

Charlotte Messenger
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday,
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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 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.

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Address, W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

A foreign scientific journal announces the discovery of a beetle, christened Cetonia aurata, which is said to render unnecessary all the knowledge gained by Pasteur concerning the treatment of rabies.

The feats of horsemanship performed by the graduating class at West Point are said to have been remarkably difficult and brilliant this year. After the firing and sabbat exercise at full gallop and while clearing hurdles had been finished, the saddles were removed and the men ordered to ride bareback "at will."

According to the Washington Star, it is a rare thing that a steamer arrives from the Isthmus of Panama without bringing some witness to extraordinary and ingenuity in doubtful result either in the night or that probably in the morning.

GIFTS.

"Oh, World-God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried. His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold

Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide Of lavish life washed all his land with gold.

Armies of toiled slaves rise at his feet, World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.

His priests are gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined, Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnel deep.

Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and we shall find Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.

His prayer was granted. All the earth became Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak, Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,

Peopled the world with imaged grace and light. The lyre was his, and his the breathing might

Of the immortal marble, his the play Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.

Go seek the sunshine race, we find to-day A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World-God, give me power!" the Roman cried.

His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained A captive to the chariot of his pride,

The blood of myriad provinces was drained To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart, Invulnerably bulwarked every part

With serried legions and with close-meshed code. Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.

A roofless ruin stands where once abode The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, God-head, give me truth!" the Hebrew cried.

His prayer was granted. He became the slave Of the idea, a pilgrim far and wide,

Curse, scorn, and scourged, with no other save. He knew him, and when Greece beheld

His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld. Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power,

Seek him to-day, and find in every land No fire consumes him, neither floods devour, Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

ward to the time when the interest

stream from which they had first appeared.

"Mates, says I, as we were being towed ashore. 'It's plain enough that we have been made prisoners and disarmed. It doesn't appear, however, that they mean us any great harm, and it will perhaps be our wisest plan not to provoke them to violence.'"

"I expected we would be landed on the bank of the creek, but in place of that two of the natives came into the yawl, her painter was taken by one of the canoes, and we went up the creek at a smart pace. The forest was so dense on either side that it was twilight in there, and we could hardly see each other's faces.

The creek was about thirty feet wide and quite deep. We were about half a mile from the river when we heard the report of a musket. The gun had been fired on board the schooner for a recall. The report son what excited the natives, and at the command of their chief they pulled ahead the faster. Price was a man of hot temper and when he had recovered his wits and realized that we were being carried off, he advised that we make a fight for our liberty.

While it might be that the natives understood a few words of English, it is more likely that the tone of his voice and his excitement gave them the cue. One of the fellows in the yawl with us had a musket, and he cocked it and held the weapon within a foot of my mate's breast. That was to warn him that any move on his part would be his own death, and he soon subsided.

"I think we must have gone up the river fully eight miles before we came to their village. It was not on the bank of the stream, but half a mile away, and approached by such tortuous paths through the dense forests that it was plain to understand that they were a warlike and strategic tribe, and that all the redcoats in British Guiana could not successfully attack the place. Each path, as I afterward came to know, was defended by a sort of abatis, and a sentinel or scout was always on duty.

Our advent into the village created but little surprise, and this mostly among the women and children. This was pretty good proof that the sight of a white man was no novelty to the men. We were held under guard on a piece of vacant ground within the village for a few minutes, while one of the natives went off to see the chief; and during this interval I said to the men:

"It is true, mates, that we have been made prisoners, but we must hope for the best. It is more likely, from the looks of everything, that we are being held for ransom. In case we are separated here and one of us has the luck to get away, let him take the creek for his main road."

"A box turned on its side, served—when Grandpa put a shelf in it—for a pantry, and a table.

When Grandpa came in from chopping their firewood, he found their table covered with a coarse cloth, the butter spread with a nicely browned egg and a pile of cold lamb, while the teapot sat out its sweet breath from the hearth. Supper over, Sylvia took soap and towel to the edge of the brook that tumbled to their new home, not twenty feet away. Grandpa brought the dishes to a table, smooth rock, and Sylvia washed and Lem in the running water. When they were wiped she hung her towel on the fence and went in to feed Mouser.

"It is queer to go to sleep in an old peck, and the 'hoot, hoot' of an owl overhead made her get up and sit in her gown by the embers on the hearth. When the owl flew away, and she could hear only the plashing of the brook, she crept to bed again, and slept till Mouser woke her up trying to burrow under her neck.

Grandpa was gone, but soon returned with three fat trout from the brook. These were gone brown on a spit, and a pot-foes were roasted in the ashes, and a hearty breakfast they had of it. After washed

travel and the gold has been washed far from its source the attrition causes it to become fine and smooth. As the miner approaches the feeding quartz vein the gold becomes coarser and more lustrous. Then it is certain that a rich quartz ledge is in the vicinity, and in this manner the best quartz veins are found.

