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STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
[From Golden Days]
A SINGULAR DISAPPEARANCE.
BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.
A strange occurrence took place in the northern part of Ohio, a number of years ago.
It was in the autumn of the year, on a cool, pleasant afternoon, that the pupil of a country school were given a fifteen-minute recess by the teacher, and the thirty-odd boys and girls improved the time in the usual enthusiastic fashion of youngsters of their age.
The number of boys at school that day was seventeen, ranging from eight to fifteen years of age. The girls, in accordance with the rule, confined themselves to the clearing immediately surrounding the school building, while the boys were given free range, the only condition being that they should obey promptly the call of the cracked bell, at the expiration of the quarter of an hour.
Among the urchins who ran shouting and leaping into the cool woods, on that memorable afternoon, was Percy Munger, who was only ten years old, and who was the hero of one of the most singular experiences that has ever come to a boy of his age.
He was an unusually active lad, and was considered the brightest fellow of his years in school. He had two brothers and a sister among the pupils—all older than he.
The woods which were entered so joyously by the boys were no more than an acre in extent, and, but for the dense undergrowth, would not have availed them much as a hiding place.
But it was the favorite playground of the boys, all of whom were rollicking and tumbling and shouting within it, as soon as they could dash across the dusty road from the school building.
A minute later, a game of "hide-and-seek" or "hide-and-whoop," as it is often called, was started.
A dozen of the boys scattered through the wood, and devoted themselves to finding the best hiding places, while the other five stood with their faces against the trees, and their hands over their eyes, each one engaged in counting a hundred.
They went over the numbers rather incoherently and very fast, it being understood that, as soon as they reached the even hundred, they were at liberty to whirl about and hunt the others.
Thus it will be seen, the dozen who were striving to keep out of their way had no time to loiter in doing so.
The lads crouched wherever an opportunity presented itself, and then each furtively peeped out at the boy who groped nearest to his place, ready to leap up and run a race "home" with him, as soon as the discovery was announced.
When the woods had been pretty thoroughly scoured and a change was made in the "findings," as they may be called, it was learned that little Percy Munger was still in hiding. No one had seen him, nor could any one tell where to look for him.
There was no alarm felt, but it was concluded that he had been bright enough to find some extra good place to hide, and he was waiting for the boys to continue their hunt.
A thorough search was made when the second change took place, but not a glimpse of the missing boy could be gained.
By this time the interest became so general that all the others abandoned the regular game and devoted themselves to looking for the little fellow.
Sixteen boys, with eyes and ears open, can make a complete examination of an acre of woodland in a brief while, and never was more thorough work done than on the occasion of which I am now speaking.
It did seem as if a rabbit could not have concealed itself from the searching scrutiny of those bright eyes which peered everywhere.
The undergrowth was parted, fallen trees carefully examined to make sure he was not crouching close to some of them, and every spot looked into.
It occurred to many that Percy might have climbed one of the trees and hidden among the branches, but there was absolutely not one in the entire patch of wood where such a thing was possible.
The branching limbs and sparse vegetation prevented any one from screening himself from a person standing on the ground, and there could be no doubt that, wherever the missing boy had gone, it was not in the top of any tree.
It was expected by all that, when the bell rang, Percy would come out from his hiding place and thus make known his secret. Accordingly the searchers scattered themselves pretty well through the wood, with eyes and ears open, awaiting his appearance.
But the bell sounded and the boys waited as long as they dared, but no Percy Munger showed himself. It was then that something like alarm began to be felt by the others, who acquainted the teacher with the singular disappearance of their playmate.
The teacher was a kind-hearted man, and when he heard the story he said that there could be no more school until Percy was found.
He was such a bright and conscientious boy that it could scarcely be believed that he was purposely ab-

sending himself. It must be that something serious had befallen him. The entire school, including instructor, boys and girls, now engaged in the hunt with the deepest interest.
One of the brothers of Percy ran home to acquaint his parents with what had taken place, and Mr. Munger, reinforced by a number of the neighbors, was soon on the scene, doing his utmost to unravel the mystery.
There were several facts which added to the perplexity. In the first place, there was no stream of water anywhere near the wood into which the boy could have fallen and drowned. The nearest body of water was Lake Erie, which was certainly three fourths of a mile away. And, still further, although a wild beast was occasionally met with in the larger forests, none had been seen or heard of in that immediate neighborhood for fully a dozen years.
It would seem, therefore, that the disappearance of the boy was without any explanation at all.
But in such an extraordinary case every one engaged in the search is sure to be busy in theorizing at the same time, and there was one conclusion which was pretty generally reached—that somebody had stolen the little fellow.
