THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 36 | CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1887. | Terms. $1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

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.

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 reserves the right to criticise the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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:

(Always in Advance.)

1 year	$1 50
8 months	1 00
6 months	75
4 months	50
3 months	40

Address,

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte N C.

Among the numerous forms of fungus which live upon higher plants (many of which are so detrimental to their hosts) are some, it is now believed, which live with these on terms of mutual assistance. A scientist found that the young root points of some English forest trees, as the beech and the oak, are covered with a coating of fungus (probably belonging to the truffle or allied family) which seems to help in the nutrition of those trees. Another interesting case is that of fungi which live with orchids, and whose mode of propagation has lately been established.

Another romance originating in the Custer massacre is identified with the gold watch worn by Lieutenant Crittenden, who also perished by the vengeful bullets or knives of Sitting Bull's people. The watch was a present which his father, General Crittenden, had purchased in England some time before. It became the booty of a Sioux warrior, who, in due season, after crossing the line sold it to a Canadian rancher or farmer. The purchaser, suspecting that there must be some history connected with it, wrote to the maker in England, describing the watch and stating its number. The maker wrote back that the watch had been originally sold to General Crittenden of the United States Army. Thereupon the Canadian communicated with the General, who promptly repurchased the watch, and it now hangs in his bed-room in New York city, a sad memorial of the fate that befell his brave boy.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says in a recent issue: "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children could not do a better work than the rescuing of little children from drunken and depraved parents, as Agent Stocking did last Friday. In one tenement-house garret the agent found two children, a boy and girl, aged four and six respectively, watching beside their mother, who lay drunk upon the floor, and in another squalid house a woman lay upon the floor in the same condition with two children, seven and eleven years old, crying with hunger, in the room. The four wretched little ones will be cared for by the Society until they are sent to public institutions or provided with homes, and one of the women, who fought to prevent the officer taking her children away, will be punished. All this wretchedness in the midst of civilization, too!"

It is in Cincinnati proposed that in the year 1888, the 100th anniversary of the first settlement of the Ohio Valley and the great Northwest Territories, the central states of the Union, the State of Ohio, and the city of Cincinnati should be adequately celebrated by a great and elaborate display of agriculture, commerce, manufactures and art, marking the progress made in a century. It was unanimously resolved by the Board of Commissioners representing the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade and Ohio Mechanics' Institute that an Exposition be held, which though being the Fourteenth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, shall bear to the world at large the name of the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States; that it shall be broad in its scope, extensive in preparation, compresensive in detail, and to which shall be invited the exhibitors of the world. In this is asked the support of the Federal Government, the Central States, the State of Ohio, the city of Cincinnati, and the people generally, which action has received the hearty indorsement of the bodies represented.

BETTER AND BRAVER.

Aye, the world is a better world to day
And a great good mother this earth of ours.
Her white to-morrows are a white stairway,
To lead us up to the star-lit flowers—
The spiral to-morrows, that one by one
We climb and we climb in the face of the sun.

Aye, the world is a braver world to day!
For many a hero will bear with wrong—
Will laugh at wrong, will turn away;
Will whistle it down the wind with a song—
Will slay the wrong with his splendid scorn;
The bravest hero that ever was born.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

OLD GRIDLEY'S GHOST.

"Why, Dunham, what's the matter? How your hand trembles! Are you sick?"

"No; not exactly."

"What ails you then? Speak out, man. Have you been seeing a ghost?"

"To tell the truth, Maggie, I do feel a little nervous this morning. I haven't made a trip these twenty years that I dreaded like this."

"Seen Old Gridley again?"

"Yes."

"Pshaw! I thought that was it. Haven't you seen him a dozen times before and nothing came it?"

"This time he had his sextant."

All this was at the breakfast table. Dunham was mate of the Oro Fino, making tri-monthly trips between Portland and San Francisco. He had sailed thirty years, been round the world twice, been Captain about six years, but lost his ship and couldn't get another, and so was glad to be First Mate of the Oro Fino.

