

THEIR FRIENDS THEIR VICTIMS.

Got Up a Sham Prize Fight
That Was Followed by a Pre-
tended Police Raid.

THEY RAISED A BIG BRIBE

Fun For Practical Jokers Many Prominent
Business Men Among Those Who Were
Badly "Sold."

Several well known men about town were made the victims of a practical joke on Thursday night that savored of the days of "Lord Dundreary" Southern and W. J. Florence.

A small coterie of club men have been in the habit of holding monthly dinners at various places in the city. This month's dinner was given at Muschenheim's "Arena" restaurant, in Thirty-first street, near Broadway.

Among the diners Thursday night were Arthur Moore, a retired merchant, of West Sixtieth street; John C. Wilson, Jr.; W. C. Doscher, a merchant, of No. 150 West Seventy fourth street; D. J. Campbell and Frank G. Fulgraff, of the American Tobacco Company; Charles Thorley, florist of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street; H. McLain, of the Edison Electric Light Company; William Moore, a wholesale furniture dealer; Robert Kenworthy, Mr. Wright, Thomas Ellison, Charles Margburg, a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, and a half dozen downtown business men.

Practical joking in one form or another has characterized many dinners given by the coterie above mentioned. This time three of the number determined to play a joke on the rest that would be a red letter event in the history of their monthly gatherings. The three were Arthur Moore, W. C. Doscher and D. J. Campbell.

A CLEVER SCHEME.

The conspirators approached W. C. Muschenheim, proprietor of the Arena restaurant, and unfolded their scheme. Mr. Muschenheim, who is a recognized wit among the German clubmen of this city, readily assented to aid them. "Joe" McMullen, a special detective in the employ of the Hotel Imperial, was also pressed into service.

Briefly, the plot was as follows:—Two office boys in the employ of one of the conspirators coerced into representing themselves local prize fighters. They were to "fight" to a finish under London prize ring rules. The fight was to take place in the wine cellar underneath the Arena restaurant. The diners were to be the spectators, but before the youngsters could do any harm to themselves Detective McMullen and a force of alleged Central Office detectives, to be recruited from among Mr. Muschenheim's friends, were to break in and place all hands under arrest.

After the dinner the party attended the Standard Theatre in a body. The conspirators had meanwhile regaled their companions with a tale of a great prize fight between the "Harlem Spider" and the "Jersey City Smasher," that was to have come off that night, but was stopped, owing to the vigilance of the police.

After the performance the question arose as to what should be done to "round up" the night's enjoyment. Mr. Arthur Moore had a plan.

"Gentlemen," said he, "suppose we adjourn to the wine cellar, underneath the Arena restaurant. Say (in a stage whisper), if you all would like to see a prize fight I think I can arrange it. The two fighters who were stopped by the police this evening as now at the Arena."

FELL INTO THE TRAP.

This novel suggestion met with the unanimous approval of the party. The three conspirators then proceeded to arrange the details of the "fight." When the party were assembled in the cellar the "Smasher" and the "Spider" were duly introduced to the spectators.

Some one asked if Mr. Muschenheim would allow such a thing in this cellar. "Of course he wouldn't!" exclaimed

Doscher "but he has gone up town. "And," he added, "you gentlemen must keep very quiet or the police will be down on us."

A difficulty arose as to the seconds. Arthur Moore volunteered to act as referee and, after much persuasion, induced Mr. Thorley to second the "Spider" and Mr. Fulgraff to perform a like office for the "Smasher."

"Time!" called the referee. The fighters were about to get to work, when a waiter from up stairs rushed into the cellar, exclaiming:—"Save yourselves! The police are raiding the premises!"

Instantly there was a wild scramble on the part of the assembled spectators. The burly form of Detective McMullen blocked the passageway. Behind McMullen were a dozen fierce looking men with drawn revolvers.

"Back, all of you!" snouted McMullen. When the discomfited spectators had crowded back to the rear cellar McMullen said:—"Gentlemen, you are all under arrest."

"Now then," said McMullen, addressing his confederates, "three of you watch here, and see that no one escapes. Two of you go to the precinct and get the reserves. We must make a clean job of this. And be sure to see that these prisoners are locked in separate cells."

