

Daily Charlotte Observer.

VOLUME XXXIV.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 22, 1885.

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WE ARE NOW READY TO SHOW

—TO THE PUBLIC—

The Largest and Most Complete Stock of Goods

That we have ever had, consisting of Dry Goods, Clothings, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes. Our Dress Goods stock comprises Silk Warp and Wool Henriettas, Camels Hair Cloths, Tricots, Jacquard Flannels, Sanglier Cloths, etc. Our stock of Black and Colored Silks and Surahs is our special. If you want a Black or Colored Silk Dress don't fail to see ours before buying. Nice Line Fugie Trimmings, Beaved Prats etc. Large stock Ladies' Wraps, embracing Newmarkets, Circulars, Visites, etc.

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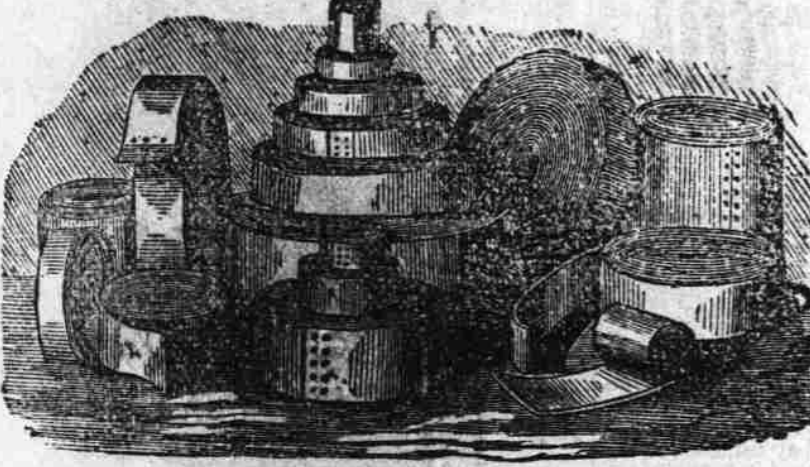
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The Most Attractive Stock Ever Offered in the State, of

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VALISES, UMBRELLAS, ETC.,

Is now being received and placed in position for show and sale at our old and well-known stand in the First National Bank building, on West Tryon street, nearly opposite the Central and Buford Hotels.

Call and Examine

For yourselves. Orders by Express or Mail promptly attended to.

WANTED.

A few good hands that can do good work wanted. None but the best need apply. Call at my store at 4 p. m., Saturday, the 19th.

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T. L. SEIGLE. Pegram & Co.

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Patterns, Corsets, Table Linens, Towels and Napkins, Hosiery and Gloves, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Combs and Brushes, Shirts for Gents, Ladies' and Children's Flannel Underwear, Pants Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Hand Bags, Lace, Embroideries, indeed anything wanted in the Dry Goods line. Our stock of Black Dress Goods is equal to any in the city. Our Silks in Black and Colored will be sold very low. All the above goods must be closed out at the earliest possible time, as we are positively going out of business. Ask for Elkin Wool Yarn and Blankets. We are the agents.

ALEXANDER & HARRIS.

The Charlotte Observer.

"TRUTH, LIKE THE SUN, SOMETIMES SUBJECTS TO BE OBTAINED, BUT, LIKE THE SUN, ONLY FOR A TIME."

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Hugo's One Superstition.

London Daily News.

Dr. Johnson has his Boswell and Victor Hugo has his Richard Lesclide. M. Lesclide, who has just published a volume of *Propos de Table* of the great French poet, was for many years the daily companion of the author of "Les Châtaiments," and he tells us among many other things, that Victor Hugo confessed to the possession of only one superstition. Nothing could induce him to form one of thirteen at table. Whenever a thirteenth arrived at the last moment it was M. Lesclide's business to pick up his hat and depart. The vitality of this hoary superstition, which no doubt originally grew out of the story of the Last Supper and of the tragic events which so quickly followed it, is remarkable. Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the accepted tables may see for himself what is really the expectation of human life. It will be found that, in order to obtain a mathematical probability that 1 out of a given 13 healthy persons will expire during the following 12 months, the average age of the 13 must, in the default of the presence of one or two on the verge of centenarianism, be very great indeed. It must, in fact, be about 88 years, and it is scarcely necessary to say that in practice the united years of a festive party of 13 never amount to the requisite 1,144. The annual rate of mortality among males and females of all ages is only 1 in 41, and 41, therefore, instead of 13, should be held to be the unlucky number. This has been demonstrated over and over again; yet the number 13 still remains ominous to thousands of excellent people in all classes of life. In Paris there are streets in which 13 does duty instead of 13, and the householders who thus ingenuously sought to circumvent fate would not for the world let the proper number be painted upon their doors. Some years ago Prince Napoleon tried to laugh his countrymen out of the superstition, but his efforts did not benefit his cause, for, with characteristic perversity, he used to invite twelve friends to carouse with him on Good Friday, whereby he gravely scandalized right-feeling people, whatever their theological views. In America similar but less aggressive attempts have been made to correct popular error, and numerous Thirteen Clubs have been established, the members pledging themselves to dine thirteen at table on every opportunity. In France, too, there is a Thirteen Club, the headquarters of which are at Senlis; and even here in England there is a little coterie of 13 men who dine together monthly at a house numbered 13 and pay 13s. each for their dinner and 13d. each to the waiters. Yet still the superstition is as lively as of yore all over Europe and America, and probably it will continue to flourish and to make people uncomfortable until the end of time. There are, in all likelihood, men and women who are even now undergoing twelve months' vague uneasiness because the present year of grace, 1885, happens to be a multiple of that unlucky number, 13.

An Ex-Senator's Misfortunes.