Dunham had a habit of seeing ghosts, or, rather, a ghost, for he never saw but one; that was old Gridley. Gridley was mate of the vessel on which Dunham made his first trip as a ship-boy. That trip was Dunham's first, but Gridley's last. Gridley had a passion for beating ship's boys with a rope's end. Gridley was taking an observation with the sextant, and, as the boy was passing him with a bucket and swab, a sudden lurch of the ship threw him against the mate. Gridley seized a rope's end, and was belaboring the boy soundly when a boom, providentially left loose, struck him and knocked him overboard. Ever since that, on numerous occasions Dunham had seen Gridley's ghost—usually with a rope's end, but sometimes with a sextant. He had never been able to see any particular fatality portended by the vision with the rope's end. He had seen it a dozen times; and, on some occasions, his best luck had seemed to follow the apparition. Not so when the ghost with the sextant appeared. He had seen this only twice—once, the night before he fell from the foretop and broke his leg; the other time, the night before his ship was cast away.

Last night was the third time. He had waked up and found himself lying on his back. The room was perfectly dark; it was also perfectly still. Dunham could see nothing and could hear nothing. Nevertheless, he felt that something or somebody was in the room that ought to be out of it. He also felt a draught of cold air. Dunham was no stickler for ventilated apartments, and had carefully closed and locked the windows before retiring. The air could not come from the windows; neither could it come from the bed-room door, for that opened into the sitting-room just opposite to a window, and if the door had been open he could have seen the window. Despite his natural courage, Dunham was frightened. He raised himself on his elbow very cautiously. He looked about the room; he could see absolutely nothing. He reached over to where Maggie, his wife, slept—she was there. He moistened his finger in his mouth and held it up. He could then sensibly feel the draft of air coming from the foot of his bed. He got up and struck a light. Looking over his shoulder as he did so, he saw, at the foot of his bed, old Gridley. It would do no good to shout aloud—his wife would only laugh at him. He had often waked her up to look at the ghost, but she professed never to see it. It would do no good to go up to the apparition and try to seize it—he had often done this, and it only disappeared for an instant to reappear in another part of the room. So he left the lamp burning and got into bed with his eyes fixed on the figure.

This time Gridley had his sextant, and seemed busy bringing an imaginary sun down to an imaginary horizon. The operation completed, the figure turned to the bureau and seemed to be making the calculation. Then he turned to Dunham, and shook his head negatively, and dashed the sextant to the floor. A sudden crack startled the mate. He had turned the lampwick too high, and the chimney had cracked and fallen to the floor.

In the morning Dunham was a little nervous. However, having taken a cup or two of strong coffee, felt more composed.

Joey Dunham, the mate's only child, a boy of ten years of age, almost always accompanied his father on his trips. This time Dunham proposed to leave him at home; but the boy seemed so disappointed that his father finally gave way, and they started together down to the steamer.

Joey was perfectly at home, and while his father was busy, stole up into the wheelhouse, which had incautiously been left unlocked. The wheelman, coming along soon after, met Joey stealing down the steps, looking scared and guilty.

In an hour the Oro Fino was at the mouth of the Willamette, and struck the strong, full current of the Columbia. Having more sea-room now, she began to use her strength. The flames roar through the flues; the engineer turns on a full head of steam; the clear, sweet water of the river, cut clean and neat by the prow, is dashed into snowy foam by the paddles, and sinks and rises in a swelling wake for half a mile to the stern. Fishing boats and Indian canoes glide past her like shuttles, and before you can fairly turn to look, are tossing and rocking on the swell many rods behind.

A black hull, supporting a cloud of dingy-white canvas, is seen ahead. It is the Hudson Bay Company's store-ship, bound for Vancouver. A flash, a cloud of white smoke, a heavy thud, and she has saluted the Oro Fino. A jar and a thunder-clap that startles the old ones, and sets the ladies to screaming, and the Oro Fino has saluted her. Three cheers from the stranger as the British flag runs up to the masthead, and three cheers as the stars and stripes curl and snap in the stiff breeze from our gaff. Now that she has passed, and the sun falls full on her canvass, she seems like a great bank of snow floating up the river.

Nearly everybody is tired of watching her, and many have gone into the cabins to avoid the wind which is growing chilly, and others are composing themselves in twos and threes about the deck, when a new and more thrilling episode calls them all to their feet again. Dunham and two men come tearing up the staircas to the quarter-deck. The bell tinkles, and the paddles stop.

