Belles and Beaux of the Future

MISS KATHERINE NORMAN WALKER.

The 16-Months Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoke Walker, of Lexington.

Mr. Dooley on "The Anglo-Saxon Triumph."

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"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm happy to see how glad iv'rybody is about what happened to ye a week ago last Choosdah."

"Much I care what they think," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it's a great consolation in bereavement," said Mr. Dooley, "to know that ye'er sorrow is a soorce iv joy to others. All th' wurruld is glad ye got it where ye did. Th' Czar turned a summersault whin he heard th' news. The' King iv Italy has not got home since iliction night. Th' Prisidint iv France called on Gin'ral Porther an' kissed him f'r th' Prisidint. Th' Prisidint iv Colombia illuminated th' official palace an' tillygrafted' askin' if there was annything Prisidint Rosenfelt did do to him that hadn't been done. Th' German Impror sat down an' wrote th' followin' cable: 'Congratylations on ye'er iliction as Kaiser iv th' well-boro American people. May ye'er reign be long an' happy. Toum felix fastumque barazza, wnich is Latin f'r 'Why can't we be frinds?'

"But th' mos' enthusyastic enthusyasm was in England. On hearin' th' glad news on th' Saturdah followin' th' iliction, th' King sint f'r Ambassadure Choate who came as fast as his hands an' knees wud carry him. Arrivin' at Buckin'ham palace his majesty graceyously extinded his foot an' ordhered him to convey his thanks to his ille subjicks acrost th' sea. Th' English pa-apers almost wint crazy with approval. Says wan iv thim: 'Thaydjior Rosenfelt is not a statesman in th' English sinse. He wud not compare with our Chamberlains or aven Markses. He is of more vulgar type. Judged by th' English standards, he is a coorse an' oncultivated man. But in America he stands high f'r good taste an' larnin'. He regards his iliction as a great triumph f'r th' Anglo-Saxon race. So long as Sicrety Hay can restrain his longin' to rayturn to his home an' continue to sit on Captain Rosenfelt's head, th' two counthries will be bound together in a way that will double our joys an' their sorrows. While Jawn Hay, that gr-reatest iv American statesmen an' almost good enough f'r anny office iv a parochial nature in this country, remains in charge iv the government at Washington, it can have our frindship with all that this implies. Afther that we hope to have our tariff again thim in wurrukin' ordher an' we won't care. We await th' returns f'm th' city iv Texas an' th' State iv Ohio, Massachoosets, befur makin' anny further commint.'

"So ye see, Hinnissy, 'twas th' Anglo-Saxon vote that did it. I see now what th' Prisidint was up to whin he shift f'r Cassidy iv th' Clan-na-Gael. Th' Clan-na-Gael is wan iv th' strongest Anglo-Saxon arganyzations we have. It's whole purpose is to improve Anglo-Saxon civilyzation be livatin' it. There's on'y wan way to do it an' that's th' way they do. Th' raison Cassidy an' Kelly an' Murphy an' Burke an' Shea an' all th' boys up an' down th' sthreet voted f'r Rosenfelt was because they ar-re Anglo-Saxons. Th' A. O. H., which, iv coorse, ya know manes All th' Englishmen, was f'r Rosenfelt f'r th' same raison. So it was with th' Anglo-Saxon turnvereins an' sangerfests. Me frind Schwartzmeister down th' sthreet voted f'r Rosenfelt because iv his throng feelin' in favor iv cimintin' th' alliance between th' two nations. An' he was liected, I hear.

"I wondher how he'll threat th' Anglo-Saxon f'r'm now on. I'm proud iv bein' a mimber iv that gr-reat race now that me attintion has been called to it. Gawd bless Anglo-Saxony, says I with all me heart. It has made us a free counthry. But in handin' around th' medals affther th' victhry, I fain wud see a few pinned to manly coats that were not made in Bond sthreet, give all th' branches iv that noble herd a chance.

