SENSATION IN BROOKLYN

NEGRO WOMAN AND HER SNAKE

Doctors Removed the Creature Yesterday and All is at Rest Again—One of the Most Hysterical Incidents of the Life of the Colored Quarter of the City—Dump Dixon Was Thought to be Tricked by Rachel Cauthen, but an Operation Settles the Controversy—An Interesting Story.

There is a big sensation in Brooklyn; a woman has been hoodooed. All day Wednesday throngs of people journeyed to a little run-down house on Stonewall street, between Myers and Alexander, to see Dump Dixon, who harbored within her stomach a live animal, supposed to be a snake or frog. At times the street was black with curious men and women going and coming from the Dixon home. From Biddle on the west to Hog Heaven on the east and Dulstown on the north to Hunter's brick yard on the south the colored people have been in a ferment about the strange case of Dump Dixon, the tall, black woman who is the victim of a hoodoo. William Gorrell, at the Southern Manufacturers' Club, was in a dreamy state all day yesterday, wondering what would become of Dump Dixon. He looked as down-cast and sad as if he had swallowed a hearse, corpse and all. Rufe Williams would not talk about the affair and every other negro who was questioned by newspaper men avoided the subject.

Yesterday morning an Observer man, accompanied by Sergeant Farrington, put out for Stonewall street. The sun was rapidly becoming warm and sultry. The reporter and the police officer traveled first one street and then another until they arrived within a block of the ill-fated place. Many wash-women and romping children came to the edges of their respective yards to look at and admire the brass buttons of authority. Some, no doubt, believed that the scribe was under arrest. At Vance street Sergeant Farrington tarried a moment to question a portly mulatto dame whom he addressed as Charlotte.

"How do you do Mr. Farrington?" asked the negress, as she came out from behind a bunch of evergreen bushes.

"Charlotte, what is going on down here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," answered Charlotte, with a knowing smile upon her face.

"How is the hoodooed woman?"

"De what?" asked Charlotte and two other women who had come up close.

"The hoodooed woman? You know."

"Dey taken her to de horsepistol dis mornin'," declared a tall, dark woman.

"What are they going to do to her there?"

"Dey say dat dey're gwine to operate on her an' cut IT out."

"Cut what out?"

"De frog or snake or whatever it is."

At this juncture the negro women in hearing distance laughed; they evidently knew all about the case but did not take much stock in the hoodoo story. They were the least bit skeptical.

"Who hoodooed her?"

"Lawd, chile, I don't know nothin' 'bout nobudy hoodooin' her," declared a willing talker. But as she spoke the women looked from one to another, showing very plainly that they had heard the story of the woman who had cast the spell on Dump Dixon but were afraid to say a word.

The policeman and the newsgatherer moved on to Stonewall and sought out the Dixon cabin. The front door was open and the hall empty but in the rear room the visitors could see a smoothing iron gliding back and forth as it pressed a black and white negligee shirt. Beyond the ironing board stood an aged colored woman, busy running another iron. On getting where they could see in the room the intruders found themselves face to face with two ancient, gray haired colored women, who were everlastingly driving their flat irons. The furniture in the room was old and dilapidated but the cloths, which belonged to some good white couple, brightened up the scene a little.

"Is Aunt Nancy Dixon, the mother of the sick woman, here?" asked the officer.

"Dis is me," said the smaller of the two.

"Where is your daughter?"

"Dey tuck her to de horsepistol dis mornin'."

"What is the matter with her?"

"De Lawd knows, honey, fur I don't."

Aunt Nancy kept eyeing the sergeant and was very reserved and deliberate in her studied answers.

Sergeant Farrington is a good listener. He kept his tongue while Nancy gradually warmed to her subject.

"Yes, de trouble 'gin on her 'bout las' Febwary an' keep er gittin' wus. De doctor come an' look 'at her an' lef' but 'low dat he'll be back soon. He come back an' fotch ernudder doctor wid 'im. Dey go way an' come wid ernudder doctor. I seed den dat dere wuz somefin' wrong wid de gal. De doctor come ergin an' fotch ernudder doctor, an' dey make er zamination an' tell me all 'bout it but deyer talk wuz too high fur me. I couln't upperhand deyer understandin'.