One of the girls had reported that she had seen two men, resembling tramps, hanging around the woods during the afternoon recess, and another declared she had noticed a strange man leading a boy by the hand, and the same boy looked very much like Percy Munger. Still another little girl had been chased by one of the men, and only escaped by running and screaming at the top of her voice.
There was found yet another, who had been actually seized, as she affirmed but she picked up a stone and struck the abductor over the head, so that he was glad to let her go.
This amazing story led to an investigation, which proved that there was not a word of truth in the accounts of any of the little girls, all of whom were doubtless swayed by their vivid imaginations and the natural desire to say something that would render the parents of the lad. It is hardly fair to suppose they really understood the wholesale manner in which they were fabricating.
There was more than one circumstance which seemed to render it impossible that Percy Munger could have been carried away by tramps, and yet the distracted friends and neighbors could invent no other theory.
Night came at last, and the patch of woods had been ransacked over and over again, without finding the least trace of the boy.
Every one was at a complete standstill, and finally the parents went to their homes, but with no power to gain a wink of sleep.
At daylight the whole neighborhood were at it again, for the news had spread, and all knew how general the interest and sympathy in such a matter speedily becomes.
Boys, girls, men and women were tramping over the country, some on horseback, but most on foot. Hunting dogs were pressed into the service, but as the latter could scarcely know what they were hunting for, they rendered very little assistance.
Not the faintest clue to the mystery turned up, but about the middle of the afternoon a gun was fired from an adjoining wood. As this was the signal agreed upon, there followed a general flocking thither by the excited parents and friends.
The discovery that had been made was an odd one. Two vagabond Indians were found asleep under a tree, with a smouldering campfire near them; and a number of chicken bones scattered over the ground showed that they had been regaling themselves on stolen food, after the manner of the civilized tramp of the present day.
The instant conclusion of all was that these vagabonds were the abductors, who, in some way or other, had made away with Percy. A furious clamor immediately arose, and the amazed Indians were in serious danger of lynching for some minutes.
Violence, indeed would have been offered them, but for the fact that every one was anxious they should be compelled to reveal their secret before retribution should be visited upon their heads.
The frowzy, ragged, untidy fellows were unable to understand for some time what all the fierce halloo meant. They were strong, muscular aborigines, with straight black hair, black eyes and copper complexion of their race, and no doubt were full-blooded Indians, who had strayed into the State from some of the western territories.
They stood looking stolidly at the excited multitude swarming around them, and growing larger and more demonstrative every minute; but at last one of them understood English gained some idea of what was meant.
A boy was missing, and these half-frenzied people believe the Indians had something to do with his disappearance. They insisted on being told all about it.
But, as was really the fact, the red men had never been near the schoolhouse and had never seen the missing boy. They shook their heads, and said:
"Know nottings—know nottings." But this was not the answer wanted, and the clamor became fiercer than ever. The Indians stood grinning and shaking their heads and muttering the broken words, while the

excitement rapidly reached the dangerous point.
At this critical juncture the father of the lost boy showed more sense than all the others together.
"Friends," he called, waving his hand for them to hold their peace, "it may be these fellows are guilty of making away with my son, but I have very strong doubts of it—so strong that I need more proof before I shall consent they shall be hanged. But they look like intelligent Indians, and they know more about the ways of the wood than we do. I propose that we take them over to the schoolhouse, explain just what took place yesterday, and ask them to help search for Percy."
The proposition was agreed to on the instant, and the multitude swarmed to the spot named.
On the way, Mr. Munger kept close to the older Indian, and by talking and gesticulating continually, he managed to acquaint him with the whole particulars before the little piece of woods was reached. The Indian nodded his head and kept saying, "Yes, yes," occasionally asking a question, until he signified he wished to hear no more.
He now made the request that he and his companion should be allowed to go into the woods without their movements being hampered by the others.
Some suspected that this was a ruse to get away; but consent was given, the people scattering in such a manner that the Indians were practically surrounded, while every step they took could be watched, and it is unnecessary to say that nothing escaped the excited parents and spectators.
The red men first examined the ground carefully, and this had been tramped over so many times by the searchers for the lad, that it was impossible to gain any information there.
Then they looked upward at the branches, circling about like a couple of bee hunters. At the end of a half hour they suddenly paused in front of a large "red oak," as it is called in that section.
Here the Indians examined the bark, talked together in low tones, listened intently, and then all at once the older sprang into a small sapling, which he climbed as nimbly as if he were a monkey, until he reached a branch of the oak, when he transferred himself to the larger tree.
Up this he went some distance, when he reached a point where an immense limb put out—a limb which in its relation to the tree itself was something like the Missouri River, when it classed as a tributary of the Mississippi.
The people were watching his movements with an intensity of interest which cannot be described.