"But this is th' way it usually goes: About a year befure iliction a man be th' name iv Sheehan or Sullivan or Casey makes up his mind that it's about time to think iv nommynatin' somebody f'r th' Prisidincy. He looks around him an' thinks he wanst run acrost a fellow in th' Lig'slachure fr'm down th' State somewhere that niver made a speech, he jumps aboard a thrain an' tears off f'r th' counthry. After some hours he finds a man that can steer him to th' ears iv th' people's choice, Judge Silas Hogan. Th' judge raceives him in his barn on account iv th' fam'ly an' accepts th' call fr'm th' people. He's surprised he hadn't heerd it befure. Casey says th' counthry is fairly ringin' with it. Casey comes back to town an' takes off his coat an' goes to wurruk. He argues an' pleads an' palances an' punches together a majority iv votes in th' manetime keepin' Judge Higgins chained down at home an' feedin him f'm time to time with canned principles. Th' judge is a minnyature annimated makes a whirlwind campaign. He supplies th' wind an' Casey supplies th' whirl. Ivrybody likes a kick at Casey. Th' opposition papers ar-re in favor iv hangin' him. 'Th' pa-apers iv his own party lament that th' campaign shud be in th' hands iv such a man whin there are such patriotes as Perkins an' Sanderson who ought to be at headquarters on'y th' papers don't know it. They ar-re at headquarters an' Casey is rehearsin' thim in their speeches an' showin' thim where to mark their ballots.

"On iliction day Casey fixes it up with his friend Mulligan in New York, O'Brien in Saint Looey, Mulcahey in Boston, O'Shay in Hartford, Butler in Buffalo, Doherty in San Francisco, Dorney in New orleans, Hennessy in Columbus, Sullivan in Chicago an' McJann in Keokuk, an' Judge Higgins is triumphantly illected. Th' mornin' affther iliction Casey hears that th' raysult is looked upon as a triumph f'r an Anglo-Saxon policy. He don't shout himself hoarse over that because his on'y acquaintance with an Anglo-Saxon policy was whin his fam-ly was dhriven out iv th' County Kerry be a bailiff with an Anglo-Saxon bludgeon but he goes over to see th' judge. 'Well, Casey,' says he. 'I done very well, he says. 'Yo did f'r a fact,' says Casey. 'Well,' says th' judge, 'I can't spare ye anny more time to-day, me humble frind,' he says. 'I'm busy makin' up me cab-net,' he say. 'I have decided to appint th' Hon'rable Peabody Perkins, iv th' District iv Columbia, Sec'rity iv State. He is partic'larly fitted f'r th' place, havin' spint all but th' las' six weeks iv his life in England. His appointment is endorsed be th' London Times. I have also,' he says, 'offered th' job iv Sicrity iv th' Interior to th' Hon'rable Ponsonby Sanderson. He is th' high chief guy in th' Lile Orange Lodge an' will know just how to handle th' public school question,' he says. 'Thank ye,' says Casey. 'I have th' names iv a few fellows that have wurruked hard an' I'd like to find places f'r thim,' he says. 'My man,' says th' judge, 'dye realize that ye ar-re talkin' to th' Prisidint iv the United States?' he says. 'If I did not feel kindly to'rd ye f'r ye'er arnest, if sometimes misguided efforts in me behalf, I wud have ye raymoved be th' dure-keeper,' he says. 'As it is,' he says, 'ye can show th' applications iv ye'er friends to th' clerk iv th' civil sarvice commission, who has charge iv th' civil labor,' he says.

"An' there ye are. Why do boys go to Harvard an' Yale? Is it because iv Eliot an' Hadley or because iv Hurley an' Hogan? I read th' accounts iv th' fut-ball game. Th' line up was as follows: Hogan, Rafferty, Murphy, McGuire, Hurley, Cooney, Shevlin, Muldoon, Cassidy, Peabody, Van Rensselier. Affther fifteen minuts Peabody retired. At th' end iv twinty minyits Van Rensselier was called out be his ma. Flaherty an' Hinnissy in. Hogan through guards. Murphy pushes McGuire through tackle. Cooney slams Saltonstall on th' ground an' breaks his back. Shevlin throws Witherspoon over th' fence. An' so on till me eyes fill with tears an' I have dhreams iv invadin' Canada with an ar-rmy iv young Anglo-Saxon fut-ball scholars f'm Kerry an' th' County Mayo. An' that night Prisidint Hadley or Prisidint Eliot makes an addhress at th' King's birthday dinner an' rejoices in our inthrest in Anglo-Saxon sports an' congratylates th' wurruld that hereafter if England has a war we will have a chance to do most iv th' fightin' an' pay half th' money.

