

**Cosmo** ASK FOR **Cosmo**  
(Trade Mark) (Trade Mark)

**Cosmo Buttermilk Soap**  
IT'S THE BEST FOR COMPLEXION, TOILET AND BATH.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**BURWELL & DUNN CO.**  
Agents for Charlotte.

THE COSMO COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Sole Manufacturers.

**STATESVILLE NEWS AND HAPPENINGS**

Special to The News.  
Statesville, September 1.—The flooded streams are doing considerable damage. A phone message from Davis Springs yesterday stated that the dam and part of Davis Bros. Flour mill was washed away. The dam and bridge at Summers and Knight's mill in North Irrell were also washed away yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Webb have moved to Salisbury and will make that their home. Mr. Webb is a railroad postal clerk and his run is so arranged that Salisbury is more convenient as his home.

Mr. W. W. Cooper of Marlton, visited relatives here a few days this week.

Miss Edith Pou, of Raleigh, is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Kalker, on Durue avenue.

Mrs. R. W. Price and Miss Larkins, of Wilmington, and Miss Stockton, of Memphis, Tenn., who were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. L. Harrill, left Wednesday for Asheville and points in Tennessee.

Miss Alma Coffin will arrive from Charlotte in a day or two to visit Miss Daisy Garrison on Shaxfre street.

Work on the W. O. Slatine Glass Co.'s plant is being pushed rapidly. The building is nearing completion and the machinery is being put in place.

At the First Methodist Church Sunday evening the pastor, Rev. Frank Slier, will speak on the needs in Cuba. Mr. Slier has traveled all through Cuba and his talk will be an interesting one.

A series of meetings will begin at the Associate Reformed church, Saturday, September 8. Rev. William Duncan, of Charlotte, will assist the pastor and congregation in the meetings.

**RECEIVES THREATENING LETTER**

Mr. Warren, Stationed at Wilmington, Gets Letter from "Black Hand."  
Special The News.  
Wilmington, Sept. 1.—Mr. Elishee B. Warren, engineer on the steam tug, Marim, stationed at this port, received a threatening letter yesterday which stated that unless he placed \$125 in a coal bin at the steamer Wilmington's wharf that his two children he loved would be killed. This letter was evidently sent for the sole purpose of blackmailing Mr. Warren and those who wrote it covered their tracks so well they have thus far not been apprehended. The letter was sent to Mr. Warren through the mail, and it was signed by "Black Hand," and decorated at the top with a skull and cross-bones.

Mr. Warren was very much wrought-up by this mysterious and villainous communication and his wife suffered quite a nervous shock. The officers of the law and the post office authorities were at once notified and the last mentioned immediately began work on the case to ferret out the would be criminals as it is a crime punishable by a long term of imprisonment to use the mails for such a purpose.

Last night an attempt was made to catch the writers of the letter by carrying out the directions embodied therein but the result was fruitless. Policemen and post office inspectors in plain clothes went to the dock where the money was to be left and waited there many hours but the guilty parties evidently had become aware of the fact that the matter had been placed in the hands of the officers and therefore remained away from the spot. A good clue has been secured by the officers today and it is probable that the guilty parties will be apprehended shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren are greatly worried over the matter and feel that it would be better to pay over the money rather than undergo their present suspense.

**Hair-Food**  
It does not have life enough, that's the trouble with your hair! There is something wrong with the hair-bulbs. They are slowly starving! Then feed them at once! Give them a regular hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, keeps the scalp healthy and free from dandruff. A little of it often does great things for the hair and scalp.  
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**SONGS OF SUMMER**

By John Jordan Douglass.

"Des' er lazy man."  
I. Des' er lazy man, I  
I'se gwiner j'ine de restin' ban'  
Wat'er fawmin' thro' de lan,  
Kase I'se des' er lazy man,  
Er lazy man.

II. I'se er pow'ful po' fel' han'  
But I lub's de fryin' pan,  
Kase I'se des' er lazy man,  
Er lazy man.

III. Had' wuk do'n' raise no san';  
I'd ruther set an' fan—  
Kase I'se des' er lazy man,  
Er lazy man.

IV. I'm lef' all de wuk ter fan,  
Fer hit 's mo' 'n I kin stan',  
Kase I'se des' er lazy man,  
Er lazy man.

"Hom' Tawk."  
I. Coon huntin' time is a-drawin' nigh;  
(Skeetur, do'n' mess wid me!)  
I'se longin' ter hear dat coon dawg cry,  
"Dere is er coon, suh, up dat tree!"

