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—BY—
W. C. SMITH.

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W. . SMITH.

Short correspondence on subjects of interest to the public is solicited; but persons must not be disappointed if they fail to see their articles in our columns. We are not responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

Republican Ticket.

Chief Justice:
Ralph P. Buxton.
For Associate Justices:
John W. Albertson,
Virgil S. Luske.
For Superior Court Judges:
Third District:—W. F. Bullock.
Fourth " T. P. Devereux.
Eighth " W. S. O'B. Robinson.
Sixth " D. M. Furches.
Ninth " A. E. Holton.
Tenth " J. W. Bowman.
Twelfth " Perry A. Cumming.
Senate:
E. C. Hinson.

For Sheriff:
T. K. Samond.
For Constables Charlotte Township:
C. T. Thomas.

OUR PARTY OF PRINCIPLES.

The principles laid down by the republican party in convention assembled at Raleigh recently, are the true principles of the party. That the correct way to keep party organization, was to run republicans for public office, and not run after strange gods. Liberalism, fusion and independentism means defeat, demoralization and disintegration of the party, a complete surrender of the manhood of the party—Ours is a party of principles and not a party of plunder. The vote of the county is nearly evenly divided between the democratic and republican parties. There is a strong feeling of opposition to the democratic party and its old leaders for broken promises and business depressions and hard times, which they promised, should be altered for the better, when they came into power. It strikes us with peculiar force, that this is the time above all others, that we should be represented by an able republican ticket—true and tried men who have borne the burden of the party—men who have stood the ostracism and tyrany of the democratic party for long years—men who are fire-tried, patriotic and unflinching in their devotion to principle.

But the independents urge their claims upon our party, for the following reasons: That we have been uniformly counted out at the ballot box, and that the men now being run on the independent ticket, are the very men who were familiar with the frauds and the peculiar manner of manipulating the ballot and the count, when the frauds were committed in former years, and that they know how to prevent a recurrence of those frauds, that the friends of the ticket and the promoters of the scheme are the very men who have been manipulators of elections on the democratic side in former elections, but have left the democratic party for the reasons that the different appointments under the general government in the revenue and other branches of public service, were given to others in the party, who were not active in their frauds, and that these men now should be placed on our ticket, and we, as republicans, compelled to vote for, them to keep from being defrauded out of our vote. We express most unequivocally, our firm opposition to any such a code of moral or political ethics.

We should support the independent ticket for the reason that they are exceedingly friendly to the republican party and its principles—then if it be true, why not make an even division of the spoils and let us have a union ticket—half republican and half independent? But if this arrangement is made there must not be any such arrangement that colored republicans are to be excluded from the ticket. When republicans are placed before us for our support we never ask the question as to the color of his skin. If he is honest, capable and reliable, we feel it our duty to support him, but we think it to the interest of the colored race that in public office, there should be no discrimination as to race or color. When the colored men casts ninty-nine hundreds of the republican votes in this county, they should have some representation on the ticket. This is only just and fair, and unless this is conceded to us, we think it should be the policy of the colored republicans to set right down on them on election day.

We have the strongest assurance from prominent republicans in this and other counties, that our views are correct, and that this paper reflects the views and political sentiments of a very large majority of the republican party. We are for any and all measures which are for the benefit of the colored race, and we believe the republican principles are for equal rights under the law and at the ballot box; but independents are a fraud upon the party. There can be no such thing as an independent party. There are but two great parties before the people—the republican party and the democratic party. All others are mere side-shows.

THE COUNTY TICKET AGAIN.

We learn that Mr. Eli Hinson declared himself a candidate for the Senate at a public meeting one night last week, and is now full in the field. Mr. Hinson is a republican in politics, has uniformly voted with and given his most cordial support to republican nominees, and has never been ashamed of his principles and his party, and will act with the republican party in the Legislature, and vote with them on all measures for the good of the party. We can trust him, but what will the other candidates do, if they should be elected? Will they act with the democrats or republicans on party questions, or will they squat?

What will Mr. Deal, Dr. Bruner, and Dr. Sloan do? Are they going to vote for Mr. Hinson for the Senate, or will they vote for Capt. Alexander? The colored republicans expect you to answer this question. You can do it either before the people in your public discussions or through the columns of this paper. You shall have a fair showing.