"I wondher why it is? I suppose it's because we like th' game more thin th' rewards. Wan iv th' Anglo-Saxons who helped ilict Rosenfelt las' Choosdah wud give up his job rather thin be a pollytician an' I suppose Hogan is thinkin' all through th' game that it's th' Prince iv Wales he has against him on th' opposin' side line."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "if I thought this was an Anglo-Saxon victhry I wud niver have voted th' way I did."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Dooley. "An' did you, too? Well, be hivens, if it hadn't been f'r me, it wud have been unanimous."

F. P. DUNNE.

New York Independent.

Colonel Ingersoll died too soon. He said: "When Missouri goes Republican I will become a Christian."

HARNESSING THE YADKIN.

A WORK GREAT IN ITS SCOPE.

Striking Plan, Now Well on the Way Toward Execution, Conceived by Mr. E. B. C. Hambley—Genesis of the Whitney Company—Concurrent Development of a Great Water Power With Mines, Quarries and Mills Capable of Providing Profitable Use for It—Great Resources of the Surrounding Territory—Town to be Built at the River.

Written for The Observer.

A stretch of country which extends along the lines where Stanly, Rowan and Montgomery counties touch is rich in varied resources. Perhaps the principal items of value are (1) a rich agricultural soil and a salubrious climate, (2) gold mines, (3) water power, (4) granite.

Agriculture has been from the time of the original white settlement of the country successfully and profitably done in this territory.

Much gold mining has been done on a profitable basis, and the granite has been quarried at profit.

This section of Rowan and Stanly counties was settled originally by Germans. They are thrifty and enterprising. They have always made good crops. They are good providers, and they live well. Those who see much of them say that they are law-abiding, resolute, cordial and hospitable. Their success in farming has made land worth $30 to $40 an acre for farming purposes alone.

* * *

The mightiness of the water-power of the Yadkin at and near what is known as the Narrows has been well known for a long time, but its very magnitude made the development one of magnitude, and the cash necessary to make the development beyond the resources of those who knew about it.

* * *

About twenty years ago Messrs Reuben J. and Moses L. Holmes financed the Gold Hill mining property in England. The purchasers of the property sent to this country a young Englishman to represent them at the mine. This was Mr. E. B. C. Hambley, and he was then less than twenty years old. He developed to be a man of unusual initiative and resource, and has been of incalculable value in connection with the development of the section in which he lives. Mr. Hambley married the daughter of Dr. Coleman, who lived in the section in which the gold mining work was being carried on. He lives now in Salisbury, his family consisting of himself, wife and five children.

* * *

It is not sufficient that there is gold in the ground. There must be some way to get it, and at less than cost the mining be made profitable. It is not sufficient that there is within reach unlimited granite. There must be some use to put granite to if it be quarried. It is not sufficient that 100,000 horse-power are going to waste as the water falls over the stones. If it is harnessed, there must be something for the power to do.

Mr. Hambley figured it out that the stone from the quarries could be used to build the dam. That one and a half million tons of ore, which is in sight in the mines, might be raised and profitably worked with cheap power and plenty of water, and that the mining, quarrying and reduction of ores would give uses to put the water-power to. To be thus correlative, all these developments must be made practically together and be made to give support to the others. But the cost would be stupendous. Where would the money come from? The proposition was laid before relatives and friends in England. Through these Mr. Hambley was put in communication with Mr. George I. Whitney, of the firm of Whitney & Stephenson, Pittsburg, Pa.

