The Charlotte Observer.

J. P. CALDWELL, D. A. TOMPKINS, } Publishers.

TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1897.

THE POSTAL SERVICE TOO EXPENSIVE.

In the Arena for May Judge Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, has an article on the maladministration of the Postoffice Department which we see very interestingly summarized in the Richmond Times. The government, we are told, "pays to the railroads for the rental of postal cars $3,600,000 anually, a sum more than enough to build outright nearly double the number of postal cars it has in use. There are 500 of these cars, Judge Clark adds, costing at the outside $4,000 each, and their average life is twenty years, so that, according to his figures, the government is paying $72,000,000 for what it could acquire for $2,000,000. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, he says, the government pays nearly $7,327 per car for the rent of 69 cars, which could each be bought outright for less than half the money." These figures are startling enough, but not so startling as the other statement, made in the same article, that the average cost of carrying the mails is 8 cents per pound for an average distance of 448 miles, making $29,000,000 per year for transportation in addition to the $3,600,000 for car rent, whereas the Southern Express Company gets a freight rate of about ½ cent., or 7½ cents the better of the government.

If the facts are as Judge Clark has them, they are outrageous, and in view of them our Richmond contemporary suggests that "if the government would farm out to a private corporation the contract for carrying the mails, putting it to the lowest responsible bidder, it would save millions of dollars in the course of a year and get a better service." This doesn't appear to be a very practical idea. The thing to be done is for the Postoffice Department and Congress to take hold of this evil and remedy it by bringing the railroads down to a business basis in the premises.

The location of the Confederate battle abbey is again the subject of a somewhat lively discussion. Richmond, New Orleans, Atlanta and Nashville all want it. It is natural that the people of those cities should wish to capture the prize, and natural that they should have the sympathy of their immediate neighbors, but Richmond, by reason of its having been the capital of the Confederacy, by reason of the fact that it already has an exceedingly creditable museum, and for various other reasons, is so naturally the place for this battle abbey that it is perhaps not over-stating the case to say that it is the choice of ninety-nine out of every one hundred Southern people who are not influenced by some local consideration in favor of some other locality.

Our Raleigh correspondent mentioned last week that work is in progress on the penitentiary building to which the criminal insane are to be transferred from the several asylums. We refer to this subject to say that the movement for the separation of the criminal and innocent insane originated in the State Hospital at Morganton, and four years ago the superintendent and one of the directors of that institution appeared before a legislative committee in favor of the very action which was taken in this matter by the Legislature of 1897. The legislation under which the criminal insane are soon to go to the penitentiary was a part of the general asylum appropriation bills and these sections were drawn at the State Hospital by a competent attorney at the instance of Dr. Murphy, the superintendent.

It has been reported—the report originating probably with some idle person, probably some mischief-maker—that the recent municipal fight in this city is to be carried into the board of county commissioners, and reprisals taken. Nothing could be shorter-sighted or more damaging, and the report is not to be credited. This city contest went quite far enough when it got to the city limits. The new board of aldermen held its first meeting last night and a laudable spirit of compromise and conciliation was shown by all elements. The meeting gave promise of an harmonious administration, and it is now the duty of all good citizens to seek to allay, not to re-kindle, factional strife.

The presence here this week of two bodies of visitors gives occasion to say that Charlotte should be the convention city of the State and one of the leading convention cities of the South. It has the hotel advantages and the outward attractions which make a city popular, and nothing adds so much to its fame as to have people come here and see it. Without exception they like it, and all go away talking it up while some come back to live. It is to be counted a fortunate thing that there are so many events to bring strangers here this month, when the city and its surroundings are at their prettiest, and permanent results may be expected from the tide of visitors which will come in and go out within the next three weeks.

In Charlotte's name we give welcome to the Odd Fellows and the dentists, who are to be in session here this week. It is a pleasure to have strangers come here and look this proud, progressive city over; it peculiarly so when these visitors are such representative and well-known North Carolinians as compose the State Dental Society and the grand lodge of Odd Fellows. We trust the visitors will enjoy their stay in the State's first city and that when they have gone the impressions left and carried away will be mutually agreeable.