"Den I tuck an' sont fur er white doctor an' he zammin' Dump an' low dat she's gut er frog in her. Right den I 'clare 'Now den, ain't I done tolt you so? I knowed it.'

"Fum dat time on we ain't done nothin' but watch dat frog grow. Hit des scrimmiges 'roun' in dat gal's stomic lak it wuz loose in er pond. When she lay down you kin see it stretched out cross her des lak er snake an' when hit gins to move it des flies up in her front an' back down an' all erroun' an' kicks lak er mule. Everbudy in dis' neighborhood done seen hit an' low dey ain't never seed de lak befo'. Sometime it jump right straight out lak it wuz gwine to bust thu an' come out.

"Dey's gwine to cut it out dis evenin'. I des spec' my chile'll die."

"Who tricked her, Aunt Nancy?" was asked.

"I ain't sayin' nothin' bout dat. You kin go to de horsepistol an' ax her. She's er married 'oman an' knows her own bizness. De white doctor he knowed somebudy done been given her somefin', fur one uv de fus' questions dat he axe wuz 'Whose plate she been eatin' outer?'

"He knowed dat somebudy done fix her."

Having heard this story the officer and The Observer man went out to ascertain the name of the woman who was suspected of throwing the spell on Dump. Every negro in sight was questioned but not a word could be had. All seemed to know but were unwilling to tell. They were afraid. Finally, however, Sergeant Farrington did get one of his colored acquaintances to whisper the name of 'Big Rachel' in his ear. There is but one Big Rachel in Brooklyn and she is well-known.

The home of Rachel is hard by the Dixon house. As the white men walked in her front door she stood at a table, ironing and singing, in the back room. Rachel is one of Charlotte's most formidable looking negroes. She is large, muscular and black, and wears her hair twisted and tied into horns after the fashion of the antebellum darkey. She chewed on a sweet gum tooth brush yesterday.

Every nook and corner of Rachel's little home was as neat and clean as a new pin. On the bed, on the table and on every chair lay armsful of freshly laundered clothes, and the air of the room seemed wholesome. Rachel wore a newly washed dress. She must weigh about 225 pounds. Her every look and manner gives the lie to the cunning, skulking practice of hoodooism. Her power would seem to come from mere brute force rather than that of the witch, hoodoo or trickster. Her face is open and frank and her teeth shine like pearls.

The sight of the officer did not disconcert Rachel. She was as polite and graceful as a negro could possibly be under the circumstances.

"Come in, gentlemen, I'm just an ignorant nigger, but you are welcome," said the mighty Rachel.

"What about the hoodoo business, Rachel?" asked Sergeant Farrington.

"Bless yo' soul, honey, I don't no nothin' 'cept what dey tells me. I know dat I'm 'scused uv trickin' dat nigger an' Gawd knows dat it ain't so. I knows dis' dat I can't git erhead uv Gawd. How's I gwine to trick dat nigger? What's I gwine to trick her fur? She ain't done nothin' to me, an' I ain't done nothin' to her. Dat's des de way we stans. I don't speak to dat ole Aunt Nancy fur she done broke one of my chickens down in de back an' drap it over in my yard. Dey don't meddle wid me an' I don't meddle wid dem. Ef you don't b'lieve what I'm tellin' you, des go to Lancaster, S. C., an' ax anybudy you see who Ed Cauthan's Rachel is an dey'll tell you. Dat dey will! De nigger ain't tricked yit an' ef you'll des wait you'll see.

Every now and then Rachel would stop and laugh a laugh that was heard a half a block away; she was just as amiable, and as sprighty as she could be.

"I des knows dis, ef ever I ketch up wid de nigger dat started dat lie on me den I'll settle wid her," declared Rachel as she brought her terrible fist down upon the table by her side.

"I's nothin' but er ignorant nigger, an it's wrong to say dat I's tricked anybudy."