He was seen to pause at the point of junction and lean down, with his face close to the bark.
Then his hands moved, as though he was busy in doing something, and then—
A boy—being Percy Munger—suddenly appeared beside him and called out.
"Oh, but I'd like something to eat and drink! Ain't I hungry though?"
For a time everything was confusion worse confounded. It seems scarcely possible, but there was the missing boy, alive and well.
When the truth became known, it was curious enough. Percy had climbed into the tree just as the Indian did, and seeing the hole in the oak, it occurred to him that it offered a capital hiding place.
It was so dark that when he peered into the depths, he thought he could not see anything.
He cautiously let himself down, holding on to the edges by his hands, and, when he found he could not touch bottom with his feet he began to clamor out again.
He had gotten his head above the surface, when the rotten portion gave way, and he dropped down fully ten feet.
He was then nearly choked by the dry masses of spongy wood which had broken off in his descent, and which tumbled in a cloud around him; but he instantly set up a vigorous shouting, which he hoped would acquaint his friends with his situation.
He was not heard, though it seems strange that his muffled voice should not have reached some one of the many searchers for him; but the rotten wood was a poor conductor of sound, and there was a great deal of it tumbled about him clean to the shoulders.
Still when the matter came to be understood, there were found more than one boy and man who had declared they had heard faint sounds—as if made by some one deep in the ground.
Percy shouted until worn out, and then fell asleep. This must have been at the time when his parents and neighbors were prosecuting the search so near him.
On the morrow while the hunt gravitated in other directions, Percy set seriously to work to try and get out.
With his knife he cut down the sides of the wood, so as to sustain him until he could reach the opening above.
He had tried it several times, but the support gave way so often that he saw it was useless.
He worked steadily, resting and sleeping when he could, and suffering greatly from hunger and thirst and was gradually approaching the hole above his head, when it was suddenly darkened, and looking up he saw that he had been discovered

by a man who was peering down at him.
At that time Percy had reached a point so high that when the Indian thrust his hand downward, it was seized and the boy drawn out, appearing in the bright daylight on a out side, winking and blinking like an owl, and covered with fragments of decayed wood, but exceedingly glad to meet his friends once more.
After that the two wandering Indians were treated like heroes—given plenty of clothing and food. A liberal reward was placed in their possession by the grateful father of Percy Munger.
W. J. BRYAN IN CHARLOTTE.
HE SPEAKS TO A LARGE AUDIENCE.
The Main Issue of the Day Discussed—He Referred to Mecklenburg Being the Decelerator County, and Also to Senator Z. B. Vance.
"Ladies and Gentlemen: The Republican party has been legislating to make a dollar dearer and then deny that legislation has anything to do with the dollar. I want this morning in the very short time I can keep your attention to call it to the conditions in the volume of our money. Now, I want to assume first as a proposition that cannot be disposed of, that the money of the country must keep pace with the population of the country and with the industries of the country. (Applause.) And that unless the money does so we shall find that a dollar rises in value all the time. Now, when a dollar rises in value, it simply means that prices will fall, and falling prices will be an injury to the men who produce the wealth of this country and when the products of their toil buy money. Falling prices are good for the man who has and wishes to use the money to buy the things filling in price.
Senator Sherman who stands at the head and front as the recognized leader of the Republican party, and all that portion of the Democratic party which is trying to elect a Republican for President, used these words in a speech which he made in behalf of the Sherman bill on the 5th day of June, 1893: 'If our present currency,' said Senator Sherman, 'is estimated at one billion four hundred million dollars, and our population is increasing at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum it would require forty-two million dollars circulation each year to keep pace with the increase, and as the increase of population is continued at a still greater rate than the increase of wealth in business, it was thought that an immediate increase of circulation might be obtained by the larger purchase of silver bullion to an amount sufficient to make good and retire all bank bills and keep pace with the growth of population. Assuming the fifty-four million dollars a year of additional circulation is needed upon this basis that amount is provided for in the bill by the issue of Treasury notes in exchange for bullion at the market price.'
'There's Sons or Sherman declared that money must increase with population, and even more than that says that wealth and business should increase more rapidly than population; and therefore he demands the Sherman bill on the ground that it gives to the people about \$4,000,000 of dollars each year in new money. I remember that the very man who gave that did so as a reason for the enactment of the Sherman law, and then turned around and joined with the opponents of free coinage in re-



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

pealing the Sherman law and leaving nothing to take its place.