Referring to the winter of our political discontent on this side of the line, the Norfolk Landmark ventures to predict that "North Carolina, if she ever does escape from the toils, will not fail to make her escape permanent. Fusion," it adds, "is a failure, no matter what the parties concerned." Then you spoke a parable. Fusion means nothing but seeking after spoils and no combination which wins a government on this low basis can administer it justly or satisfactorily.

In the general crash of matter and wreck of worlds it is some satisfaction to know that the people of this country are not tanking up as they used to. The American Grocer says the total consumption of spirits, wine and beer per capita decreased from 17.04 gallons in 1892 to 16.42 gallons in 1896, and the tendency is away from distilled spirits and toward beer and wines. Such statistics afford support for those who hold the theory that the world is getting better.

BARNUM & BAILEY.

The Two B.'s "Greatest Show on Earth," Will be Here To-Morrow—A Grand Street Parade—Grand Performances.

Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth has a writ of claim and delivery for to-morrow, May 12th, in Charlotte. It will own the town, and will claim the undivided attention of thousands from this city and surroundings. The coming of this great show is an arena event. It will eclipse all former shows in its magnitude and splendor. The Richmond Times says of the recent performance in that city: "'The Greatest Show on Eearth' was in town yesterday, and gave two of its great, unrivalled performances, to the delight of thousands of spectators." Speaking of the parade, the Times says: "The parade was a gorgeous spectacle, and the glitter and glare of the costumes, the horses' trappings and the red and gold animal wagons were brilliant and beautiful. The show is just out of winter quarters, and is fresh and new. In the parade there were several excellent bands, numberless steeds with gaily riders and floats galore. It was one conspicuous panorama of beauty with no long gaps of atmosphere between the wonders. One of the marvelous feats seen was forty horses hitched to a single wagon and driven by one man, who held twenty separate and distinct pairs of reins in his hands."

RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

The return of Columbus to the city of Barcelona, after the first voyage of discovery, which triumphant event took place 400 years ago and was made the occasion for the grandest pageant in the history of the world, has been seized upon by the manager of the Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth as the subject for reproduction in the great free street parade by that circus. It proves to be a most wonderful and stupendous spectacle of men, women, children, horses, elephants, wild beasts, chariots, carts and floats. Columbus himself, as well as scores of other characters famous in the annals of the time, are all truthfully represented in the same rich manner then in vogue, in royal robes of state, on horseback surrounded with their escorts, in costly uniforms, single and in groups, and in picturesque and charming style, and all historically correct.

Preceding this portion of the pageant is one of the most magnificent sights imaginable, that of a wondrous team of forty fine bay horses driven by one man. The whole affair is new, grand and inspiring.

The parade will take place about 9 o'clock in the morning, in the following order:

ORDER OF LINE.

Platoon of Mounted Police.
Buglers and Banner Bearers.
Grand Military Band.
Stupendous Forty-Horse United Team.
Open Den of Five Tigers and Trainer.
Open Den of Four Lions and Trainer.
Open Den of Six Leopards and Trainer.
Open Den of Six Hyenas and Trainer.
Open Den of Five Bears and Trainer.
Open Den of Six Wolves and Trainer.
Novel Melechoir Chimes, drawn by Ten Horses.
Lady Performers and Side Saddle Experts.
Mounted Ladies of the Hippodrome.
Gentlemen Hippodrome Riders.
Two Two-Horse Roman Chariots, Lady Drivers.
Two Four-Horse Roman Chariots.
Band Chariot "Euterpe," drawn by Ten Horses.
Seven Golden Chariots with Queer Musicians and Comic Heads.
Caravan of Sixteen Camels with Asiatic Riders.
Twenty-two Performing Elephants.
Santa Claus Chariot, drawn by Six Ponies.
Blue Beard Chariot, drawn by Six Zebras.
Old Woman Who Lived in Her Shoe.
Japanese Dragon Chariot with Performers.
Cinderilla's Fairy Coach.
Sinbad the Sailor Chariot.
Little Red Riding Hood Chariot.
Mother Goose Chariot.
Blue Band Chariot "America," drawn by Ten Horses.
Seven Golden Cages Containing Rare Animals.
Mammoth Organ Chariot.
Grand Triumphal Float.