Sergeant Farrington and the reporter rendered a verdict of not guilty against Rachel. They came to the conclusion that if she were going to rid that street of her enemies she would not do it by casting spells but by a knocking-down and dragging-out process.

Rumor had it that Rachel had given Dump Dixon the snake, or the frog, whichever it happens to be, in a dish of greens. Those who dislike the Lancaster negress believe that she can conjure and work dire calamity whenever and wherever she sees fit.

If there is a person in the town who doubts this story let him or her speak to the cook or the house girl or the butler and he or she will learn that the entire colored population has heard it. This does not mean that all of the negroes in the city believe that Dump has been hoodooed, for many of the more intelligent ones know that she has not, but the sensation has been felt throughout negrodom. Some say that the frog is as large as a rat terrier dog, while others declare that it is no frog at all.

Dump Dixon was operated on at the Good Samaritan Hospital yesterday afternoon. Long before the hour set for the doctors to meet, the streets about the place began to fill with negroes who had gone there to hear the news of the result just as early as possible. Some of the on-lookers carried sticks, some forks and others more formidable weapons so that in case the frog or snake got away they could kill it. All the time the doctors were at work the throng on the lawn swelled and became more eager.

The physicians did not find a frog, or a snake but a cystoma-something equally as ban and in order to gratify the curiosity of the mob a nurse went to the window of the room and held out the long ruby colored tube of the stomach pump and declared: "Here it is."

Everybody crowded close and had something to say.

"Look, it's a big red snake!" "What a mouth it's gut!" "Don't you know she suffered?" were some of the expressions.

Dump has a chance to recover.

It has caused more laughs and dried more tears, wiped away more diseases and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. R. H. Jordan & Co.

MOTOR LEAGUE STATION.

Osmond L. Barringer Company Receives Appointment Which Will Give Charlotte Some Prominence as a Motor Tourists' Town—Improved Route From North to South.

The Osmond L. Barringer Company yesterday received its appointment as official station for the American Motor League, which has its headquarters in the Vanderbilt building, New York. This means that all tourists between the North and South will hereafter make Charlotte a stopping place. Automobile touring is becoming more and more popular every season and Charlotte will probably receive much benefit from being an official station of the league, to which practically all the tourists belong.

There is a movement on foot looking to the establishment of an improved touring route between Washington and Atlanta, Ga. This route will probably come down the Valley of Virginia to Staunton, Va.; thence by the Natural Bridge to Lynchburg; and will then follow the main line of the Southern Railway, via Charlotte, to Atlanta. Tourists who desire to visit Asheville and the Sapphire country will branch off at Spartanburg, S. C., and go over Saluda Mountain.

Can't Handle Mr. Shakespill Harris.

"Will you please put a piece in de paper an' say dat I wants Capt. Harrison Watts to come back here fur de 20th of May," said William Gorrell.

"What do you want with him?" was asked.

"Mr. Shakespill Harris ain't doin' right. He's done been over here to Lexington, Ky., and paid $1,000 for a pair of horses an' he an' Mr. John O. Alexander, frum down here in Providence, is gut by me. It des takes Capt. Watts to hold 'em down. Des put out de word dat I wants him to come back in May."

Handsome New Building for Concord.

Hook & Rogers, architects, have just completed plans for a handsome new building to be erected by the Odd Fellows of Concord, at that town. The building will be three stories high, of pressed brick. The first floor will be used as the postoffice of Concord, the second for offices and the third will be the Odd Fellows' hall.

Hook & Rogers have completed plans for a new building for the Bank of Thomasville, and two new Presbyterian churches at Gastonia and an Episcopal church at Monroe.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR.

"Mothers buy it for croupy children, railroad men buy it for severe coughs and elderly people buy it for la grippe," say Moore Bros., Eldon, Iowa. "We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than any other kind. It seems to have taken the lead over several other good brands." There is no question but this medicine is the best that can be procured for coughs and colds, whether it be a child or an adult that is afflicted. It always cures and cures quickly. Sold by R. H. Jordan & Co.

