

THE Charlotte Messenger IS PUBLISHED Every Saturday,

AT CHARLOTTE, N. C. In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

This 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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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

The undertakers of Philadelphia have again invoked the aid of the clergy to put an end to Sunday funerals.

The Venice of the poets and the Venice mentioned as follows in the London Times seem different cities: "The filthy corners of Venice are as foul as of old—"

France is determined to have no sympathizers with oppressed royalty within her borders. The Rev. J. W. Drought, an English clergyman of Chantilly, who wrote the Count of Paris a polite letter of regret at his exile from the country, was required by the French government to go too.

There are comparatively few jewels stored in the treasury vaults at Washington, and how these jewels came there no one can tell. Among the valuables is an old sword, with jeweled hilt and golden chain.

Inquiry among the New York insurance men has elicited the fact that none of the companies insure against earthquakes. If fire results from an earthquake in an insured building, however, the policies are paid.

ONLY.

Only a cloud in the summer day, And the oak in the shadow bowed low its head.

Only a flash of lightning at even, From a cloud that had hovered all day in sight—

UPPER FIVE.

Why I left the Pullman car service at 11 o'clock at night at a water tank in Middle Arizona will also explain why, although I am not yet thirty-five years old, my nervous system is shattered, my health wrecked, and even my mind so affected that now and then my ideas get uncoupled in a curious way and go running wild all over the division and breaking into sidings where they have no business to be.

The doctor says I must have had a bad fall some time and perhaps taken too much bromide of potassium since, but I know better. It is all on account of "upper five."

Mr. Bliss was not in good health himself, and was full of querulous complaining. He had a dusty voice, little eyes, with large pads of fat under them; and I can see him, sitting exactly in the middle of his seat, growling and gasping, with his collar unbuttoned in front and the two ends sticking up like horns on each side of his face.

The weather was scorching. The desert of white sand was simply a big reflector that threw the sun back into the lower air until, when it stirred, it was like a breath from a furnace. Every body was tattooed with the fine black cinders and hoarse with the dust.

Bliss cursed the management of the road, root, tree, and branch, and grimy perspiration poured off him in streams. Toward night the heat was still excessive, and I believe it was about 9 o'clock when the porter began to make up the berths.

"There is nobody in it," he sputtered, "and it is all foolishness to make it up. It just makes mine as hot as a baked oven."

I explained to him that the rules required all disengaged berths to be made up to accommodate possible local travel. "But nobody's going to get on in this desert," he insisted, testily. "Why can't you just push that one up?" "I can't do it," I replied a little nettled, "unless you pay for it."

discussion, and it was near 11 o'clock before the old fellow became too indignant over some statement as to the civil service to continue the argument and went staggering and puffing out. He returned almost immediately.

"Conductor," he wheezed, with a sort of forced calmness, "I thought I bought that upper berth in my section?" "So you did," I replied. "And you told me you put it up?" "Yes, sir."

"You did no such thing!" he exclaimed, suddenly bursting into a rage. "The infernal thing has been down all night, and is down now, and my berth steaming like a sweat box. Give me my money back!"

I had made a mistake. In a hideous, moving tomb, swung, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, I had buried the girl alive! For a moment it seemed as though the arteries of my throat would burst; my heart beat with quick, sharp pang; my skin had all the icy contraction of a sudden plunge into cold water.

I stood on the steps and tried to think, but I could not control my mind. In swift defile I pictured to me the discovery, the blackened corpse tumbling from the blankets, the stiff fingers clutched at nothingness, the mother's shriek, the consternation of the passengers, the excited theories, the quick conception of the truth, the search, the denunciation, the awful machinery of the courts, the prison! By a violent effort I surveyed the situation from several standpoints.

The place where I jumped was near a water tank. I presently made it out and walked wide around it to avoid a possible watchman. I knew the lay of the land in a general way and that I could not be far from the little town of Mohawk Summit. To get out of the country the quickest way possible was my dominant thought, and old Mexico suggested itself at once.

