton's home.

Jasper Darwood was there, too, for the old gentleman maintains that but for his buying the picture Hope would never have been found, but Jasper Darwood knows that Hope's brown eyes had a great deal to do with the purchase.

A Thought For Thanksgiving.

Here is a thought for Thanksgiving Day from Emerson: "Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. Here let there be what the earth waits for—exalted manhood. What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons, to counteract its materialities. For it is the rule of the universe that corn shall serve man and not man corn."—*Philadelphia Press*.