GREATEST NEED OF THE DAY.

Long Gloves for Women Is the Hue and Cry and the Gloves Are Not to be Had.

"Do you know the greatest need of the day?" asked an observant gentleman yesterday, as his mind ran back to incidents of the last few days.

"Nope," admitted the newspaper man.

"Well, it's long gloves for women, and I could swear to that," declared the citizen with a good bit of feeling.

"I know that I have tried in vain to get a pair of the latest agony for my wife but have failed so far. It seems that the women slipped up on the fashion-leaders this season and sprung a surprise. It is long gloves that every woman wants and can't get. A Charlotte merchant said the other day that he had succeeded in getting six dozen pairs of gloves when he had asked for 600. The short sleeve must be accompanied by the long glove to put a woman on the upper deck. I wrote to Philadelphia and tried to get a pair but failed. The merchant wrote back that he would like to have some himself."

What the Graphophone Didn't Say.

One day this week some ladies were listening to the music of a graphophone in a music house. The instrument was working away at a negro camp-meeting song, the words sounding very plainly: "Oh, Lord! send the power just now!"

The ladies were chatting a little during the performance and evidently did not understand the words, so they asked the proprietor, "What did it say?"

He replied: "Oh, Lord! send the power just now."

The lady must have had in her mind the present bargain sales in Charlotte stores, for she replied, "Why, I thought it was saying, 'Oh, Lord! send the bargains down.'"

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Col. Gus Hull is on the water wagon proper," said a Charlotte police officer yesterday.

"Why do you say that?" was asked.

"He is assistant driver on the street sprinkler."

A little grandson of Col. H. L. Hunter, who lives on the Providence road, near the Harris woods, ran in the house yesterday, all out of breath, red in the face and half scared to death and shouted: "Grandpa, there's blind tigers in the Harris woods and when they saw us coming they ran up trees"

They are getting bold out there.

Malaria Makes Pale Blood.

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic drives out malaria and builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 27 years. Price 50 cents.

Lightning Strikes Barn.

A barn belonging to Mrs. Lou Robinson, of Derita, was struck by lightning and burned yesterday afternoon. The place was leased by Mr. Mack Christenbury and he lost two mules and two cows. A buggy, the property of Mr. Turner Armstrong, was destroyed, as was a crib of corn belonging to Mrs. Robinson.

Carefulness---Skill---Watchfulness---Everlasting Vigilance

And the most modern, up-to-date, improved machinery enable us to secure the beautiful results which we obtain at our establishment, and which also enable us to say truthfully, that we do the most beautiful work in the State.

CLEARNESS as well as CLEANNESS is one of our strongest talking points.

A garment may be clean, and yet not be clear—and a dark, dingy piece of laundry looks just as badly as a dirty piece.

We wash CLEAN and CLEAR.

Model Steam Laundry

"The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating."

We have sold Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy for a number of years, and because of its satisfactory results, it has become one of our best staple sellers. Those who give it the most praise are the ones who use one-half dozen or one dozen bottles as a Spring or Fall treatment. It gives us pleasure to recommend a preparation which has such uniform endorsement. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy is in taking it.

J. H. KENNEDY & CO.,
Druggists,
March 12, 1906. Gastonia, N. C.

Mrs. Joe Person, Charlotte, N. C.
Dear Madam: We have been handling your Remedy for ten years, and it has given satisfaction, so far as we know, having never had any complaint.

Very truly,
WOODALL & SHEPPARD,
March 7, 1906. Charlotte, N. C.

Maraschino Tip
Chocolate Nut Sundae
Claret Rickey
Ginger Rickey

Are very, very fine.

Have you tried them?

We are leading in fountain specialties now.

Our service is great—superb—cannot be excelled and is unequalled in Charlotte—or the State, for that matter.

Have you tried our delicious

Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream

We want you to come to see us every day. We want you to make our store your headquarters.

HAWLEY'S PHARMACY

$50.00 DUE BILLS

We notice that several piano concerns are offering due bills for different amounts to persons making the most words out of letters contained in the firm's name. These coupons if presented before a certain date and countersigned to apply as a payment on a piano if bought from them.

