

A MARE IN TRAGIC PLIGHT
EMBEDDED BENEATH TRACKS

The Fuller of a Night Hack Walks into the Embankment at the Junction of Fifth and North Tryon Streets, But Finds Getting Out Harder Than Getting In—Nearly 100 Men Spend Two Hours Trying to Save Her Life—Cold Water Gives Her a Chill—Cross-Ties Are Torn Up, Ditch Opened and the Horse is Pulled Up by a Block and Tackle Arrangement.

Helplessly embedded in mud and water which covered the bottom of a ditch five feet in depth and three wide, her narrow quarters topped by street car tracks which were as insuperable barriers shutting off the regions of light and air, a little gray mare found the period from 4 till 5 o'clock yesterday morning the longest two hours in her life. During the greater part of this time between 75 and 100 men busied themselves in an attempt to effect a rescue.

The scene of this unusual enactment was the corner of North Tryon and Fifth streets, in front of the Hawley Pharmacy. It happened after this fashion: The horse, which was destined to have such an exciting morning (she was unnamed), has a position as conveyer of a hack which travels up and down the city streets in the dead, still hours of night. It was while she was standing supinely at the Seaboard passenger station at such a season that her driver fell asleep. Not so his equine steed. While the negro was wrapped in the slumber unknown to those who are vexed with the cares of state, visions of home, of rest and food which, with more or less regularity, are found there, kept flashing in tempting array across the narrow mental horizon of the animal. Finally, unable longer to resist the promptings of instinct, she called all her nerve into play and started off, though perhaps not without a few qualms of conscience and some inward trepidation, up North Tryon, at a stately walk. Block after block she traversed with no guiding hand on the dangling reins, no pilot at the wheel.

THE CATASTROPHE.
Fifth street, as has been observed by the majority of persons who lately have visited its vicinity, is one unbroken ditch stretching out into Tryon at the junction. Ample warning of this is given to the discerning eye by huge piles of red dirt which, mountain-like, show forth that an upheaval is in progress and added to these is the testimony of numerous red lanterns which send forth ruddy gleams. But all were unheeded by the mare. Relying solely with admirable if not judicious confidence upon her own judgment, she ignored the menacing warnings, turned not to the left as she should, but to the right. Just how it happened, none was there to see. But the dark, awakened by a toss heading to mother earth, found his harness snapped off and his horse helpless underground. Had she stopped when first she found she had made a mistake she would have had had enough, but in her haste she had added to the complexity of the predicament. She looked like the fabled large cucumber in the small bottle.

"Good gosh a'mighty," groaned the dazed dandy. "How'm I goin' to get my horse out'n dere I'd like to know." To the rescue came Sergeant Pitts and a cohort of police. To the aid of these came a dozen spectators, eager to help, prolific in suggestions, but—When all was said and done, when the imprisoned animal had received the best of synanthropic matters were not helped. The ditch was just as deep, just as narrow, the water just as cold as before.

A SHOWER OF SUGGESTIONS.
Then somebody got Superintendent Coburn, one of the bitulithic company's men, and consultation was held anew. "Let's drag her all the way down to the other end of the ditch," said one. "Let's take up the street car tracks," said another. "Pass her down a jug of licker to keep her spirits up and keep her warm," chimed in some. Morally stunted one. "Pull her up by her head," commanded an officious-looking man. And down in the subterranean prison the gray mare groaned and roared again. The cold water began to get in its work and she experienced a violent chill before the eyes of sympathetic but powerless onlookers. There was more sympathy expressed for the imprudent horse than there would have been for a man so situated.

Finally a plan was hit upon, and under the leadership of Mr. Coburn everybody fell to work willingly. Men armed with shovels attacked the earth on the northward side of the plot and dug down into the ditch. The cross-ties were torn up from the tracks, leaving the rails undisturbed. A volunteer descended into the cave, tied the fore feet and the hind feet of the horse together, as if she were a pig. To the rope a block and tackle were attached, carried across the street to a telephone pole and wrapped around it. "Now everybody pull," said the boss. And everybody, including the cook, "took hold" and pulled "until their muscles stood out like whipcords," as the story-books would say. Down in the ditch things began to happen. The horse had been surprised when her fetter limbs were so unceremoniously bound, but she was humbled by her plight and offered no resistance. What followed seemed like adding insult to injury, but she had confidence in the motives of her rescuers. Muscle began to move against muscle, tendon after tendon became involved in the tremendous strain precipitated by forces without. Writhing in pain the horse groaned like a human in pain, but slowly and surely the body began moving upwards toward the surface of the earth, tall first.

