MECKLENBURG FAIR

OCT. 22, 23, 24, 25, '07

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Seeing is Believing. Therefore Come and See For Yourself.

Unparalleled Attractions!
Unprecedented Attendance!
Unexcelled Exhibits!
Two Good Bands Music!

The finest of shows on the war-path; this has been made a feature of the Fair. Besides the hundreds of high-class shows for the entertainment of the public, the management have secured

EIGHT FREE ATTRACTIONS

to be given every day upon the race course.

Indian Squaw Race,
Loop the Gap,
Riderless Horse,
Roman Standing Race,
Cowboy Indian Race,
Cowgirl Flat Race,
Roman Chariot Race.

These attractions have been secured from the Big Show that will be on the grounds, "Kemp Sisters' Wild West and Hippodrome Co.," carrying 60 people and 50 horses. They will give a STREET PARADE each day of the Fair.

The Speed Department will be as animating and enjoyable as any part of the Fair. Close and fair contests will be demanded. Come and enjoy the sport.

$8,000.00 in Purses and Premiums.

A great exhibition of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry and Pet Stock. Interesting and pleasing sights will abound everywhere on the grounds. Better than medicine or doctors. It's a health resort.

The Premium List carefully revised, adding nearly $1,000.00 for the farmers to compete for.

FOUR BIG DAYS THIS TIME.

TUESDAY—"Children's Day." Every white free school of the city and county will give holiday and arrangements have been made with the Superintendent of Public Schools whereby the 8,000 children will march to the grounds in a body, and none will be missing, as they are admitted FREE at gate of grounds.

WEDNESDAY—"Charlotte Day."

THURSDAY—"Everybody's Day."

FRIDAY—"Veterans' and College Day."

Reduced Rates on All the Railroads

From the Land of the Desert To the Land of Sunshine

BY A. G. MOORE.

It was under some such title as the above that the writer thought to send The Observer an account of his trip from Yuma, Arizona, to Los Angeles, the metropolis of southern California. But it was the last day of February when we left Yuma, and now—the summer has gone, and nearly half the autumn. Summer, not in the city, but in the foothills in sight of the mountains in one of the coast counties of beautiful southern California, where the semi-tropical climate is delightfully tempered with ocean breezes; summer, that robs the mountain peaks of their winter snow caps and leaves them to stand in simple grandeur, but nevertheless beautiful in the lights and shadows that play over their barren heights; summer, that, as it ripens in autumn, makes the hillsides brown with stubble field and sage brush, adding a new beauty to the landscape by lending this contrast with the green of the valleys.

But even in February the sun was strongly asserting his supremacy over the desert, and for some weeks it had been hot enough during the day to make one think of sea breezes and cool mountain streams, or, if you were a Yumaite, to think of going "inside," as they say, which means going to California, for everyone who can afford it, spends some months during the summer in Los Angeles or some of the coast towns. To go to California, literally speaking, is a small matter at Yuma, since it means merely going across the railroad bridge. But do not suppose for a moment that merely crossing the Colorado and getting into California, means escaping the heat of the desert, or entering into the midst of a flowery land. Not by any means. For something like seventy-five miles the railroad finds its tortuous way across the desert before it comes to Salton Sea, the lowest part of Cahuilla Valley, in the northern part of the vast Colorado Desert. And the country around is still desert, for all there is so much water in its mist. The California Development Company, with its hosts of colonists, are working northward from the Mexican line into the desert, with water secured from the Colorado at Yuma, on their mission of reclaiming this vast desert region, but miles and miles of barren waste still stretch ab[illegible] of them. And water has not [illegible] in the old dry lake bed long [illegible]gh yet to start vegetation to any [illegible]ree—indeed, until recently, when [illegible] Colorado was finally got under control at Yuma, it kept rising too fast to permit any growth to exist on its borders. When we passed the remains of the old salt works, and washed up railway tracks were still being swished against the short and almost against the present track by the small waves, which at times of high desert winds—and they are not infrequent—used so often to cover the track and seriously impede traffic.