We will accept coupons given by any piano firm as a portion of the first cash payment on a new Artistic Stieff, Shaw, or any new piano we sell. If you wish to buy in the future, send in your due bills and we will issue our own due bill, good whenever you are ready to buy.

Chas. M. Stieff,
Manufacturer of the Piano With the Sweet Tone.
Southern Wareroom:
West Trade Street,
CHARLOTTE - - - - N. C.
C. H. WILMOTH, Mgr.
5 West Trade Street.

We CLEAN and Dye Portieres

This means that we can be of much service to you, for the time for Spring Cleaning and Renovating has arrived.

Send your Portieres, Furniture Coverings, etc., to us. We will Clean or Dye them so nicely they will look like new.

Queen City Dyeing and Cleaning Works
MRS. J. M. HESTER, Proprietress.

Timely Diamond Offerings

April is the Diamond month—the time when the stone of sentiment and innocence is in most demand for birthday gifts and engagement rings.

We have a very fine assortment of selected Diamonds, all sizes and a great variety of mountings, that it will be to your advantage to see before purchasing.

The Palamountain Co.
JEWELERS.

ANGELUS

as purchased by Royalty and the world's greatest musicians. Its makers possess the genius that originates and invents.

THE WORLD'S BEST Cabinet and Interior Piano Player.

Call in to see and hear them.

Charlotte Piano Co.
213 N. Tryon 'Phone 213.

100 HEAD 100 HEAD

The Claude Brown Co.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

We have in our mammoth barns 100 head of High Class Horses.

ROAD HORSES

CARRIAGE HORSES

SADDLE HORSES

25 head of large, young Mules and a few heavy work teams.

100 HEAD 100 HEAD

Cozy Furniture

MAKES HAPPY HOMES

An inspection of our stock verifies that no trash, but an assortment of highest class Furniture and Floor Coverings, carefully selected for the most discriminating trade, is what we carry. Come to McCOY'S with the expectation of getting more for your money than anywhere else in Charlotte and you will never be disappointed.

LEATHER FURNITURE

Rich and Stylish Leather Chairs, $9.50 to $60.00.

Leather Couches, Davenports and Morris Chairs to suit all.

We will be pleased to have you call and inspect our large display of Furniture and House Furnishings, whether you are ready to buy or not. Everything guaranteed to be as represented.

W. T. McCOY
South Tryon Street.

FANCY SPRING NECKWEAR!

We received Tuesday one of the "Swellest" lines of spring Neckwear that has ever been our good luck to show to our customers. All the latest and most approved styles,

Must be Seen

to be fully appreciated. Silks and washable ties in solid colors, blues, green, white—anything you wish. Come and see them.

ED. W. MELLON COMPANY
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. LEADING CLOTHIERS.

OUR PIANO STORE

It is one of the big departments of this business. It has been growing daily for years and now it stands alone as a big business in itself. We are the first to discard the old clap-trap methods of selling Pianos. It is no more than the selling of other goods in our line, and that is to represent them honestly and put the right price on each instrument according to the grade in which it stands.

Our prices are one and the same to all, and that price is the right price. No misleading claim for goods. No clap-trap devices. No juggling with words. No samples. No clubs. No mark-ups and no mark-downs. No coupons, and no humbuggery of any kind. We were first sure to have the right Pianos and Organs to offer, and then selling them to every one alike at the right prices, has made us the foremost dealers in the State.

The Pianola and the Pianola Pianos, the best in the world, are all here. You are invited to visit our Piano Department and inspect our instruments.

PARKER-GARDNER CO.

Men's Spring Suits

WE offer a line of splendidly tailored Suits at $15, $18.50 and up to $25.

Our Haberdashery Department is a liberal education in correct fashions for spring and summer. There's much that's truly equisite. There's nothing that's not "right" and values, are remarkable.

LONG-TATE CLOTHING COMPANY

Goods sent on approval returnable at our expense.