

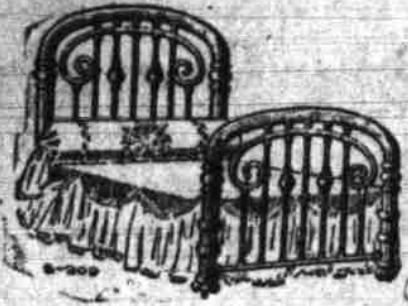
# GRAND REMODEL SALE

On account of our needing a greater portion of the room at present occupied by our stock, to carry on the remodeling of our store, it is necessary that the stock be disposed of quickly—this is exactly what we propose doing. Ordinarily we might not be so sure of being able to dispose of such an amount of stock, but the price put on our goods for this "Remodel Sale" we are certain will make purchasers. It will only necessitate a visit to our store and an inspection to quickly convince any doubters of our absolute good faith in this sale. We must have the space and have put prices on the entire stock that would not under any other circumstance be considered for a moment.

There is no home so complete as to not permit of a few additions in the furnishing line, so this sale not only provides an excellent opportunity to add to the more completely furnished homes but also to those desiring to fit up their homes completely.

## REMODELING BEGINS AT AN EARLY DATE.

Positively any part of our stock remaining after the close of our "Remodel Sale" will not again be offered the public at such reduced prices. If you delay now your purchases, don't ask us later, when we have our new store completed and with an abundance of room, to make you the prices prevailing at our present sale. Such furnishings at the prices asked have never before been offered in Charlotte. All goods marked in plain figures—a child can trade here just as well as a grown person. A strictly honest reduction of prices prevails here. We stake our reputation as honest home furnishers to this proposition.



### Brass and Iron Beds

- White Enamel Beds, regular price \$35.00; sale price..... \$25.00
- White Enamel Beds with brass trimmings, regular price \$50.00; sale price..... \$37.50
- White Enamel Beds with brass trimmings, 1 1/4 in. post, regular price \$14.50; sale price..... \$11.00
- Brass Beds, 2-in. post, polish or satin finish, regular price \$30.00; sale price..... \$22.50
- Brass Beds, 2-in. continuous post poles, regular price \$65.00; sale price..... \$49.00
- Brass Beds, 2-in square post, satin, regular price \$75.00; sale price \$57.00
- White Enamel Cribs with drop side rails, regular price \$6.00; sale price..... \$4.90
- White Enamel Cribs, brass trimmings and drop side rails, regular price \$10.00; sale price..... \$7.50
- White Enamel Safety Crib, drop side rails, regular price \$12.00; sale price..... \$8.75
- Oxidized Metal Costumers, regular \$2.50; sale price..... \$2.25
- Brass Costumers, satin or polish finish, regular price \$14.50; sale price..... \$11.00

### Parlor Furniture

Spring is just the time to furnish your parlor and you can take advantage of this special reduction sale and save from 25 to 40 per cent. on parlor furnishings.

3-piece Mahogany Parlor Suit, upholstered in green velvet; regular price \$37.50. Sale price..... \$28.00

3-piece Mahogany Parlor Suit, loose cushion; regular price \$35.00. Sale price..... \$25.75

3-piece Mahogany or Oak Suit, leather cushions; regular price \$45.00. Sale price..... \$33.75