We were especially anxious to see this immense lake, for everyone who knows ?anything of Yuma, and particularly one ?who knows aught of the recent history of the Colorado and the mighty efforts of the vast company of men who are endeavoring to redeem an immense portion of waste land in Southern California with its waters, and have had to fight the river for every inch of progress they have made, is drawn to think with a strange fascination and wonder of this immense accidental inland sea, covering as it does thousands and thousands of acres, and with no outlet for its waters. In order to do this we chose a train which left Yuma early in the morning, rather than a night train, hoping to be out of the desert before the hottest part of the day. But the train was late, and it was nearly 1 o'clock when we crept out from the station across the Colorado river, to leave Yuma—at least as a place of residence—behind forever, and enter for the first time the golden land of promise, to seek a new abiding place and our fortune in this fairyland of fruit and flowers.

There ?was nothing of interest to see until we came to Imperial Junction, where a branch line runs down into the Imperial Valley. Here the Southern Pacific has established headquarters for considerable railroad work. For we are on the edge of the Salton Sea now, and while at a little distance it looks harmless enough, and, indeed, beautiful, as it lies there to the south shimmering in the desert, the teams and men at work, the work cars and bunks further on as we skirt its border, the rock embankments and sand bags which hold it in check for miles, and still further the places where it swishes under the track, and runs in little gullies far up beyond us toward the foothills, as it were some giant many-armed creature worming its feelers up to seize the very hills and draw itself up to them, crushing out all obstacles—all these things betoken that it must be watched constantly with grave apprehension. The telegraph poles too, like long lines of waders, holding hands and seeing how far they can go in, stretching away from the track and far out into the lake, less and less of them visible, until they are finally submerged, show where the old tracks were.

For many miles we skirt this immense inland sea, and wind around it, and at the foot of the mountains. At length we leave it and pass up between the San Bernardino and San Jacinto mountains, up and up through the ever narrowing pass, with one or two peaks just frosted with snow on the very summit. And as we begin this ascent we find more vegetation, little settlements off a ways from the track, with clumps of cottonwood trees and fields of grain or alfalfa, and the houses at the stations increase in number and are surrounded with trees and plants—especially palms. And everywhere, as we neared the summit, was more and more evidence of the powerful winds which sweep through the pass with such velocity. Most of the trees at the station were bent far over, like old men stooped with care and the weight of years, on each incline the telegraph poles were piled high about the base with mounds of rocks, apparently to keep them from blowing up, and the smooth stretches presented almost the appearance of a glacier or the track of a landslide, so clean swept were they, showing the steady descent of gravel and small stone. Each little hummock, too, was perfectly bare and wind-swept on the upper side, while the lower side was covered with sand.

It was fast becoming dusk as we ascended the pass, and the coming darkness cast a wierd light over the scene, as when night falls over a landscape where snow has been swept int odrifts by the wind and it is cold and bleak and one is far from home alone. It was dark before we began the descent and we were disappointed at not being able to see the procession of prosperous little towns which stretch all along the way down to Los Angeles. They remind one of the stretch of road along the Southern Railway between Greensboro and Charlotte, with its thriving manufacturing towns. But here the prosperity comes mostly from quite different sources. Mainly it is from fruit growing, both citrous and deciduous. And from now on one finds the Eucalyptus tree in increasing abundance, taking the place of the cottonwood of the desert—indeed, doing more, for it is grown for shade and fuel alike. It is a wonderful tree, growing quite close together, and with great rapidity. It seldom branches a great deal and when planted close sends one straight shoot toward the sky. This being cut near the ground, four or five other shoots put up from the stump and grow with equal or even greater rapidity. Moreover, after the wood is cut, it becomes hard and resinous, very much like cedar. This is the species seen in greatest abundance. There are any number of species, used for shade and ornament. Some of this kind, however, make fine, imposing shade trees when given room to spread.