The consternation of the "prisoners" may well be imagined. Messrs. Thorley and Fulgraff, the "seconds," with their sleeves rolled up and each holding a bottle and a sponge, were pictures of utter despair.

THEY STOOD TREAD.

At this juncture Mr. Muschenheim, his face distorted with assumed wrath, stalked into the cellar.

"How dare you," he shouted, seizing Moore the chief conspirator, by the collar, "bring such a disgrace upon my house! By God sir, I'll bring a heavy damage suit against every one of you."

Moore showed fight at once and a sham rough and tumble scuffle between the two added terrors to the situation.

During the row some of the wiser heads had hit upon a plan of escape. Several of them had approached McMullen and asked him if the matter couldn't be "fixed."

"You insult me, sir," said McMullen, with well feigned indignation. He then whispered, "I don't like to do this in the presence of witnesses. Can't one of you see me alone?"

This was explained to the rest and a committee duly appointed to take up a collection. About \$500 in bills was collected. Mr. Campbell, a conspirator, was deputized to hand over the money to the detective.

Then another trying situation arose. A friend of Mr. Muschenheim elbowed his way into the group and announced himself as a reporter.

"Gentlemen," said the latter, "this affair has leaked out at the station house, and as you will all be up before a police magistrate tomorrow you might as well give me your names now."

The melancholy prisoners responded infitious names and addresses, in which the name of "Smith" figured four times. Mr. Thorley gave the name of "John Brown."

The joke might have been carried to an even greater length had not Mr. Fulgraff recognized in one of McMullen's policemen a club acquaintance. Then the whole thing dawned on his mind.

"Boys," he yelled, "this whole thing is a fake!"

The language that followed this discovery was for a time picturesque and lurid. It took the victims several minutes to fully realize that the affair was a practical joke. Then they insisted on standing treat, and an elaborate supper was served in the main dining room.—N. Y. Herald, Saturday 15th.

SHE IS VERY SICK.

The Daughter of the Vice President Dying in Asheville.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Dec. 18.—Miss Stevenson, daughter of the Vice President, is in an extremely critical condition. Death is expected at any moment.

The Vice President returned to Washington Sunday night, but is liable to be called back at any hour.

A WEATHER BUREAU.

Hickory Is to Have a Daily Weather Signal Service Through the Efforts of our Polite Postmaster and Congressman Henderson.

Now that a weather signal bureau has been established in Hickory, the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN will publish the forecasts weekly. In order that our readers may understand the signals, we publish them again and suggest that all those who are interested in the matter cut them out of the paper and paste them up at some convenient place where they can at once understand what it means when they see a flag flying at the top of the pole in the Public Square.

To understand the flag signals read the following and preserve it:

1. The Weather Bureau furnishes, when practicable, for the benefit of the general public and those interests dependent to a greater or less extent upon weather conditions, the "Forecasts" which are prepared at this office and certain specially designated stations daily, at 10 a. m. and 10 p. m., for the following day. These weather forecasts are telegraphed to observers at stations of the Weather Bureau, railway officials, and many others, and are so worded as to be readily communicated to the public by means of flags or steam whistles. The flags adopted for this purpose are five in number (indicated and which we will publish later.)

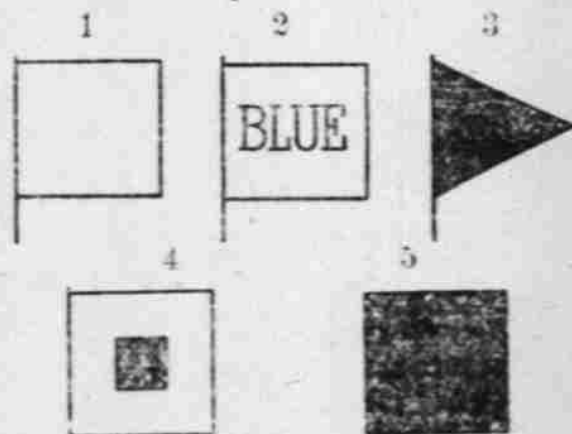
Number 1, white flag, six feet square, indicates clear or fair weather. Number 2, blue flag, six feet square, indicates rain or snow. Number 3, white and blue flags (parallel bars of white and blue), six feet square, indicates that local rains or showers will occur, and that the rainfall will not be general. Number 4, black triangular flag, four feet at the base and six feet in length, always refers to temperature; when placed above numbers 1, 2, or 3 it indicates colder weather, when not displayed, the indications are that the change in temperature will not vary more than four degrees from the temperature of the same hour of the preceding day from March to October, inclusive, and not more than six degrees for the remaining months of the year. Number 5, white flag, six feet square, with black square in centre, indicates the approach of a sudden decided fall in temperature. This signal is not displayed unless it is expected that the temperature will fall to forty-two degrees, or lower, and is usually ordered at least twenty-four hours in advance of the cold wave. When number 5 is displayed, number 4 is always omitted.

