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In the Interests of the Colored People
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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.

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Mustard plants used to be the terror and disgust of the California wheat-grower. Now they are a source of profit. By ingenious mechanical harvesting both crops are gathered separately, and the mustard is worth more than the wheat on the same land.

In Germany, says the *New Haven Journal*, the hours of labor average per week, in textile factories, 72; in machine factories, 60. In France, in textile factories, 72; in machine factories, 60. In Austria, 66 in each. In Russia, in textile factories, from 72 to 84; in machine factories, 72. In Switzerland, 66 in each. In Belgium, in textile factories, 72; in machine factories, 62. In Italy, in textile factories, 67 to 90; in machine factories, 72. In Holland, in textile factories, 72; in machine factories, 64. In the United States, 60 in each. In Great Britain, in textile factories, 56; in machine factories, 52. In England factories generally close at 5:30 o'clock in the evening and at 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, while in the silk factories of Northern Italy the factories are open from 5 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock P. M., the hands working 94 1-2 hours per week, or 15:34 hours per day, exclusive of meal hours.

There are now eleven guides appointed to show visitors through the National Capitol and explain its wonders. No price is fixed for their services, and they leave their fee to the generosity of the visitor, generally receiving a fair compensation for the long tramp through the building and stereotyped descriptive lectures. Many members employ guides to take their constituents over the building as they have not the time, and fully pay rather than be troubled with the tiresome task. One of the guides, Benjamin Stewart, of Virginia, brought up on President Madison's head, and has a fund of anecdote about the magnates of the Old Dominion. The stories told by the guides about those of whom they show the and its inmates are very amusing. Some of the hackdrivers who carry strangers about the city to Arlington and to the Soldiers' Home are well posted on the public buildings and history of the city, and receive a good many extra "tips" from those who employ them.

Investigations are still going on, particularly in France, with a view to utilizing the heat of the sun as a source of power and warmth. One of the most interesting and practicable methods in this line is that devised some time ago by Professor Morse, of Salem, Mass., the limitations of which, it is hoped, may be overcome by future improvements. This device consists simply of a shallow box, the bottom of which is of corrugated iron and the top of glass. This is placed outside the building in such a position that the sun shines directly upon it, the heat rays of the sun pass through the glass, and are absorbed by the iron, heating it to quite a high temperature, and, by a system of ventilation, a current of air is passed through the apparatus and into the room to be heated. By this means the air was heated, on pleasant days, to about ninety degrees in passing over the iron. It is admitted, however, that the chief difficulty in all these methods of solar heating, as a substitute for the ordinary or artificial means, is yet to be overcome, being available only in fair weather; though, in connection with the customary system, a solar apparatus may effect a saving in the quantity of fuel usually consumed.

SELF REQUIEM.

Another idle day is done,
Another empty week is gone;
Is aught accomplished, any deed
Performed to merit lasting praise?
Have these swift, gliding, restless days
Gained for me any future meed
From act or word? Truth answers: "None!"
Alas! sad truth—alas! to hear
The hollow echo of the Past,
For aye that hopeless burden bear—
The mockery of blank Despair!
To feel, as ghostly days slip past,
That we can count, when this brief race is run,
Nothing of good or great, no laurels won.
The web of life is swiftly spun;
Each hurrying day, month, fleeting year,
All but so many fragile threads
That Time with nimble fingers spreads
In the vast web of his weaving here;
Death throws the shuttles by—'tis done!
—Nelson Hersh, in *Current.*

A CHANGE OF HEART.

The school-directors of District No. 19, Perry Township, were holding a meeting. Nobody would have thought it. The chairman was leaning against his frontage with his checked shirt-sleeves turned back and an axe in his hand, surveying the other two members of the board, who stood outside the fence. It was a meeting, nevertheless; and its object was nothing less important than the selection of a teacher for the fall term. "Lyman Doty spoke to me about having the school," said the chairman, dubiously. "Lyman Doty!" echoed Steve Tenney, a stalwart young fellow, with thick brown hair, white teeth and a square chin, to make up for his lack of downright good looks. "Why, Lyman Doty couldn't teach a baby. He quit school before I did, long enough, and he hasn't studied anything but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I know of. Better stick to his farm—eh, Larkin?" "Guess you're right," responded the third member of the board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of gray hair sticking straight out from his chin. And the chairman nodded his agreement. "Well," continued little Mr. Larkin, with an air of importance, "I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. She got a certificate for two years, last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanborn would."