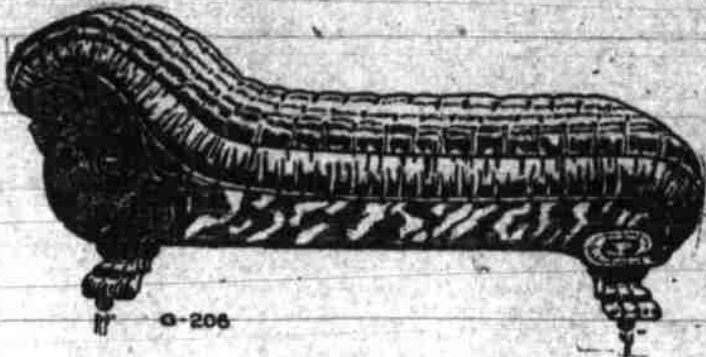
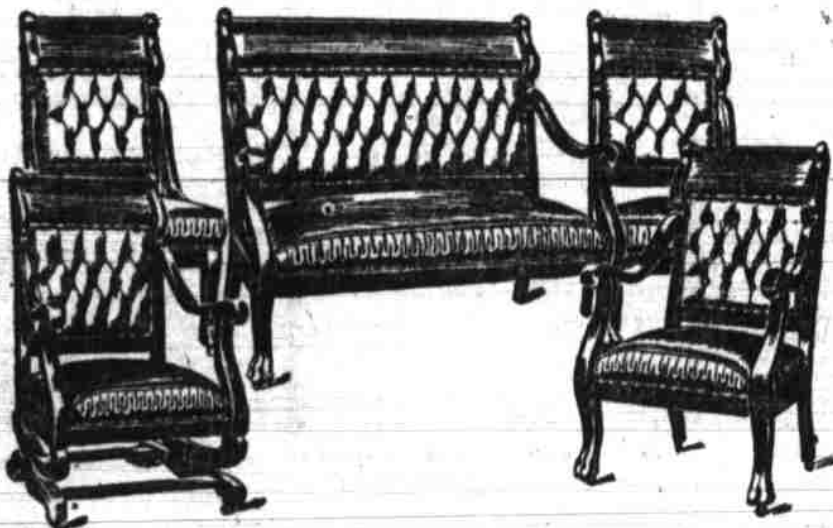
5-piece Mahogany Parlor Suit, velvet upholstering; regular price \$45.00. Sale price..... \$33.75

5-piece Mahogany Parlor Suit, silk verona; regular price \$85.00. Sale price..... \$61.00

5-piece Oak or Mahogany Parlor Suits, upholstered in leather; regular price \$90.00. Sale price..... \$67.75

Mahogany Divans, loose cushions; regular price \$12.00. Sale price..... \$8.75

Odd Parlor Chairs at prices from..... \$3.25 to \$40.00



### Couches

- Velour Couches; regular price \$5.50. Sale price..... \$ 6.25
- Velour Couches, roll edge; regular price \$16.00. Sale price..... \$11.75
- Silk Verona Couches, roll edge; regular price \$21.50. Sale price..... \$16.00
- Pantastote Couches, plain or tufted; regular price \$16.50. Sale price..... \$12.00
- Leather Couches, Oak frame, tufted; regular price \$39.00. Sale price..... \$29.75
- Leather Couch, quarter sawed Oak frame, tufted; regular price \$45.00. Sale price..... \$31.75
- Large Leather Couch, Mahogany frame, hair filled and fine tufting; regular price \$91.50. Sale price..... \$67.25
- Mahogany Davenport, beautifully upholstered; regular price \$40.00. Sale price..... \$28.75

We prefer to give our trade the benefit of the profit on our stock rather than turn the contractor loose in our store and run the risk of having the goods damaged and then be forced to sell at a big discount. Remember, everything guaranteed to be just as represented. It will pay out-of-town people who are thinking of furnishing their home or club to attend this mammoth sale, as the saving is from 25 to 40 per cent.



### Go-Carts and Carriages

- Folding Cart; regular price \$2.50. Sale price..... \$2.25
  - Folding Cart; regular price \$4.50. Sale price..... \$4.75
  - Collapsible Go-Carts; regular price \$7.50. Sale price..... \$5.75
  - Collapsible Go-Carts; regular price \$10.00. Sale price..... \$7.75
  - Regular Go-Cart, nicely upholstered and with parasol; regular price \$11.50. Sale price..... \$9.75
  - Go-Cart built of fine reed, nicely upholstered and parasol; regular price \$22.50. Sale price..... \$16.75
  - Splendid Brown Hood Cart; regular price \$22.00. Sale price..... \$16.25
- When you buy the Allwin or Wakefield Cart you will have one of the best.

