

The Charlotte Democrat.

THIS PAPER IS 44 YEARS OLD

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1896.

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Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
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It keeps the Hair and Scalp in perfect condition all the time. Trial size 25 cents.

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Don't you think

You have been promising your wife long enough to buy her a NEW STOVE? There



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WE HAVE THEM AT ALL PRICES.

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AUNT CINDY'S PROTECTOR.

IN A GLOOMY OLD HOUSE, IN WHICH HIS NERVES WERE TRIED AND HIS FEELINGS HURT.

The Youth's Companion.

Aunt Cindy Lyman, who was really my great Aunt, lived directly opposite my own home, in a very large and rambling old house that had been long abandoned.

She had never married, and lived with no protector or companion except old Hannah, a servant who had been in the family for many years.

When Aunt Cindy and Hannah were both about seventy years old, Aunt Cindy decided that it was not altogether safe for them to remain alone at night.

"Not that I am afraid of burglars in a quiet out of the way little town like this," she said to my mother, "but Hannah had several bad spells of late, and I'm not as strong as I once was. If either of us should be taken sick in the night, it would be hard for the other to go for the doctor. I've been thinking that, Lanny might come over and sleep in the house at night."

I was "Lonny." This proposition of Aunt Cindy's did not delight me. I was not the most courageous boy in the world, and the idea of sleeping alone, except for these old women, in Aunt Cindy's house appalled me.

"I'd as soon sleep in the cemetery," I declared; but my parents to whom Aunt Cindy had always been very kind, said that I must do as she wished. Perhaps I should have objected less had I been very fond of Aunt Cindy; but boys are fond of those who seem fond of them and Aunt Cindy liked me, she had to say the least, certainly concealed the fondness completely.

My great aunt used to four or five of the fifteen or eighteen rooms in the house, although they all were furnished. The unoccupied rooms were as dark and silent as the grave at night; and I being highly imaginative, peopled them with "spooks" and "bans."

Aunt Cindy was a very conservative old lady, to who all "new-fangled" inventions and methods were objectionable. She would never have a sewing machine in her house, Kerosene lamps and gas were alike abominable to her, and she adhered rigidly to "dipped" tallow candles which she and Hannah made with their own hands. No more than one of these feeble lights were burned at one time in any of the rooms which were all large and high studded, with very dark paper on the walls, and heavy sombre furnishings. The single candle gave them a dim, weird look.

It was the rule of Aunt Cindy's that the house was closed for the night at exactly half past eight o'clock. The candles were snuffed out precisely at nine, which was after all, none too early for a boy of my age—I was fifteen—to go to bed.

After I had assumed the duties of Aunt Cindy's protector, I was required to go with her all over the occupied part of the gloomy old house at eight o'clock, candle in hand, locking doors and fastening windows. After that we always came back to the hall, and I held the candle while Aunt Cindy mouned a chair and wound the tall old hall clock. She would then give me another eputtering candle taking her own and would say:

"Go right off to bed, and if you hear me calling in the night, come at once."

When I reached my own home after spending my first night at Aunt Cindy's, I had a violent outburst of wrath.

"It's away off in the west wing of the house," I said to my mother, "the darkest, chilliest, desolatest old vault of a room in the house. When Aunt Cindy took me to it last night, she said that I ought to be glad of the privilege of sleeping in it, because it was the room in which my great-great-uncle, the Honorable Somebody-or-other, and a lot of my other distinguished relatives had died! And she's given me the very same bed they died in, all hung with heavy old drapery."

"Well, what," said mother soothingly, "what if some of your relatives did die in that room? It is the living who work us ill, not the peaceful dead. The room is probably as cheerful as any in Aunt Cindy's house, and you won't mind it after a night or two. You must consider Aunt Cindy's age and peculiarities and failing health, and be as forbearing as possible."

Later in the day I confided my experiences to my bosom friend and school mate at school.

"I'd just love to sleep in a room like that!" said Abner. "Spooks are my delight. I wouldn't be afraid if all your great uncles and aunts came and danced around the bed."

Abner was really the most fearless boy I ever saw. He was never known to show nervousness. When he said "Spooking I come and with you?" I replied, "I only wish you could, but I'm sure Aunt Cindy wouldn't have it."

"What!" she exclaimed. "Have that Jewell boy staying in my house? I'd as soon have a hyena around as that dreadful boy!"

