

Spoiling the Game

"I know you want to hear all about the doings here at Glen Echo," wrote Elizabeth to her best friend at home. "It's a lovely little place—rather quiet, you know. Only a few people are here, but most of them are very congenial."

"As I didn't come with any expectation of being a summer resort belle, I wasn't the least disturbed to discover that there was only one young man to the two girls. They quickly turned the trio into a quartet by adding me to the group and we all had the jolliest time imaginable for a week."

"Tom Denby—we all call him Tom—is bright and interesting and he seemed perfectly content to flock with us three girls without singling any one of us out for special attention. As he was, of course, by far the best tennis player of the lot, we took turns playing as his partner, and at the little 'hop' where most of the dancers were married women and their young children, he danced with us turn about, with strictest impartiality."

"If he liked any one of us better than the others, he never showed his preference in the slightest degree. I was just beginning to think him about the rarest and squarest man I had ever met when Luella Fenderton appeared on the scene."

"She was so extremely gentle and sweet, with such an appealing voice and manner, that we girls never for a moment suspected that a wolf had come among us garbed in the fleecy softness of a baby lamb."

"The very first morning after her arrival she asked in a helpless sort of way how a telegram could be sent."

"You can telephone it over to the village," I said.

"Oh, I shouldn't like to do that," she replied. "There's always danger of getting a message confused over the phone. I always like to give it to the operator myself. Is it too far to walk to the village?"

"No," replied Tom. "We walk over nearly every day for ice cream. It's only two miles."

"Two miles! I'm afraid I couldn't quite accomplish two miles and back." She looked down at her feet and sighed as if reproaching them for being so ineffectively small. Her trim, high heeled patent leather pumps did look absurdly little in contrast to the loose tennis shoes the rest of us girls were wearing.

"I can row you across the lake," said Tom, laying down his tennis racket rather regretfully. "I thought, for we were just starting for the tennis court. That will save about a mile."

"How kind of you! But I hate to take you from the tennis. Don't you think I could row myself? I never did row, but I'm sure it can't be so very hard."

"Tom laughed and said he thought it would be rather too strenuous a beginning to row across the lake at her first attempt. So we three girls watched them set out together."

"That, my dear Alice, was the beginning of a duet between Tom and Luella. Her eyes were not very strong, she said, and she had a novel which she was simply perishing to read. The first thing we knew Tom was reading it to her in the most secluded hammock on the place. She did not know how to swim and Tom gave her lessons. Tennis was too violent for her and she couldn't watch the game on account of the sun's glare on the court. So Tom gave up tennis and we three deserted damsels gave up Tom. There was nothing else to do. Luella absorbed almost every hour of his entire day."

"This had been going on for five days and we were making up our minds that the affair must surely end in an engagement when yesterday another girl arrived at Glen Echo. Luella looked somewhat startled when the newcomer alighted from the village bus in front of the Inn—just as we all came out after dinner."

"The girl didn't even wait to see after her baggage before running up on the porch and enthusiastically embracing Luella."

"Aren't you surprised to see me?" she asked exuberantly.

"Yes," murmured Luella in a strangely unenthusiastic tone. "How did you happen to come?"

"Why, you see," she laughed, "brother Joe is so desolate because he can't be up here with you that he thought the next best thing was to send me. The poor dear is counting the hours until you get back. Why, Luella, where's your ring? You haven't lost it, have you?"

"I'm not wearing it just now," answered Luella, a little coldly, I thought.

"And what do you think, Alice? Tom strolled across the porch nonchalantly and asked us three girls if we didn't feel like a set or two of tennis before swimming time. So with just a suppressed giggle or two we took him back into the fold."

In Practice.
"A man should follow a determined course regardless of criticism," said the resolute idealist.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but so many of you are that way only when you wait!"

Frenchmen Allied.

Toulon, France, Sept. 25 The battleship Liberte of the French navy was torn apart and destroyed by an explosion of her magazine today. Between 350 and 400 officers and men were killed. The battleship Republique was badly damaged and the battleships Democratie and Vertie also suffered severely from the masses of twisted iron and armor plate that were hurled upon their decks.