"Instead of having fifty four million dollars of new money each year we have been decreasing in our circulation for the last two years. I have here a govern publication, issued on the first of July, 1896, and this gives a table showing the decrease of the money in circulation among the people." According to this we had in circulation in this country on the thirtieth day of June 1894, \$1,660,000,000; on the 30th day of June a year afterward, in 1895, it had fallen to \$1,001,000,000 a fall of fifty nine million of dollars in circulation in one year, whereas Senator Sherman said it ought to increase fifty four millions in that time, so if you will take the actual deficit and add to that the amount we ought to have had, you will find an actual deficit of over one hundred millions of dollars in circulation in one year. By the 30th of June, 1896, this year, that had fallen from one billion six hundred and one million, to one billion five hundred and six millions, a fall of ninety-five millions of dollars in the amount of money in actual circulation among the people in a single year. You add to that the fifty four million dollars we ought to have had as an increase and there was a deficit in one year more than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. In two years there has been a decrease in the amount of money in circulation of two hundred and fifty million dollars, according to the testimony of John Sherman on six years ago. Now, my friends these are not vain imaginations, these statements are not the vapors of lunatics and cranks. (Applause.) These are the statements made upon the testimony of one of our opponents, so short a time ago that even they themselves have forgotten that the truths they stated are still alive. (Applause.)
"What provision does the Republican party make for the supply of the money that we need? None whatever. I am not surprised that even men who have been Republicans all their lives are now in favor of the free coinage of silver. (Great applause.) I am not surprised when I find that Republicans who recognize the principles of finance and apply to the money question, I am not surprised that they desert the Republican party this year when it comes out and attempts to defend the Democratic administration, which was repudiated by the Democratic party itself. (Great applause.) You remember here in North Carolina the republicans have made more capital by denouncing this administration than in any other way. What do you think now when the Republicans of North Carolina become the sponsors for the Democratic administration? (Wild applause.) I am not surprised that the earnest and sincere Republicans prefer to stand with the Democratic party in demanding bimetallicism which even the Republican party of four years ago said was dear to the American people through tradition. I am not surprised that the Republicans who eight years ago stood upon a platform that denounced the Democratic party for its attempt to demonetize silver, I am not surprised that those republicans join with us today in demanding bimetallicism which had been the historic policy of the United States until 1873 and received the support of all the states men, Republican, Democratic, Whig and everything we ever had in this country. (Long and continuous applause.)
"Let me briefly, because I have but a moment more, call your attention to what Henry Clay said in re-

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upon the toilers of this country." (Great applause).
Mr. Bryan spoke for nearly an hour, but found enough time in the midst of his argument, to throw in some eloquent local color. The people took up his words with a shout when he referred to Charlotte as an appropriate place for this second Declaration of Independence on the part of the American people; to the hornet's nest that any foreign nation would encounter which tried to shape the policy of this country; and, lastly, in his closing sentences, to the duty of the people whose "ears yet caught the echoes of that great man, their lamented Vance." This sentiment was received with buzzes, after which Mr. Bryan was driven very rapidly to the train, and was off within twenty minutes, there being thousands at the station waving their hats as the train pulled out. Mention should be made of the large proportion of ladies in the audience at the park, as there has been at every place he has stopped in North Carolina. Mr. Bryan seemed to notice and appreciate this very much, and referred to it in so many words at Salisbury.
[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE]
A Few Stray Remarks
A girl may exclaim in speaking, French, and other classics, may repeat passages after a passage from some of the standard authors; play like a professor; sing like a siren; have her bouffant deo act with her own paintings; and all manner of the latest fancy work may adorn the sofa and easy chairs, in the shape of ladies, cushions, and anything else pleasing to the feminine eye, may she dance like Sempronius herself and wit, with all this literate she may have been very badly educated. Don't think I set no value on these accomplishments. They are all elegant, and many of them properly tend to a polite education. These things are all very well in their way, but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming but one thing is needful. They should be trained with a view to these several conditions and, be furnished with a stock of ideas and principles, qualifications and habits, ready to be applied as the occasion may demand. For though the arts which merely embellish life must have admiration, yet, when a man of sense comes to take a companion for life, he wants, not a mere butterfly of fashion, who knows comparatively nothing of how her father's household is run, and knows not the worth of a dollar. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, sing and draw, and dress and dance, that makes the noble woman of this broad land of ours. She must be one who can comfort, counsel him, and cheer him, one who can reason, reflect and judge, one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrow, strengthen his principles, purify his thoughts and words, help him to lead a noble life—indeed—be a true helpmeet in every sense of the word. The world is no longer to be governed by physical force, but by the influence which mind exerts mind. And who is best to exert this influence ever man? Woman—lovely woman!
Darwinism.
There was an ape in the days that were early;
Centuries pass and his hair grew curlier;
His thumbs developed; in centuries more,
No caudal appendage was seen as before;
His appetite grew; he was known as a skrip;
Then he was a man and a dyspeptic!
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