"When I told Abner of my Aunt's views of his character, he simply laughed and said:

"Hyenas generally go where they please. Spooking I slip in and stay with you anyhow? Your room is on the ground floor, and you could easily raise a window and let me in. I've often been allowed to stay all night with you, and I'd tell my nickels I was going to spend the night with you again."

"No, no, Ab, it wouldn't do. Aunt Cindy would never forgive me if I let you in that way," I said.

"She needn't know anything about it, and there wouldn't be a particle of harm in it. It would be a great fun. I've often thought that I'd love to prow around your aunt's mysterious old house."

"She'd say 'hyenas' in dead earnest if she heard you talk about 'prowling around' her house," I said and left him soon afterward.

That night just after I had reached my room at Aunt Cindy's, I heard a rap on the window and a loud whisper, "Lonny," which came I knew, from Abner Jewell's lips.

I went to the long window, which reached nearly to the floor and opened on a little piazza outside. I had my candle in my hand, and saw Abner's face pressed against the pane.

"What do you want?" I asked, raising the window.

"I'll laugh on this side while I can, then!" he retorted. "It's too ridiculous to think of them mistaking me for a pair of burglars! What a knock Hannah gave you! You came down plunk on the floor."

"So did you!" I retorted.

"I know it. There's a welt on my head as big as an egg. But I always see the funny side of things first."

My aunt and Hannah soon discovered that I was not in my room, and supposed that I had fled from fear: "A nice protector he is!" Aunt Cindy said. "He shan't have so much as the wrappings of my finger from me when I'm gone!" so Hannah told my father when she hurried across to my house and informed him of the state of affairs at Aunt Cindy's.

In a very short time my father and three of his neighbors were pulling the things away from the closet door, while Aunt Cindy and Hannah stood in the background, one with a fir-shovel in her hand, and the other with my great-grandfather's old Revolutionary War musket.

"Now, you fellows in there," said father, before he opened the door, "it is best not to make any resistance. We are fully armed. Do you hear?"

"Ye-e-e-s!" I said, faintly and tearfully, while Abner burst into a peal of laughter that caused the door to fly open as suddenly as it had closed.

I will not dwell on what followed. Some things can be left to the imagination, and this is one of them. Enough to say that Abner's giggling was turned to weeping soon after Aunt Cindy had paid his father a visit on the following morning.

My role of protector to Aunt Cindy ended that night, and I was put on a term of probation that lasted two years before she would even speak to me. I do not think that she ever quite forgave me, for when she died, five years later, I was the only one of my family who was not mentioned in her will.

TWENTY ROUNDS AND A DRAW
George Dixon and Tommy White Fight in New York.

New York, Sept. 25.—Geo. Nixon, of Boston and Tommy White, of Chicago, fought twenty rounds to a draw tonight in the Broadway Athletic Club, which is under the management of Tom O'Rourke. Probably 5,000 persons witnessed the fight, which was unusually fine.

Proceeding this fight Danny McBride, of this city, and Johnny Gorman, of Long Island City, fought ten rounds and referee Austin gave the decision. The Nixon and White appeared.

Each was said to weigh 125 pounds. The first seven rounds were not eventful and honors were about even. After this the fighting was fast and furious, both men landing hard and often.

In the twentieth, they jabbed on the face and clinched. Dixon slashed his left on face. Both smashed rights and lefts in on face and body to a clinch. Rapid hurricane followed. Dixon grew very tired. He clinched repeatedly, but his efforts early in the fight had weakened him, while the Chicago boy seemed to gain in strength. When the bell ended the contest, the partisans of both yelled for a decision in favor of their particular man, but the referee declared the bout a draw.

This decision was received with cheers, but many of those who watched all the points made; were of the opinion that White had a shade the better of the bout.

ENRAGED CITIZENS.
Lives of Murderers of the Cotton Family Demanded.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—A dispatch from New Orleans says: The brutal quintuple murder of John Cotton and family four miles south of the city, in Tangipahoa parish, is rapidly culminating in trouble. The citizens have risen up in a united demand for the delivery of John Johnson the murderer and his alleged accomplice, Arch Joiner, both negroes, and a determined mob is forming from all the adjoining parishes. Reports from Amite City say that 5,000 enraged citizens are collected and will move on the town, that being where Arch Joiner is imprisoned. John Johnson, the murderer, is confined in the parish prison in the city, and one of the demands of the mob is that he be removed to the scene of the crime. Telegrams from Livingstone parish say the mob threatens to lynch the officials who spirited the murderer, John Johnson, away and brought him to New Orleans if they refuse to produce him.