II. I tell yo' dat hown kin purely tawk;  
(He'se sma't ez he kin be)  
An' yo' need'n' mence no makin' mawk  
W'en he'se out on er coonere.

III. He kin tell de difference twixt er 'possum  
an' er coon.  
Widout er torch er de light uv de moon,  
He nachully knows 'em by dey smell.  
An' lak Gawg Washington no lie will tell.

"De Skuzun"  
Oh de skuzun train she's loaded down  
W'ed niggers a-gwin out'n town—  
Niggers lean an' niggers roun',  
Watermillions an' lemanud.

All gwine off on de skuzun,  
Big brass ban' an' big parade—  
We'se sh'oly gwin kase our way is paid  
We'se gwin off on de skuzun.  
So cum erlong, Bill an' Nancy Lou;  
De skuzun trip is de trip for yo'  
—We all ain't got nuthin' else ter do  
But jine de big to'ks skuzun.

Wess.  
Watermillions dey will soon be gone,  
Apt now an' den one in de cawn;  
Dey's gwiner leave me all erlone  
Des a-weepin' an' a-wailin'.  
Oh, how I'se joyed dey rich red meat;  
Dey's sho'ly bin er pow'ful treat;  
De truth is dey des can't be beat.

W'en a Feller's sorter Allin' JOY!  
Brier Rabbit he'se er gittin' fat  
(Ef yo' sees his hams yo' won't doubt dat);  
He'se mouty good eatin' too fer shore—  
I smacks my mouth an' calls fer more.

II. Br'er Coon he'se alius pow'ful spry;  
He ginully sells his bacun high;  
But dis nigger ketches him in de ma'sh

My mouth sho' waters fer some coon hash.  
III. He knows w'en de 'rosun years is meller;  
I tell yo' w'at I'se gwiner do—  
I'se gwiner hab er big squ' stew.

IV. Br'er 'Possum he'se de prince uv all;  
He'se fat an' 'greasy' in de fall;  
I dunno w'at's yo' speshul whin—  
But I allus leab's de tuthers fer him.

A Rhyme of Rain.  
I. Rain, rain, weeks of rain;  
The farmer feels that his toil is vain  
—Yet has he thought that a mightier brain

II. Rules the realm of The harvest?  
Rain, rain, months of rain;  
All seems loss, and naught seems gain  
—Yet through it all a mightier brain  
Brings the gold of harvest.

III. "Seedtime and harvest shall not fail."  
Is it a boast or an idle tale—  
Shall the God of the Holy Grail  
Fail to give the harvest?

**BALLOON DRAGS WOMAN.**

Spectator's Dress Caught as Big Bag Ascended— Bones Broken in The Decent.  
Kingston, N. Y., September 1.—Caught by the anchor of a balloon and whirled 500 feet in the air over the heads of 5,000 spectators, a Mrs. Roper, of New York, whose identity is carefully concealed by her friends, was seriously but not fatally hurt to-day at the Ulster county fair, at Ellenville.

A professional woman aeronaut, who has been making daily ascensions at the fair grounds in a hot air balloon, had just entered the car this afternoon and was about to give the order to cast off when the balloon broke loose and sailed upward with the anchor trailing. Before the by-standers could scatter, the anchor fluke caught in the dress of a woman, and she was whipped up into the air screaming.

As soon as the woman in the balloon caught sight of her involuntary fellow-voyager swinging far below at the end of the rope, she at once pulled the safety cord. The balloon, which by that time had reached an altitude of 500 feet quickly descended and reached ground a quarter of a mile from the point of the ascension.

The woman struck the ground heavily, and when picked up was found to be unconscious and to have sustained fractures of the shoulder, ankle, and several fingers.

The danger in getting your salary raised a hundred dollars a year is you think you ought to spend five more in living up to it.

**Rheumatism**  
Cured with  
**Painkiller**  
(PERRY DAVIS')

**SOME VERSE.**  
As the fragrance of a rose that blows From the garden of sleep Stole a wandering dream Away from o'er the deep.

II. It lingered as a flower, the hour So ruthless tears away And passed beyond my thoughts For to the light of day.

III. I wonder if tomorrow sorrow Of this dream will be known Beyond the hiding shadows Of the future's unknown sea.

Dreams of Love and Erol.  
Whither, ah, whither have my dreams flown  
But to thee—  
Across that shadowy, flickering unknown  
Future sea?

Hither, ah, hither homeward they fly  
Back to me,  
Frightened and torn in the future's wild sky  
O'er that sea.