### Dining Room Furniture

- 6-ft. Extension Oak Table; regular price \$6.00. Sale price..... \$4.90
- 5-ft. Extension Oak Table, heavy legs; regular price \$17.50. Sale price..... \$13.75
- 6-ft. Pedestal Table, Golden or Early English finish; regular price \$17.00. Sale price..... \$13.25
- 8-ft. Pedestal Table, Golden Oak or Early English finish; regular price \$55.00. Sale price..... \$39.75
- Golden Oak Buffet; regular price \$18.50. Sale price..... \$14.25
- Early English Buffet; regular price \$25.00. Sale price..... \$19.25
- Early English Buffet; regular price \$40.00. Sale price..... \$27.25
- Oak China Closet; regular price \$20.00. Sale price..... \$16.25
- Oak China Closet; regular price \$40.00. Sale price..... \$31.75
- Mahogany China Closet; regular price \$55.00. Sale price..... \$42.00
- Mahogany China Closet; regular price \$33.00. Sale price..... \$26.25



## W. T. McCoy & Co.

209-211 South Tryon Street

## A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE TO LONDON

SUSIE M. HECK SMITH.

Doubtless the strongest impression on seeing London for the first time is the paradoxical one that we have seen it before. It is the elusive thought, "This happened in a previous existence," which is both tantalizing and fascinating. But it does not require a belief in re-incarnation to explain this feeling. We have been to London many times. Our first visit was when our tiny pink toes moved in sea-saw fashion to the tune

"One foot up and one foot down, This is the way to London town."

Our next journey was with a fluffy white kitten in the rhyme

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been? To London to see the queen."

Soon after we traveled with the lonely bachelor when

"The rats and the mice They led him such a life He had to go to London To get him a wife."

We venture to say, parenthetically, that his courtship would not have been so successful if he had revealed why he had become a convert to matrimony.

Once again we made the journey with a fellow friend as guide in the thrilling story of Dick Whittington and his cat.

So, by slow stages we progressed till we learned royal London with Shakespeare and Scott, the life of the coffee houses with Addison and Steele, Belgrave, with Beaconsfield and Thackeray, Parliament with Macaulay and McCarthy, the Middle Class, the City and East End with Dickens and Besant, the Gilded Quarter with Zangwill, and so well have we trod by our literary travels that to-day we are more familiar with the names of London streets than those of the city in which we live.

The house where David Garrick lived and died is still standing and nearby is the grave of Goldsmith, in King street Edmund Spenser died of starvation, unvisited by a Faerie Queene waving a magic wand to transform his poverty into wealth, his misery into glory.

In Bow street we see the house in which Fielding wrote "Tom Jones," winning a place in literature for the novel. Here again is a tavern sacred to the memory of Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith. We can almost see the obsequious Boswell pencil and note book in hand, in Fleet street stood the millinery shop of Isaac Walton, where he dwelt in body while in spirit he was by a stream casting his line and watching the shining bodies flirt with his bait. It was in Fleet street, also, that Isaac Newton presided over the Royal Society and here Dickens "in a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street, dropped his first contribution to the press."

There are two localities of London particularly hallowed by literary associations. Beginning at Regent's Park and coming down by Hampstead and Highgate we pass the home of George Eliot, a quiet old fashioned house where she wrote Felix Holt and Romola. Then we stray upon the house in which Dr. Johnson wrote the Vanity of Human Wishes, and within a stone's throw is the house where Besant spent his last years.

A little farther on is the tavern in which the famous Kit-Kat Club held its summer sittings with Pope, Swift, Steele and Addison as members. Passing on we come to one of the many homes of Keats, whose ill health began wandering habits so that no house held him long.

to 4 Cheyne Walk whence George Eliot's spirit flitted away. No. 16 was Rossetti's home where he received many distinguished guests before the dark pall of melancholy fell upon him.

Down a narrow little street in a shabby brick house, 5 Cheyne Row, lived the irascible genius, Carlyle, with his bright attractive wife. While he wrote the pages of the French Revolution he waged war against noise to prevent a domestic revolution. But occasionally a neighbor's rooster would vent his feelings in a prolonged crow and then poor Jane Welsh had anything but an enviable time. Finally a sound-proof room was built where one crusty Scotchman could be at peace. Even here the silence would sometimes become vocal with the buzzing of a fly on the window pane or the squeak of an unsuspected mouse in a dark corner.