Claiming Missouri for Silver.
St. Louis, Oct. 1.—The Democratic State committee has received estimates of the vote in 1,200 school districts in Missouri. Taking the increase as shown over the vote of 1892 the committee claims that Bryan will come to the city limits of St. Louis with a plurality of nearly 100,000. There are 2,600 townships outside St. Louis, owing to the Filley-Kerens fight in the Republican ranks.

the situation. We have shown that McKinley has 140 votes as to which there can be no reasonable controversy, and that Mr. Bryan has 148 votes equally assured. We have shown, also, that in case the Democrats and Populists come together in good faith and work harmoniously for the cause of free silver Bryan may confidently count upon 57 more votes, thus increasing his strength to 205. Finally we have shown that out of the ten States, Illinois, Oregon, California, Minnesota, Michigan, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, having in all 102 votes, Mr. McKinley must get the 87 and Bryan the 19 votes they respectively need in order to be elected.

We do not think that Bryan's chances in any of these ten States are all at comparable to McKinley's chances. We have no hesitation in asserting that, without fusion, Bryan may be said to have next to no chance at all. Yet, should the alliance be formed and the Republicans be opposed by a disciplined, enthusiastic, and active combination of the Democratic and Populist forces, it is not impossible that, somewhere among the States upon which the issue will then depend, Bryan may find the 19 votes that mean his triumph.

We are of opinion, therefore, that the question is one of fusion or no fusion, and that the student of this extraordinary campaign must consider that alone in making his forecast of the result.

What, then, are the chances? Are the Populists sincere in their advocacy of free silver? Are they willing to accept that as a compromise or will they adhere to their foolish and visionary fads and get nothing? Do they want, first of all, to elect Bryan, or would they rather see McKinley win than yield a point? They cannot elect their own ticket. They may be able to land the Chicago ticket—will they take half a loaf or go without bread altogether? In the solutions of these questions we must seek for the key to the secret of November 3rd. Of course it is not unreasonable in the Populists to ask for concessions in certain cases. There are States where the Democrats amount to very little, and there it would not be intertemperate on the part of the Populists to demand Democratic support for their ticket. They did this four years ago, for instance, in Nebraska, and Mr. Harrity's committee, speaking for Mr. Cleveland, and prompted by Mr. Cleveland's closest friend, Hon. William C. Whitney, advised, nay, urged, the Democrats to yield. It was not considered bad politics then—why need it be considered bad politics now? We do not think it in the least impossible that such an arrangement may be reached between the two parties this year—the Democrats making concessions where the Populists furnish the bulk of the voting force, and vice versa. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that either will deliberately throw away the one hope of victory in a mean and suicidal squabble over the comparatively insignificant question of local spoils and petty jealousies. Grant once said, however, that the Democracy could always be counted upon to blunder at the critical moment, and the whole country knows by this time that the Populists were not in the way when Solomon let his mantle fall.

At all events, the result hinges just where we have said. In the event of a genuine fusion of the Democratic and Populist parties, Bryan has a fighting chance. In default of that, he has no more chance of being the next President of the United States than he has of becoming the Pope of Rome.

DARING ROBBERY IN ILLINOIS.
Two Disguised Men Scoop in \$1,000 and Make Their Escape.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 29.—Two men disguised committed a most daring robbery at the Union Foundry's office at Brighton Park, this afternoon, and robbed the company of 1,600. They then escaped by means of a buggy, but not before they had shot one man and fired several shots into a crowd of people who were chasing them. A patrol wagon gave chase, but did not succeed in capturing the robbers.

The foundry is in a lone some place at the end of Brighton Park, and no other buildings are near it. In the office, when the robbers entered, were D. F. O'Neill, president of the company, M. A. O'Rourke, treasurer, C. R. Hope, general superintendent, Charles O'Gorman, and John O'Neill, clerks. Mr. O'Rourke was engaged in filling the envelopes of the men preparatory to paying off, and the top of his desk was covered with money.

The robbers compelled the five men to line up, and while one kept them covered with two big revolvers, the other scooped up all the money in sight—about \$1,600, and then both made their escape. They sprang into a buggy and drove rapidly across the prairies.

