

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE No. 21, A. F. & M. S. - Regular meeting every second and fourth Monday nights.

EXETER LODGE No. 291, A. F. & M. S. - Regular meeting every first and third Tuesday nights.

CHARLOTTE CHAPTER No. 39, R. A. M. - Regular meeting every second and fourth Friday nights.

CHARLOTTE COMMANDARY No. 2, K. T. - Regular meeting every first and third Thursday nights.

K. O. F. H. - Knights of Honor - Regular meeting every second and fourth Thursday nights.

K. O. F. P. - Knights of Pythias - Regular meeting nights first and third Wednesday nights, 7 o'clock, p. m. at Masonic Temple Hall.

I. O. O. F. - Charlotte Lodge No. 88 - Meets every Monday night.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE LODGE No. 8 - Meets every Tuesday night.

DIXIE LODGE No. 108 - Meets every Thursday night.

CATAWBA RIVER ENCAMPMENT No. 21 - Meets first and third Thursday nights in each month.

Index to New Advertisements.

Fresh mineral water - Dr. McAden.

HOME FENCIBLES.

Hon. Oliver H. Dockery is in the city.

We will match Charlotte against any place of its size for the number of its self-made men.

The price of watermelons and cantaloupes are getting within the range of the purse of the average newspaper man.

The universal opinion is that the clerk of the weather missed a fine opportunity to send us a shower of rain night before last.

Hon. O. H. Dockery, better known as "my son Oliver," made an anti-prohibition speech at Matthews Station yesterday.

Burglary will grow more and more popular until somebody shoots some of these midnight scamps. Hanging is a pretty good remedy, but it doesn't come frequent enough.

The price of the income bonds of the Atlanta & Charlotte Air-Line have fallen off to 95 cents of a dollar.

Ben Brown, colored, has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the burglary of the residence of Mr. William Eilers several nights since.

Before the mayor: Bill Smith, colored, assault and battery upon Tom Hall, colored, bound over and committed to jail in default of bond; Albert Carter, colored, drunk and disorderly and resisting police, fined \$5 and cost.

We had the pleasure of meeting yesterday Prof. N. C. English, Principal of the Graded School in Greensboro, and one of the most accomplished teachers in the State.

The home liquor dealers complain very bitterly that while they have been held strictly to the ordinances in regard to the sale of spirits and malt liquors and prosecuted for every violation, the agents of Mr. Portner have been allowed to continue the sale of the Portner beer without interruption or molestation.

Maj. W. J. Montgomery, Col. J. P. Thomas and Drs. S. Mattson and William Wells Brown, addressed a large prohibition meeting in Monday yesterday. Much enthusiasm was manifested and the large crowd listened with unabated interest throughout the speaking, which lasted for five hours.

Mr. W. R. Cochrane was arraigned before the mayor yesterday afternoon under a warrant for selling malt liquors in violation of the prohibition ordinances. Affidavit was made for removal of the causes and they were set for hearing before Justice R. Waring at the court house next Tuesday morning.

Mr. T. S. Davant, well known here, is now assisting in the general passenger agent, with headquarters at Memphis, Tenn. The Railway Age says: "Mr. Davant is a young man, but has had large experience, having served in the same department in the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta and Port Royal and Augusta roads."

A gray horse hitched to a dray wagon created a good deal of excitement yesterday morning by a first class runaway. He ran from the North Carolina depot up Third street to Tryon and from there through the square. The dray parted in the middle of the course but the horse was stopped before doing further damage.

This city ought to establish a chain-gang here to work upon the streets. Organize one of the bummers, loafers, vagrants and dead-beats, and there are enough of them to keep our streets in the morning. It is a nuisance to arrest them any more, for they are "whitewashed" through court and turned loose upon the public again. They are like the clown's dogs - you drive them out of the house, and they come back again, and crawl under the bed. Start your chain-gang. That will make them either work on the streets or "skip the town."

A Cutting Affair.

A bloody cutting affair occurred near the fair grounds yesterday. Sid Conally and Calvin Phifer, two colored men, engaged in a quarrel which proceeded to blows. At this point Conally whipped out a knife and inflicted two ugly gashes upon Phifer, one across the left shoulder and the other in the vicinity of the right shoulder blade. He then fled and has not been captured. Phifer is not dangerously cut.

Summer Notes.

Mr. Richmond Harding went to Milton yesterday on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Walker have gone to Asheville.