COLUMBUS SECTION.

Representing the Reception Tendered Columbus at Barcelona 400 Years ago.
Royal Race Bearers.
Squad of Eight Royal Trumpeters.
Grand Triumphal Throne Chariot of Ferdinand and Isabella.
Mounted Grandees, Nobles, Cavaliers, Knights, Ambassadors and Prominent Personages in Correct, Elegant and Costly Historical Costumes.
The Great Discoverer, Christopher Columbus.
Emblematic Float, with Fruits, Plants and Living Evidences of the New Country.
Steam Calliope.

LACK OF DEMOCRATIC HARMONY.

It Was in Evidence in the House Session Yesterday—The Senate Amendment on Restoring Lands to the Public Domain.

Washington, May 10.—The House to-day resumed the transaction of public business, which had been suspended since the Indian appropriation bill was sent to the conference three weeks ago. To-day the House entered upon the consideration of the amendments of the civil appropriation bill, under special order providing for a recess each day until disposed of. Mr. Simpson, of Kansas, pursuing his tactics of the last few weeks, attempted to harass the majority with points of no quorum, but without success, and the Democratic lack of harmony on the subject of party policy was again in evidence. During the course of the proceedings, Mr. Dingley, chairman of the ways and means committee, took occasion to deny a statement attributed to him to the effect that he had said the purpose of the new tariff bill was to allow the Treasury to impound the greenbacks. Beyond this, politics played no part in the proceedings.

The general debate, and most of the debate under the five minute rule, to-day, was confined to the discussion of the Senate amendment to restore the lands reserved as forest reservations under President Cleveland's order of February 22, to the public domain. The Western members generally supported the Senate proposition, but Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, the chairman of the public lands committee, of the last House, proposed amendments to the operation of the order, and also substituted what is known as the McRea bill for the section relating to the use of timber. It was agreed to take a vote on this question to-morrow at 1 o'clock. Several minor amendments were concurred in. The amendment removing Cape San Blas light station, in Florida, to Black's Island, was agreed to.

MEMORIAL DAY AT STATESVILLE.

The Occasion Fittingly Observed—Prize Drill—Death of Mrs. W. H. Charles.

Special to the Observer.

Statesville, May 10.—To-day was observed with appropriate ceremonies, in honor of the brave men who laid down their lives for our Southland. A large audience assembled in the court house, this afternoon, where, after a prayer by Rev. Mr. Hoyle, Prof. J. H. Hill made a few remarks most beautifully eulogistic of those dead heroes, and of the loyal, loving women who refuse to let the day pass without a fitting tribute to their memory. In conclusion he read Father Ryan's beautiful poem, "The Conquered Banner." Rev. J. H. Pressly then read, "The Confederate Flag," by Mrs. E. G. Wright, and after a benediction by Rev. Dr. Wood, the citizens, the Iredell Blues and the Old North State Band marched to the cemetery where the graves were strewn with flowers. The band played a dirge and the Blues fired a salute.

In a prize drill by the Blues afterward, Chas. Turner won the first prize, a gold medal, and T. J. Cook, the second, a silver medal.

Mrs. W. H. Charles died yesterday at 7 o'clock p. m. and was buried this afternoon at 5 o'clock at Oakwood cemetery. Her death, which was due to consumption, was not unexpected.

Iredell Superior Court, Judge Starbuck presiding, convenes next Monday.

The Committee Report Adopted by the Democrats.

Washington, May 10.—The Democrats of the Senate held a caucus to-day to consider the report of the committee which filled the vacancies in the Senate committees. The report was adopted. The arrangements will go into effect to-morrow.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

CONFEDERATE DEAD REMEMBERED.

The Veterans, Sons of Veterans and Other Citizens Generally Observe the 10th of May—Rev. Mr. Chalmers' Address.