"Sanborn?" said Steve Tenney, sharply. "Any connection of the Sanborns over on the river?" "That's where she's from," said Mr. Larkin. "She's old John Sanborn's girl—him that died last winter." Steve frowned. "You won't put her into that school, then, with my consent!" he said, determinedly. "What?" said Mr. Larkin, with a gasp, while the chairman stared. "What would you think," the young man responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of sheep, at a good price, and half of them died off in the next week, of a disease he must have known beforehand? That was the trick John Sanborn served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, sir! I can't conscientiously consent to putting any of the Sanborns in that school. Bad lot, in my opinion!" Mr. Larkin's small, bright eyes snapped. "Old Sanborn wasn't any too straight, and everybody knows it," he admitted. "But what that's got to do with Molly is more than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her."

"Well, well, fight it out between you," said the chairman, good-naturedly, and returned to his wood-chopping. The tall young man and the little old one walked on up the street together, talking briskly. Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; Steve was cool and immovable. "There don't seem to be any mercy in you," said the former, almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. "If they'd been left well off, it would be different; but they're poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "If that's the case—"

Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant five minutes later. But Steve Tenney had surrendered with a bad grace. "I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; "but I don't approve of it. There's not much good in the Sanborns, or I lose my guess!"

School began two weeks later, when the first cool wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction of kitchen stores.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new teacher, and acted accordingly. He did not call at the school-house the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted—the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy, and was utterly indifferent as to whether anything was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however, a month or so after school had begun.

"Guess you'll have to own up to being in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We hadn't had a teacher for years that's given the satisfaction Molly does. The children rave about her—all of 'em."

But Steve was unimpressed. "My opinion has yet to be altered," he said, rather stiffly.

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged. "She spoke about needing a new broom and water-pail," he said, as he rose. "I told her she'd better come to you about it."

"That school-house had a new broom last term, and a water pail term before last!" said the young director, emphatically.

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening, the young man, sitting in a pew of the small wooden church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkably pretty girl, but fair, and fresh, and innocent, with a bright intelligence in the dark eyes and a sweetness in the full lips.

"Who is she?" was his first question, after the services were concluded, addressed, as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

"That?" the latter repeated, in astonishment. "Why, that's our teacher—that's Molly Sanborn. That's my wife she's with, don't you see? I am waiting to take 'em home."

Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he should find that they were not needed; but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin, carelessly, when he met him one day.

"Well, you see," was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, and I s'pose she's heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive."

The young man looked disturbed. That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the school-house.

"I might as well go in and see about that broom and water pail," he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

And he went in accordingly. The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling-book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat, feeling unpleasantly ogreish. She was hearing the last spelling-class. How pretty she looked, standing there in her dark-blue calico dress and white apron! What a sweet voice she had! though putting out "hen, men, pen," to a long line of fidgeting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed, and the last small student had rushed, whooping, down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve at last, apologetically, "and see if anything was needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the performance of this duty.

The girl dropped her eyes timidly. "I—don't think so," she murmured. "What a brute she must think me!" Steve reflected, with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said, with a conscience-stricken glance at its stubbly end.

And the little teacher nodded.

"Your water-pail seems to leak," the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch basket from her hand as they started away together; and having taken it, could hardly surrender it short of Mr. Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to surrender it even then. For their first awkwardness had quite worn off; their walk had been far from unpleasant; and they were feeling very well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, and recalling her pretty way of saying them.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr. Larkin, who dropped in that evening.

"Lyman Doty couldn't have the school," he observed, with a chuckle, "but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!"

"What?" said Steve, with a sudden, unexplainable sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week; and he was asking me to-day whether Molly's got any way of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve, warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him?"

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve

care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

But he only said, deprecatingly: "Well, Lyman's a good, steady fellow." "Hump!" was the scornful rejoinder. The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night, she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of her four miles' walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh. A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director, and he was coming toward her. "I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say that I'm going over to the river on business, and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy. "I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave my dinner-pail," she said demurely.

"Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director as the latter assisted the teacher to the ground, and sat down on the horse-block to wait for her."

"Lyman Doty was here after Molly just now," he said, almost gaspingly. "I sent him down to the school-house." "We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking nevertheless in a shame-faced way, and avoiding the little man's eye—"you see, I feel as though it's my bounden duty to keep Lyman Doty away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back, and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded, practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of duty," pursued Mr. Larkin, chuckling slowly as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty'll take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything!" said Mr. Larkin, mysteriously. The Larkins—and, perhaps, Lyman Doty—were the only people who were not surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term, and was quietly married to the young director.

The chairman of the school board is wondering over it yet.—*Emma A. Oppen.*

A Tall American.