Among the many friends who came to 5 Cheyne Row was Leigh Hunt, who lived only a few doors away. Here he wrote that dainty verse to Mrs. Carlyle:

Jennie kissed me when we met,  
Jumped from the chair she sat in,  
Pine, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have  
messed me.  
Say I'm growing old, but add—  
Jenny kissed me!

The whereforeness of the kiss is not told.

Without doubt Dickens is the most faithful chronicler of London, but it would be impossible to follow his characters to all their haunts, for, indeed, many have ceased to exist and of those purporting to be, Dickens' grandson has warned us not to accept them too readily as authentic. As well informed as cabmen are about most of the scenes which tourists wish to visit they profess to know nothing of the London of Dickens. "Hi we 'eard 'ot hit, but Hi don't know where hit his," they say with a shrug of omission and commission of the letter "h" that puzzles the American hearer as much as an unknown language would.

We gladly turn aside from the search for the Old Curiosity Shop and other Dickens' curios to the London of Scott's novels.

Our first visit is to the Tower, which might be called one of the royal residences since so many kings and queens have resided here, some voluntarily, as in a fortress, others per-

force as prisoners. Here the princes were murdered by their cruel uncle, here is the ghost of Anne Boleyn, here is Catherine Howard, here is Lady Jane Grey, here, also, the future Queen Elizabeth was imprisoned during Bloody Mary's reign. Here the dashing Monmouth ended his career of misfortune. Here the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned and here to while away the tedious hours, he wrote the History of the World.

Leaving these ghostly haunts, we hasten over crowded noisy streets to rest in the shadows of St. Paul's Cathedral. As we study the dome and walk down the long aisle, all so beautifully proportioned, the inscription on the tomb of the designer, Sir Christopher Wren, has an added meaning—translated from the Latin it reads: "Beneath is buried Ch. Wren, architect of this church and city, who lived for more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around."

Among the other distinguished dead buried here are Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, West, Lawrence, Turner and Landseer, but of greatest interest are the tombs of Nelson and Wellington. In Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" he represents Nelson's inquiring why his rest should be disturbed:

"Who is he that cometh, like an honored guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"

Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since the world began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes:  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.

Again we skim over busy thoroughfares and come to St. James Place. Here a keen disappointment awaits the traveler. A more uninviting royal residence could scarcely be imagined. It looks more like a barracks than has not been kept in the best condition. But it is this palace that has given the name "The Court of St. James" to the English government. This title dates from the time of William III when the palace became the scene of state ceremonies, but long before this it was rich in historical and literary associations.

Nearby is Buckingham Palace which is too modern to have accumulated a wealth of story having been built in the second quarter of the last century.

Leaving these royal residences we journey to the British Museum, and here, if we are particularly favored, we may scan the manuscripts, the literary mummies of many books, which are among our household gods. In these we endeavor to read the author's character by the way in which he dots his i's and crosses his t's.

Once more we stand on classic ground in the Houses of Parliament. We have been here before; with Browning in his great drama, Stratford, with Macaulay at the trial of Warren Hastings; with Chatham, Burke, Fox in their speeches in behalf of the American colonies; with Gladstone in his noble utterance for peace and the brotherhood of man; with Disraeli in his stinging retorts to his rival, calling him one "inebriated with his own verbosity" and "a man without a redeeming fault."

We might multiply these associations by the score but as a fitting termination to our literary pilgrimage we cross over to the Abbey, where with muffled steps, bowed head, and lowered voice as befits a hallowed spot we visit the illustrious dead, the kings and queens who ruled and mis-ruled, the statesmen who guided the ship of state into safe harbors, the discoverers who changed the map of the world, the scientists who revealed the secrets of nature, the warriors who fought for a nation's glory and last of all to the poet's corner where we do reverence to those who have expressed for us our deepest emotions. Our footsteps linger longest by the slabs placed side by side on which are carved the names of Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning who sang a century's noblest songs in differing key and looking down upon us is the bust of our own Longfellow, who sang in feeble notes the past of a new nation.

**Well Trained Mule.**  
Salemburg Correspondence Sampson Democrat.

A certain young man called on a young lady here recently and carried her to church, but could not get his mule, and the lady had to get out while he was still going. It seems that he had the mule well trained, for he wanted to keep the girl. Come again, young man.