* * *

Mr. George I. Whitney came of an old English family. His firm in Pittsburg had close contact with the great industrial development around Pittsburg. He was successful in his real estate transactions, in his coal mining transactions, in his other enterprises and in his financial interests. He is closely identified with banks and trust companies in his city, and is familiar with big undertakings of just such a character as the one in North Carolina which spreads into the three counties of Rowan, Stanly and Montgomery. When Mr. Hambley presented his facts and plans to Mr. Whitney, he quickly saw the opportunity. Whitney & Stephenson undertook to finance the enterprise, and Mr. Hambley was appointed to carry it out, he becoming interested also as a partner.

* * *

It was a work of much time and patient, persistent labor to acquire the gold mines, the quarries and the water rights, even though the money was ready hand to pay cash, which was done in all cases. Twenty thousand acres of land were purchased and paid for. Water rights covering more than 50,000 horse-power were purchased and paid for. Quarry property with millions of tons of fine granite was purchased and paid for. And this was but the beginning of investment.

The next step was to locate the gold ore at the mines and determine how much could be counted on. Shafts were sunk and drifts made to accomplish this. The lands and water-powers were surveyed to get data to find just what the water-power property was and as a basis for making plans for construction. Then the question of property had to be opened up. This is being done in a way to get the quarries in best shape for future working and to get stone at the same time for the dam.

Two or three miles of side track have been built by the Whitney company to the quarries; four or five miles more to the gold mines; six or seven miles more to the dam site. All these branch out from the Norwood branch of the Southern Railway. This gives, together with the Southern railway tracks, connection between the mines, the quarries and the water-power. When the water-power is ready, the ore from the mines will be lifted and carried to the river, where they can be handled with unlimited water and power. The mines will be supplied from the river by electrical transmission with power to operate hoists, drills and other apparatus necessary at the mine. The quarries will be supplied by electric transmission to operate the hoists, drills and other appliances. Even after the stones for the dam are taken out, the quarries will be still operated. The taking out of the stones for the dam will put them in shape to get out building stone and monumental stone to the best advantage. The Rowan granite is said to be nearly twice as strong as that which comes from the Vermont quarries. Three or four cars of stone are already being carried daily from the quarries to the river. These are to go into the big dam, which will be 46 feet high.

* * *

The Whitney companies are: (1) The Whitney Company, which is the parent company; (2) The Yadkin Electrical Power Company; (3) The Yadkin Land Development Company; (4) The Rowan Granite Company; (5) The Gold Hill Mining Company.

The land company will build a town and supply building lots, or lots and houses, when desired. The town site will be well laid out on 2,500 acres of land, which has been set aside for the purpose. Streets will be graded, sewers put down and electric lights provided before any lots are sold. All the streets will be curbed with stone from the quarry. The quarries will always be a good customer for water-power, and the water-power will in turn make good customers for the quarries.

A road will be graded and macadamized from the dam to the power house down the river. This is to facilitate hauling the heavy water wheels and electrical machinery from the railroad terminus at the dam to the power house six miles down the river.

The scenery on both sides of the Yadkin at the Narrows is picturesque and beautiful. It has that in the landscape which impresses one with the power of the Creator, and the infinity of His works.

Standing on Palmer's Mountain and looking up the river and towards Uwharrie Mountains beyond, one naturally says: "Nothing could be more grand and beautiful." Without moving except to turn in one's tracks to look down the river over the Narrows, and the precipitous rising banks on either side, the rushing waters, the still basin far below and the Uwharries still in view with autumn foliage, one is impelled to put away the former opinion, and say: "This is even grander and more beautiful." Then, glancing from one to the other and seeing the big river winding at the foot of the mountains, one's mind naturally begins to wonder, in awe, in what gigantic sort of cataclysm these mountains and this great river took the form they have to-day, except for the wear of the rains and winds, and the work of time that has intervened.

And now, think of harnessing these mighty forces, taking the stone from the hills and mountains to dam the river and then using the force of the river to quarry the stone, to lift the gold ore from the ground where it was located in the closing convulsions of the great cataclysm, turn the wheels of cotton factories, furniture factories, paper mills and other enterprises—it's all wonderful, very wonderful.

D. A. T.

GENERAL BOOTH'S RECRUITS.

All Sorts of Men Who Join the Salvation Army.

London Express.