Captain Kells for Bryan.
BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 1.—Capt. Reuben F. Kell, founder of the Populist party in Alabama and editor of the People's Tribune, the organ of the party here, is out in an editorial for Bryan and Sewall and the Democratic candidate for Congress, throwing Watson overboard. He contends that the Populists are for Bryan, but cannot do anything for him by voting for Bryan and Watson. Captain Kell and his lieutenant, Peyton C. Bowman, have been invited to take the stamp in Indiana and Illinois for Bryan and Sewall, and it is probable that they will accept.

Will There Be a Fusion?
We have already looked over the field of battle, and it is today, and given what we regard as an impartial, purely non-partisan resume of

A Survey of the Field.

It must be evident to every intelligent observer of the campaign that Mr. Bryan's one chance of election depends upon a hearty, sincere, and enthusiastic alliance between the Democratic and Populist masses. In default of such alliance he cannot possibly carry California, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, or Iowa, to say nothing of Nebraska, Kansas, Maryland, Kentucky, and North Carolina. In default, therefore, of Democratic-Populist fusion in all or most of the States we have named, McKinley will win by a handsome majority. Thus it happens that, in making an estimate of the possibilities, one is reduced to a consideration of this question and this alone.

Nobody seriously expects Bryan to carry any of the New England States, or New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or Ohio. We may therefore at once concede to McKinley the votes of those States, as follows:

Connecticut.....	6
Maine.....	6
Massachusetts.....	15
New Hampshire.....	10
New Jersey.....	10
New York.....	36
Ohio.....	23
Pennsylvania.....	32
Vermont.....	4
Rhode Island.....	4

Total..... 140

Nobody seriously expects McKinley to carry any of the Southern States, with the possible exception of West Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and North Carolina. We may therefore concede them to Bryan, as follows:

Alabama.....	11
Arkansas.....	8
Georgia.....	13
Louisiana.....	8
Mississippi.....	9
Missouri.....	17
South Carolina.....	9
Tennessee.....	12
Texas.....	15
Virginia.....	12

Total..... 118

To these we may with safety add:

Colorado.....	4
Idaho.....	3
Montana.....	3
North Dakota.....	3
South Dakota.....	4
Utah.....	3
Washington.....	4
Wyoming.....	3

Total..... 30

—making for Bryan a grand total of 148.

We thus dispose of 288 out of the 447 votes which now constitute the electoral college. To carry the day a candidate must have 225 votes, and thus McKinley has yet to gain 84, and Bryan has yet to gain 76 votes out of the States which are in doubt, and chiefly so because of the uncertainty as to the consummation thereof of a genuine fusion between the Democrats and the Populists. Should that fusion be effected Mr. Bryan will be very likely to carry—

Kentucky.....	13
Kansas.....	10
Nebraska.....	9
Indiana.....	15
North Carolina.....	12

Total..... 57

This will bring up his vote to 205, leaving the battle-ground in the ten States not yet accounted for:

Illinois.....	24
Oregon.....	4
California.....	9
Maryland.....	8
Delaware.....	3
West Virginia.....	6
Minnesota.....	9
Michigan.....	14
Wisconsin.....	12
Iowa.....	13

Total..... 102

Thus we have—
Bryan votes..... 205
McKinley votes..... 140
Doubtful..... 102

Total..... 447

Of course there may be differences as to the doubtfulness of the States we have put in the column of the battle-ground. They are confidently claimed by both sides, and it follows that we must dispense both by this estimate. The fact remains, however, that most, if not all, of them are doubtful—quite enough so to furnish Mr. Bryan with the nine teen votes he needs, supposing our figures given above to be correct. And another fact remains, at least from our point of view, which is that, without fusion between the Democrats and Populists, Bryan cannot get those nineteen votes.

We pass over the extravagant and sometimes ridiculous estimates made by the various campaign committees and keep to those which are at this moment warranted by a dispassionate and impartial analysis of the situation. It is not to be doubted, in our opinion, that McKinley's chances in almost all of the ten States we have assigned to the doubtful column seem at present to be much better than Bryan's, and yet, at the same time, with only nineteen votes needed to land him, and with a genuine fusion of Democrats and Populists at his back, the outlook for Bryan is by no means desperate.