This is the greatest disaster that has ever fallen upon the French navy and in magnitude is almost without precedent in the annals of the world's fighting ships. The grief which prostrates the fleet and nation is made intense by the memory of the recent review here, a notable display of France's naval greatness, in which the doomed ship was one of the finest figures.

The explosion, which wiped out one of France's newest and most powerful battleships occurred at 5:53 in the morning. It was preceded by and was the result of an outbreak of fire. The flames spread rapidly in spite of all efforts to master them and reached the magazines before there was time to flood them. The magazines exploded with tremendous violence, sowing death and destruction in every direction.

While the naval authorities estimate the killed at between 350 and 400, it is feared that the figure will be exceeded. It will be necessary to go through the ships muster rolls, a task of some days, before a full list of the victims can be prepared.

DR. WILEY AS FOOD EXPERT

Characteristics of the Man Whose Duty It Is to Protect the People's Health.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture and the pure food expert of the government, is one of the best known and most interesting characters in public life in Washington.

He is a six-footer with a smooth, shaven face that is always illumined by a genial smile. His head is bald, showing that however learned he may be in drugs, he has not yet found a drug that will cause hair to grow on a bald pate. There are many earnest workers in the government service, but none of them exceed Dr. Wiley in enthusiasm and in solicitude for the food of the people.

Dr. Wiley's first sensational scheme and one that attracted world-wide at-



Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

tention was his organization of the "poison squad" some years ago to test the effect of preservatives in foods. The question had been debated at great length whether salicylic acid and other drugs used as preservatives for meats and canned goods were really deleterious. Dr. Wiley holding that they were injurious in some degree and the producers of the foods denying it.

In order to make a practical test of the question Dr. Wiley organized his poison squad, composed of about a dozen young men, most of whom were employees of the department of agriculture or were students at college, and all of them in normal health. They were to have free board if they would agree to live in quarters assigned them by the doctor, eat or drink nothing except what was provided for them under the doctor's orders and keep the hours prescribed.

The experiments were carried through and the results were utilized by Dr. Wiley, though the practical facts demonstrated were rather lost sight of in the novelty of the tests.

The death of a horse has been agitating the legal lights of the war department in Washington. The animal was hired to an officer of the organized militia who attended the maneuver division at San Antonio, Tex. While in his custody the horse was kicked and his leg broken. The division veterinary ordered it killed. The owner advanced a claim for \$100.

The department has decided that the government is not liable, as the militia officer was not in the service of the United States. It remains for the militiaman and the owner to fight it out.

Correspondence of the Evening

Mr. Luke Russell of the Medical College at Charlotte spent yesterday with friends here.

Mr. Ellis Snyder, an employee of the S. A. L., spent Saturday night and Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Y. M. Bogan is visiting her father, Mr. Matheson, at Mt. Gilead.

Mrs. K. P. Stewart attended the Duncan-Funderburk wedding at Dudley last Wednesday.

Mr. Vann Funderburk of Monroe was a visitor in town Sunday.

Mrs. James E. Liles of Monroe spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of her father, Mr. T. C. Stewart.

Mr. Braswell of Charlotte has rented Mr. E. H. Moore's estate near the academy and will move his family here soon.

Mrs. J. W. Outen and little son spent last week with her brother, Mr. S. P. Little in Lanes Creek township.

Miss Zera Wimberly returned Friday from Rock Hill, where she went to supply for a stenographer for a few days.

Sunday School Statistics.

The Sunday School statistics for last Sunday in town are as follows, the first figures being for the attendance and the second for the contribution:

Lutheran, 22, 47.
Methodist, 315, 547.
Baptist, 154, 345.
Presbyterian, 102, 364.
Episcopal, 20, 41.

Examination of Teachers.

I will hold the examination for teachers' certificates, Thursday and Friday, October 19th and 20th. The white Applicants will be examined on Thursday and the colored applicants on Friday.

Teachers holding neither a State certificate nor a county certificate from Union county covering the ensuing school year will be required to stand examination. R. N. Nisbet, Co. Supl.

Rev. W. T. Albright will preach next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and at night at Sulder school house.