Misses Annie and Nina Jones went last night to Waynesville, N. C.

Capt. Armistead Burwell returned yesterday from Hendersonville.

Capt. James King, of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta, is off for his summer vacation. He will make his usual Northern tour.

Mrs. P. C. Wilson returned yesterday from New Vienna.

Mr. David Anderson has returned from Statesville.

Scared the Wrong Man.

A gentleman in the city is laboring under a difficulty similar to that which the man who bought a yard-dog and himself felt the first victim to his watchful proclivities. The gentleman has a servant who volunteered to sleep in the yard and keep off the burglars. Night before last he was somewhat late getting home when the too zealous sentinel, who had probably been dreaming of robbers, sprang up and discharged his pistol four or five times in rapid succession, prominently, as he afterwards explained upon Phifer, one across the left shoulder and the other in the vicinity of the right shoulder blade. He then fled and has not been captured. Phifer is not dangerously cut.

LUTHER BENSON.

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

Addressed a Large and Enthusiastic Audience at the Court House Last Night.

Mr. Luther Benson spoke for about two hours at the court house in his inimitable style last night, and seldom is seen a more delighted audience than that of which he held the untiring attention during the time. He possessed in a high degree the faculty of instantaneously carrying his audience from laughter to tears and all through the lecture the rapidity of the transformations and the consummate art with which they were brought about were little less than marvelous. The effective and powerful manner in which he met and demolished at all points the arguments of his opponents of prohibition and the prohibition bill were rewarded with round after round of applause, and when he predicted that North Carolina would sooner or later be a prohibition State such a healthy cheer went up as indicated the utter abandonment with which the audience had surrendered themselves to the sway of the orator. In answer to the objection of the anti-prohibitionists that the bill introduced by the Legislature did not prohibit, their strongest argument he said that all the people would be called upon to do would be to vote "For Prohibition" or "No Prohibition" and if the former was triumphant there would be no difficulty about the bill. The Legislature would make such a law as would satisfy the desires of the people thus indicated or they would be set aside for a Legislature that would do no legislation was perfect at first, but had to be made so by successive but entirely practicable amendments.

His appeal to the colored men to turn their backs upon the arguments of prejudice and intolerance, used to mislead them and align themselves with the better class, the preachers and women and children of their own as well as the white people, was very effective.

But his manner and words when he enumerated the wrongs of the temperance, the "horrors upon horrors" he had accumulated, of the delirium, the wall of despair that rose up and shut him out forever from the victim of an insatiable appetite for whiskey, the bitter memories and gnawing remorse that clung to him always, the still more harrowing words suffered by those innocent ones who let whiskey alone, but who could not be let alone by it, cannot be described. So also the inexhaustible fund of humor and the many indelible and ridiculous turns he gave the arguments of the anti-prohibitionists, which kept the audience continually laughing. These are things which belong to his speech and must be seen and heard to be appreciated. He will speak at the opera house to-night and deserves as large an audience as can get within the walls. The ladies are especially invited.

Letters Uncalled for.

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the postoffice in Charlotte for the week ending July 25, 1881.

Mrs. Alice Allen, Mrs. T. F. Lee, Miss Rossa Alex. Mrs. J. M. Love, Mr. D. G. Long, Mr. S. W. Alexan. Miss Joanes Linde-barger, Mr. T. Loyd Alex. Mr. Richard Kitch-ers, Miss Sarah H. Ag. Mr. Jerry Mosely, Mr. C. Brown, Mr. R. J. Morton, Mary Binegins, Miss Sealie More-Miss Charlotte J. head, Bennett, Mr. D. B. McCord, Daniel R. Black, Mr. Joe Partlow, Mrs. Louisa Banks, Mr. Jerry Banks, colored, Mr. Owens Pow-ell, colored, Mr. Plummer Boyd, Mr. W. Onery, colored, Dock Ross, colored, Miss Hester Davis, colored, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Florence Reed, Mr. Thomas Da-vidson, Mrs. Harret Red-icks, colored, Miss Lou Dillard, Miss Jane C. Rob-erts, Mr. Ben Dickson, Mr. P. C. Roberts, Mr. J. L. Elliott, Miss Bella Robin-son, Miss Powell and son, Elkins, Miss Collie Sud-deth, colored, Mr. William Fron-tier, colored, Mrs. Laura Stone, Mr. J. C. McLaugh-lin, Mrs. Mary E. Sim-ons, Miss Mollie Grib-ble, Mr. Sandy Scott, Mr. R. G. Gass, Mrs. Elisabeth William Gray, Tridon, Chas. S. Gattis, Mr. J. Witherspoon, J. W. Wallace, Esq., Mrs. Etta Gaston, James Griethart, Mrs. Julia B. Wil-kinson, Mr. Will Hottel, Mrs. Amanda Wal-ker, Mr. Johnie Hay-good, Mr. John W. White, Mrs. Mag. Hillton, Mrs. Tular Weeks, Mr. R. M. Jamison, Miss Rosa White, Miss Annie Little, Mrs. Harriet Yo-rr, Mr. John P. Long, cum.