"I believe this is what you mean, when you say that the gold is washed away by the water, and that the heavy particles of quartz are left behind."

"By constantly running over money, you would probably imagine that their sole aim was simply to count the money as rapidly as possible. Not so. A clerk will take a pile of bills, tightly fastened so much as loosening the fastenings, she will begin to count at a lightning rate, upper right-hand corner of each note. Still, though she has only such a small portion of the note for her guide, she will discover a counterfeit readily. Let me relate a little incident which happened in the city. Some of the boys, among them a paying teller from a New York bank, paid us a call, looking very elegant in their tasteful uniforms. They were engaged for several moments in watching the clerks count money in the manner described. Suddenly one of the young women snapped a note from the package which she was running over, and she handed it to the teller for inspection. It was passed from one to another without eliciting any special comment. Finally it reached the man whom I knew to be a paying teller. He examined it for a moment and returned it to my possession without a word. I asked him if he had noticed anything peculiar in regard to it. He replied in the negative.

do they want? Could a boatload of the man release you?"

"The chief and his interpreter were watching me as I read the letter, and they were quick to discover that I had had bad news. The interpreter could not read writing, and they must, therefore, take it as I gave it. I explained that the Captain had only a few goods left, and that he advised them to conduct us to the nearest outpost down the river and make a bargain with the authorities. It was plain to see that they were disappointed, and after a confab the interpreter was ordered to say to me:

"You try one time again. Captain give canoe full, we let you go. He no buy, we kill you. We no take you down river."

"I wrote another letter to the Captain, giving the above information and appealing to him not to leave us to perish. For the wages which would be due us upon our return to Georgetown he could probably raise the offer and the effort he would make appeared, he did make. As subsequent good deal more. He offered, and sketched a large quantity of other barter that the natives wanted the stick was used. They were a sanguine in advic would not trust the Captains lot, at his bargain. On the main to stand he had no faith that they other hand, their promise to him, and would keep senders were returned empty the mere fact was the rage of the peahand."

I was brought out of my pile threatened and cuffed about until I had and kied, and the same treatment fell exhausted to Keys. It was only when served, thus maltreated us that after they's letter was shown to me, the Captains his willingness to pay a He expressed, but wanted me to make the fair ransom understand that they must act natives in matters. This I tried to explain to chief and his interpreter, but neither could not or would not but I. I think the killing of Price and undratia knotty point in the transaction was also probably expected the Captain. To seek revenge for that, add tain wouo get the opportunity he would force that to bed sore and suppers to

"I wefnel night. Early the next passa w was routed out to write a morning to the Captain. While I, of third leased to save my life, I had course, Ily made up my mind that the pretty had no intention of giving us up, natives the Captain to that effect, tell I wrote to give them nothing until we ing hitught down the stream to a point where we could be exchanged. The when at the village was full of stuff for fact had that the tribe had fought barter with the schooner. I was old Gem"

Sylvia holds out her empty hand. Why had she forgotten the carrot? What if she should pass by? No. Gem What if she, drawing near, lifts her nose to us, and, finding it empty she to Sylvia's palm. Finding it empty she turns away; but—lifting with all her strength—Sylvia falls upon the back of the kind old brute.

Hardly stopping to look around old Gem moves on. Sylvia lays her head upon the soft shoulder, her bare arm around the old cow's neck. Slowly, how slowly! the little herd moves homeward. Here old Gem stops to bite a tender clump of grass. Sylvia beats with her fists upon the cow's side and she starts on.

So slow! She so faint! Fainting; all is growing dark; her arms unclasp; she is falling. The tramp of running stirrers dulling senses. Dimly, in the darkness, she sees a face; she falls into the strong arms of Mr. Marsh. She can only say: "Grandpa is"—and all is night.

"Grandpa is"—and all is night. When Sylvia awoke the thin, sweet face of Mrs. Marsh bent over her. Memory seemed yet unconscious till a throb of pain quickened it. Then a cold pressure stifles her heart.

"Oh! Mrs. Marsh! Grandpa! Is he?"

TRICKS IN BANK NOTES.

STORIES TOLD BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Clever Counterfeits—Detective Skill of Clerks—Redeeming Mutilated Bills—Stories of Crime.

A Washington letter to the New York Mail and Express says: There is a white-haired, sharp-eyed little man in the Treasury who has been one of the features of the place for years. Into this gentleman's hands, speaking metaphorically, I happened to fall, and it required no particular effort to make the official talkative. He was inspecting at the moment a spurious \$100 note, and this circumstance gave rise to his first anecdote.