**Will Plant Less Cotton.**  
Wilson Times.

The farmers of Wilson county generally have wisely decided to plant less cotton this year on account of the declining tendency of the staple and the poor demand for cotton goods. They realize that a large crop in the face of present conditions means low prices, no matter whether they are able to hold it or not.

## A MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM.

U. D. C.'s Contemplate Such a Building For Reidsville—Boy Hurt While Swinging on Train—Post-office in Caswell County Burglarized.

Special to The Observer.

Reidsville, April 11.—The Rockingham Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, are considering the advisability of erecting a memorial to the Confederate dead in the shape of an auditorium. The idea seems to strike a popular response. An auditorium in Reidsville would fill a long-felt want.

Argus Stoneman, a white boy about 14 years old, living near the Edna Cotton Mills, was seriously injured yesterday while attempting to swing on a passing freight train. He missed his footing and had his arm and shoulder painfully lacerated. The bone in the arm was so badly splintered that amputation was necessary. He was carried to Dr. McGehee's office for the operation.

Fire destroyed the home of Mr. John Miller, in the north end of town, early Wednesday morning. Nearly all of his furniture and household goods were saved. The loss of his home is a severe one to Mr. Miller, and a subscription was taken among our people for him. There was quite a liberal response by the charitably inclined of the place.

Mr. George W. Burton has returned from Hot Springs, N. C., where he has been for the past month taking the baths for rheumatism. Mr. Burton's condition is improved.

The postoffice at Allison, Caswell county, was burglarized Monday night. About \$30 in stamps and money was taken. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the robbery.

Mr. W. R. Jones, secretary of the Reidsville Insurance and Realty Company, has sold to Mr. E. H. DeGroot the Wyatt home in West End. There is considerable activity in real estate here now.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Rockingham & Caswell Railroad Company has been called for April 23, at which time a board of directors for the ensuing twelve months are to be elected and other business of importance transacted.

The last issue of The Leaksville Gazette appeared in changed form and as an all home print. It is a very attractive and newsy paper under the new order of things.

## CLARENCE EDMUND STEDMAN.

(Poem written by Henry Van Dyke, read at Mrs. Stedman's funeral January 1st.)

O quick to feel the lightest touch  
Of beauty's soft of truth,  
Rich in the thoughtfulness of age  
The hopefulness of youth,  
The courage of the gentle heart  
The wisdom of the pure,  
The strength of finely tempered souls  
To labor and endure.

The blue of springtime in your eyes  
Was never quenched by pain;  
And winter brought your head the crown  
Of snow without a stain.  
The poet's mind; the prince's heart,  
You kept until the end  
Nor ever faltered in your work,  
Nor ever failed a friend.

You followed through the quest of life  
The light that shines above  
The tumult and the toil of man  
We lay upon your breast the crown  
Right loyal to the best you knew,  
Reality or dream  
You ran the race, you fought the fight  
A follower of the gleam.  
We lay upon your breast the crown  
The wreath of asphodel  
We speak above your peaceful grave  
The tender word farewell  
For well you are, in God's good care,  
Somewhere within the blue,  
And know to-day your dearest dreams  
Are true, and true and true.

## COMMERCE CHAMBER FORMED.

Second Commercial Organization For High Point Starts Off With Largo Membership.

Special to The Observer.

High Point, April 11.—A chamber of commerce was organized here last night with the election of the following officers: President, Robert Brackett, Sr.; vice president, J. E. Kirkman and Dr. J. T. Burrus; secretary, Arthur Lyon. The organization has about one hundred names on the list as members. The final organization will be accomplished at the next meeting on Tuesday night, when all those meeting the requirements will be enrolled as charter members. This makes two such organizations for High Point, the other being the Manufacturers Club, one of the most useful adjuncts to the city's growth and prosperity, and all such organizations are calculated to do much good for the future High Point.

The remains of the late Mrs. J. E. Thompson, who died suddenly here yesterday, left on the afternoon train for McFarlan, where they will be interred to-morrow. Rev. Dr. S. B. Turwentine, of Greensboro, will preach the funeral.