I shall not go into the details of that night, nor the many days and nights that followed it. I was full of wild regrets at the course I had taken and saw a million defects in my plan. With agony I realized that my flight destroyed the theory of innocence. I could see a dozen ways that I might have remained upon the car—now that it was too late.

I had \$94 in my pocket when I jumped from the train, but when I finally made my way to Guaymas I had less than fifty cents. Then I was forced to come into town and go to work. Tan and tatters had pretty thoroughly disguised me, but I was still haunted with the fear of arrest. It was a long time before I could look at a newspaper at all, and when I finally plucked up courage to open one it was with the gingerly caution of a person who lifts a garment expecting to find a snake underneath.

After a good many months a great longing seized me to see my own country again. The adobe houses and the foreign chatter to which I could never train my tongue were on me like a nightmare. I was miserably poor, but managed to make my way to Paso del Norte. On the other side of the Rio Grande is El Paso, the American town, and, although I never ventured over, the sight of visitors of my own nationality delighted, excited and frightened me by turns.

At the end of the main street is the principal curiosity of the town—the old cathedral. It is a venerable pile, built time on time, and falling into deliberate and respectable ruin. The white stucco that once covered the walls has peeled off in places and given it an air of picturesque dilapidation, and inside are curious effigies of Saints and the crucified Christ. In a word, it is the objective point of all tourists' and visitors.

"Who was on the Southern Pacific train going to Los Angeles a year ago?" "Yes, sir." Then she suddenly turned and said in a low voice: "Why, I believe it's the conductor who ran away with the company's money that night."

"Let me see," she replied. I think I was. Yes, I remember; I was in it for a while, and then the jolting made me sick and I crawled down with mamma." I rushed out of the cathedral like a mad man. I seemed to walk on air. My past life appeared as vague and unreal to me as the fabric of a dream.

The Midnight Sun.

Edward K. Taylor says in the San Francisco Chronicle: No one comes to Norway without taking the trip to Nordland to see the sun at midnight. My deepest impressions from witnessing the sublime spectacle of the midnight sun were received at a point nearer the Arctic Circle. It was one of those hushed evenings which occur with a falling barometer; so still that the glossy surface of the undulating sea was unruined even by the breath of a zephyr.

The Mexican White House.

The Mexican White House or Presidential residence is described as one of the most beautiful and artistic palaces in the world. The frescoing and painting have been executed by Cassarin, a disciple of Messinieri, who has surpassed himself in the ceiling of the President's bed chamber, where the woodwork is ebony and gold, and the bed is of ebony cherry, ornamented with gold and metal varquerie.

Up to this date about 9,000 branches of the Knights of Labor have been organized.

NERVE OF A WHITE MAN

HE WHIPS A PACK OF REDSKINS IN ARIZONA.

A Hunter's Story of His Struggle With a Band of Hostiles—A Plucky Stand.

The Silver City (Ariz.) Enterprise has found E. C. Montgomery, who had a fight with Indians a few weeks ago, and learned his story of the remarkable affair. The Indian slayer was clad in a loose fitting blue shirt, tight fitting, plainly made trousers, over the bottoms of which came the tops of his heavy boots.

"I am a hunter, and the scalps of animals I kill are paid for by Arizona. For mountain lions I get \$25, and for bears \$10. I have been on the frontier sixteen years. These scars you see on my body were made by Indian arrows when I was acting as scout in a war waged upon Indians by McKenzie.

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Figuratively Speaking.

Astronomy is 1-derful And interesting 2- The earth 3-velves around the sun, Which makes a year 4 you.

LIFE'S COMMON GIFTS.

Life's common gifts themselves renew; Oh bless the power that wills it so! Behold you clover wet with dew— Only a few short weeks ago.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A young man of polish—The boot-black. A climbing plant with tendrils isn't half so annoying as a mosquito with one. An exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to be one, too.