As cotton goes down the farmers are holding it back. Less than seventy-five bales were on this market yesterday and today.

The Mack-Hastings Comedy Company began a week's engagement at the opera house last evening. The company is a clean aggregation and gives a very decent and entertaining show.

The stockholders of the Waxhaw Banking and Trust Company had a meeting yesterday and decided to increase the capital stock from \$17,500 to \$25,000, the new stock to be sold entirely to new stockholders at one fifty.

Mr. J. H. Doyle, a machinist who has been working at the round house for two years has gone to Jacksonville, Fla., to live. Mr. Doyle is a clever young man and has made many friends here.

A most atrocious murder occurred Friday in Yancey county. Mr. Robert McCay, member of a construction company doing work on the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio road, while riding in a buggy with two negro laborers, was fired upon by three mountaineers brothers, and Mr. McCay was killed instantly and the two colored men mortally wounded. The murderers escaped in the mountains. They fired without a word of explanation.

Hendersonville is enjoying a degree of advertising that it does not like. Soon after the coroner's jury declared that it couldn't tell who the murderers of Myrtle Hawkins are, another jury was called to sit on the case of a dead colored man whose body was found on the railroad track. While this jury was at work one negro woman cut another to death with a razor.

In Winston this week Snow Butler, colored, was held for trial on a charge of murder. On the 28th of August Snow gave Charley Graves and three other negroes a drink each from a half-pint bottle of whiskey. Three of the negroes could not retain the whiskey on their stomachs, but were made very sick. Charley Graves did retain it and died the next day.

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all dealers.

Opening Display OF Fall Millinery.

The Latest Novelties from Paris and New York.

In our select lines may be found the latest creations of **Caroline Rebaux and Camille Roger of Paris**, as well as the most artistic designs now prevailing among New York's most exclusive dealers. Notwithstanding this very unusual display and the variety of excellent styles offered for selection, our prices will be found reasonable and satisfactory.

Commencing Wednesday Night

at eight o'clock our Grand Display will continue through Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Maddry & Willson.

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE.

CHOPPED THEIR HANDS OFF

Negro Guest Gets Axe and Attacks Man and His Wife As they Sleep and Terribly Mutilates Them.

Charlotte Observer.

Ingratitude for hospitality has never assumed a more grotesque form as in the case of Adam Sigman, colored, who, while being entertained in the home of William Link and his wife, Eldora, repaid their kindness yesterday morning before dawn by severing the hands of both with an axe and otherwise brutally butchering them so that their recovery is a matter of doubt.

The deed occurred on Henry Sloan's place four miles from Charlotte on the Beattie's ford road. The injured man and his wife are at the Good Samaritan hospital in this city. The only reasonable explanation that has been advanced for the man's atrocious conduct is the theory that he was highly charged with cocaine. No possible motive for the deed has been suggested.

Sigman is a cousin of Eldora Link. He went to her home Sunday afternoon and was invited to spend the night. He accepted. They retired early. Some time after midnight, between 1 and 2 o'clock, the woman was awakened by Sigman, who stood over her with a heavy axe. He struck the woman across the head, making an almost fatal wound. Her screams had awakened her husband, but a single blow hurled Will Link into insensibility. When they recovered consciousness they found that the hands of both had been chopped off above their wrists, and cuts down their back had been inflicted. The two men aged to shout for help and were heard by Henry Link, who responded. Dr. Leighton Hovis was instantly summoned and labored faithfully for three hours at the difficult task of sewing up their terrible wounds. He thinks the negroes have a chance to recover, although they must have lost much blood before their plight was discovered, in addition to the nervous shock of such an encounter.

The Concord Tribune says Ben Long, colored, went into the well of Mr. A. C. Linn, at Landis, Monday afternoon, to clean it out. Before he reached the bottom the well caved in, burying the man at a depth of probably 30 feet. The earth was moved as rapidly as possible but it was several hours before the dead body was recovered.

HORSES AND MULES!

A car load of Horses and Mules--our first this season, just arrived from Indiana.

Fine animals, every one of them, well broken, good size. Just what you need. Come early, get choice.



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Reasonable terms and right price.

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