"Billy" McLeod, once champion lightweight of England, hero of half a hundred fights for £20 to £50 a side, who conducted the services at the Salvation Army Temple, Blackfriars road, on Sunday, is one of the many picturesque characters in the "army."

There is surely no other preaching organization with such a variety of men and women in its ranks. Gen. Booth has spread his net wide and caught fish of many kinds. One of the colonels at headquarters is a refined and aristocratic lady, near relative of the only duke who married an English princess.

Some years ago Prebendary Webb-Peploe had a promising young curate named Oliphant. Over in Germany you will find him now, wearing the scarlet cap of a Salvation Army commissioner. One of the directors of the old East India Company had a grandson, Fritz de Latour Tucker, who, after being educated at Cheltenham College, went out to the East, and ultimately became a judge in the Indian civil service. He resigned his judgeship to become a Salvation Army officer. Having "graduated" in Whitechapel, he took the flag to India, married a daughter of the general, and is now Commander Booth-Tucker, chief of the Salvation Army in the United States. It is probable that he will soon be appointed to an important post in the army in England, for he is one of the ablest officers.

All are fish that come into the net of the old fisherman of Queen Victoria street. He catches an Australian "larrikin" with a hundred police convictions against his name, turns him inside out, puts a red jersey on him and sends him into the "back blocks" to preach to the sheep farmers and gold prospectors with all the zeal of a convert. After twenty years' preaching, all over Australia, the ex-larrikin came over and "testified" at the Congresses in Strand. He was as clear-eyed and an honest Australian as you would find between Sydney and Perth.

A mathematician of Upsala University, in Sweden, is joint commander of the forces in Switzerland; an Irishman from Ligonel is managing director of the Army Assurance Society in the city; the daughter of a Chelsea solicitor is lieutenant colonel of the Punjab, and the army in the West Indies is commanded by a Cape Dutchman.

Next week a special mission will be undertaken in Ireland by a valiant little man who years ago "ran' a boxing saloon at Rugby, in the intervals of carrying on the trade of a chimney-sweep. Now he is one of the most respected of the old brigade of Salvation officers, for Commissioner Elijah Cadman dodged, sometimes unsuccessfully, a large share of the brickbats which twenty years ago used to be thrown at the heads of the Salvationists.

Before he was 6 years of age Commissioner Cadman began earning his living in his native town of Coventry. He was a little boy, just of the size useful to a chimney-sweep in those days, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the barefooted, 6-year-old urchin, used to trot around Coventry with his master, and climb up inside of sooty chimneys with his brush. Once a week he was washed in salt and water.

Leaves Quarter Million to Rescuer.

In 1898, at Porto Rico, E. B. Vaughn, a private in Troop L, Fifth Cavalry, saved the life of M. D. Thornton, a private of Troop M, of that command. A few days ago Vaughn, a pickle salesman and a resident of Phoenix, Ariz., received notice through Thornton's attorney that the latter had died at Portland, Me., and had left Vaughn a one-third interest in his estate, appraised at $1,000,000. Vaughn and Thornton were stationed at Port Cayey. It was in a fight among young fellows at a daneing pavilion that Vaughn brained a Porto Rican who was about to stab Thornton in the back. Until that time the men had never met.

Youth's Companion.

Promissory Notes.—It is said that a man whose musical talent was as widely known as his impecunious condition once accosted a friend on the street, drew him into a doorway and requested a loan of $25.

"When do you think you'll be able to repay it?" asked the friend, to whom it was by no means a new experience.

"This time," said the ready borrower, with an engaging smile, "I hoped you'd be willing to make it a 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan."

"A what?" demanded the practical man.

"A 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan," said his expensive friend. "It may be for years, and it may be forever."

THOUSANDS CURED.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has cured thousands of cases of Piles. "I bought a box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve on the recommendation of our druggist," so writes C. H. LaCroix, of Zavalla, Tex., "and used it for a stubborn case of Piles. It cured me permanently." Sold by R. H. Jordan & Co.

FARMERS BUYING COTTON.

NOW CAPITALISTS IN GASTON.