Pay-Director Murray, of the United States Navy, is very tall, and is endowed with a physique in full proportion to his height. When sitting, he holds himself very erect, and an ordinary-sized person, if seated behind the general naval officer, would experience considerable difficulty in obtaining a view of what was passing in front.

Several years ago, while in Paris, Pay-Director Murray visited the Grand Opera House, and was enjoying the performance very quietly, when his pleasure was suddenly interrupted by the mutterings of an individual seated directly behind him. Turning slightly around to discover the cause of his annoyance, he found a diminutive Frenchman in a perfect rage over something which was unintelligible to him. Raising his opera-glass, to obtain a better view of one of the performers, his astonishment may be imagined when he felt his arm pushed down, and a voice trembling with anger hissed into his ear:

"Will you set down, sair, if you please?"

The request not only surprised the Pay-Director, but amused him intensely, and, with a most comical expression in his eyes, he turned around, surveyed his acquaintance from head to foot, and slowly arose from his chair, stood erect, and, without uttering a word, quietly resumed his former attitude.

The mingled look of dismay and disgust with which the little Frenchman surveyed his hated neighbor, as he stood before him, six feet and six inches tall, caused a most decided laugh to go the rounds, and, being a sensitive little plant, he could not stand the awkward position in which he had unwittingly placed himself; so, with a desperate attempt at an apology, he hurriedly left the theatre.

A CITY'S STREET TRAFFIC.

NEW YORK'S VAST ARMY OF PEDDLERS AND HUCKSTERS.

Venders of Innumerable Articles, and How They Work—Flower Girls and Newsboys.

A vast plodding army of people in this city live by peddling all sorts of merchandise in the streets and by keeping stands at the street corners. The battle of life constantly being fought in these strange trafficking communities is full of hardship, suffering and privation. Thousands of people thus engaged live from hand to mouth, and a stormy Saturday often means to them a dinnerless Sunday, and a week back in their rent.

Most of the hucksters of the city start on their perambulations early in the morning, and are untiring in the prosecution of schemes to make a living. They may be divided into four classes—those who have horses, those who have hand carts, those who have to hire hand carts and those who have baskets. Early in the morning, and before sunrise, appears the milkman, who leads the vanguard of the hucksters.

Next come the dealers who live by hawking all sorts of vegetables, fish and fruit for the breakfast and dinner table. They are numerous and hard working. Their trade is one of constant labor and full of those discomforts and risks which arise from the inclemency of the weather and the losses resulting from the perishable nature of much of their stock in trade. They attend the early markets down town from 3 to 5 o'clock in the morning, while others have to travel from distant suburbs. Yet they are regularly on their beats, going their rounds in every part of mighty New York, some even before the breakfast hour.

You cannot fail to notice that those who announce articles in season only for a short time are more intelligent in their promulgation than those who peddle the same article all the year round. The hucksters who sell vegetables, flowers, and summer fruit have not time to become indistinct. One day they offer rhubarb and asparagus, then strawberries, gooseberries, and the short-lived cherry; whereas fish, clams, oysters, and potatoes last longer, some being always in the market.

The fish business is both the most regular and the most profitable branch of the trading industry of the street peddlers. But whether they deal in fish, vegetables, or fruit, they are benefactors to the great body of the working people. They not only serve the people with what they require at their own doors, but they supply them at prices below what the articles can be purchased for in the stores.

The voices of some of the hucksters can be heard all day long in the thoroughfares of New York, in winter, in summer, in fair weather and in foul. Some of them confine their peregrinations to certain districts, while others go where they think to succeed best. Oysters, clams, and fruit occupy a goodly number of people, both young and old, who hawk these articles about in hand-carts and baskets. From the ups and downs of fortune among them, not a few, instead of having horses of their own, are obliged to hire them, and, as a consequence, the profits are reduced very considerably by the sum paid for the horse and cart.

Other peddlers trade tin and iron ware for old clothes. A very good cooking pot may be had for a pair of old trousers. The articulation of a man who frequents the upper part of the city is admirable. His respect for the consonants is very great. "Any old-d clothes-es or boots-es; any umbrellas, however old-d!"

He draws the invitation out, but is always distinct, walking slowly in the middle of the street, and addressing the upper windows of the houses on either side.

The neighborhood of lower Broadway, Fourteenth street, Grand street, and Bowery swarms daily with a heterogeneous tribe who deal in a variety of miscellaneous articles. Many of the things offered for sale are neatly gotten up, and some are of ingenious construction. Few of these, however, range above five cents apiece, but how they can be made for the money must seem a mystery to most persons.

The poor people who struggle for a living by attending the fruit stands in the streets have in most cases a hard battle to fight to enable them to keep their souls and bodies together. They are obliged to attend to their business daily in all weathers from year to year, until they fall like withered leaves.