When displayed on poles the signals should be arranged to read downward; when displayed from horizontal supports a small streamer should be attached to indicate the point from which the signals are to be read.

INTERPRETATION OF DISPLAYS.

- No. 1, alone, indicates fair weather, stationary temperature.
- No. 2, alone, indicates rain or snow, stationary temperature.
- No. 3, alone, indicates local rain, stationary temperature.
- No. 1, with No. 4 above it, indicates fair weather, warmer.
- No. 1, with No. 4 below it, indicates fair weather, colder.
- No. 2, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather, rain or snow.
- No. 2, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather, rain or snow.
- No. 3, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather with local rains.
- No. 3, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather with local rains.
- No. 1, with No. 5 above it, indicates fair weather, cold wave.
- No. 2, with No. 5 above it, indicates wet weather, cold wave.

Lose no time in subscribing for the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN, or you will fall behind the procession.



CHAS. D. CLARK NAMED.

Chattanooga Lawyer Selected to Succeed Judge Key.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The President to day sent to the Senate the following nomination: Chas. D. Clark, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, United States District Judge for the Eastern and Middle districts of Tennessee, vice David M. Key, retired.

Has Burned Thirty Years.

REMARKABLE SUBTERRANEAN FIRE THAT IS RAGING IN COLORADO.

Now Threatens to Burst Out and Destroy Valuable Property.

Denver, Dec 15.—A fire caused by spontaneous combustion in a hill above the town of Marshall, Boulder county, Col., thirty years ago, threatens to communicate to the surrounding valuable coal fields and render them worthless. The fire at first emitted only smoke, then it quickened to a dull, red glow, and now, despite years of efforts to drown it out and wall it in, it rages throughout an underground area of from 200 to 300 rods, and spouts flame, cinders and smoke through a dozen outlets, each of which might vie in appearance with the crater of an active volcano.

Property worth millions of dollars has been destroyed. Two weeks ago the miners were driven by volumes of sulphurous smoke from the drift of the last coal mine that was workable, on "Volcano Hill," as the scene of the fire is known. Since then several attempts have been made to rescue the tools which were abandoned in the subterranean chambers of the mine, but they failed of success. Now all hope of saving the tools, as well as of ever reopening the mine, has been given up, for the timbering of the shaft has burned away through its entire length. Yesterday the flames from below burst clean through the surface in the hill, and the mouth of the drift has become choked up with tons of red-hot rock that caved in when the fire found vent not more than 100 feet from the opening in the slope or side of the hill.

An Interesting Texas Letter.

Leaving Hickory at 5 p. m. aboard the C. and L. R'y, we arrived at Chester at 11 o'clock, and resting till 10 o'clock next day, we took the Seaboard Air Line for Atlanta, Ga., one of the great cities of the Southland. Here we met several more families bound for Texas and Oklahoma, and the railroad company had to put on another coach to hold us all.

We passed many large fields of cotton not yet picked, and some farmers still sowing wheat.

A four hours' run brought us to Montgomery, but, being in the night, we had no view of the country. Next morning at day-break we were passing along the Gulf of Mexico towards New Orleans. Being my first time to see the big waters, it was more than delightful to me, but most too much for some of our crowd who got sea-sick.

New Orleans is a great big place in many ways; her resources are varied, having access to the world by land and water. The many interesting things in and around here must be seen, to have any correct idea of things as they really are.

After changing cars we ran into a boat and crossed the Father of Waters, hardly knowing we were moving onward except by the thud of the water beneath us. It was grand to see the steamboats plowing the waters and chasing the watery tribe before them.