Some Holding for 10 Cents or More and Others Even Buying From Their Less Fortunate Neighbors as an Investment — Prosperity Very Largely Due to Diversified Crops—Humorous Discomfiture Encountered by Watchers of the Blind Tiger's Trail Near a Mill Town.

Correspondence of The Observer.

High Shoals, Nov. 18.—Your correspondent, in coming in contact with the farmers, finds them in good spirits. They have had a prosperous year in that they have been blessed with a fine crop which they are now pouring upon the markets at fairly remunerative prices. Some are holding their cotton for ten cents or more per pound, and many others, who are left by some little money, are not only holding their own cotton, but are buying cotton from their neighbors as an investment. One farmer said to the writer a few days ago that he had all his last year's cotton yet, in addition to this year's crop, and remarked that he was not uneasy as to coming out all right.

Most of the farmers in Gaston county grow, in addition to cotton, some corn, wheat, peas, potatoes, etc., and this accounts very largely for a good number being able not only to hold their present crop of cotton, but to buy that of their neighbor, who is not so fortunate. Whether this is good business sagacity or not, the future will tell, but it proves by current association, that the farmers as a whole are in good condition.

* * *

There is one cotton mill in Gaston county (there may be others, but one in particular), where the Watts law is enforced. The managers of a certain mill, not 25 miles from Gastonia, have had reason to believe that some person or persons had been supplying "juice" to some of their employes, and, it is useless to say, went to laying plans to catch the "evil-doers." The night watchman was instructed, as a vigilant, to report all infractions of the law, together with the name of the suspected person or persons, to the head officer of the vigilance committee. The faithful watchman, anxious to prove his efficiency, kept close vigilance each succeeding night, and handled all the "clues" that he gathered with as much zeal and secrecy as a Pinkerton detective could have done. He was alert, and if his "clue" was not strong enough he waited and watched continually. He was as mum as an oyster, when interrogated by his superiors, but did not allow his energy to abate.

The opportune time came at last. It was one bright moonlight night (last moon), when this faithful vigilant had reason to believe that the outlawed mountain dew would be distributed among the dear employes that night, so he very carelessly sauntered away from the hum and noise of the machines in the mill to a strategical point, formerly selected, which was the only way of ingress for the blind tigers into the village. He had just reached his station point, when he heard in the distance the tred of horses' feet and the clatter of wheels of a vehicle. He looked at his watch; the hour was 10 o'clock, sooner than he had expected his dreams to come to pass—but he stealthily secreted himself and awaited the passing of the vehicle, and as soon as the men in the wagon (there were two) had gotten a sufficient distance, he went post haste to notify the members of the vigilance committee that the real thing had happened; that he had seen, with his own eyes two men with a wagon and team, with a barrel in the wagon, on their way to a certain piece of woods nearby, and that the barrel contained whiskey was not to be question.

The faithful watchman, who alone worked up the case, together with three or four other members of the committee, started in pursuit. One of the lieutenants, however, had sufficient forethought to ask for time enough to get his derby hat and his gun, saying that he could readily and easily impersonate a certain officer whose duty it is to suppress this traffic, and that he would take the aggressive part if requested. Theqy quickly organized, some going to the left, others to the right, in order to make certain that the quarry could not escape. Finally they got in hearing distance of the horses' feet, and the clatter of a wagon. The faithful detective said, "Yes, that is the same noise I first heard in the distance; come on, boys; follow me, we'll get them." They followed him, though panting for breath—such a long and fast run could not have possibly been made but for the excitement—until they reached their prey, and no sooner had they overtaken the team than the foreman, with the agility of a panther, bounded into the wagon, while others caught hold of the horses' bridle reins, and demanded that the driver halt, and this injunction was obeyed at once. The driver, an old colored farmer, said, "Boss, what's de madder? Dis is an empty barrel I'ze got to put my lasses in." They shook the barrel and verified the truth of the old negro's statement. The old colored man was made to promise under penalty that he would not tell on them, and then was allowed to go on home with his molasses barrel. The old negro had no time to spare during the day to go after a barrel, hence took advantage of the moonlight night to go, but he swears by the eternal that he will not haul molasses barrels again at night. This was too good to be kept secret, so it leaked out, but 'tis safe to say that the old negro did not tell it, and your correspondent is taking chances with his hide in telling it, though no name is used, and I request that the editor withhold my name, lest rome bodily harm come to me.