And so we were in California at last, California, of whose beauties and wonders we had heard since early childhood, and which we had formed the resolution to see some day. For nearly two years we had been so near—but right in the heart of the desert. The City of the Angels we found quite interesting—although its rapid rise from a Mexican village and subsequent prosperity is another story—but the flowers commanded our wonder and admiration, flowers everywhere, flowers dotting the lawns, flowers in beds, flowers in rows and hedges, in all the public parks and cemeteries, in every yard and even bordering the streets in the lawn space between curb and sidewalk, flowers banked close against houses, vines clambering over porches, trees and palms, flowers peeping out from every nook and crevice, rows of callas or geraniums by every fence or dividing line. And great rose trees too, and azalias as large as small magnolia trees, or large size crepe myrtle. We were used to the semi-tropic climate in Yuma, and to seeing things grow in winter, but not in such profusion, especially flowers. It was coming from a dry hot desert to a land of spring and bountiful showers, and last winter was the wettest in many years. To us from the South it seemed like coming again, after a long weary journey, upon our own balmy spring weather, with its cool refreshing moisture and odors of flowers. But this was hardly spring, only the first day of March when we first saw them, and yet the profusion of flowers in full bloom was such as few of our Southern cities can boast at any season. There were rows and rows of calla lillies in full bloom in the yards of the city, and roses, great masses of Gold, of Ophir and Cherikee, and hedges of geraniums growing almost as tall as trees wherever they could escape the pruning hook. One hedge of pink ivy geraniums at Rosedale Cemetery, nearly an eighth of a mile long covered a fence four or five feet high and spread all over the ground around, one mass of beautiful pink blooms. And out in the country, as you pass rapidly on the electric car through orange groves and berry fields, the hills show green with hay or grain and sage brush. And further, as they became higher and higher, they were still green in the distance, till they lost themselves in mountains, some of which were capped with snow.

But it was nearly the middle of spring when we found a little place at the foot of a hill, which is always green, for we are on the north side of it which is not dried out in summer, and began to make our home, with a little valley in front of us, and away further the foothills, rising imposingly, grandly, pile upon pile, till the mountain peaks crowd one another in the distance, while up the valley to the west of our hill come the ocean breezes which keep us cool all the summer. From its crest some say they can see the ocean itself on a clear day. And here the callas have bloomed and died and grown again, for summer has passed, so different from the dry hot summer at Yuma. No doubt her climate in winter is superior, certainly for a few months it is ideal, but it must still be hot and dry and lifeless there, while in California each season has its own peculiar attraction. One who knows all her seasons well has written of these early autumn days:

"But oh, thy glories these sunlit September days outlive all these earlier days of the round year. Like the Master of the feast thou art so lavish of the gifts that thou dost keep the best wine of all thy glories to thy mature season. The vivid emerald of the early spring, the yellow flame of the full summer, the spotless purity of thy orange blossoms, the golden flood of all thy mustard fields, all yield to the ripe glories of these autumn days."

But even in the midst of their glory come presages of that which shall change them to green again:

"From afar comes now and then a soft breeze that seems a stranger to the scene. It is mild and gentle as the sister breeze, but there is on its breath a scent of Southern seas. Far behind comes an echo of broader prairies, the sweep of mighty wings and cloud—compelling in its somber aspect. It whispers now, but the whisper is a warning of days when the sun will be darkened, when all this golden glory of the September day will have its end. It tells of the resurrection of the seasons, of days of mighty showers, of a new mantle of velvet green to be woven for the fair form of our lady of the snows. The birds know the language this strange breeze brings. The seeds which the poppy shed nearly a year ago hear the whisper as they sleep upon hillside and lea, in dale and along the plains. The birds and the flowers all understand every accent of this message from far-off seas, and they whisper of it each to the other, and the birds prepare a new song for the new spring, and the flowers begin to rub their glorious eyes open from sleep."

And already the first shower has come.

A. G. MOORE.

For Chronic Diarrhoea.

"While in the army in 1863 I was taken with chronic diarrhoea," says George M. Felton, of South Gibson, Pa. "I have since tried many remedies but without any permanent relief until Mr. A. W. Miles, of this place, persuaded me to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, one bottle of which stopped it at once." For sale by W. L. Hand & Co.

Rheumatism is caused by the improper working of the kidneys. The uric acid which should be removed from the blood remains in it. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea removes the cause and drives it from the system. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

NEWS OF BEAUFORT'S CAPITAL.

Military Company Has Corporal McElroy as Guest—Russian Pole Arrives to Make the Place His Home—Moving Machinery to Norfolk—To Have Football Games.

Special to The Observer.

Washington, N. C., Oct. 19.—Compang G, Washington Light Infantry, of this city, has been doing the honors of entertaining, during the past few days, Corporal McElroy, of Troop G, United States Cavalry, who is in the city as its guest. Corporal McElroy is the champion bareback monkey drill rider of the department in the South. He will remain in Washington until Monday, when he leaves for the camp at Jamestown. His squadron leaves the encampment December 1st for the regimental post at Oglethorpe, Ga.