A few minutes' ride and we were passing the truck farms a mile or so, full of lettuce, cabbage, beans, etc., just like mid-summer time. The apples and oranges hanging on the trees, and the growing vegetables gave one think of the land "flowing with milk and honey." It seemed very strange to see them planting out to slips on one side the road and digging potatoes on the other.

Next we saw the sugar plantations, square or diagonal plots of 25, 50, or 100 acres each. The large farms having a factory on each. Here is where, so the politicians told us, they get \$25 an acre bounty from Uncle Sam. Of course, that pays them better than five cent cotton. They haul the cane on two-wheeled wagons, sometimes four mules or horses to each. It is amusing to see them bobbing up and down as they drive along. As they have no seed, they draw a deep furrow, lay the stocks in and bed on it for next year's crop. Where they planted early it is now green and pretty.

Oh, yes, I must not forget the beautiful moss hanging from the trees, waving in the clear sunlight. O, How I wished for a handful to carry along! But the evening shadows began to fall on us and we bounded on through Louisiana, and next morning we were in the beautiful city of Dallas, Texas, passing beautiful farms of wheat, oats, etc., on one side, and hogs, cattle and horses on the other, looking a little like home. H. G. SEITZ, Brownwood, Tex., Dec. 11, 1894.

A LARGE TRANSACTION

Big Sale of Water Power Near Hickory—The Best in North Carolina.

J. M. ODELL & CO. PURCHASERS

They Will, It is Believed, Erect a Half-Million-Dollar Cotton Factory in the Near Future.

There was consummated in Hickory last Tuesday one of the largest deals ever made in the city, or in this section. It was the sale of the Water Falls and adjacent lands on both sides of the Catawba River 2½ miles from Hickory at what is locally known as "Horseford's Ford" and the "Tall Bridge," by Messrs. A. A. Shuford, Philip Suttlemyre, J. L. Lyerly and A. L. Ramsouer, to Capt. J. M. Odell, of Concord, N. C., and his associates. The whole deal was conducted by our townsman Mr. John N. Bohannon and has been progressing for some time past. Capt. Odell was out here and examined the property last summer. They left their deal in the hands of Mr. Bohannon and he concluded it, as stated, last Tuesday morning, and the papers are being made out.

It is currently believed that Capt. Odell and his associates will build a cotton mill at the river at a cost of half a million dollars at some time within the near future. That they have bought this magnificent water power as a site for a cotton factory is certain. In the course of time they may also put up an electric plant out there with which to run and operate machinery in Hickory. This is regarded as one of the greatest transactions for the benefit of this whole section that has taken place in many years. It means a great deal to Hickory. It will make this a great cotton market as well as the leading lumber market of this section. Mr. John N. Bohannon is to be congratulated upon his indomitable energy in pushing this sale through to successful completion.

According to the survey of Prof. Kerr and that of other surveyors, and all who know of the property, it is one of the finest and the largest water powers on the Catawba River. All join in congratulating Capt. Odell on his good purchase.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

(EASTERN SYSTEM.)—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY RATES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1894. To Ticket Agents in North Carolina:

You are authorized to sell S. R. T. tickets between all points on Southern Railway (Eastern System) in North Carolina at rate of Four (4) Cents per mile one way for round trip.

Tickets on sale December 22d to 25th, inclusive; also December 29th to January 1st, inclusive. Limited January 3, 1895.

Hickory and Charlotte 2.35
Hickory and Fayetteville 7.75
Hickory and Wilmington 9.90

HOLIDAY RATES FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Ticket Agents named below, within States of North Carolina and Virginia (including Washington D. C.) are authorized to sell Holiday Tickets as herein instructed to any point within States of Virginia North and South Carolina and Georgia on Southern Railway (Eastern System) within radius of 300 miles December 15th to 25th, inclusive; limited January 3, 1895.

These tickets will only be sold to students of colleges or schools presenting certificates signed by their Superintendents or Principals.

W. A. TURK,
General Passenger Agent

The Patent Office has granted patents to the following North Carolina inventors: W. A. Gutherie, Durham, N. C., Automatic fire-alarm; A. L. Harrison, Wilmington, N. C., Tube-plug; P. E. Johnson, Rome, N. C., Feed-actuating device for planters; E. H. Kruger, Elizabeth City, N. C., Shingle planing machine.