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Your own physician will tell you that the dry mountain air of Colorado as an elixir of life stands pre-eminent. Always rigorous and stimulating, the crisp atmosphere of Colorado is at its best in winter. To accommodate winter tourists to the Rockies, the Union Pacific has put in effect from Chicago a round trip rate of $47.20 and from St. Louis a round trip rate of $39.20, with proportionate reductions from all points within its immediate territory. Tickets on sale every day until May 1st, 1905, with return limit June 1st, 1905. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific, the popular route to Colorado. For full information inquire of

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UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A decree of Mecklenburg Superior Court, I will at noon, on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28 1904

Expose to sale to the highest bidder, at public aution, at the county court house door in Charlotte, five certain tracts of land lying four miles south of Charlotte, on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the Camden and Nation Ford macadamized roads, and described as follows:

Tract No. 1 fronts on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the Camden macadamized road about 1,427 feet, includes a good orchard and contains thirty-nine and three-fourths (39¾) acres.

Tract No. 2 fronts on said railroad and macadamized road about 1,064 feet, runs back on both sides of a large branch, includes the residence and buildings and contains forty-two (42) acres.

Tract No. 3 fronts on said railroad and macadamized road 772 feet and contains forty-five and four-fifths (45 4-5) acres.

Tract No. 4 lies on both sides of King's branch, fronts on the Nation Ford macadamized road about 1,450 feet and contains forty-eight (48) acres.

Tract No. 5 lies on both sides of said branch, fronts about 1,500 feet on said road, has on it a good granite quarry and contains sixty and three-fourth (60¾) acres.

These tracts embrace the western part of the Benjamin Smith land, and are to be sold for re-investment.

After offering each tract separately, Tracts 1, 2 and 3 will be offered as a whole for a bid higher than the sum of bids in separate tracts.

Tracts 1, 2 and 3 front on the west side of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad and the Camden macadamized, and are valuable for mill sites, and tracts 4 and 5, on the east side of the Nation Ford macadamized road, would make good truck farms.

The electric lines of Catawba Power Company run through all said tracts—making it very convenient to obtain power and light from that company.

Terms of Sale: One-half of the purchase money in cash, the balance by note with approved security, payable after six months bearing legal interest from date of sale, the title being retained until full payment of the purchase money, with leave to purchasers to anticipate payment.

This the 27th day of October, 1904.

HUGH W. HARRIS,
Commissioner
15 Piedmont Insurance Building.

Bankruptcy Sale of Bottling Machinery.

On Tuesday, November the 29th, 1904, at 12 o'clock m., I will expose to public sale for cash to the highest bidder, on the premises lately occupied by W. C. McWhirter, Charlotte, N. C., the machinery and equipment composing the plant formerly known as the Bottling Works of W. C. McWhirter, to wit:

One boiler and engine, 1-2 H.P. motor, 1 H.P. motor, shafting and pulleys, one large tank, one small tank, 2 motor bottle brushes, 2 bottle rinsers, one cork machine, one barrel hoist, one pair keg trucks, one bottle trucks, one filter, one generator, one crown machine (black), one crown machine (red), one bottling table, one syphon bottler, one lot of beer bottles, one lot of soda bottles, 90 soda boxes, beer boxes, 65 syphon bottles, one safe, one copy-book, stand and press, one clock, 2 horses, 2 boxes (feed and coal) 2 stoves, 4 belts, 3 chairs, 15 gross patent stoppers, one lot of extracts, 10 syphon boxes, one cork puller, 8 bottle drains, 5 kegs with faucets, 2 syrup pumps, electric light fixtures, 50 barrels, one glass tube gauge, one steam pump, one bung extractor.

Any part or all of the above property may be sold by the trustee at private sale.

This November 17th, 1904.

W. M. SMITH,
Trustee of W. C. McWhirter, bankrupt.

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