The traffic in buttonhole bouquets and flowers is not solely in the hands of women and girls, though many are employed in it. Those among the latter who are neat, clean, and good looking command the best sale. The flower girls who have a taste for a judicious arrangement of colors have their little flat baskets very prettily decorated. Most New Yorkers have a love for flowers, and it is pleasant to see the value put upon a few feet of ground which can be turned into a miniature garden by its holder.

The army of newsboys and newsdealers may be classed as street peddlers. The New York newsboys have the reputation of being the smartest in the world. They are brought up to no trade, and little capital is needed in their business. They are often drawn from respectable circles, many of the little fellows belonging to families in which it is deemed the duty of every member, however young, to earn something. The remainder are usually the orphans of laborers or mechanics, who are compelled to choose between this work and destitution.

The earnings of a newsboy on an average day are small. They seldom exceed a dollar. In winter they are sensibly lower. An exceptional day comes now and then, when profits are doubled. Railroad or steamboat accidents, sensational murders, and the death of notable

persons yield by far the richest harvest. Of course such cases as the Ward, Jachne, and Shaler trials make a little difference, while the investigation by the Senate committee of the boodle Aldermen for months materially augmented sales. Many a little fellow, with two or three copies of an evening paper under his arm, pursues customers with his importunities late at night. If he fails in selling these last copies of his little pile much of his two or three hours of previous hard work is thrown away. His left-over copies are a dead loss on his hands. To buy such a copy of him, then, is no longer to give him his few pennies. It is to give him the whole price of the paper. It is all profit to him, and is to encourage hard, very hard work.

Much better are the venders situated who offer the papers at fixed news stands. These stands are selected on distinct principles, the chief of which is that the foot passengers are very numerous and are business men. Some of these stands yield a handsome income. A favorite spot of this kind is at the foot of the staircases which lead to the elevated rail road station at the City Hall Square. Some of the women who sell papers there are said to have accumulated a fortune. At the west staircase entrance a mother and daughter are stationed. "M ary," the daughter, a brunette of sixteen summers, is quite a favorite with the male passengers. She sells more papers than any other single street vender in the city.—*New York Sun.*

Letters Oddly Addressed.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-offices. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London: "Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere; He needs not ask, whose wide-extended fame Is spread about our earth, like light and air, A local habitation for his name."

Charles Dibbell, the naval-song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address: "Postman, take this sheet away, And carry it to Mr. Hay; And whether you ride mare or colt on, Stop at the Theatre; Bolton, If in what county you inquire, Merely mention Lancashire."

A letter addressed as follows was mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London: "Where London's column pointing to the skies, Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies, There lives a citizen of sober fame, A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name."

The letter was delivered without delay to a Mr. Balaam, a fishmonger near the Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction: "Mr. ———, Travelling Band, one of the four playing in the street, Fersha (Pershore), Worcestershire. Please find him if possible."

Another envelope bore the following: "This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies 30 Sherriff street, off Prince Edward street, Liverpool."

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered: "To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburgh. She has a wooden leg."

The other was directed: "My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest."

"In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde, "the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst.—*Home Chimes.*

The Bread-Fruit Tree.

The bread-fruit tree grows everywhere in Southern Central America, and is a veritable forest king. It attains immense proportions, the trunk often being from ten to twelve feet in girth, and the branches reach out so to cover a circumference of perhaps one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet. Its leaves are very large and thick, of a rich dark green color on one side and a silvery tint on the other. In shape they somewhat resemble a broad vase or flower-pot twelve or fifteen inches long and ten wide. The fruit, with which one tree will supply a whole neighborhood, looked like a small, oblong watermelon with a rough rind, and takes a yellowish tint when ripe. It forms an important part of the food of the natives, who prepare it by splitting it open, putting a small piece of fat salt pork in a natural cavity in the center of it, for shortening and seasoning, and then baking it. The taste suggests something like a cross between bread and potato.

A Remarkable Frozen Well.

Scientific men have been perplexed for many years over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. A Russian merchant in 1829 began to dig the well, but he gave up the task three years later, when he had dug down thirty feet and was still in solidly frozen soil. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences dug away at the well for months, but stopped when it reached a depth of 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from these data it was estimated that the ground was frozen to a depth of 512 feet. Although the pole of the greatest cold is in this province of Yakutsk, not even the terrible severity of the Siberian winter could freeze the ground to a depth of 600 feet. Geologists have decided that the frozen valley of the Lower Lena is formation of the glacial period. They believe, in short, that it froze solidly then, and has never since had a chance to thaw out.

13, 1886