The further question naturally suggests itself: Will you support for Speaker of the House a Democrat or a Republican? The selection of a presiding officer of that body is a very important matter. He appoints the important committees, and more or less formulates the business of that branch of the Legislature. Will you identify yourself with the democratic or the republican party? Now, gentlemen, answer that question square; let there be no dodging. We feel almost certain what will be Mr. Hinson's course. He is a republican, and will stand by the party, and deserves the support of the party; but as for the rest, we will see what we will see.

There is another question worthy of consideration. What will Mr. Cooper, the candidate for sheriff, do in making his appointments? Will he give any to republicans? The mere fact that he does his shaving in a colored barber shop patronized exclusively by colored men, while it goes a little that way, is by no means sufficient proof of his political sentiments as to entitle him to the colored vote. When these questions are satisfactorily answered, we may have some others of equal weight to propound. We shall make it a point to hear a joint discussion, when we shall have more to say.

T. K. Salmonds is also a candidate for the office of sheriff. He is a true republican, has voted with us, and always acted with us, and is not ashamed of his colors and his party principles. He is the only republican candidate for that office, and should receive the support of the party. But Mr. Salmonds does not suit the McNinch - Gordon - Sims-Schenck party; and they have issued their orders that Salmonds shall be set aside and Cooper brought to the front to receive the republican vote.

NOT FOR SALE.

A certain leader among the independents in this city approached a close personal friend of ours a few days ago and offered him $100 to stop our opposition to the independent ticket. That same leader told another creditor of his that he meant to make money enough in this campaign to pay his bill, &c. That same leader is very busy in catching hold of and circulating and manufacturing all sorts of every little thing, false or true, that he thinks will in any way injure us—personally, socially, or otherwise.

We are glad to inform this gentleman that the MESSENGER is not for sale. Had we been for sale we would have tried long since to get on the wrong side, and as he, would have paid no attention to the chidings of conscience—if he has any. We would rather be right than chairman or leader. We have no policy but the principles of the republican party. After the defeat of this mongrel whiskey democratic concern, we propose to tell our people the reason there is no harmony among us, and who our false leaders are. We *think* we have the clinching points. No, sir; we are not for sale. We propose to publish an honest newspaper for the good people of this city and section many years to come, and cannot afford to betray our trust by selling our people for a few dollars. Judas hanged himself after he sold Christ, and how ought a poor fellow of this day feel after he has sold his brethren to the democratic party for $300 or $400? He ought to feel worse than Joseph's brethren felt after he made himself known to them; for some of our modern brethren do more malicious back-biting now than was tolerated in those days. When men resort to lying on and villifying us, we are encouraged, for we know we are driving old Satan into hard quarters, where he has neither arms or ammunition to fight with. We know we are putting our words just where they are felt.

Our good friend will please tell the gentleman this paper is not for sale. That the good people of this city want a reliable paper published by a man who is not purchasable. No, sir; we are not for sale. Men who negotiate and make purchases of stolen goods, are held by law guilty of crime as well as the rogue. Hence there is no escape for this leader, as we have two reliable witnesses, and in the proper time will turn on the lights.

WHAT WILL THEY DO ABOUT IT?

Now that the third candidate is fully in the field for Congress, what will Col. Chas. R. and his friends do about it? Will Col. Chas. R. stay in the race or will he come down? The announcement, in the shape of an address, is circulated throughout the District. The name of the candidate is William E. Mayo, of Wilmington. He is a mechanic, and a Knight of Labor. He claims the suffrage of the Order throughout the District; and, as true and loyal men, we suppose they will stick to a man of their own order and choice.

The Knights of Labor is a good order, and is destined to be a powerful factor in the politics of this country. It is organized to aid and protect the laboring masses. The greatest oppressor of the laborer is bad laws in the control of capital. The way to remedy the evil is in the legislative halls. It cannot be done in the lobby, either. Laborers and true friends of laborers must be elected to our State and National Legislatures.

It is not for us to say who is the proper candidate for the Knights to support in this emergency. They have before them to choose from—a Democrat, an Independent, and a Knight of Labor.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY S. F. WENTZ.