SAVED!
At a critical moment, the whole proceeding stopped momentarily. Suspended in the air, half up, half down, hung the horse. The 75 men at the end of the rope tugged and tugged, but the limit of their strength had been reached and passed. Must the animal fall back? Her last state would be worse than her first. "Grab her tail," shouted Sergeant Pitts to a workman. The negro grabbed and pulled, the man tugged, the horse's body writhed and then came safely up. Untied were then the stiffened limbs and a man dispatched for stimulants. He reappeared from the police station, with a jug and a long-necked bottle. The bottle was filled and Sergeant Pitts held open the animal's mouth and poured it down, while the crowd looked on sympathetically. Then a course of treatment was resorted to. The limbs were held in for over two hours in water, were vigorously rubbed, until the mare was able to stand unsteadily on her feet. Then with a man on either side, supporting her, she was walked up and down like an infant

taking its first stroll, until she was herself again. The scores of spectators who had become rescuers wended their way homeward. Had it been a human being in trouble they could not have worked harder.

OFF FOR RALEIGH.

Local Representation of 33 Citizens Has Gone to the Capital City to Bring the Next Democratic Convention to Charlotte—Arrived at the Hill With Ammunition, the Attack Promises to Be Fierce Upon Greensboro, the Competing City.

Backed by hopes of success from every interest in Charlotte, a delegation of 30 citizens left this morning at 2:30 o'clock over the Southern for Raleigh, where at 10 o'clock an active and unrelenting campaign will begin upon the members of the executive committee for the purpose of bringing the next state Democratic convention to Charlotte. The committee meets at 8 o'clock to-night, and from past history, it is judged that the session will not last longer, at most, than midnight. Solicitor Heriot Clarkson and Col. A. L. Smith left yesterday morning to get on the ground as soon as possible and prepare the way of attack. Sentinel work has been assigned them and both have had enough political experience to select a route and complete all arrangements for the trip chose the Southern as the preferable line, notwithstanding the many inducements offered by the Seaboard. An effort to secure a delegation of 50 citizens, which would have made possible a special train over the Seaboard, failed at the last moment and the committee was forced to satisfy itself with the regular schedules as offered. A return rate of \$7 straight was offered by both roads, provided as many as 25 were in the party, exclusive of berth rate of \$2 each way. On the return trip, the delegation will leave Raleigh at midnight and arrive in Charlotte tomorrow morning at 10:45 o'clock.

A special Pullman was placed in the Southern's local yards at an early hour last night which permitted the representatives to take their berths at any hour before the time for departure. On the return trip the sleeper will be placed in the Raleigh yards at 9 o'clock, for the same purpose of convenience and comfort for the delegates. That a determined effort will be made before the executive committee to get a decision in favor of Charlotte is an absolute assurance. The calibre of the city's representation allows no other thought. Plenty of material recommendatory to this city is in hand and will be presented to the committee. If any other city offers such inducements as Charlotte, in the language of the country farmer, it will have to "walk about." Let Charlotte get the convention.

Attempted to Burn House.
The house of Annie Burgess, colored, at 605 East Second street, was threatened by fire Monday night at the hands of some miscreant who emptied a gallon can of kerosene oil on the porch and applied a match. The flames spread at once and fortunately attracted the attention of Charlie Lindsay, who lives next door, and by heroic work the house was saved. No track of the intending incendiary could be found.

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What To Do When Asked To Swap
The best advice to a man who is approached by a "twisting" agent is to insist upon a written proposition. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if such a proposition is shown to the original company, the following facts will be developed.

1. That the original company can do precisely what the other company offers; but (2) that the change proposed would be injurious. Moreover, the chances are that the "twisting" agent represents an inferior company, for reputable companies do what they can to stamp out the evil of "twisting."

N. B.—If you have an Equitable policy and want any information about it, you are invited to communicate with the undersigned. Write, phone or call.
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THE GAME OF POLITICS.

How a Charlotte Citizen Hopes to Bring About the Election of a Friend to a County Office.

"I am deeply interested in the success of a friend who is running for one of the county offices," remarked a Charlotte citizen to an Observer man yesterday. "His opponent is equally as popular in the county as himself, a good mixer, a man of wide connections and a fighter from the jump. The contest is going to be a very close one. While the campaign has hardly yet begun, I am already planning for the fight. Should I find that the other man is about to get the best of the argument, I shall play my trump card, which I feel satisfied will sweep the boards and carry the day. I shall simply secure for my friend's opponent the active support of four certain Charlotte would-be politicians, whose names I have in my memory and who are 'well-known' in the city and county. The publication of their names at this time would block the play but their identity can be easily guessed by those acquainted with local conditions.

Will Build Station in South Charlotte.
It is learned that the finance committee of the board of aldermen will recommend the establishment of a fire station on South Tryon street instead of in Dilworth, and that favorable action upon such a recommendation is expected at the hands of the aldermen. The finance committee thinks the South Tryon street location more central to protect both Wards 8 and 9. The station will probably be located near the old plant of the Charlotte Pipe & Foundry Company.

Becomes Financial Secretary.
Mr. J. E. Johnson, who has held a position as secretary for several months under Mr. G. C. Huntington, Inter-State secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, has given up this work to take the road as financial secretary of the association, traveling in the Carolinas. He is succeeded in his old position by Mr. C. H. Probert, who has already arrived in the city.

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