When calling for any of the above please say advertised.

W. W. JENKINS, Postmaster

The New Comet.

It is said the new comet can be seen in Mecklenburg county, in the earlier every night, and will soon be visible in the evening sky and circum-polar like the late comet. Its tail is about one degree long. The comet, on coming directly towards the earth, on the morning of the 17th inst., will be made about August 18. It will then be twenty-five times brighter than when first seen, brighter, it is said, than the comet now fast waning was in its brightest hour. It is, after all, said to be a new comet, and not a reappearance of the one of 1827. Our late celestial visitor was discovered by about five hundred people at the same time, but the new one was first seen only by Mr. Schaberle, of Ann Arbor, Michigan. It is approaching the earth at the rate of 3,000,000 miles daily, but as its orbit has been ascertained, it will approach no nearer than the distance of 52,000,000 miles.

The New Bridge over McAlpine's Creek.

One of the ugliest places to construct a bridge in Mecklenburg county, is where the public road from Charlotte to Monroe crosses McAlpine's creek, about nine miles southeast of Charlotte. The old bridge having given away, the county commissioners recently ordered the construction of a new one, and awarded the contract to Mr. John O. Alexander, who, we are pleased to say has just finished the work in an excellent and substantial manner. It is pronounced an admirable structure by the people of the immediate section and especially by the superintendent of the Baltimore and North Carolina Gold Mining Company, who has just tested it by hauling a large lot of heavy machinery over it.

Children of Song.

The Williamson Family, four blind jubilee singers, colored people, gave a concert at the McAden house last night. They seem to be the blind Tom Order in their gift for music, and some of their performances are quite marvelous. Their power of imitating musical instruments is of a peculiar kind and so perfect that one could not think he heard a piano or organ did not see the source of the melody. Taken altogether they are a curious study of the exceptional manner in which Providence sometimes distributes its gifts.

A DAY'S DOINGS.

WHAT THEY DO AT THE SPRINGS.

The Game of Ten Pins as a Delicater of Character, and an Interesting Inter-State Contest.

To the Editor of the Observer.

CLEVELAND MINERAL SPRINGS, July 25, 1881.

In my last letter I tried to give you a glimpse of one of our evenings here, imperfect, I know, in comparison with the reality. Like wine when the sparkle has gone, or flowers when the fragrance is dead, is the poor attempt to catch and imprison pleasure as it is passing, and open it when it is passed. Stale, listless and unprofitable. All the pungent personalities, my prudent pencil dare not touch - nor the numberless witticisms, the racy bits of talk, the local jokes - too insignificant perhaps to record, but at after-vening at the local of infectious fun - bringing gleam to the eye and a smile to the lip. What artist can reproduce the eloquence of a tone or accent - the flashing wit of a look, the gleam of a ring, the laugh of a lip. Who can picture the elation, the triumph of an old whist player when the small cards of his opponents long suit sweep the board of hoarded kings and queens, or the vivid contrast in the two opposite faces of the inexorable checkmate is pronounced?

All these delicate points of interest are necessarily impaired if not ruined by transportation, just as these waters lose their subtle excellence when bottled, for the best draught must be drunk at the spring. So much by way of apology for my last, and now grant me time to tell you something of our day's doings.

Early in the morning, when first "The envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east" life begins. Very often I wake up then, watch from my window the drowsy servants commence the tasks of another day - the rattling hacks drive up and take off the passengers to the morning train - think to myself - now I will get up.