It would take more than a heavy down-pour of rain, such as that yesterday afternoon, to dampen the ardor of Confederate veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederate wives, daughters and sisters, or any who love the dear, dead past, and its heroic memories, so, notwithstanding the rain, hundreds of people went to Elmwood cemetery to lay flowers on the graves of the noble dead, the followers of Lee and Jackson.

The line of march was formed in the First Presbyterian church yard, and extended two blocks.

The long roll was read by Commander Hilton, in the church yard, after which the procession moved. The rain caused a delay of several hours. The usual exercises were gone through with at the cemetery, after which Rev. J. T. Chalmers, pastor of the A. R. P. church, the orator of the occasion, delivered the address.

THE ADDRESS.

"What mean ye by this service?"

What means this presence here to-day; the presence of age, with its silvery crown of gray hairs; of middle age, with its firm and settled vigor; of youth, with its exuberance of life and health, and of woman to beautify and illumine the whole scene with the sunshine of her smile—what meaneth this presence here to-day?

The object of this day and this scene is not the glorification of war, the cultivation of the brutal in man, or to fire the minds of the young with a love and admiration for a barbarous business, which destroys life and property and makes widows and orphans and drenches the world with blood. This is our national Sabbath; a day consecrated by patriotism to the commemoration of the noble dead, who, for their country's sake, counted not their lives dear unto them.

I. It is an hour sacred to "memory and tears," an hour to be spent in thinking of the men who are resting in the silent tent of green. We are here to crown their graves with the beauties of earth, and to proclaim by symbolic flowers, the moral beauty of their deeds. And how appropriate the day; a day when Nature is dressed in her gayest apparel, when the foliage is freshest, the flowers sweetest, the grass greenest, the day balmiest, and the skies bluest—all typical of that eternal springtime where the sunlight of joy and peace forever shines.

We are carried back in memory for more than a third of a century, when our quiet homes were suddenly startled by the bugle's call to arms; when fathers and sons rushed in from farm and store, and school and pulpit, and some put on the gray and some the blue; when hasty farewells were spoken, when the earth shook beneath the tramp of moving legions and the thunder of artillery, or was torn and furrowed with canister; while yonder sun hid his face behind dense clouds of smoke; when blood flowed like water, and men groaned and died, when hastily made graves were filled, and the awful tide of war rolled on and on and on for four long years.

Then came the tidings of the battle to those who waited and prayed at home, when the village paper was scanned for news, and the long lists of wounded, slain and missing were read until you came to a name you recognized. It was "Charlie," the betrothed of the village belle; or "John," the only son and support of his aged parents—and the old folks rise, stagger, totter and faint beneath the blow, and the mother never smiles again, and the father goes down to his grave sobbing: "Oh, my son, my son; would God I had died for thee; my son, Oh, my son!" Oh, the sufferings and sacrifices of those who remained behind; the hot tears and great drops of blood that fell upon the hearthstones at home; blood more precious than that spilled upon the field of battle, for it was the blood of wife, or mother, or sweetheart, or sister.

Nor can we forget those noble women, who, in their happier hours, would have shrunk from the sight of blood, but who hovered as ministering spirits over the wounded and dying, on bloody field and in gloomy hospital; women who dressed with tender hand the gaping wound; staunched the crimson flow, turned the hot pillow, smoothed the crumpled sheet, cooled the fevered brow, wrote parting messages of love, and, holding by the hand the dying soldier, as he dreamed of mother, home and sweetheart, far away, talked to him of Jesus and His love, until her words, falling in accents soft and sweet upon his dying ear, melted away into the melody of heaven.

Nor can I forbear making special mention of the private soldier, and bespeaking for his grave your richest offering.

Before the leaders there blazed the promise of military glory—upon them rested the eyes of the world. For the private soldier there was no such incentive. He wore no insignia of rank. To the world he was unknown. For him there was nothing but to do and dare and die, and possibly sleep in a nameless grave, and be forgotten.

Yet he nobly did his duty, for he were a hero's heart within, and in the Book of the Chronicles of the Brave his name will be found written in letters of gold.