"Man overboard!" is the cry. Everyone rushes to the stern; every one scans the boiling current. "There, I see him!" cries one. "He's treading water!" cries another. Everybody can see him now; but by this time the tremendous momentum of the vessel has left him a little speck a quarter of a mile behind. It takes an age to lower the boat. Finally it is off—Dunham in the stern, and the sturdy sailors bending the ash dangerously. "Can he hold out?" "Oh, yes; can't you see him? He's treading water." "No, he's floating." "Anyhow, he keeps up bravely." "How slow the boat goes!" "Why don't they pull?" In fact, the boat was cutting the water like a frightened fish. Men on the ship involuntarily bent and strained, as though they could help in that way. The boat nears the floating object, now only a speck in the distance. A joyful murmur goes up from the ship. "He's saved!" "Oh, those strong men!" But Dunham sheers the boat around, and picks up only a hat and holds it high in the air. The owner had long since sunk. By the time the tired crew were taken on board and the vessel under headway, it was dark. They made Astoria by midnight, and lay to alongside the wharf.

The wind freshened during the night, and by morning a heavy gale, filled with salt spray, was driving in directly from the sea. The pilot reported that it would be impossible to cross the bar in such a blow. So they waited. Dunham's presentment of bad luck had been strengthened by the loss of the man from the ship, and he was more nervous and gloomy than when he left home. So he took his boy and went ashore. He went to the house of a friend and left Joey there, with orders to return to Portland by the first steamer that should go up. He also wrote a letter to his wife—a little longer than usual, almost two pages, and a little more affectionate than usual. He excused himself for writing by telling her that the bar was so bad they couldn't cross, and it was a little too dull to stay there doing nothing.

By ten o'clock the squall had abated, and by noon the pilot said he thought he could get over the bar by taking the north channel. While the firemen were getting up steam, Dunham ran over to his friend's house—it was only a few steps—and bade Joey good-bye, and told him to be a good boy and mind his mother, and gave him sundry other items of good advice which I fear the young scapegrace did not attend to closely, being engaged in the very amusing game of see-saw with the little girl of the house.

By three o'clock the ship was fairly under way again. By five, she was safely over the bar, and had put her pilot aboard a steamer which was waiting on the outside to enter. The captain, having been up all the previous night, went to his cabin and turned in for the night. The passengers were all either sea-sick or chilled by the cold wind, and had gone to their rooms and into the cabin. The wheelman, by orders from Dunham, made out Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and took his ranges from them and put the ship on her course. He had only time to do this when a fog rolled up, so dense that even the light on Cape Disappointment could scarcely be seen. Dunham assured himself that the ship was on the right course by going into the wheel-house and looking for himself. Having done this, and knowing the coast perfectly, he felt pretty safe. He was a little confused and nervous, however, and so he went down to the cabin and overhauled his charts, and read the sailing directions just as though he had never made the trip before. He seemed to be all right. "Bring your vessel in range with Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and then put her about south by east." He had done this fifty times before, and had come out all right. To be sure that no mistake had been made, he climbed up to the wheelhouse, and quietly asked the man at the wheel how he had got his range. He answered promptly and satisfactorily. Everything was according to orders. So Dunham cursed his nervousness, and walked back to the smoke-stack.

The wind had gone down with the sun, but a heavy sea was running, and it was as dark as Tartarus. Dunham paced the deck for half an hour, then went below to get his cloak. Being chilly, he went up to the hurricane deck and sat with his back to the smoke-stack. Being nervous, he lit a cigar. Being careful, he walked forward to see how things were moving. He thought he heard a distant roar. He listened, and could hear nothing. He walked back to the smoke-stack. In ten minues he came forward again. He thought he heard the roar of the surf. He called to the man at the wheel:

"Abbott!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How does she stand?"

"Sou' by east, sir."

That was all right; that was the course Dunham had put her on.

He went to the paddle-box and signaled the engine to stop. Then he called a man and had the lead thrown. "Twenty-four. Plenty of water," thought Durham, and started the engine. He then went to the Captain's cabin and knocked. The Captain did not hear the first time, and he knocked again.