Whither and hither 'till my weak voice  
As softly  
As zither bids them thither rejoice  
Within thee!

**HYMN.**  
(Dedicated to M. E. M.)  
Thy Will Be Done.  
When the shadows of the evening fall  
O'er deepening valley and hill  
And tired sinks the weary soul to rest  
Be thou, O God, with me still.

Lead me away from the busy marts  
Thronged with trials and care  
Still let thine great Father heart be ope  
O God to my small weak prayer.

And watch o'er me through the long dark night  
Aye, and bend me to thy will  
This, O God, in my weakness I ask  
In the darkness on the hill.

Whyfore, wherefore.  
Whyfore, wherefore shouldst these sorrows be  
When life is but one waving sea  
That breaks about ten thousand green isles  
Of gladness and love and dreaming and smiles.

Whyfore, wherefore shouldst these shadows dream  
When life is but one swift deep stream  
That flows from whence the Infinite One  
Holds in the future golden deeds undone.

Some things there are which worry but the future has balm for every pain in the past.  
There is never a dirge in the music

**CATARRH. FOUL BREATH**  
You Continually Hawk and Spit and there is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, if You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That is Catarrh.

**CURED THROUGH THE BLOOD BY B. B. B.**  
Is your breath foul? Is your voice husky? Is your nose stopped? Do you snore at night? Do you sneeze a great deal? Do you have frequent pains in the forehead? Do you have pains across the eyes? Are you losing your sense of smell? Is there a drooping in your throat? Are you gradually getting deaf? Do you hear buzzing sounds? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you suffer with nausea of the stomach? Is there a constant bad taste in the mouth? Do you have a hacking cough? Do you cough at night? Do you take cold easily? If so, you have catarrh.

Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and all reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germ that cause catarrh. Blood Balm (B. B. B.) purifies the blood, does away with every symptom, giving strength to the entire mucus membranes, and B. B. B. sends a rich, tingling flood of warm, rich, pure blood direct to the paralyzed nerves, mucus membrane and joints, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed, and in this way making a perfect, lasting cure of catarrh in all its forms.

**DEAFNESS.**  
If you are gradually growing deaf or are already deaf or hard of hearing, try Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Deafness is caused by catarrh, and in curing catarrh by B. B. B. thousands of men and women have had their hearing completely restored.

**Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.)** is pleasant and safe to take. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Composed of Pure Botanic Ingredients. Strengthens Weak Stomachs, cures Dyspepsia. Price \$1 per large bottle. Take as directed. If not cured when right quantity is taken, money refunded. Sample Sent Free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and send free medical advice to suit your case, also sent in sealed letter.

of nature for her songs are all of the greatness of God and the greatness of God is love.  
H. G. L., JR.

**BLAINE'S GRANDSON A CLERK.**  
New York, Sept. 1.—James G. Blaine third, grandson of the famous statesman, has made his debut in the business world as a clerk in the Day and Night Bank on Fifth avenue. He has been employed in that capacity for a month, but the fact that he was there was made public only today.

It is said that young Blaine receives only \$6 a week, and is not at all in love with his job. The bank officials are by no means certain that young Blaine will stay with them. As one of the mupt it:

"He would rather be United States Senator than corner the markets of th world."

**Death of Mr. J. C. Brown.**  
Mr. Jacob C. Brown died near the old historical stone house where he lived yesterday at half past one o'clock. The funeral will be preached at the Christianar church where he will be buried this evening. The friends met at the residence to-day at one o'clock. He leaves three children. His wife died a few years ago. He was nearly 69 years old and one of the descendants of the old stone house family of Browns who are now scattered over the United States.

**Wood's Seeds**  
FOR FALL SOWING.  
Every farmer should have a copy of our New Fall Catalogue. It gives best methods of seed-ing and full information about  
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Vetches, Alfalfa  
Seed Oats, Rye  
Barley, Seed Wheat  
Grasses and Clovers  
Descriptive Fall Catalogue mailed free, and prices quoted on request.  
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Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.  
Our Trade Mark Brand Seeds are the best and cleanest qualities obtainable.

**Uncle Sam Knows a Good Thing!**  
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INCORPORATED  
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Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.  
This is an UNREPEATED MESSAGE, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.

ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.					
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**PURITY MATTRESS**  
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We are proud of the distinction.  
Ten Thousand in One Order  
CHARLOTTE SHOULD BE PROUD OF IT.

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See the handles They are riveted.  
The most economical, comfortable, and healthful mattress in the world.