And then came the final hour—to some the hour of victory, when the boys mustered out and returned home, crowned with honor, and covered with glory; but to others it was the hour of sorrowful surrender, when their broken and dismantled columns moved slowly homeward with furled banners and withered hopes, to a country dearer than ever "in its consecrated coronet of sorrow."

II. And so we have come to-day with beautiful flowers and evergreens, culled by loving hands and woven by fair fingers into eloquent designs, to render homage to a sacred and stainless past. We have come to put a wreath upon the brow of courage and to honor the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The better spirit within man has, in all ages, borne testimony to the beauty and loveliness of a self-sacrificing spirit. There is a generosity in self-sacrifice that always appeals to the sensibilities of the good. In all its forms it lays claim to the praises and eulogies of men. It may be the sacrifice of the philanthropist who goes into the suffocating cells of the prison house or breathes the death-laden air of the lazaretto, to alleviate human misery. It may be the self-sacrifice of the fond mother, who foregoes personal ease and comfort, and watches day and night by the bedside of her sick child. It may be the self-sacrifice of the father, who spends the strength and energy of mind and body to educate his children, or leave them such an inheritance as will emancipate them from exacting toil and anxious care. It may be the self-sacrifice of the missionary who, leaving home and its endearments, even the sound of his native tongue, goes to the ends of the earth—

"——to blow
The trump of freedom in the despot's ears;
To tell the bruted slave his manhood high,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose

On icy plains and in eternal snows;"

or it may be the self-sacrifice of the patriot, who responds to his country's call in the hour of danger, puts fortune and life at her disposal, and serves her even unto death, though her star of glory may be paling, and her banners trailing in dust and blood.

Wherever you find the spirit of self-sacrifice, of self-abnegation, you find that upon which the minds and memories of men love to dwell, and upon which human praise and eulogiums are continually poured. And so we meet once more to crown with flowers the graves of our fallen heroes until the perfume shall rise to heaven like incense from a sacrificial altar, for theirs was the glory of self-sacrifice. We rejoice in the spirit which guards so We rejoice in the spirit which guards their dust, and strips the home of its sweetest flowers to decorate their lowly beds.

III. Again, our meeting here to-day means the perpetuation of the principles for which our soldiers fought and died.

Do you tell me that the "cause" for which they bled and died has passed into history as a "Lost Cause?" It is a libel. "Is eternal truth lost when strong-handed might and intolerant bigotry builds its fagot fires and consumes the faithful martyr?" Can that cause be lost which developed and sustained a courage that shone with such superlative splendor in the hour of battle as to command the wonder and admiration of the world?—a courage that rose to its zenith in the hour of sorrowful surrender, when broken and exhausted columns moved slowly away from the field of defeat, and by common consent buried in one grave the high hopes which the conflict had awakened and all the animosities that had kindled in its path, returned to homes dismantled, and to a land swept with the besom of destruction, to build a new and grander "South" upon the smoking ruins of the old?

Can that cause be lost which developed a fortitude in adversity and a patience in suffering that have moved to generous praise those who were once enemies; a "cause" that, to the heroism that crowned its defenders in the hour of victory, and the higher heroism by which, silent amidst calumny and abuse, and patient under despotic tyranny and misrule, they have maintained inviolate the fealty pledged in the hour of surrender?

Was the April shower lost that fell and disappeared a month ago? Is it not here to-day in the green leaves that rustle in the breeze, and in these flowers, whose colors flash in the sunshine and whose tiny cups, like censers of sweet incense, are filling the air with delightful fragrance? We are told by scientists that not a ray of sunlight is lost. The light which the sun poured upon the earth hundreds of years ago, and which gladdened and cheered and blessed the generations of the past, still exists in some form at this day, and still blesses the world. Now, what is true of physical light is also true of the light shed by the noble men of the past. It lives to-day in the principles that are moulding society and blessing the world, for

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Ours a "lost cause?" Nay; it was a "victorious defeat."

"Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure." Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

IV. Again, I ask, "What mean ye by this service?" It means brotherhood and reconciliation." Our heroes were grand men in battle, and if living would be grand men in peace. Together they fought and together they died and together they sleep in the kindly brotherhood of death. Filled with their spirit, let us live as they would live were they here. Let all bitterness and malice pass from our hearts so that as a united people we may walk hand in hand beneath the stars and stripes in the path of justice, brotherhood and love.

Once it was patriotism to fire the gun—now it is patriotism to spike the gun. Then our bands played the war march—now let them play the wedding march. Then we made garlands of blood—red dahlias—now we should make garlands of pure white lilies—the symbols of peace.

We honor our dead when we remember that there is but one flag to float and but one country over which to float it.

Then shall the North and the South dwell together—strife and contention shall no more be heard, and the prophecy of the immortal Webster shall be fulfilled:

"One country, one constitution, one destiny forever."

V. Again, it means fidelity to present duty. The flower of a true and beautiful life is the flower to put upon a soldier's grave. We honor our heroic and patriotic dead by fighting as faithfully the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day. There is still need of a grand army to fight the battles of the republic. There is treason in the land; treason in the Senate hall; treason in the political caucus; treason at the ballot box; treason in the selling of votes—the manipulation of votes—the intimidation of voters, and treason in the buying of votes. There is treason in office; in the acceptance of rewards and bribes. The traitor should be shot in the time of peace as in the time of war. He should be shot with the cannon ball of public indignation and execration. He should be freed out of office and out of citizenship and buried in everlasting oblivion.

Then rally around the true flag in these moral battles. Fire no blank cartridges, but pour hot shot into every form of evil. Present a solid phalanx of true steel against every untrue and false thing. Challenge everyone who seeks admission to places of trust and admit no one who cannot give the countersign known only to those whom virtue exalts and character crowns.

"The noblest monument that can be placed to-day by the graves of our noble dead is not a marble statue or granite shaft, but an honorable, wide-awake, honest, intelligent, moral, God-fearing, American citizen, one

"Whom the lust of office does not kill;
One whom the spoils of office cannot buy."

VI. It means the honor and respect of the living soldier as well as of the dead hero.

Have we no words — no floral offerings—for the living as well as the dead? Is it not a mere accident that they are here to-day, while their brothers sleep in their silent tents of green? Did they not brave the same dangers, and take the same chances of death?

And is not the recognition and heroism as justly due those who survive as those who died? Then honor the living soldier! Speak your words of love and benediction now. Give them the flowers to-day that you expect to send to their funerals or strew on their graves. Who would not rather receive a single rosebud while living, than when dead to sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers?

As your names have already been inscribed upon your country's altar, so shall they be written upon the tablets of our hearts.

Veterans, as I look into your faces I see that Time is writing his autograph upon your brows. Your ranks are yearly growing smaller. The camp across the river yonder is ever growing larger, being re-inforced by accessions from the camp upon this earthward shore. In a little while, with all, the long march will be ended; all life's battles fought, and its victories lost or won. Bye and bye the clouds will gather that it may be to you each one as a come, and then the sunset. God grant that it may be to each one of you as a sunset bright with hope—the hope both sure and steadfast. And as you leave the battlefield of life, may you be received by the great Captain of the armies of the skies, and be permitted to join your comrades on the peaceful plains of the land immortal—not to hear the sword and spear, the shield and helmet, but to be crowned and sceptered, as the conquering heroes of God—ever whose sleeping dust the refrain may be softly whispered,

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest."

The little town of Clio, near Bennettsville, S. C., suffered the loss by fire of nine stores Sunday morning, leaving only three standing.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

TEXTILE MACHINERY

THE D. A. TOMPKINS COMPANY.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Manufacturers, Engineers and Contractors.

Cotton Mill Machinery.

Cotton Mill Repairs, Gear Cutting, Roller Covering, etc.

INSURRECTION.

What is the cause of this great uprising among the people? A question that hundreds ask every day. And will it continue? Our answer is "Yes." Folly to talk about quelling it. Why the combined forces of Uncle Sam, with the aid of the home guard, cannot even check it—spreading like wild fire.