"Who's there?"

"The mate."

The Captain opened a port near the head of his berth, and asked him what the matter was. Dunham reported. The Captain told him it was all right; that it was foggy, and the roar of the surf with such a sea on and no wind could be heard ten miles. Durham rather thought so, too, and went away. During this parley, and while the mate stopped a few minutes to look after things below, the ship had made more than two miles headway. By the time Durham got on deck again the roar of the surf was frightful. He fairly screamed at the helmsman.

"Abbott!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How's her head?"

"Sou' by east, sir."

Amazing! Dunham ran to the paddle-box and jerked a signal. The engine stopped. Then he rushed to the Captain's door and called him out in the name of the gods. Both flew on deck. There was no mistake about it; there were the breakers not half a mile ahead, judging by the sound, thundering and boiling against the shore. Dunham had almost run the ship's head on shore, and that, too, when she was holding precisely the same course by compass that he had put her on fifty times before.

The Captain roared: "What's her course?"

"Sou' by east, sir."

"Put her sou'west."

"Sou'west, sir," echoed the man at the wheel, and the wheel spun round and the chains rattled. The Captain rushed to the signal-bell and started the engine, and got the ship under good steering headway. Scarcely had she started on her new course when a scraping sound was heard and felt—then bump, bump, bump, as though the ship had been lifted up and set down hard three times; then a crash that sent the captain and mate on their faces, and brought the smoke-stacks crashing through the decks, and and snapped off the topmasts like pipe-stems. The ship had struck a sunken rock, and began to fill at once.

Who got to shore, and how they got to shore, matters not. It is the same old story. The news spread on wings. Men came and dragged the swollen corpses of their friends out of the surf, or dug them out of the sand, or identified them in the shed, or paced the beach day after day, looking out on the remorseless sea that sullenly clung to its dead.

The captain and the wheelman, Abbott, went to Portland together—Dunham they never found—and there they talked over the strange affair and exhausted all their ingenuity in vain to account for the loss of the ship when on the right course on a still night. When the wrecking-tug was ready, they were out to the wreck. It still hung on the rocks. The bows were high out of water. The two men climbed up into the wheelhouse. They unscrewed the compasss from its fastening and brought it ashore. There they opened it, and lifted up the card and needle, and there lay a little instrument of death—a broken knife-blade.

The handle and the rest of the knife were in little Joey Dunham's pocket. He had tried to pry out the glass, to see what made the card swing around so when he held his knife by it, and in doing so broken the blade. He concealed the mischief and stole away.—*Argonaut.*

A Great Meerschaum Cent

Ruhla, a mountain village of T[illegible] gia, is the centre of the pipe manu[illegible] of Germany. Like Sheffield, it [illegible] mous in the Middle Ages for its ar[illegible] armor, and at a subsequent period [illegible] knives. When the use of tobacco [illegible] common in Europe it turned its at[illegible] to iron smoking pipes.

Gradually, however, beginning [illegible] seventeenth century, meerschau[illegible] wood were adopted as more suitab[illegible] terials to work upon. The firs[illegible] schaum pipe was carved in the ea[illegible] of the Thirty Years' War, and [illegible] stein is said to have bought it.

clay is to be procured only at Es[illegible] in Asia-Minor, where there are l[illegible] posits, and whence it is sent dire[illegible] manufactories at Rhula, of whi[illegible] are at present forty, employing al[illegible] whole population of the district.

The number of pipes and othe[illegible] dear to smokers turned out is en[illegible] the yearly average being 540,[illegible] meerschaums, varying in price [illegible] to £12 apiece; 500,000 imitati[illegible] schaums at from 1s. to £1 the d[illegible] 000,000 porcelain pipe bowls, eit[illegible] white or gayly painted, rising [illegible] from 4d. to 10s. the dozen; 5[illegible] wooden pipes of infinite variet[illegible] form, ornamentation and price, [illegible] mon kinds being extremely c[illegible] those artistically carved fetching [illegible] paratively high price; 3,000,000 [illegible] clay or lava, plain at about 3d., [illegible] kinds at 3s. the dozen; 15,000, [illegible] composed of separate parts (bo[illegible] cover, etc.), from 5d. to £25 the