God loosed the silver cord
Which bound a class-mate dear,
And took from our number one
That sparkled bright and clear.

The angels bore his soul away
And laid it at the feet
Of Him who sits enthroned
Upon the mercy-seat.

A. A. Dryer, our mate, has faded away,
For precious life has fled,
Earth unto earth returned—
She ever claims her dead.

His body is mouldering fast,
His soul in heavenward flight
Regained the further land of pure delight,
A land where all is light.

The sun of life has ere eventide approached
But rose again in realms bright,
Where night has never been,
A city where God is the light.

The light of heaven outshone
The dimmer light of earth,
And shed a halo around his soul,
His soul of heavenly birth.

God bound the golden cord
That linked the soul divine,
With that immortal life
Unmarked by age, by time.

That link once formed by God,
Unbroken shall remain,
Forever with the Lord
That soul shall endless reign.

Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C.

An Elephant's Memory.

An amusing circumstance happened at Hythe yesterday, when an elephant belonging to a circus freely helped himself to an early breakfast. It appears that between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning the animal managed to affect his escape from his companions, and paid a visit to a house, with which his memory had a pleasant association—a little shop at the corner of Market street. On arriving at the place the elephant found that it was closed, but, nothing daunted, he coolly lifted the door off its hinges and helped himself liberally to the contents of the shop, potatoes, apples and sweets. When he had either satisfied his appetite or had exhausted the supply of good things, he retraced his steps, and on the return journey he was met by his keepers, who had in the meantime become aware of his absence. The animal in question visited Hythe about eleven or twelve years ago, and when passing this house was treated by its then tenants to a good meal of potatoes. This seemed to have left so good an impression on the animal's mind that he was led to pay another visit to so pleasant a spot with the result recorded above. About the same time the next morning he again got away, and was making for the same place, but was discovered by his keepers before he had gone far on his expedition.—*London Telegraph.*

The Chestnut Bells.

Hear the noisy chestnut bells—
Nickel be I!
What a world of merry chat their idiocy dispels!
At the table, on the street,
Where'er we chance to meet,
How they fill our souls with terror
With their beating.
Lest we fall into the error
Of repeating.
And one and all keep mum,
Sadly dumb,
For fear that some cheap "bum"
Will ring us down.

—*Boston Globe.*

LIFE ON THE ATLANTIC

PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE ON A BIG OCEAN STEAMER.

Extravagance in Dress—Cliques on Shipboard—The Smoking Room—Various Ways of Gambling.

A returning tourist said to a Chicago *Herald* reporter: "As you know, I cross the Atlantic once or twice every year, and I seem to notice a change every time. The gambling has always been carried on to a greater or less extent, but it is only lately that they have begun to dress, both men and women, in the way they have. Formerly people used to cross in the oldest decent clothes they had, but now nothing is too good for them. Would you believe it, one day a certain Chicago lady and her son appeared, the one in a colored silk dress and the other in a Prince Albert coat, plug hat and patent leather shoes. That was the worst break I ever saw. Then another thing, cliques and sets are worse than they used to be. The set at the captain's table will hardly acknowledge those who sit at the doctor's or chief officer's table as belonging to the same order of beings, and look on them much as the guests at a first class hotel at a fashionable summer resort do upon those residing at a second-class hostelry. I put this all down to the women. It seems impossible that they can even cross the ocean without what they consider fashionable dress, but which, to any sensible man or woman, is in execrable taste. But, thank goodness, the smoking-room always remains as a harbor of refuge. And what on earth or sea can compare with the comfort of the smoking-room on a first-class liner. Nothing to do—you couldn't do it if you would—except to loll and lounge and drink, smoke, chat and listen to others talking to you. Then in the evenings, if it is blowing hard outside and the rain, perhaps, beating against the windows, how cozy does the smoking room look in contrast. And what good stories you sometimes hear and what pleasant men you often meet. I have made some of the pleasantest friendships I ever made in my life in the smoking-room going over. And then if you want gambling at cards or dice or pools you can have it. In this, however, you have to keep your weather eye open more and more every day. The companies say they prevent known and regular sharps from crossing, but this is nonsense and they couldn't do it even if they wanted to. The day after we sailed this time the word was passed by the purser that there was a card sharper on board, but no attempt was made to point him out; the consequence was that for a few days every one looked upon his neighbor as the possible Jonah, and to the end of the voyage no one really knew. I had very strong suspicions about one man, and if he wasn't the Simon Pure he was a mighty good imitation of one. I watched him playing one night with a well-known Chicagoan in the clothing trade, and if he wasn't cheating I would be surprised. At any rate, he won a great part of the old man's money.