Who is the Anarchist?
Rev. Mr. Casson, of Lynn, Preaches Hanna and McKinley from the Pulpit.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 27.—Rev. Herbert N. Casson preached in Labor church to-day on the subject: "Who is the Anarchist—Bryan or Hanna?" His sermon was prefaced by the reading of James Creelman's dispatch to the New York World from Cleveland some weeks ago on the administration of McKinley as Governor of Ohio, in which it was shown that he was the friend of the corporations, and Hanna's labor record.

"The real anarchist," said the preacher, "is he who seeks to violate the laws of nature for the exclusive benefit of a small fraction of the nation. During the present campaign the epithet 'Anarchist' has been hurled at some of the noblest and most capable men that this generation has produced. Bryan is caricatured, as Lincoln was, as a highwayman, as a bomb-thrower, and in a thousand similar ways. Whether his views are correct or not, who can deny that he is a citizen of whom any nation might be proud? Compare him with the gagged, imprisoned individual who trembles in his mortgaged house lest Hanna may foreclose; compare him with that unfortunate Napoleon who has already met his Wellington and surrendered his convictions, and it is plain to see which best represents the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

"The law-breaking, aggressive spirit of monopoly has found a perfect embodiment in Mark Hanna. He towers above McKinley and above the Republican party—the modern Bluebeard, who slays his workers instead of his wives. When McKinley was Governor of Ohio, Hanna was his guardian and dictated legislation from the Governor's office. Therefore it is, turning to Bryan's opponent, we look not at the servant, but the master; not at McKinley, the most pitiable figurehead in public life to-day, but at Hanna, his owner and tyrant.

"Give Hanna four years of power he will paint the White House black. He will discover that it is cheaper to abolish manhood suffrage than to buy votes. If Hanna's servant is elected President prepare yourself for the worst. It will be the reign of King Stork among the frogs. Hanna's enormous corruption fund will be recovered from your wages. He is now trying to transform Old Glory into the flag of an auctioneer so that he can hang it on the Statue of Liberty and advertise to the money lenders of Europe: 'For sale, America.'"

"No one can call Hanna un-American. No A. P. A. can blame the Pope in this case. Hanna is a domestic product. He is one of the manufactured articles that McKinley wants to protect."

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Fire Follows Insult to Bryan.
WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 27.—When Bryan spoke here last Friday his followers were routed to a high pitch of indignation by two flags which were displayed on the front of a building behind the speakers' platform.

There was a big American flag bearing a portrait of McKinley and a red flag of even larger dimensions, emblematic of anarchy, on which was a portrait of Bryan. The silver men expressed their indignation loudly, but the demonstration occurred. The building was occupied by W. H. Burns & Co., manufacturers of women's underwear.

A fire which started about 2 a. m. to-day in the Burns factory inflicted serious damage before the firemen could extinguish it. During the progress of the fire Dell S. Morgan, former chairman of the Democratic city committee, sent the following telegram to Bath to Candidate Bryan:

"Thank God, justice has received her just dues! Burns' underwear factory, which displayed the red flag in your honor Friday afternoon is in flames."

It has been reported to the police that men in the crowd around Bryan on Friday were heard to say that the building would be burned inside of a week. The investigation that was made to-night by State Fire Marshal Molt, and Chief Engineer Vaughn of the fire department, convinces them that the fire was of incendiary origin, as evidence of kerosene having been sprinkled around the room is very manifest.

The blaze started in a room on the second story, and when the fire department arrived everything was found locked, and none of the windows was broken.

The watchman said that the place had been securely locked since Saturday noon, when the factory shut down until Monday morning.

You Men tak Warning.
Disseas, how prevalent are those distressing diseases and weaknesses which make young men prematurely old, pale, listless, low spirited, languid, easily tired, forgetful and incapable; fill mad houses and swell the lists of suicides; separate husbands and wives; bring untold suffering to millions, even to the third and fourth generations. The afflicted will recognize only too plainly to what class of maladies we refer. A complete and scientific treatise (sent only in plain sealed envelope) on receipt of ten cents (the cost of postage.) if inclosed with this notice to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

EXECUTION SALE.
By virtue of an Execution directed to me by the Superior Court of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, in case entitled W. D. Gills vs. Dr. J. J. Rome I will sell on Monday, the 5th day of October, 1896, at 10 o'clock m., to the highest bidder for cash, all the following property to-wit:—All the right, title, interest and estate of Dr. J. J. Rome in that lot of land in Pineville Township, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Abernathy, W. E. Younts and others, and bounded on the South by the one running from Mrs. Aber