Mr. Moses Milan, of Warsaw, Russian Poland, arrived in the city yesterday direct from the old country. Mr. Milan is a nephew of Messrs. B. L. and H. Eusman, of this city, and he proposes to make this city his future home.

The schooner Garrison is being loaded with the machinery formerly operated in the plant of the Pamlico Iron works, of this city. This machinery will be shipped to Norfolk and very probably sold, as the plant has recently been moved to Newport News, Va.

PILES 15 YEARS

Saved From an Operation by a Half Box of the Pyramid Pile Cure—You Can Try it Free.

"I cannot help writing to you about your wonderful cure for piles. When I wrote to you for a sample I was thinking of going through an operation. But I thought I would give your remedies a trial. I am so happy that I did, for I am cured and only used half a box. I write this for humanity's sake. I had piles ever since the year 1891. I wish you would publish my name through the Bulletin paper, for I am well known in the Marine Corps. Use my name the best way you know how. Thanking you for your good advice. Yours truly Cleophas Forte, Marine Barracks, U. S. N. Training Station, San Francisco, Cal."

What should induce this United States seaman to write us in this manner if not gratitude for being cured of a disease which had tortured him for fifteen years? Mr. Forte was positively unknown to us until he wrote for the sample of our wonderful remedy.

You may be suffering in the same way.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Coo., 99 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

The moment you start to use it your suffering ends and the cure of your dread disease is in sight.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents and even one box may cure you.

It is well worth trying.

No knife and its torture.

No doctor and his bills.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.

The South's Largest and Oldest.

The Life Insurance Company of Virginia

HOME OFFICE - - RICHMOND

ORGANIZED 1871.

This company is over thirty-six years old and during its long career has won the hearty approval and support of the people by its promptness and fair dealing.

A Few Figures

Total payments to policyholders over SEVEN AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS.
Assets over THREE MILLION DOLLARS.
Insurance in force over FIFTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

The Life Insurance Company of Virginia makes Life Insurance available where it was once beyond the reach of many. By its plans each member of the home circle can be a partner in making up

A Safety Fund for the Family

The company issues all the most approved forms of Life Insurance Contracts from $500.00 to $25,000.00,
WITH PREMIUMS PAYABLE QUARTERLY, SEMI-ANNUALLY AND ANNUALLY.

The company issues Industrial Policies from $5.00 to $500.00 with premiums payable weekly on persons from two to seventy years of age.

ALL CLAIMS PAID WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER RECEIPT OF PROOFS OF DEATH.

This Company's Great Growth is Due to
Cause One: Its Conservative Management.
Cause Two: Its Absolute Fidelity to its Contracts.
Cause Three: Its wide range of policies, affording insurance to each member of the family and to all classes.
Cause Four: Its progressive spirit and quickness in discerning the insurance needs of the masses, and its readiness in giving insurance adapted to their requirements.

H. T. Page, Supt., 207 S. Tryon St.

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Richmond, Va.

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You'll find it on all our goods. It means Uncle Sam guarantees that goods are pure and straight. You buy direct when you buy from us. We are wholesale distributors to the consumer. All goods named below are shipped in neat, plain packages. Express charges prepaid to any point at price named, under our full guarantee—Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not entirely satisfactory. Special prices on large orders. Write for booklet, complete price-list and full information.

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	4 Qts.	8 Qts.	12 Qts.
Westover (best the world over)	$3 50	$5 95	$8 00
El Maize (Old Corn Whiskey)	3 00	4 95	7 50
Donald Kenny Malt Whiskey	3 50	6 25	8 00
Blue Ridge (Va. Mountain)	4 00	7 50	11 25
Huron River Rye (Bottled in Bond)	3 05	7 03	11 50
Dr. L. Barron's Buchu Gin	3 40	6 35	10 00

Put up in 4 Gallon Jug and Safely packed in plain case.
1 Gallon ..... 5-year old Kentucky Rye
1 Gallon ..... 5-year old N. C. Corn
1 Gallon ..... 6-year old Apple Brandy
1 Gallon ..... 6-year old Peach Brandy
1 Gallon ..... Holland Gin
All Charges Prepaid. $2.50

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