

Daily Charlotte Observer.

VOLUME XXXIV.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 20, 1885.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Grand Sacrificing Sale THIS Week

Desirable Goods!

—SEE BELOW.—

Our entire stock of Dress Gingham, your choice at 8½c. per yard. Silk Mitts and Summer Gloves at New York cost.

Parasols, Lace Trimmed, at Less Than Cost!

Our 12½c. Lawns at 8½c. White Counterpanes very cheap. Macrame Cord. Ladies' Linen Ulsters. Trunks, Valises, etc. Opera Slippers at \$1.00 per pair. Other goods too numerous to mention. Call and we will show you.

Truly,

HARGRAVES & ALEXANDER.

SMITH BUILDING.

Mosquito Canopies,

Mosquito Fixtures,

MOSQUITO BARS.

New lot Wire Health Buses.

Remnant lot of

CANE MATTINGS

to be closed out much below their value.

Buy Warner's Corset

And Seigle's Dollar Shirt.

T. L. SEIGLE.

OUR LINE OF Shoes, Hats, Trunks

And Valises is Complete.

Fine line of Trunks and Valises for summer travel.

GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

Orders by mail have prompt attention.

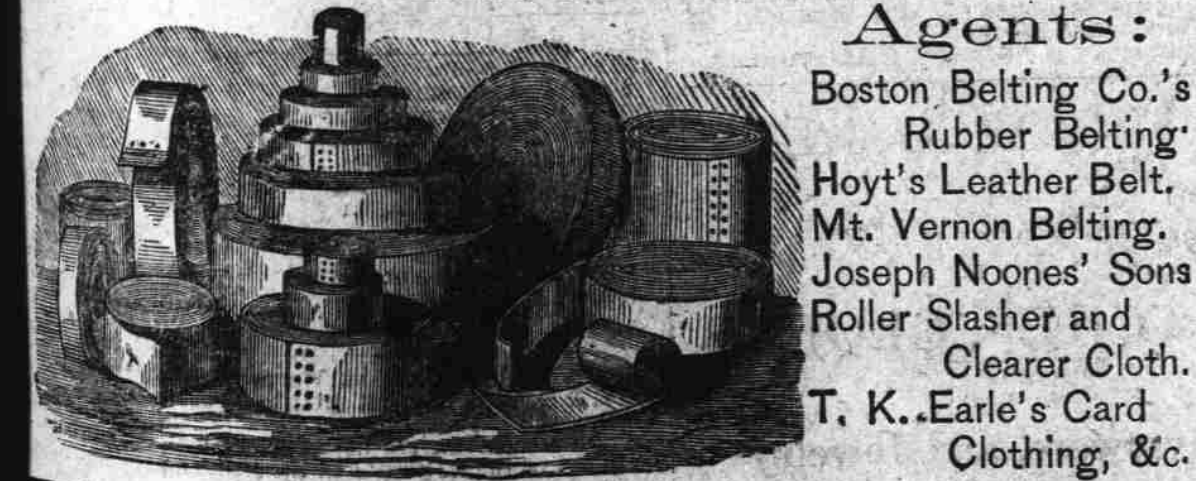
Pegram & Co.

THOMAS K. CAREY & CO.

25 & CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

MANUFACTURERS OF PURE OAK LEATHER BELTING,

And Dealers in RUBBER BELTING, PACKING, ROPE, & COTTON, WOOLEN and SAW MILL SUPPLIES, &c.



Agents:

Boston Belting Co.'s Rubber Belting
Hoyt's Leather Belt
Mt. Vernon Belting
Joseph Noones' Sons
Roller Slasher and Clearer Cloth
T. K. Earle's Card Clothing, &c.

The Great Closing Out Sale

—OF—

ALEXANDER & HARRIS'

Will continue until the entire stock is disposed of.

ALEXANDER & HARRIS.

The Charlotte Observer.

"TRUE LIKE THE SUN, CHARLES OBSERVERS TO BE OBSERVED, BUT, LIKE THE SUN, ONLY FOR A TIME."

Subscription to the Observer.

DAILY EDITION.	
Single copy	5 cents.
By the week in the city	20
By the month	75
Three months	\$2.00
Six months	4.00
One year	8.00
WEEKLY EDITION.	
Three months	50 cents.
Six months	\$1.00
One year	1.75

In clubs of five and over \$1.50.

No Deviation From These Rules
Subscriptions always payable in advance, not only in name but in fact.

A LITTLE WANDERER

And His Long Journey of Three Thousand Miles.

Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

Conductor Pickett Coleman, of the Louisville & Nashville, brought in from Mobile last night a seven year old boy who is enroute from San Antonio, Texas, to Waterville, Maine, a distance of three thousand miles. The child's name is Almer B. Crowell and he is an orphan. On his jacket was pinned a ribbon with the following inscription:

"Almer B. Crowell, ward of San Antonio Commandery No. 7 K. T. For Waterville, Maine, August 15, 1885."