"I tell you," he said, "there is apparently no limit to the clever tricks of counterfeiters. Just look at this note. It doubtless deceived over a hundred people before it came into our hands. I know for a fact that it was accepted as genuine by a bank teller in high standing, and yet the instant a certain young woman in one of our departments let her experienced eye fall upon it, she detected its worthless character. The neat workmanship on the bill reminds me of a case which came to our notice some time ago. A counterfeit had got up a number of \$100 notes on six separate banks. The copy used was on a bank which made its \$100 notes in this style. On one end of the paper was an engraving of a ship, the yard-arm of which ran between two delicate flourishes underneath the word 'the,' which was the first word of the name of the bank of issue; as, for instance, The National Bank of the Republic, or The First National Bank. The fraud would have been a particularly neat one had the counterfeiter made his notes payable by the same bank from which he obtained his original specimen. Instead of being sufficiently shrewd, however, to avail himself of that precaution, or perhaps through an excess of caution, he made them payable by six other banks. Each of these latter institutions had one distinctive feature on their one hundred dollar notes. The yard arm of the vessel instead of running between the two minute flourishes barely touched the outside of the flourish nearer the top of the note, and approached closer to the word 'the' by the sixteenth of an inch. Of course the counterfeit, which was a capital piece of workmanship, with the one exception mentioned, deceived merchants easily, and deceived many bank tellers as well. The moment the notes passed through the hands of a lynx-eyed young lady at the Treasury, she discovered their spurious quality in

recovering the missing part, we would, on its presentation, pay you twenty-five cents more. Suppose you brought us a shred of a note, with the edges singed, and asserted that it was the remnant of a \$100 bill which had accidentally been destroyed by fire. We would request you to make an affidavit in support of your story. If you could still further substantiate your statement by the affidavit of several reputable persons who had witnessed the destruction of the bill, we would then accept the shred and give you \$100. Of course, people frequently try to impose upon us, but they invariably come to grief. A man once sent us a lot of small pieces of various denominations which were very ragged looking. He wrote that they were the remaining portions of bills which had been carried from his money drawer by mice and nibbled into shreds. They were turned over to some of the female employes, women experienced that, although they have only a tiny shred to go by, can tell positively from that shred the face value of the note of which it was a portion; its origin and the date of its issue, even should there be not a single letter or figure upon it. It took these experts only a trifling space of time to discover that the nibbled fragments had formerly belonged to counterfeiters. However, as the sender had made no affidavit in the matter, he escaped punishment."

"Can you show me some curious specimens of notes which have been redeemed?"

"Certainly. Here is an odd-looking affair which is a \$1 note. A man carelessly left it in the pocket of a white vest, which garment was shortly after both washed and ironed. You can imagine the state of a legal tender after undergoing such a thrilling ordeal. Here is a \$2 note pierced with four holes. It was found carelessly folded in the pocket of a murdered man. He had been shot several times, one of the bullets tearing its way through the folded note, which was shortly afterward sent here for redemption by the dead man's relatives. We did our best to alleviate their grief with a brand new bill. Still another specimen comes from the Chicago fire. It is simply a quantity of ashes pasted on a sheet of paper, and represents a \$1 note. Your inexperienced eye cannot discern a figure or a letter upon it, but our clerks displayed little embarrassment in recognizing it as an old friend. We received a vast amount of charred money from the Chicago fire, and redeemed the larger portion of it.

Apropos of fires, I recall an interesting case which occurred in 1870. In that year a steambot was burned on the Mississippi. Among other valuables which went to the bottom of the river was an Adams Express safe containing over Greensboro, Wednesday, July 29. Winston, Thursday, July 30. Company Shops, Friday, July 31. Durham, Monday, August 2. All who are friendly towards the prosperity of the Old North State are respectfully invited to be present. The citizens are respectfully requested to procure a suitable place in which to hold the meeting. We hope the colored citizens will not fail to come out and hear something new about the industrial classes, and learn HOW TO SAVE MONEY AFTER IT IS EARNED.

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We append a recent letter, which came to us entirely unsolicited, with permission to publish it.

DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1886. You may add my testimony as to the merits of Pisto's Cure for Consumption. I took a severe cold last February, which settled on my lungs. They became ulcerated and were so painful that I had no rest for two days and nights. I got a bottle of Pisto's Cure for Consumption, and was relieved by the time I had taken half of it. Since that time I have kept Pisto's Cure in the house, and use it as a preventive, both for lung troubles and cough, for which I can recommend it as the best medicine I ever used; and that is saying a great deal, for I have used at least twenty others, besides about as many physicians' prescriptions. Pisto's Cure for Consumption has never failed to give relief in my family. A. J. GRUBB, 37 Springfield St.

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13, 1886