"While the sun his gold is flinging And the happy birds are singing" and the trees "hang all their leafy banners out." Yes, I will get up and take a drink (it being always understood the drink is sulphur water) and then write a letter trusting to the freshness of the morning for inspiration; but even while the resolution is taking shape in my mind - I turn to the bed, delicious bed, and yield again to dreams. However by this time the spring has had many visitors - those who make it a point to drink as a darkey votes, early and late, and their custom, their dipper fulls and are ready and anxiously waiting for the cheering sound of the breakfast bell that wakes me up again for all day.

After breakfast the ladies gather in large groups in the parlor and on the galleries. You know they never look for subjects of interest. Their versatile imaginations, and facile speech, can glide and beam to the right and left, and some are here who talk so charmingly that we, the listeners, would fain take down in short hand their apt words, and inimitable play of fancy. It is a very great delight to enjoy the society of the fine ladies of the place. At home, when we go calling and we meet our friends by twos and threes it is very enjoyable. They often say good things worthy to be remembered; they sometimes say bad things that had better fall into oblivion; and there is not the same variety, activity and fiction of intellect as when we meet en masse, and so this auspicious after-breakfast informally, when the becomingly dressed gentlemen both body and mind at ease. Approachable, not hedged about by ceremonious silks and satins, is the golden hour when strangers become acquainted, and acquaintanceship ripens into friendship. The gentlemen form into groups, but I do not think they are as social as the ladies. Their cigars and papers make them meditative. In almost every hand you see a CHARLOTTE OBSERVER or a Charlotte News, and when they lay aside the papers, they frequently form into card parties, or play chess or draughts, the circle around them enlarging as the games near the end and the interest increases. As soon as the large groups are broken the ladies go, some to their rooms, some join the different games, some bring down their work and with deft fingers engage in marvelous creations of the needle, they delight in others with a "Seaside" and a cushion go over the branch, up the hill to a favorite tree where the shade is deepest and the breeze comes caressingly. But who can read when there is so much to look at and listen to? The only thing that leaves of my book have been turned at all has been when the wind turned them - mockingly fluttering them, and the only leaves I have watched with much interest are the leaves that flutter on these grand old trees, that this same toying, whispering, whistling, weeping wind whirled over me, cupping, curling, crimping, dog-eared their edges, but not spilling their meaning, nor breaking their harmony. Many of the most of the young people, and not a few of the elders, find their way to the bowling alley. It is pre-eminently the place to make new acquaintances. A thoughtful gentleman, by me one day said was pre-eminently the place to study character. He said if he could watch a player through a whole game he could form a fair estimate of his temperament and disposition, and then he would point out to me the careful man who studies pros and cons, and "looks before he leaps." He would take a ball, feel it all over, note every imperfection both in it and in the alley, and then roll it as judgment indicated, and knock down perhaps two pins. His way of bearing his disappointment showed his mettle. After him would come a rash, impetuous fellow, the very type of a successful gambler, who overcomes all obstacles by a vim and an energy well nigh omnipotent. At a glance he would select a ball and with incredible swiftness and strength send it crashing through the pins and bring down the whole lot. Then would come a timid girl, crimson and nervous with the consciousness that for the moment she was the centre of all eyes.

One day when the game was going slowly, the young folks talking to each other and waiting to be called two or three times, this same friend by my side, "the character student," proposed an inter-State game, as the number from North and South Carolina was so equal in the moment the lantern disappeared, and all was animation. Captains chosen, the rash successful roller the South Carolina Captain, and the prudent, but unfortunate roller for North Carolina. Points were watched and challenged, the excitement reaching fever heat during the last few rolls on which so much depended. Every one was on the *qui vive*. Finally the old North State was the winner by about twelve points, although South Carolina had for her captain the "crashing ten-striker."

Another good and very exciting game was played by the three who had made the best record on each side. Among the best three of North Carolina, was a young Presbyterian clergyman, well known to you all. He is taking a little rest and cultivating a muscular Christianity. By the way my informant is of the alley - dare I call him my allegorical friend - was also a Presbyterian clergyman. I had to make the most of our meeting there, for he would not come near at night, when he was within the sound of the clocked fiddles. Well, he was certainly delightful in the

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GRADES OF FLOUR

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VA. BOLTED MEAL

IN 2 BUSHEL WHITE SACKS.

A Fine Lot of New Hams.

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Delicious Georgia Melons,

FRESH AND GENUINE,

EVERY DAY!

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FRESH IRISH POTATOES,

LEMONS, ORANGES,

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of all Descriptions.

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