On a strip of paper also pinned to the boy's jacket were the following words:

"A. B. Crowell, destination North Vassalboro, Maine. We bespeak for this little boy kind attention from any Mason who may be his fellow traveller. He is an orphan and son of a deceased Mason."

In his side pocket Master Crowell carried the following note, together with a through ticket, addressed, "To all conductors from San Antonio, Texas, to Waterville, Maine:— This note will be handed you by Master Almer Crowell, who is enroute to Waterville, Maine, alone. Kindly look after him over your respective divisions, and by so doing you will confer a favor upon

Yours truly,
T. W. PRICE,
G. P. A. of the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railroad."

To this note was added with a pencil:

"If anything happens to this little boy please notify J. H. Balton, San Antonio, Texas."

The boy was turned over to Conductor Coleman at Mobile by a conductor on the New Orleans division of the L. & N., and on reaching Montgomery Conductor Coleman gave him his supper and handed him over to Conductor Dillehay of the South and North division. Master Crowell's ticket will carry him over the L. & N. to Cincinnati, from there to Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, Boston, Portland and to Waterville and from the latter point to the obscure village of Vassalboro near by.

A Woman's Plea from Prison.

New York Herald.

Pamella L. Moore, the young colored woman who is now confined in a cell at Raymond Street Jail for stabbing Joseph Cozzens, the negro who assaulted her, and who is also awaiting trial, yesterday addressed the subjoined pathetic appeal to Lawyer John Petterson, her counsel: "I have never tasted food since these walls surrounded me, and I don't know what sleep is here, and my grief seems too deep for tears. I can only sigh and toss about in this awful bed in this horrid cell all night. The stench that rises from the pipes and the dirty crowd in the lower tier is sickening, and the people confined here are frightful. My God, Lawyer Petterson, this is unjust. Was not my life as dear to me as his was to him? I knew what the man had done and was trying to do. I and God saw him in his drunken frenzy, crazy with rum and jealousy. Being at any time only a half-wit, all his animal passions were aroused. We only saw him. No judge or lawyer saw him. I, finding myself alone in his unusually strong grasp, almost a maniac, with a knife in one hand, the other clutching my throat so tightly that I could not scream what, in the name of God, was I to do? I felt too sinful to be murdered. If there is a place better than this friendless world I hope to be permitted to reach there by dying better than I am living. Please stand by me as a friend and lawyer until the end, let it be clear or cloudy. If I am set free I could pay you for your services in a short time. I begin to feel discouraged, and this place is making me sick. This is a bad affair, but it will teach me a lesson friends have been trying to teach me for years. If ever free I will leave prison a changed woman."

How to Tie a Horse.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A hack driver of this town has adopted what seems to us a novel manner of hitching his horse when it is left standing near the depot, where it is liable to be frightened; at the passing trains. He makes a crup per on the end of a stout rope, which he passes over the animals tail, and then he passes the other end through one of the turrets and the ring of the bride-bit, and ties it to the hitching post in the ordinary manner. When the horse attempts to break loose he finds, to his amazement, that if he persists he will pull his tail out of joint, and pretty soon desists and becomes quiet.

Dahomey's Cruel "Custom."

Captain Stewart Stephens, in Pall Mall Gazette.

The system of "wariare" followed by the Dahomians is the usual barous one of surprise. When the King declares war—a formality which he carefully observes year after year—he rarely tells even the chief "caboceers" the name of the town he intends to attack. The army marches out and when within a day's journey or so of its unhappy objective point silence at pain of instant death is enjoined and no fires are permitted to be lighted. All stragglers are taken prisoners, and the army is led through a road cut through the bush, and not along the regular highways. The town is surrounded in dead of night, and just before daybreak a rush is made, and every man, woman and child not killed in the melee is captured, if possible, and sent to the Dahomian capital, Abomey, where some grade the succeeding custom (annual sacrificial ceremonies) and others are sent as slaves to distant parts of the kingdom. Cannibalism, or something that approaches it very nearly, enters into the rites of the ninth or concluding ceremony of the yearly custom. Four men, known as the menduton or canibals, each furnished with sharpened sticks by way of knife and fork, are stationed in front of the platform from which the victims are thrown before decapitation. When the first captive is beheaded they take the body and cut off pieces of flesh, which they rub with palm oil and roost over a fire kindled in the square before the platform. The human flesh is then skewered on the pointed sticks and carried round before the crowd, after which these fiends parade before the State prisoners, and go through the action of eating the sickening morsels. They chew the human meat before the terrified captives, but do not swallow it; and when they have worked upon the fears of the poor wretches for a sufficient time they retire, and, spitting out the chewed flesh, take strong native medicine, which acts as an emetic, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the dose is by no means stinted.

Only a Coward Nor Nor-West.

Brigadier General James M. Conly, in National Tribune.