"Another form of gambling that is coming in is tossing or matching coins a la John T. Raymond. This is carried to a ridiculous extent. I saw a young New Yorker, crossing for the first time, and with more money than brains, lose $1,500 at a sitting match. Another sharp trick is betting on the height or distance of things. You know people who would never make a bet on shore from one year's end to another will do anything on board to 'kill time.' Sharpers know this and are well prepared for it. A man will casually lead the conversation to the delusion of distances at sea. The process is easy to the distance of the smoke-stack, the mainmast, or the length of a particular piece of planking, all of which has been carefully measured by the sharper beforehand, maybe on the previous voyage. In fact there is hardly a moveable or likely article on board sharp that he has not got the exact length, breadth, and depth of. In connection with this I heard rather a good tale. A sharper was bothering another man to bet with him in this way, and he, knowing very well all the tricks of the trade, refused to be roped in. At last the sharper took up the sash of one of the smoking room windows, and pointing to the leather tags hanging at the end, said, 'Well, now, you can't guess the number of tags there are here.' Still he would not bite and finally strolled away. His would-be victim the first quiet opportunity he had counted the number of tags, and, finding there were exactly thirty-two, cut two of them off and put them in his pocket. Shortly after the sharper returned and resumed the conversation. 'All right,' said the fly to the spider, 'I'll go you once only.' 'Well, what will it be? Suppose we take those tags there we were talking of?' 'All right, so be it.' They matched for first choice and it fell to the sharper to make first guess. 'Well,' said he, toying with the strap, 'I always used to be a good guesser. Lemme see, I should say there would be thirty-six, thirty-seven—no, thirty-four, thirty-three—no, I guess there are just thirty-two.' He gave an exulting grin, which quickly changed when the would-be victim said quietly: 'You are a good guesser. There were exactly thirty-two when you last counted them, but there are only thirty now. Here are the other two in my pocket.' It stopped that man for the rest of the voyage. Perhaps the most popular form of betting is on pools on the daily run of the ship, and they have got that down to a fine point. On some ships the 'gams' will make regular pools on it, the same as at a horse race. For instance, the run of the ship ought to be 380 miles. Well, any number between 380 and 370, ten above and ten below, will be the favorite. They will lay short odds on either of these ten figures, but they will lay good odds against any particular number, of course lengthening them the further they are away."

Who Owned the Egg.

A hen, while being driven out of a neighbor's garden, let fall an egg, which the woman who drove her out picked up and utilized. A suit was brought in court to recover the price of the egg, when it was decided that "the egg being laid on the premises of the defendant it was her egg." An appeal was taken to a higher court, when this decision was reversed on account of the word 'laid' having been used. "The hen did not lay the egg, but dropped it." The moral of this story is not very obscure.—*London Paper.*

Making Mexican Bread.

At certain hours of the day a sound of slapping is heard in every house, says a letter from El Paso del Norte, Mexico, to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It is made by the wife at her daily task of manufacturing tortillas, the Mexican staff of life, which an ancient author designated as "buckskin victuals." Like her cousins on the Nile, the Ganges and the Euphrates, she feeds her family on unleavened bread. It is made by simply soaking the corn in lime-water and crushing it into paste on a stone metate with a stone roller; then small lumps of this putty-like mixture are molded into thin cakes by patting them between the hands, after which they are baked quickly on a heated stone or griddle. The "kitchen" of the low-class Mexican woman is the most primitive that can be imagined, any convenient spot—generally out of doors—answering for the purpose.

In ten years the consumption of horses as food in Paris has risen from 4,358 to 9,485; of asses, decreased from 318 to 307, and of mules, increased from six to forty.

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