A dispatch from Clearfield, Pa., to the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette says: "Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, of Clearfield, whose son died on Monday morning from the effects of a fall a few days previous, is indeed an unfortunate man. A man of high literary attainments, and one of the most eminent attorneys in the State, he has amassed a fortune of \$1,000,000, and is possessed of one of the most complete and beautiful homes in Clearfield county; yet the iron hand of domestic misfortune seems to be tightening its grasp upon him, gradually robbing him of prizes for which all his wealth cannot recompense. Six years ago Mrs. Wallace, who had always been the gayest of the gay and leader of fashionable society in aristocratic old Clearfield, suddenly became demented and was placed in a private asylum at Media, Pa., for treatment. Since then all recollection of her past happy life has vanished and she recognizes none of her old friends, not even her husband. In another asylum in the same town is confined a son, aged about 30 years, whose life has been blighted through the carelessness of a nurse who allowed him to fall from her arms when a mere babe. And now Mr. Wallace is called upon to mourn the loss of his promising son Bishop, a young man of fine education and rare business qualifications. On last Saturday he fell from the steps of his father's office, striking his head on the curbstone, from the effects of which he died as above stated. At the time of his death the young man was cashier in a bank in Clearfield. He was 25 years of age."

Look out for the advertisement of Gullin's Pioneer Blood Renewer, shortly to appear.

How the Salmon Jump.

London Globe.
Professor A. Landmark, chief director of the Norwegian Fisheries, has published some interesting particulars of his studies of the capacity of salmon to jump waterfalls. He is of the opinion that the jump depends as much on the height of the fall as the currents below it. If there be a deep pool right under the fall, where the water is comparatively quiet, a salmon may jump sixteen feet perpendicularly, but such jumps are rare, and he can only state with certainty that it has taken place at the Hellesfos, in the Drama river, at Haugsend, where two great masts have been placed across the river for the study of the habits of the salmon, so that exact measurements may be effected. The height of the water in the river of course varies, but it is as a rule, when the salmon is running up stream, sixteen feet below these masts. The distance between the two is three and one-half feet, and the professor states that he has seen salmon jump from the river below across both masts. As another example of high jumping, he mentions some instances of Carratunk waterfall, Reumbeck, in North America, where jumps of twelve feet have been recorded. Professor Landmark further states that when a salmon jumps a fall nearly perpendicular in shape it is sometimes able to remain in the fall, even if the jump is a foot or two short of the actual height. This, he says, has been proved by an overwhelming quantity of evidence. The fish may then be seen to stand for a minute or two a foot or so below the edge of the fall in the same spot in a trembling motion, when, with a smart twitch of the tail, the rest of the fall is cleared. But only fish which strike the fall straight with the snout are able to remain in the falling mass of water. If it is struck obliquely the fish is carried back into the stream below. This Professor Landmark believes to be the explanation of salmon passing falls with a clear descent of sixteen feet. The professor believes that this is the extreme jump a salmon is capable of, and points out that, of course, not all are capable of performing this feat.

The Government Clerk.

Enter one of the government offices, says "Carp," of the Cleveland Leader, and you will see pale faced clerks, men and women, bending over desks writing and figuring away their lives in order to obtain that which sustains their lives. A Washington clerk seldom gets more than this, and under the civil service reform scheme the government clerk is becoming more and more a machine and less and less an active, thinking, growing man. As I stand here on this marble pavement and think of the lives that will be eaten up, of the enterprise shrivelled into dolefulness, and of the manliness wasted in this building in time to come, it makes me shudder. Young men will come in here full of hope and courage, full of brains and energy. When they enter a thousand dollars or more a year will seem good pay to them, and they will work with a will, hoping to rise through the various branches until their earnings will equal those of a Cabinet Minister. It will not be long, however, before they find they are fighting the wind mills, and in the same old grind of copying other men's writings, of dead books, where they have not the opportunity of the exercise of an original thought, their brains will waste away for lack of use, and the lazy hours from 9 o'clock till 4 will eat up their energy, until some day in the future they will wake to the fact that they have been swallowed up by the great monster cannibal, called the government, which not only eats up men's bodies but their souls as well. At this time some of them may attempt to cut themselves loose, but their efforts will be as futile as those of the Laocoon. The snakes of habit and dolefulness have wound themselves about their palsied frames and they will wait until at last death will come to take away what it thinks to be of so little value as to be hardly worth the taking. This will be the case supposing civil reform prevails. If it fails the government clerk's position will be all the worse. He is bound to be dependent on his superiors at best, and the lack of civil service rule makes him all the more of a sycophant or a toady. There is no worse employer than the government, and I would rather work for a Scrooge than for Uncle Sam.

Horse versus Mule.

New York Star.
A pale faced, impulsive looking young man, who was seated on a Fourth Avenue car, near the door, yesterday morning, was observed frequently to take out his watch and bite his lips impatiently. When the car stopped at the Cooper Union, the pale faced young man again took out his watch and said: "Conductor, this car is very slow this morning." "Is it?" replied the official. "We always stay here to let the horses drink. If you was a horse, I guess you'd want a drink too, with a heavy load behind you." "But I'm not a horse," retorted the young man in a loud tone. "No, he ain't a horse," added a man on the platform, "but, judging by the size of his ears, he'd make an elegant mule." Everybody smiled and the young man proceeded to fumble his watch chain.

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We Have the Nobbiest Goods in the Land and Quote the Lowest Prices.

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WORTH \$10.00, \$12.00 AND \$13.50.

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These are extraordinary bargains and cannot be gotten anywhere else for

Double the Money,

But they must be closed out. We don't intend to carry any over. We make a clean sweep of every garment every season, and do not take cost into consideration. An early call will insure economical purchases.

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