We had in the Twenty-third Ohio (Hayes Regiment) a quaint character—an enlisted musician—whose name I would not mention for anything. Just before the battle of South Mountain he came to me and asked me to step aside with him a moment. I did so, and he said: "My God, Major, I am a coward! I did not know it. I thought I could help the country, and though I was past 45 and needn't go, I enlisted. Now I have found that I can't go into a fight! I can't, Major, if you should kill me! I shall be disgraced, and all the folks at home will know it. I can never hold my head up again if I try to go into this fight. Can't you do something for me? Give me something to do that ain't fighting, and I'll do anything. Oh, for God's sake, Major, think of something and save me from the disgrace!" The poor fellow was half frantic in his earnestness. I thought a moment, and said: "A—, do you think you could carry water for the men while they are fighting? It is going to be an awful hot day, and a canteen of fresh water will be about the greatest luxury the men could have under fire. Could you carry water for them?" "Oh, yes! Thank you, Major." Well, now, in the thickest of that fight, where the regiment lost with eight of half that went into action, old A— would come to the front loaded down with canteen, delivering them and taking up the empty ones along the line. Between bayonet charges the men were hugging the ground like a long-lost brother, under such a storm of minnie balls as did not seem to leave any unoccupied space in the air. Old A— would prance down the line delivering canteens to the panting men without any more sense of fear than the bravest man in the army, until his last canteen of water was gone, then he would give a wild yell and bolt for the rear as if the devil was after him.

Sam Jones's Gay Truths.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of the best things Sam Jones ever did was his concisely stated utterance about "the large number of men who were boarding with their wives." Evidently Brother Jones doesn't think very highly of the kind of men who make big failures, give many preferred mortgages and are ready in six weeks or two months to branch out again in their wife's names. Whatever so-called polish Mr. Jones may lack, he evidently does not lack the business sense.

Happy Thought in the Night.

For years Mr. Jas. B. Ackley, of 163 West Fayette street, Baltimore, had suffered with neuralgia so that he could hardly sleep. But he writes, "One night I was suffering very much, and the thought struck me that Brown's Iron Bitters would do me some good, and perhaps cure me. It was a happy thought, and to my great joy it has entirely cured me after using two bottles. After three months I had no return of the symptoms. I cheerfully recommend it as the best tonic I have ever used." Neuralgia sufferers, take the hint!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Rev. Sylvanus Cobb thus writes in the Boston Christian Freeman:—We would by no means recommend any kind of medicine, which we did not know to be good—particularly for infants. But of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup we can speak from knowledge; in our own family it has proved a blessing indeed, by giving an infant troubled with colic pain, quiet sleep, and the parents unbroken rest at night. Most parents can appreciate these blessings. Here is an article which works to perfection, and which is harmless; for the sleep which it affords the infant is perfectly natural, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." And during the process of teething its value is incalculable. We have frequently heard mothers say that they would not be without it from the birth of the child till it had finished with the teething stage on any consideration whatever. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents a bottle.

The Work Goes Bravely On!!

THESE INDUCEMENTS

Which we offer to those who have no idea of purchasing, are such as to make them come forward and spend their money freely.

Our Low Prices

Have set our competitors a thinking, and were the talk of the whole community.

The Slaughter of Goods Still Continues!

Reductions are in order!
Embroideries cut in strips of 4½ yards at 15, 25, 35, 45 and 90 cents per strip.
All of our Lawn and Linen Handkerchiefs way below value.
Dull times cannot exist when we offer goods at this rate.

There are some more very striking bargains which we offer.
Handsome assortments of Lace Tidies at 25 cents each.
Endless varieties of Remnants in Silks, White Goods and Table Linens are selling this week at 30 to 40 per cent. below their actual value.
Ere buying let us convince you what low prices are.

Put down the price, and push up the trade!
Rest assured we are never late,
In marking down such goods, which always take!
Clean stocks are what we are driving after and long
Even if we must sell the goods at a mere song.
Some merchants see our prices and think they're wrong.

Last But Not Least.

Ladies' Hand Bags continue to be sold at a discount of 10 per cent. for one week longer.
Several hundred yards of Nun's Veilings in lengths from 3 yards to 15 yards, a large variety of shades, at 40 cents on the dollar. Forty five dozen Children's Colored Sailor Collars at 10 cents each, the first arrival of them sold at 20c.
We pay special and prompt attention to mail orders.

WITKOWSKY & BARUCH,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

W. Kaufman & Co.

CLOTHING!

Our great sale continues all this month. Our variety is not confined to ODD SUITS, nor are the sizes limited. We have all sizes and styles. It may be of INTEREST TO YOU to

LOOK THROUGH THIS PRICE LIST.

One Hundred Men's All-Wool Suits, Sack and Frock, at \$6.50, worth \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$14.00.
One Hundred Pairs Men's All-Wool Cassimere Pants at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25, worth \$2.50, \$3.25, and \$4.50.
Boys' and Children's Clothing at remarkably

LOW PRICES.

Seersucker Coats and Vests in very large varieties, which we offer for less than they can be bought for elsewhere.

STRAW HATS!

STRAW HATS!

We intend to close out at a great sacrifice. A full line of

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

One Hundred Dozen Gents' Summer Scarfs, 6 for 25 cents. It will pay to visit the store of

W. KAUFMAN & CO

LEADING CLOTHIERS, CENTRAL HOTEL CORNER.