There are five qualities of me[illegible] used in the making of pipes; t[illegible] known by its facile absorption [illegible] cotine juice of tobacco, which [illegible] develops in a rich brown blush [illegible] surface, and when this process [illegible] vanced the pipe becomes almos[illegible] able without being hard. A s[illegible] this kind sold ot Vienna for £50; [illegible] it was not very highly carved [illegible] *Times.*

Queen Margherita, of Italy [illegible] strong preference for women ph[illegible]

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

There are six lady medical students in Edinburgh College.

Miss Alice R. Jordan, LL. D., of Yale, is only twenty-three.

The colleges of this country contain 1,000 female students.

A man in Polk County, Georgia, is living pleasantly with his eighth wife.

A new process of deodorizing furs makes certain kinds much more desirable.

A fashionable wedding present is a door-plate with the bridegroom's name on it.

The census of 1880 showed there were 4,779 Chinese women and girls in the United States.

In Paris there are 490,000 unmarried men and only 380,000 married, while there are 416,000 unmarried women.

Coston signal lights used on the trans-Atlantic steamers are the invention of a woman, who has made something of a fortune.

The dark-eyed Senoras and Senoritas who patronize the great Talon Theatre, at Havana, wear flowers upon their heads instead of chimney-pot hats.

The Danes assure maidens, upon payment of an annual sum, of a comfortable home at a certain age. The benefits of the association cease at marriage.

Washington young ladies love to go marketing, and it is said that the idea gained favor from the fact that a Senator once met his future bride that way.

Old earrings which were worn by Duchesses and other grand ladies who lived in former times and used as pendants on a black ribbon is the latest fad.

An order has been received by a firm in Lyons, France, from London, for 2,800,000 handkerchiefs with Queen Victoria's picture on them for the occasion of her "golden jubilee."

Whistling is very much in demand in Boston. A certain pretty girl who is said to have "a charming mouth for whistling" is making rather a good little income, whistling for private parties.

Five young women are studying in the law department in Michigan Univer[illegible] this year. One of them [illegible] of a prominent [illegible] Islands. She [illegible] fession in [illegible] Miss [illegible] wealth[illegible] just [illegible] troll[illegible] twe[illegible] ed,[illegible] d[illegible] or [illegible] bill [illegible] point[illegible]

Two of Edison's Inventions.

People who think that because Edison is under the weather and enjoying himself down South he is idle, do not know the man. He does not know what idleness means, and I have just heard that he has perfected an invention which may result fatally for him unless he locks it up in his safe for some future generation to suffer under. Perhaps it may be remembered that years ago Edison was interested in the microphone, a device for magnifying minute sounds in a most wonderful manner; it was with the microphone that Edison said he would enable people to hear a fly walking across the ceiling, the steps of the fly sounding like that of a war horse upon a theatrical stage. His latest move in this direction is a device which, attached to a small cabinet organ, enables it to give out the sound of a cathedral instrument bigger than that of the Boston Music Hall, and he says that a hand organ provided with his new invention will be heard across the East River. If this is so, someone is going to get killed, either Mr. Edison or the Italian nobleman who attempts to put his device to use. The idea of hearing "Il Balen" or "The Heart Bowed Down" or "The Sweet By and By" from two or three hundred hand organs suddenly endowed with ten times the power of Barnum's steam calliope is something awful, and Edison has done well to get far out of the reach of civilization before announcing his latest achievement.

By the way, shortly before Edison left he reverted to his old toy, the phonograph, and said that he had not the slightest doubt that the perfected phonograph of, say, 500 years from now, will do away with every sort of writing and printing. People who want to write a letter will say what they want to say into their phonograph, take out the little slip of foil or paper, and send it off, while the person who receives it will put it into his instrument and listen to what his friend has to say. The printer's occupation will be gone, because newspapers will consist of sheets of tin foil, to be put into each person's phonograph, when the news will be read out, by the phonograph in a clear, interesting and effective manner, some device being adopted by which the reader will be enabled to have [illegible] her