BELK BROTHERS

Created this stir among the masses of this country by making a raid on the northern cities recently, and since the landing of our 'ship", ladened down with shoes from Boston; dry goods, clothing, hats, notions, &c., from New York, that were picked up from panic manufacturers, auction sales, &c., and fixing such a nominal price on them, has a tendency to set this entire section on fire, so there is no telling where this insurrection will end. May envelop this entire Southland; it is catching, and those who visit our city this month will carry the news from one end of this country to the other, and our name will be heralded abroad as the South's greatest

LEADERS.

We'll become a by-word in every household in North and South Carolina. This cargo was purchased to meet the constantly increasing demand here, and, besides, to supply the thousands who visit our city this month to see the Woman's Exposition, Barnum & Bailey's show, 20th of May and other attractions, with goods at such a low price that they will save money by taking advantage of cheap railroad rates and be better off when they return home than if they had not come. Our object in making these special prices is to become acquainted with the people and show them through the most magnificent establishment in either of the Carolinas.

Think of it, ladies' bright dongola button shoes, worth $1.25; best on the the market for the money, sold for 75c. Hand made shoes, cost $2.50 to $1.75 to make, being sold for 98c. Ladies' Oxfords in tan and black, biggest stock in town. Child's shoes, 20c. Men's $1.50 shoes going at 98c., and as low as 48c. per pair. The best hand made shoes in men's, either tan or black, late style toes, from $1.50 to $2 below any other dealer. Clothing, good suit for $1.48; boys' 25c. Men's pants, job lot, worth 50c., sold for 25c.; $4 and $5 pants, $2 to $2.50; boys' pants, 5c. and up. Hats—more than any three houses combined—from 5c. up to the best brands. Dress goods—the ladies of town are walking advertisements for us. Ask them who keeps the best selected stock. Don't waste time running around, but make for headquarters, where you will be pleased in price and quality.

BELK BROTHERS.

Cheapest Store on Earth.

15, 19, 21 E. Trade Street. Charlotte, N. C

One by One

The blossoms drop; one by one May fruits are formed; one by one May visitors will soon fill the enormous space of the Exposition quarters; one by one visitors who come partly to purchase will wend their way to the CORNER OF TRADE AND COLLEGE STREETS, where ONE by ONE car load lots of fresh new goods, bought last week expressly for May buyers, are being emptied into the vast receiving department of the spacious

BEE HIVE,

The Cheapest and Best Arranged Store in the State.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Our Spot Cash Lever did double duty last week in New York auction rooms. The whirl pool of depression which has recently drawn down and capsized prices on staple dry goods searched by the Bee Hive's Spot Cash Probe, and loads and loads of staple dry goods dropped one by one last week into the Bee Hive at 50c. on the dollar.

Dry Goods, such as Dimities, elegant new spring styles; Ducks, White Piques, Percales, Bleached Domestics, India Linen, Mulls.

Clothing and Hats in Profusion.

Shoes, too, have shared in the whirlpool of depression which has wrecked prices on staples. Ladies' button shoes, with patent tips, 49c.; ladies' shoes, tine, worth $1.25, at 75c.; ladies' shoes, Zeigler's, Consin's, Foust's; and other fine $3.00 shoes, small sizes, in 1½, 2 and 3's, at 98c., Oxfords, black and tan.

Ladies' Shirt Waists, Laundered, at 25 Cents.

Men's fine shoes at 75c., 83c. and 98c. Job lot shoes, solid leather. Men's and ladies' fine and coarse shoes at 48c. Think of it, men's fine shoes at 48c. Finer hand sewed shoes for men.

Children's ladies' and men's shoes 25 per cent. lower than you can buy them elsewhere.

Watch the crowds next week; ONE BY ONE, column after column, will pour into the BEE HIVE, because—VOX POPULI—IT IS THE CHEAPEST STORE IN THE STATE.

John D. Collins.

LIST OF PRESSES WE BUILD.

Boss Press.
Boss Press with steam tramper.
Boss No. 2 Press.
Boss No. 2 Press with steam tramper.
Boss No. 3 Press.
Boss No. 3 Press with steam tramper.
Steam Tramper for attaching to Boss Presses.
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